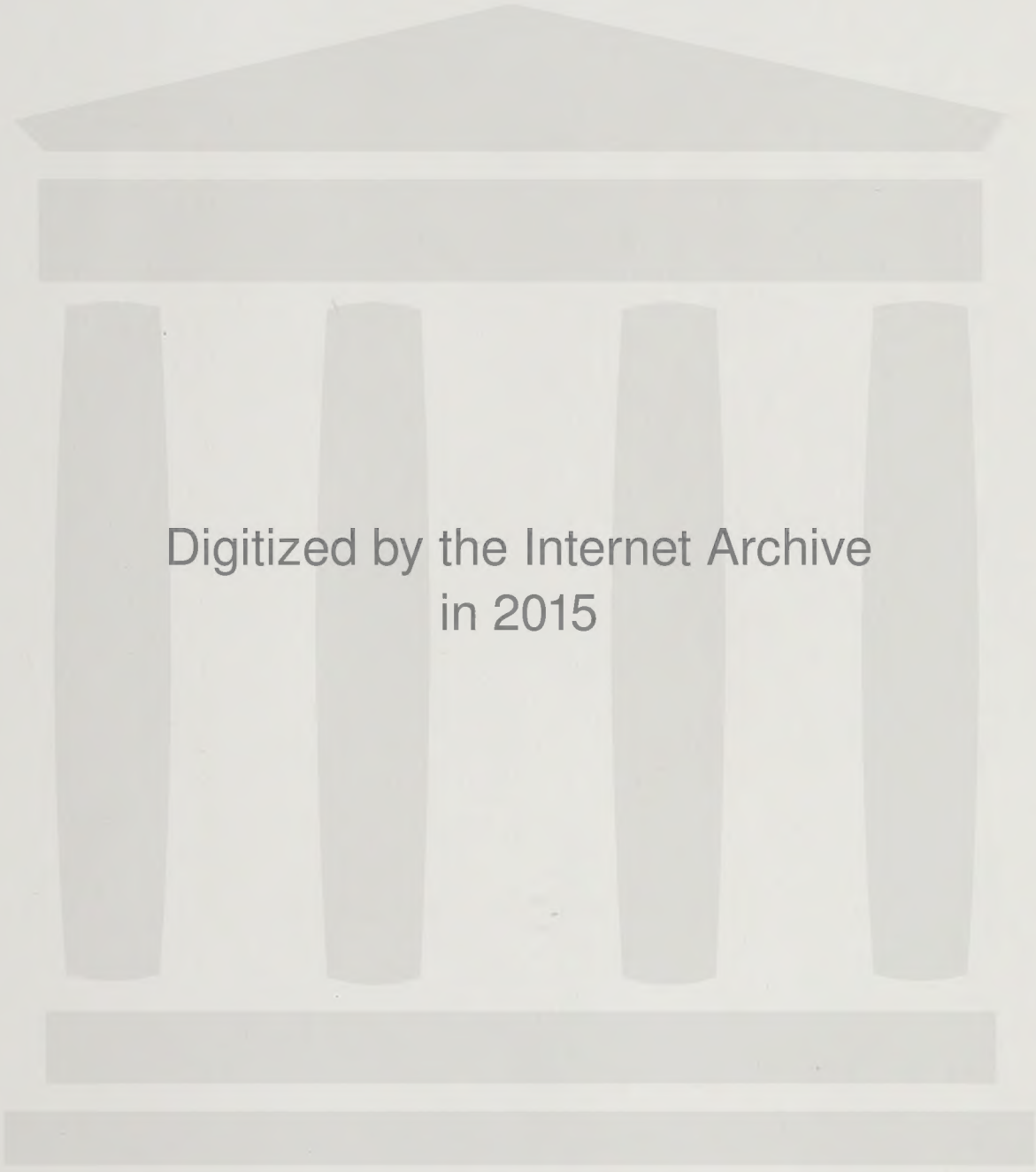
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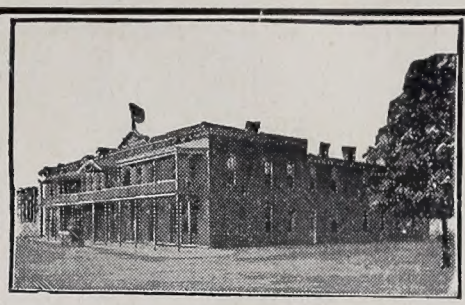
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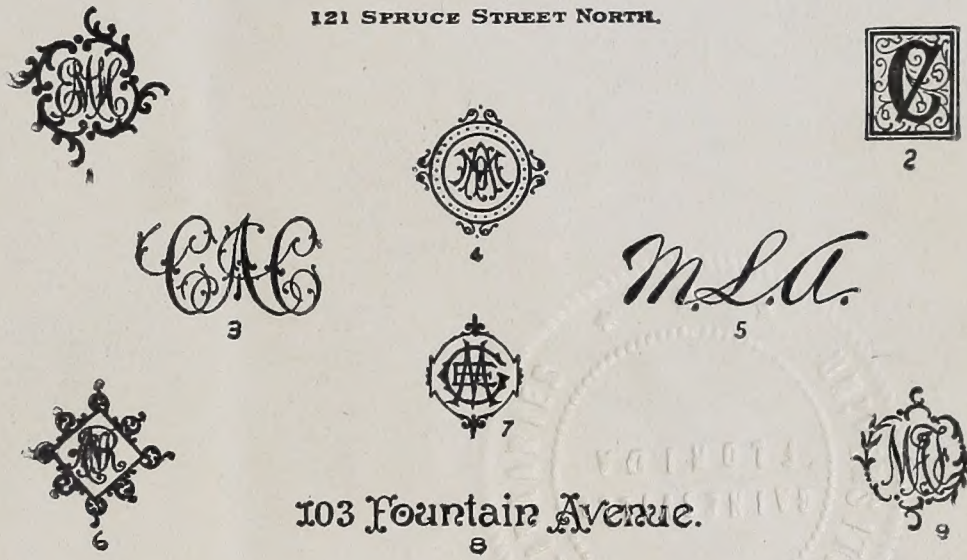
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Confederate Veteran.

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Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail it will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Reports of the U. D. C. at Norfolk in November, 1907, will ppear in the VETERAN periodically. Reports for the Maryland nd North Carolina Divisions are to appear in February. ivision Presidents would help others and themselves by ncise reports in the VETERAN.

The front page engraving of Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone resident for the ensuing year, will please many Daughters ho have seen and heard Mrs. Stone at nearly all of the eneral Conventions. She is noted for her persistence and al in the Confederate cause. She is quite to the U. D. C. was the beloved Frances Willard to the W. C. T. U.—zeals, earnest, and eminently capable in her undertakings.

Mrs. Stone was Cornelia Branch, daughter of Edward homas Branch, a Virginian, who served the republic of exas on the field of San Jacinto and in the first two sessions the Congress of that republic and as a member of the first egislature of the State of Texas. He was one of the five dges who, under the constitution of the republic, formed e Supreme Court of the Republic of Texas.

Mrs. Stone has served two terms as President of the Texas ivision, U. D. C., 1898-99, and as Chairman of Committees n Revision of the Constitution in the General Association, . D. C., and in the Texas Division. For several years she rved as Vice President and Acting President of the Daughrs of the Republic of Texas; also two years as President of e Texas Woman's Press Association.

STATE OFFICERS TEXAS DIVISION, U. D. C.—At the annual eeting of the Texas Division, U. D. C., held in the Senate hamber of the State Capitol December 3-7, 1907, the follow-g officers were elected: President, Miss Katie Daffan, by clamation; Vice Presidents, Mrs. J. B. Beatty, of Houston, rs. Elgin, of Marshall, Mrs. A. C. Westbrook, of Hearne, nd Mrs. Throop, of Austin; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. assell, Dallas; reëlected Secretary, Mrs. Charles L. Hamil, ongview; Treasurer, Mrs. M. Wheeler, Victoria; Historian, rs. M. L. Watson, Galveston; Registrar, Mrs. R. C. Shmaler, acogdoches; Custodian, Mrs. H. G. Askew, Austin; Reder of Crosses of Honor, Mrs. Hazlett, Hearne; members the Board, Mrs. Zumwalt, of Houston, and Mrs. Baugh, San Antonio.

JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION.

The earnest attention of every friend everywhere in the procurement of the birthplace of the South's honored chief, in the greatest event that ever can occur, it may be assumed, is solicited by the committee having the movement in charge. They are earnest patriots, and intend to do whatever is possible for the success of the project.

The centennial anniversary of Mr. Davis's birth will soon occur, and by that time the committee hopes to have in hand the fund necessary to secure all the property desired. All legal provisions have been made, so that now contributions for the purpose are requested. Capt. John H. Leathers, banker in Louisville, Ky., is the treasurer of the committee, and will receive subscriptions at any time. Any contributions sent through the VETERAN will be properly acknowledged. Let those who want to contribute small sums remit promptly.

The Review, published at Fairview, Ky., takes zealous interest in the procurement of the birthplace of Jefferson Davis for a memorial and a park. It states: "The old house no longer stands; but this spot, so dear to the memory of the 'boys' who followed the stars and bars in defense of their dear Southland, is crowned by beautiful Bethel Church, a fitting tribute to the man who was at the helm of the Southern Confederacy during those four long years of strife and bloodshed. The Association proposes to erect a handsome building on the grounds, and thus preserve all the relics pertaining to Jefferson Davis that can be secured; also preserve biographical data and Confederate relics of every description. * * * The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Jefferson Davis will be celebrated in this city June 3, 1908, under the auspices of the Jefferson Davis Home Association, and will be an event of national interest. Great interest is being manifested all over the South in this movement, and it is believed that all the money needed will be forthcoming from the Confederate veterans and Southern sympathizers."

Mrs. James G. Kenan, Wallace, N. C., writes: "I am so pleased at the idea of converting the birthplace of Jefferson Davis into a Southern park. The Southern people can never honor this noble, wonderful man according to his merits—too little already has been given him. If you will pardon the suggestion, after the land is bought have an endowment fund to keep it up. As soon as your plans materialize, I will

send something to the fund. Would it not be a good idea to ask the United Daughters of the Confederacy from each State to pay annually so much money to be deposited on interest, so that the expenses for improving and keeping up this park will be assured? I hope you will excuse the suggestion, but I feel so deeply interested in all honors paid to Jefferson Davis. Such a grand and beautiful character, gentle yet firm in the right, the memory of the man will yet triumph over all obstacles, over prejudice, over persecution, over jealousy, over unjust discrimination. May Southern people show his memory every honor!"

SOMETHING ABOUT THIS ISSUE.

This issue of the VETERAN contains more reading than any other in its history. The article upon Hood's failure at Spring Hill is exhaustive. Judge Young has been at work upon a history, of which this is the first part given to the public, for eight years, sparing neither labor nor expense in his work.

While the younger people may not be interested in that subject especially, they will read of a boy's experiences in the army with interest. Although he was "on the other side," his opportunities for information (his father being the ranking officer) were excellent. That boy is now quite the image of his father and a brigadier general in the United States army—Gen. Fred D. Grant, now holding the post at Governor's Island, New York, that was held by Gen. W. S. Hancock when the Democratic nominee for President.

REUNION FLORIDA DIVISION, U. C. V.

The Florida Division held its annual encampment at Pensacola October 23 and 24, and, like all gatherings of veterans at the "Deep Water City," it was altogether enjoyable. The new pension law of Florida came in for rather severe scoring, and the scoring was merited. To attempt anything like a "service pension" is to attempt to reduce patriotism to a monetary basis; and whenever that is accomplished, the Confederate veteran will be no better than the hired "Hessian" of the Revolution. Give every needy man a pension—that is his due and the due of his old widow—and give him and all other true soldiers a medal as a testimonial of grateful appreciation; but do not try to pay for patriotism with dollars and cents. Hirelings are never patriots. They, like old Dougal Golgetty, fight for pay and orders, often without old Dougal's sense of honor, for they are willing to serve the one who bids highest, regardless of former obligations.



MISS PARTRIDGE.

The Division chose as its Commander for the coming year W. L. Wittich, of Pensacola; R. J. Magill continues as Adjutant. The Second Brigade elected S. Cotes Boyleston, of Jacksonville, as Brigadier General for the ensuing year, and the Third Brigade elected B. N. Mathis, of Plant City, formerly Inspector General on the staff of Gen. A. P. Stewart, as Brigade Commander. Tampa was selected as the place for the encampment of 1908.

Miss Adaline Denham Partridge, Monticello, Fla., Sponsor to the First Brigade, Florida Division, U. C. V., Reunion at Pensacola, Fla., October 22, 1907. Miss Partridge is the daughter of B. W. Partridge, Aid to Gen. Samuel Pasco, Commander of First Brigade, Florida Division, U. C. V. Captain Partridge served in the C. S. A., 1861-65, in Company H, 3d Florida Infantry, and was transferred to Company A, 15th Confederate Cavalry, and served under Col. Harry Maury until the close of the war.

WORD FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

BY CAPT. S. F. HORRALL, WASHINGTON, IND.

Herewith find clipping from local paper here, editorial page. I told Mr. Boyd, the editor who reviewed your magazine, that "I hope to get up a circulation for the VETERAN here." Hence these tears!

You say in relation to Captain DeRosset's letter: "It is currently believed that the distinguished John A. Logan was really organizing a command in Southern Illinois to fight for State rights with the South," etc. This, no doubt, grew out of the fact that a brother-in-law of General Logan's and of Shawneetown, Ill., did raise a company "to fight," etc. When General Logan was a member of the Illinois State Legislature, this writer was Principal of the Benton (Ill.) Academy of Learning, and personally well knew him. He was a Democrat of the Stephen A. Douglas school; and when the war broke out, Mr. Douglas, who had been defeated by Mr. Lincoln, but was a United States Senator, at once made it plain to Mr. Lincoln that he (Douglas) would stand for a vigorous prosecution of the war by the United States government. His votes as a Senator show this.

When the first battle of Bull Run was being fought, Gen. John A. Logan placed himself in the ranks of the Union army and fought all the day as a private. This is easily verified. He was then a member of the United States House of Representatives. On returning to Washington City he tendered his resignation of a seat in Congress, asked a commission to raise a regiment of troops of President Lincoln, got it, raised the regiment, and rose rapidly in rank to major general. His speeches, yet of record (newspaper), stand as proof that in South Illinois, as in South Indiana, there was strong secession sentiment, and which speeches silenced all talk favorable to secession; and as compared to the middle and north of Illinois by population, Southern Illinois furnished more than its quota for the Union army, chiefly officered by Mr. Logan's warm Douglas Democratic friends. The "War Records" are proof.

When at the battle of Fort Donelson he was severely wounded, a delegation of South Illinois people asked Logan to resign and be elected Representative to Congress again. His answer was akin to that of Patrick Henry on the Declaration of American Independence—viz., that his heart was in the cause to preserve the Union. "Live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration." The proof of this will be found in speeches or orations delivered on the United States Senate floor by members of that body of both sides politically.

And as to South Indiana, the same means—speeches by Hon. Charles Denby and James M. Shanklin—turned the tide or undercurrent of secession steadily for the Union cause, and both of these men were field officers—Denby, lieutenant colonel, and Shanklin, major of the 42d Indiana Veteran Volunteer Infantry. Each was a Democrat politically, and each had a horse killed under him; Denby at Perryville, Ky., and Shanklin at Murfreesboro, Tenn. The latter was captured and conveyed to Libby Prison.

A GLAD HAND FROM THE NORTH.

BY MISS MARY H. STEPHENSON, PETERSBURG, ILL.

The courteous editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN recently complimented the writer with a copy of that periodical. She was greatly pleased with it. The nobility and generosity of feeling and sentiment manifested, the steadfast loyalty to our great common nation, combined with the sentiment that the rights of each State should be sacredly guarded, seem to permeate its pages and teach the rising generation valuable lessons.

It is also doing good work in compiling intimate history of the great, if terrible, national epic of the early sixties—that magnificent poem, written in heroic hexameter with pen dipped in the sacrificial blood of the nation's bravest and best—on both sides—and accented with the thunderous roar of artillery and the pomp and circumstance of "grim-visaged war!"

Born and reared north of Mason and Dixon's line, the daughter of the founder of the Grand Army of the Republic, yet the sadness with which as a schoolgirl I read in history of the horrible carnage of the War between the States seemed as much tinged with regret for the "flower of the South" strewn on the bloody field as for our Northern heroes.

I am so pleased that the more or less acrid feeling which subsisted for a number of years after the Civil War is disappearing; that people of the North are beginning to appreciate more than ever before the heroism of the other side and to realize that these are the nation's heroes also.

I was especially impressed with the gentle dignity with which the editor met the indignant protest from some quarters against the idea of General Grant's having at one time offered his services to the Confederacy. After correcting the assertion inadvertently made by a contributor to the effect that General Grant had made this tender, the editor observes that he does not feel that it would have been any great crime or personal disgrace if such a tender of services had been made. Certainly it would not have been. For while we of the North are glad General Grant did not offer to enlist for the Confederacy, because we prefer to believe that he served his country from a deep conviction of duty, as the volunteers of the North did, yet we can readily admit that to many it must have been a hard matter to fully decide which cause was the more just, since, while slavery was no doubt the immediate occasion, the irritant, the question of State rights, was the cause of the struggle.

I clearly recall the thrill of enthusiasm and gratification which went through the North when, on the breaking out of the Spanish-American War, the once dashing Confederate cavalry officer, Gen. Joseph Wheeler (Fighting Joe), offered his services to the government. And up from the South came a host whose fathers and grandfathers had fought for the Confederacy, eager and zealous to defend the stars and stripes and avenge the sinking of the Maine.

That the hand of Time is smoothing out the wrinkles left in our nation by the awful struggle between brethren is matter for congratulation to our country. Each side may be very sure that whatever was right and just in their contention will survive in the nation, and that the heroic dead on both sides have not died in vain. * * *

It is impossible to express adequately the gratitude Southern people feel for such sentiment as Miss Stephenson entertains. If such had prevailed immediately at the close of the war, there would have been no reconstruction. Miss Stephenson, however, commits an error quite common in the estimate that old Father Time brought about the restored feeling and that his work prepared the young men of the South to be ready to fight for the United States government in the Spanish-American War. The sentiment in connection with that war was not personal. Men who had faced each other in battle occasionally were brought together, and gentlemanly instincts were keenly appreciated; and if practicable, they were reciprocated at once. In trading between the picket lines the sentiment was ever most courteous, and it was generally cordial. Then the Confederates were as patriotic as any of earth in any period, and they would largely have volunteered themselves if there had been such a demand very soon after the war. Despite reconstruction, they were still loyal to the government of their fathers. They do not yet forgive individual infamies, nor will they. Ah, how much of that will go to the judgment!

A fine illustration of the sentiment during the war period illustrates the feeling that existed at that time. A year or so ago a business man of Kansas City, who had made many large shipments over the N., C., & St. L. Railway Company, was in Nashville, and Mr. Spencer Eakin, of that company (notice of Major Eakin's death appears in the "Last Roll" of this issue), was taking him over the battlefield of Nashville and where they had confronted each other. The Federal was wounded and put in the field hospital, the noted Noel residence on the Granny White Pike, that was occupied the day before as a Confederate hospital. He was thinking he had a hard time, and groaning over his suffering, when a Confederate lad lying on the floor reproved him, saying: "You see that I have an eye shot out, and am badly wounded besides. When we leave here, you will go to your home, while I will be sent to prison to suffer from cold and hunger. Cheer up." The Union soldier, or officer (name and rank are not given), had been eminently successful, and said he owed his life to that little ragged Confederate for his good cheer; moreover, that if he could find him alive he would give him a ranch out West, for which he had paid $100,000, and in addition all the stock that he had on it.

LETTER FROM MAJ. HUNTER DAVIDSON.—Maj. Hunter Davidson, now residing in Pirayu, Paraguay, S. A., writes that he is sending through the New York Times ten dollars in United States gold for subscription to the VETERAN, and adds: "I want to write you a long letter; but to a Confederate friend, where can I commence and where could I ever end?" He sends "affectionate remembrances to old comrades in arms."

On page 396 of the VETERAN for September, 1906, there is some account from the "Public Records" of Major Davidson's magnificent career in the Confederate navy. His long isolation from comrades must make any communications with them very pleasant. The VETERAN anticipates anxiously such reminiscences as may come from him during that war and since.

The sketch of the Grand Army of the Republic by Maj. Robert Mann Woods in the December VETERAN is not only interesting but of value historically. By a careful reading of parts of the book, a well-bound volume of seventy-six pages by the founder's daughter, it seems that, instead of Dr. Stephenson's having declined the high honor of Commander in Chief for the pecuniary benefits of the Adjutant General's position, it was for other reasons, as the outlay of the latter office exceeded the receipts for several years, and it was in debt to Dr. Stephenson for some time nearly $800

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

REPLY TO THE "TWENTY THOUSAND LETTERS."

So many letters have come in response to the request of every patron of the VETERAN that the idea of making no extracts controlled in the outset, but there are suggestions that incline us to a reproduction of some of them.

One letter comes from Dr. R. A. Halley, now of Chicago, editor of Fuel, an important trade paper, which so fully expresses the sentiment that should maintain in this work that quotations are made from it. While Dr. Halley has as managing editor of leading papers in the South been much occupied and was too young to know much of the war, his helpfulness in many respects inclines to the propriety of quoting his expressions. He has evidently the most elegantly bound volumes of the VETERAN in existence. He writes:

"For I believe that your great life work has been the establishment of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and winning with it and for it a place unique in the story of specialized journalism. It is easy to see that Providence was in all your previous career shaping your life for the one great work held in reserve for you. It was for this that you had the opportunity, or made it, in early life, of mingling with men and making them your friends; your newspaper experience trained you for the greater things; your time of service in the army brought you in actual touch with the men and the events thereafter to be permanently recorded in the VETERAN; your post-war opportunities for increasing and expanding your knowledge of and acquaintance with the men who made the greatest chapters in the South's history—I say that I believe that during all that time Providence, which never does things without adequate preparation, had you in training for the great work of your life which you are now doing for others, for the land you love and that loves you for doing it, as well as for the God-implanted characteristics which make you just what you are.

"I hope that there may yet be many more years for you. The work has not been done yet; for so long as there are those left on earth who have not told their stories, so long is there more of the record of the great war to be gathered and preserved for the future generations which will want to know the truth. My earnest hope is that you as editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN may be active in the age that shall come to you, and that you may still be editing the CONFEDERATE VETERAN when that saddest of days comes that your 'Last Roll' shall contain but a single name—the name of the last surviving Confederate soldier except yourself."

Although the "twenty-thousand" mark was not reached, the many responses that did come on the 27th of November create anew gratitude and renewed courage to press on and on with all the vigor and the patience that is possible.

Many of the letters received came from unexpected sources, while there are many others who have not written from whom there was cause to expect response; and believing that great good would be accomplished by suggestions and encouragement, the request is now made that all who have not given a word of cheer or advice will do so still.

The "sentimental" reason for requesting the letters on November 27 was its being the wedding anniversary of most interest, and also the birthday aniversary of a young man who in the vigor of promised usefulness met his death in the Rio Grande while in charge of an expedition for the two governments concerned in the meanderings of that treacherous stream, with its many changes of channel; a young man in whom thousands were interested and who still deplore his untimely death. It is the anniversary also of the death of the young man who gave the brightest lesson of courage and fidelity and patriotism in the history of the human race. It is hardly worth while to mention that name, but it cannot be seen too often—Sam Davis. There are also other considerations for remembering it with interest and with gratitude.

PLEA FOR PEACE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Secretary Taft was entertained in St. Petersburg, Russia, on December 3, 1907, and the topic of his address was a "Plea for Peace throughout the World." It was called the American banquet, but in addition to sixty Americans there were several high Russian officials.

Responding to the speech of welcome delivered by F. M. Corse, who presided, Secretary Taft said that he hoped the traditional friendship between Russia and America would increase and become stronger. The similarity of interest in the development of the two countries, he said, ought to produce a sympathetic feeling, and he drew a parallel between Russia and America with reference to their immense extent and the difficulties arising therefrom.

Personally the Secretary had a strong feeling of affection for Russia on account of the two years' residence of his father there as American Minister. He sought an audience with the Emperor in order to express his personal gratitude for the hospitality which he had enjoyed on his Trans-Siberian trip and to assure him that a deep desire exists on the part of the Americans for the welfare and prosperity of Russia. The Secretary declared that in his judgment there was no possibility of war between the United States and any country, nor was there any reason for it. The world needs peace for its real growth and the happiness of the individual. Civilization, said the Secretary, is indebted to Emperor Nicholas for the initiation of international efforts for a permanent peace and the mitigation of war by the organization of The Hague Conference.

The foregoing recalls action taken in Nashville on January 20, 1899, wherein an eminent citizen of Tennessee, Col. E. W. Cole, was chairman of a meeting in commendation of Emperor Nicholas's plea at that time for universal peace measures. Colonel Cole exhibited extraordinary zeal in presenting the subject to President McKinley with a plea for his prompt and zealous approval.

In his letter to the President Colonel Cole as chairman of the committee wrote: "No greater event since the birth of the Saviour has challenged the attention of the mind and heart of the human race than the hope of permanent peace among all the nations of the earth."

The editor of the VETERAN had the pleasure and the honor of being a member of that committee, and recalls that the chairman of the committee showed interest quite equal to that he exhibited in the Tennessee Industrial School, for which he contributed in lands and money perhaps not less than $100,000—a sum larger than ever has been given by any individual for the benefit of the boys and girls in his native Tennessee.

GEN. S. D. LEE TO UNION OFFICERS.

HIS ADDRESS TO THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE AT VICKSBURG.

[There is so much of interest and public importance connected with the visit of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee at Vicksburg that supplemental reports will be given from time to time in regard to it. One of the first features of the occasion is that of Gen. S. D. Lee's address.]

There is a story of an Irish policeman in Milwaukee who came upon a German who had been imbibing too freely of the amber fluid which made that city famous, and proceeded to give the German a good beating with his club. When he saw the puzzled look on the German's face, the Irishman made this explanation: "It isn't because I have got any grudge against you, but just because I have got the authority." We Southerners have been impressed with the idea that the beating you gave us was not due to any grudge against us, but simply to settle the question of authority. You were, in fact, so attached to us all the time that you could not think of parting with us on any terms.

I am here to-night because you have invited Confederate veterans to join you in your meeting. It is an invitation which they accept in the spirit in which it is offered. We do not surrender our convictions. We do not regret our part in the great struggle when the question who is sovereign in this country was decided by the sword. We have accepted that solution in good faith. We behold in you brave men whose valor we respected in war and whose friendship we value in peace. While we stood in opposing ranks to you a generation ago, we have long stood shoulder to shoulder with you in the work of upbuilding this great nation and in winning for her victories of peace. Our love for our common country, like yours, leaves no room for old enmities or the bitterness of vanished years.

In reading a recent life of General Lee in the "American Crises Biographers Series," I came across this expression: 'The Civil War will not be treated as a rebellion, but as the great event in the history of our nation, which after forty years it is now recognized to have been." It is the second heroic period in our country's history, when the great forces which were displayed in the Revolution burst forth once more upon a mightier scale. The virtues of the patriot were emblazoned upon a grander field of fortitude and sacrifice. Once more the country cried aloud for men, and they came. They laid aside the plow and the ledger; the smith forgot his anvil, and the scholar his books. North and South alike, men pressed on to face the pestilence of the camps, the carnage of battles, the agony of hospitals, the misery of prisons—all for the divine satisfaction of a patriot's service. The Revolution was glorious, but the Civil War was sublime. Out of that stupendous tragedy an inspiration has come which shall ennoble and dignify the national life and purify its vital currents from corruption long after the last soldier's silvery locks have been laid beneath the sod.

War is hell indeed, but in times of war the great values of life shine forth and manhood is not counted in terms of money. There is a service above all pride, and a duty so high that, when the patriot performs it, like a beacon it lights men on to nobler ends.

One of my classmates at West Point has had the honor of commanding the Army of the Tennessee, Gen. O. O. Howard, our surviving commander, who adds to the distinction of his hour. As I look about me I recall Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Corinth, Perryville, Chickamauga, Atlanta, and Nashville. These are mighty names; but none stands more conspicuous on the roll of your fame than Vicksburg, the city which tonight honors your courage and patriotism as on other occasions she has honored the fortitude and heroism of her unfortunate defenders. The city of Vicksburg especially honors the distinguished son of a magnanimous father, who in the hour of victory could remember to spare the feelings of the vanquished.

How different the reception which Vicksburg now offers you from the efforts she made in your behalf in 1863! In that day it was only after great persuasion that we let you in at all. Instead of the grape for the cannon's mouth, she brings you of the grape for the soldier's mouth; instead of red blood, there is red wine; instead of rushing the canister, your old enemies find themselves "rushing the can." I hope General Howard and also the reverend bishops who honor us with their presence will pardon my allusions to the cheering cup; but the truth is, we are about to mount Mississippi upon the "water wagon," and allusions to alcoholic beverages will soon have only a historic significance in this community.

This is not your first meeting on Southern soil. In Raleigh, N. C., you met in 1865; but your visit to the South at that time was of a business nature, so that we may claim that this is your first visit to the South for purely social purposes, or perhaps I should say by invitation. We hope you will come again. If any of you have come on a "home seeker's ticket," then, as Hamlet said to his mother, "throw away the worser part of it" and make your home amongst us. You will find that we are indeed your fellow-citizens and that the same welcome awaits you that we gave with so much pleasure to our friends, Major Stanton and Captain Rigby. * * *

There is something very inspiring to me in the fact that Union and Confederate soldiers want to meet each other. I don't hear of any Franco-Prussian celebrations, and I fear there will be no Russo-Japanese reunions, at least for some time. But we meet on a different footing; we are fellow-citizens of the great republic. We are Anglo-Saxons; we love a brave man wherever we find him; and when we are not fighting him, we want him for a friend. These meetings signify that our country's wounds have knit together again, and that new flesh has grown where the cancer was cut out. Our asperities have gone and a new patriotism has taken their place—a patriotism not bounded by State or sectional lines, but big enough to cover the whole country; a patriotism that is bounded on the north by Alaska and on the south by the Philippines, and on which the sun never sets.

Out in the park, on the monument which the State of Pennsylvania has erected to her valiant sons, there stands this inscription: "Here brothers fought for their principles, here heroes died for their country, and a united people will forever cherish the precious legacy of their noble manhood."

When men love their country and lay down their lives for her under conviction of duty, no shaft can be too high to do them honor, no bronze too splendid to proclaim their memory.

ACCEPTED CRITICISM ABOUT THE VETERAN.—Col. I. D. Walker, Past National Commander Union Ex-Prisoners of War at Pittsburg, Pa., in remitting his subscription to the VETERAN, writes: "It is a pleasure to me to note the prosperous condition your periodical exhibits. The only criticism I have to make is that there is not enough of personal experiences of the boys from your side, and obituary notices are too lengthy, although I read them all; in fact, I read every word from cover to cover, not forgetting all of the advertisements."

FRED GRANT AS A BOY WITH THE ARMY.

[Supplemental to his address on the Vicksburg campaign before the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, as reported in the December VETERAN, Gen. Fred D. Grant gave his experiences.]

Having referred thus briefly to the campaign and siege of Vicksburg as shown in the official records of the Civil War, I now venture to recall my memories of this wonderful campaign as I, a boy of twelve years old, saw it.

I have always appreciated the good fortune which enabled me to be with my father and his able lieutenants in the field during our great struggle for national existence and to see for myself the men and the events that made so famous the chapters of our history for the years from 1861 to 1865.

In March, 1863, while I was at school at Covington, Ky., my father gave his consent to my joining him at Young's Point, near Vicksburg. Going to Memphis with my mother, my sister, and brothers, I took the first boat down the river, being stimulated to haste by my desire to possess myself of a beautiful Indian pony which Colonel Bowers, of father's staff, had provided especially for me.

On boarding the boat at Memphis I was warned that if we were attacked on the way I must get under cover on the west side of the boat; and so when we neared Greenville, at which point our boats had been several times attacked, and the alarm was given of a hostile force on shore, I hastened to follow the advice and climbed into the center of a coil of rope, deeming it a sure refuge. We passed in safety, however, without any firing except from our own vessel; but my notions of safety were rudely dispelled by an officer of the boat, who on discovering my retreat said: "See here, sonny, if the Rebs had fired at us and hit our boilers, you would have gone straight up through the hurricane deck, and there would not have been a piece of you left to send home to your mamma."

Arriving at Young's Point, I found my father's headquarters on a steamboat at the levee. I also found my precious pony, had him saddled and bridled immediately, and joined my father on a trip of inspection to the canal. Here he found that the enemy was throwing up fortifications on the opposite side of the river which so commanded the canal that its use would be impracticable. We returned to headquarters, stopping for consultation with several generals on the way. Here I first saw General Sherman, for whom my father had such unbounded admiration. Later father went on board Admiral Porter's flag ship, the Benton, for a consultation with his naval coadjutor. I accompanied him; but on board the admiral, doubtless remembering the old saying that "little pitchers have long ears," called a man to show me all over the ship—everywhere but in the cabin. Not then appreciating the reasons for this special courtesy, I enjoyed my explorations very much. It was during my absence that my father proposed the passage of the Vicksburg batteries.

Shortly after this visit my father and Admiral Porter made a trip up the Yazoo, taking me with them; but while they went up with the gunboats and exchanged some shots with the fortifications at Haine's Bluff I was compelled to remain on board of a transport out of range. With Captain Bruce I ventured to go ashore, but we drew marked attentions from the enemy and had to retreat to the steamer. This transport had on its hurricane deck a machine gun, a new invention, which it was determined to test when General Grant returned to the boat. One of the cartridges exploded, and a fragment of the shell struck my father on the thumb, making a painful wound. About this time headquarters were changed to Milliken's Bend, and preparations were made for passing the Confederate batteries at Vicksburg.

The transports were protected by bales of hay packed around the boilers; calls were made for volunteers to man the boats, and the troops were reviewed. The call for boat crews was most eagerly responded to, especially by the men of General Logan's Division. Some of the men advanced the most extraordinary reasons for being selected for the service, and their courage and persistency seemed truly marvelous to me.

On the 16th of April, 1863, General Grant and Admiral Porter held a final consultation. About ten o'clock that night all lights were put out, and the fleet started down the river. Suddenly a rocket went up from the shore, a cannon blazed forth from Warrenton, and a shot passed directly in front of our boat. We stopped; a lurid flame sprang up from a house at DeSoto, opposite Vicksburg, then another on the river front, and soon fires were burning along the whole front of the city, and the river was lighted up as if by sunlight. Six gunboats looking like great big black turtles, followed by three fragile transports, moved directly toward the Confederate batteries, which now opened fire. The Benton and the other gunboats responded and, steaming up near the city, sent shot and shell pouring into Vicksburg. The transports kept over toward the Louisiana shore, and one—the Henry Clay—was set on fire by a red-hot shot, and burned to the water's edge. The people of Vicksburg lined the hills and manifested great excitement. On board our boat I stood by my father on the hurricane deck. He was quietly smoking, but an intense light shone in his eyes. The scene is as vivid in my mind to-night as it was then to my eyes, and will remain with me always.

As soon as our fleet passed the batteries and firing had ceased, father's boat started back to Milliken's Bend. The first step of the great campaign had been successfully accomplished.

A few days later I accompanied my father, with eight officers of his staff and an escort of twenty cavalrymen, on a ride of thirty miles to visit McClernand at New Carthage. It was a hard day's journey, but it was enlivened with incidents and accidents of a humorous character. At the crossing of a slough where there was but a narrow bridge my father made one of his daring leaps, putting his horse at the opposite bank, which he just managed to reach. The rest of us preferred to wait our turn at crossing the bridge, over which a wagon train was slowly passing, a detour which afforded amusement, as a balky mule team gave Colonel Rawlins an admirable opportunity to display a talent which he exhibited on occasions—that of ornamental profanity. Farther along the road, on a really more favorable opportunity to exhibit this accomplishment, the Colonel took us all completely by surprise. Fording a stream, his horse lay down under him and began to roll; but this elicited no outburst from the Colonel, who quietly made his way to shore and forbade any interference with the animal's enjoyment. We passed the night at New Carthage, father spending the time conversing with McClernand.

The following day we returned to Milliken's Bend. From there father moved to the head of the army at Hard Times, where the problem presented itself of getting the troops across the river.

On the 29th of April our gunboats moved down to Grand Gulf, and engaged the enemy's batteries for about five hours. Father was on board a little tug which steamed about am

the fleet. I kept close to him and saw all that was going on. After a trip to the Louisiana shore, we went on board the Benton; and as we entered the porthole, I was sickened with the scenes of carnage. Admiral Porter had been struck on the head with a fragment of shell, and his face showed the agony he was in; but he planned a renewal of the conflict that night in order to permit our transports to run past the Confederate batteries. During this interview with the Admiral he asked me if I wanted to stay with him, and suggested that I might fill the place of a gunner he had lost. The scene around me dampened my enthusiasm for naval glory, so I replied: "I do not believe that papa would allow me to serve in the navy."

Our troops now moved down the western bank of the Mississippi to Disharoon's plantation, where the negroes turned out to welcome us with great rejoicing, deeming us the messengers of the Lord bringing them freedom.

The following day, April 30, we went on board the General Price, formerly a Confederate ram, and moved down to where Bruinsburg had stood. Now not a house was to be seen. Fire had destroyed the whole town. The crossing of the troops continued vigorously; and tired of watching them, I fell asleep on deck. Awaking the next morning, I found my father had gone to the front, and the sound of cannon announced the progress of a battle.

Gen. Lorenzo Thomas told me that father had given strict orders that I should not be allowed to go on shore; but he finally permitted me to join a party in chasing a rabbit on the land, and I took advantage of that permission to push my investigations over the hills. I fell in with a wagon train and secured a ride on a mule; and after going some distance in that way, I joined a battery of artillery on its way to the front, and later followed a passing regiment, the 7th Missouri, which was soon in battle. Presently my father appeared. My guilty conscience so troubled me that I hid from his sight behind a tree.

Within a short time a mighty shout announced the victory of our troops, and then the horrors of a battlefield were brought vividly before me. I joined a detachment which was collecting the dead for burial, but sickened at the sights. I made my way, with another detachment which was gathering the wounded, to a log house which had been appropriated for a hospital. Here the scenes were so terrible that I became faint and ill, and, making my way to a tree, sat down, the most woe-begone twelve-year-old lad in America.

Soon an approaching horseman hailed me with a shout: "Why, hello; is that really you?" The horseman was an orderly from my father's escort; and dismounting, he proceeded to make me comfortable, putting down his saddle for a pillow, and advising me to go to sleep. This I did, but my sleep was broken by dreams of the horrors I had witnessed. Suddenly I heard the orderly cry out: "Look here; your father has come." About fifty yards off sat my father drinking coffee from a tin cup. I went to him, and was greeted with an exclamation of surprise, as he supposed I was still on board the boat. In after years he often told the story of my following him on the battlefield of Port Gibson with more interest and satisfaction than he manifested to me at that time.

A report of there being an abandoned house half a mile away led my father to move to it for the night. There we found a good dinner on the table that had been left by the rightful owners. After partaking thereof, I lay down on the floor to sleep, and would have had a restful night but for the attentions of a dog, which, having lost his master, ran around in search of him, and kept me awake, dreading an attack, which fortunately did not occur.

The next morning the burning question was that of transportation. Horses were scarce, but I succeeded in getting a mount. Two enormous white artillery horses had been captured the day before. I secured one of them and Mr. C. A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, the other. Mr. Dana, however, had the advantage of riding the horse with the saddle and bridle. I had to content myself with improvising harness made of a clothesline and the tree of a sidesaddle without stirrups. The sight of a small boy on the big white horse made some sport on the road for the soldiers I passed or those who passed me.

At Port Gibson General Logan came to see father, who complimented him highly on his operations of the previous day. On leaving, General Logan turned to me and said: "Come, my boy, and I will show you the prettiest fight you will ever see." We went down to the lower suspension bridge to secure the crossing, as my father had ordered. I returned to Port Gibson; and finding that my father had left, I followed the troops which were crossing the bayou. I rode on quite a distance, and then, stopping at a house where some officers were sleeping on a porch, I crawled in for a nap between two of them. They awoke and "said things;" but when I mentioned my name, Colonel (afterwards General) Sanborn welcomed me kindly and loaned me part of his overcoat for a pillow. Becoming very cold toward dawn, I went indoors, found a bed with two occupants, and crept in between them. I slept well, but by daylight I found that my bedfellows were two large negroes. Somehow I had thought that the room seemed close.

It was now the 3d of May, and I found my father at the North Fork, watching the crossing of the troops. Finding that I was lame from the falling of my horse the day before, father, who was ever kind and thoughtful, insisted that I should take his mount, a horse belonging to Gen. A. J. Smith. All of father's horses were on the other side of the Mississippi.

We moved toward Hankinson's Ferry. At the forks of the road it became necessary for Logan to clear away a body of the enemy's troops. With slight loss and the capture of some prisoners, this was accomplished, and we moved into Grand Gulf. Here we found our old friend, the Benton, and the gallant admiral, who welcomed me most cordially. He gave father a bundle of dispatches, including one from General Banks, who said that he could not reach Port Hudson as soon as he had expected, and that he would have fewer troops than he had counted upon. My father immediately began to write dispatches, a task at which he continued until two o'clock in the morning, when he borrowed a change of linen, ordered his horse, and started for McPherson's quarters. The next day Colonel Lagow, in whose charge I had been left, started on after father, and we overtook him at Rocky Springs. Near here General Sherman, with the Fifteenth Corps, joined us, and he and father had some long conversations.

From the 7th to the 12th of May General Grant was constantly in communication with Sherman, McPherson, and McClernand, riding around from one to the other. This made his headquarters so uncomfortable and his mess so irregular that I, for one, did not propose to put up with such living, and I took my meals with the soldiers, who used to do a little foraging and thereby set an infinitely better table than their commanding general had, which at this time was the worst I ever saw.

On the 12th of May the Union army was pushed forward, and at Fourteen Mile Creek Osterhaus had a skirmish to clear the road. We heard the sounds of battle away off to the right, and later we learned that McPherson had won the day at Raymond.

I had struck up a friendly acquaintance with one of the orderlies called "Pony." At Fourteen Mile Creek he and I rode out on an inspection trip; and seeing ten or twelve horses tied up in front of a house, we conceived the idea of capturing the mounts and possibly the riders also, who were inside the house. Not until we had gone too far to retreat did the idea occur to us that the would-be captors might possibly become the captured. It was with great relief that we saw a man wearing a blue uniform come out of the house, and we then discovered that the party we had proposed to capture was a detachment of Sherman's signal corps. Later on, trying to get back within our lines, we had some difficulty in convincing the pickets that we were entitled to pass.

The next day as I went over the battlefield of Raymond I saw again the horrors of war, the wounded and the unburied dead.

We spent the night at Raymond, and then started for Jackson, the capital of Mississippi. While passing through a dense piece of woods on the way the enemy's sharpshooters opened fire on us. One of the staff shouted to my father that they were firing at him. His answer was to turn his horse and dash into the woods in the direction whence the bullets were coming. Colonels Wilson and Lagow, I, the orderlies, and the escort followed, and in skirmishing fashion we advanced till we came to a large house, where we halted. Sherman's Corps now came up, and McPherson was already engaged. Generals Grant and Sherman were on the porch of the house when our line was broken by artillery fire, and our men began a retreat. The two generals immediately mounted, rode among the men, and re-formed the lines. Meanwhile Tuttle's Division had passed through the dense woods, and had captured the enemy's breastworks, wheeled to the left, and swept the enemy's line of intrenchments. Father accompanied them.

Thinking the battle was ended, I rode off toward the Statehouse, where the Confederate troops passed me in their retreat. Though I wore a blue uniform, I was so splashed with mud and looked generally so unattractive that the Confederates paid no attention to me. I have since realized that even had I been captured it would not have ended the war.

At this time I saw a mounted officer with a Union flag advancing toward the capitol. I followed him into the building and entered the Governor's room, which had been hastily abandoned. Finding what I supposed to be the Governor's pipe on the table, I confiscated it, primarily and ostensibly for the national service, but secondarily and actually for my own private and individual use. It had the advantage of being still loaded and lighted. Returning to the street, I saw the officer whom I had followed in the act of raising the Union flag over the building. He proved to be Col. Cornelius Cadle.

Father and his staff, advancing at the head of the army, soon reached the Statehouse, when I joined them and went with them to the Bowen House, the best hotel in Jackson, where we took the rooms in which Gen. Joseph E. Johnston had slept the night before.

In Jackson there was a shed containing two thousand bales of cotton marked C. S. A. Father ordered its destruction, and in about two minutes a column of flame arose that seemed a hundred yards high. The destruction of this valuable property, with some factories, impaired the usefulness of Jackson as a military depot for the enemy. While here we captured an important prisoner who was carrying dispatches from Johnston to Pemberton. The information contained in these dispatches caused some activity at headquarters, and the next day, May 15, my father started off in the direction of Vicksburg.

That night, while sleeping in the room with my father at Clinton, I was awakened by a great knocking. Colonel Lagow announced the arrival of a messenger from McPherson, and father seemed surprised at the news he received. He gave orders for an early start in the morning, went back to bed, and was soon sleeping quietly again. After a light breakfast before daybreak, we moved rapidly to the front, General Grant keeping well ahead of the rest of us. At Champion's farm we came upon the enemy, and were soon in the midst of terrific firing. The staff officers were dispatched to various points, and very soon father and I were left alone. Our line broke and was falling back when father moved forward, rallied the men, and passed over from Hovey's to Crocker's Division, putting the latter into action. There were now fifteen thousand men in our line, which was about three miles long, and the battle raged fiercely along its whole extent. McPherson, dressed in full uniform, was mounted on a beautiful black horse. "Fighting Jack" Logan, also in full uniform, was mounted on a white horse; and as they passed to and fro, exposing themselves recklessly, they made a most "superb" picture.

General Grant rode to all parts of the field, giving orders to the generals and dispatching his staff in all directions. Hovey was sustaining the heaviest part of the encounter. Suddenly hearty cheering was heard on the right of the line, and father moved over in that direction, to find about three thousand prisoners taken with eighteen cannon.

Retracing our steps over the road which we had passed over earlier in the day, we found it choked with dead and wounded, so that we had to pick our way to avoid trampling on them. Seeing an advancing body of troops, Colonel Lagow was sent forward to ascertain who they were. They proved to be McClernand's Corps, coming up too late to take part or, worse luck, too late to capture Pemberton's army, and thus render unnecessary the ensuing siege of Vicksburg.

After the battle of Champion's Hill, while riding toward Edwards Station, father suddenly turned back, and I went on into a house filled with Confederate wounded. They were not feeling very friendly toward the Yankees, and they threatened to kill me. Of course I decided not to intrude, and I passed on. Farther down the road some of our own men who did not know me attempted to take me prisoner. Soon an old soldier recognized me and called for "three cheers for young Grant," which were given with a will, and I began to feel more comfortable. About midnight I returned to the field, and reached a house in which I found my father and several of his staff officers, most of whom were feeling greatly elated over their victory. I slept in the room with my father that night.

The next morning we made an early start, and moved toward Big Black River. When we halted near the railway bridge, General Grant and his staff occupied the porch of a fine plantation house to investigate some matters of high military importance—the procuring of a mess of squabs and other forage. Apparently the enemy thought as much of squabs as we did, for they opened fire from some seventeen or eighteen

guns, and made our neighborhood so hot that I soon followed "Pony's" example and beat a retreat. (It is wrong to steal pigeons, anyway.)

Our troops were now moving on the enemy's line at a double-quick, and I became enthused with the spirit of the occasion, galloped across a cotton field, and went over the enemy's works with our men. Following the retreating Confederates to the Big Black, I was watching some of them swim the river, when a sharpshooter on the opposite bank fired at me and hit me in the leg. The wound was slight, but very painful, and I suppose I was very pale, for Colonel Lagow came dashing up and asked what was the matter. I promptly said: "I am killed." Perhaps because I was a boy he presumed to doubt my word, and said, "Move your toes," which I did with success, upon which he recommended our hasty retreat. This was accomplished in good order.

After the capture of the fortifications, May 17, our army bridged the Big Black and crossed the next day. We stopped at a house to get a drink of water, when the Confederate proprietress expressed her opinion scornfully that we could never take Vicksburg, she judging from the handful of troops she then saw—the mere head of the column. General Grant replied that he would capture Vicksburg if it took thirty years to do so; and just then the main body of troops began to rise over the crest of the hill, when the lady retired, much chagrined.

We reached the summit of Walnut Hills, whence we could see the Mississippi and Chickasaw Bayou, where Sherman had fought in December. Sherman was greatly elated over the success of the present campaign, and so expressed himself enthusiastically. Several outworks were captured that day. On the 19th father spent much of his time with McClernand on the extreme left. He feared lest Pemberton might make his escape through this thinly guarded part of our line. The 20th and 21st were spent in skirmishing and in advancing our lines as much as possible. On the 22d the great assault was made upon the fortifications early in the day. Generals Grant and Logan had a narrow escape from a shell which was fired directly down a ravine which they had just entered. They were unhurt, however, but were covered with yellow dirt thrown up by the explosion. On this day I saw a sight that will probably never again be witnessed in this country—an artillery battle extending over seven miles in length. Beneath the smoke of this cannonade the Army of the Tennessee could be seen moving to the assault under the enemy's lines, which became a sheet of fire from the forts and rifle pits. At one point our flag was planted right at the base of the enemy's parapet.

An incident of this day's work was illustrative of youthful heroism and of my father's tender nature. A small boy, with blood streaming from a wound in his leg, came running up to where father and Sherman stood and reported that his regiment was out of ammunition. Sherman was directing some attention to be paid to his wound, when the little fellow, finding himself fainting from loss of blood, gasped out "caliber 56" as he was carried off to the rear. At this moment I observed that my father's eyes were filled with tears.

A wound in the leg which I had received early in the campaign now began to trouble me very much; and under Dr. Hewitt's expressed fears of having to amputate my leg, I remained much at headquarters. Because of this I saw a great deal of my father's methods, his marvelous attention to detail, and his cool self-possession. I witnessed also the devotion of his men to him and the enthusiasm with which they greeted the "Old Man," as they called him, when he passed along the lines. He was a splendid horseman, and visited many points of his army every day. * * *

General Grant always regarded McPherson as the most promising officer of his age in the army, and on his death father said that he had lost one of his best friends and the country one of its ablest defenders. McPherson's troops loved him, and one needs hear but once the cheers given by the Army of the Tennessee wherever his name is still cherished. His very taking off was illustrative of the man. When ordered to surrender before Atlanta, he courteously lifted his hat, bowed low, wheeled his horse, and dashed into the woods. But the volley that instantly followed was but too well aimed, and he fell. To me he was particularly kind, and I grieved deeply over his death.

Among the division commanders whom I was fortunate enough to see upon the field of battle were Generals Logan, Steele, John E. Smith, Crocker, A. J. Smith, Tuttle, Osterhaus, Blair, Ransom, and Hovey. I heard my father say that with such officers an army must be irresistible. There were others besides those I have mentioned whose names and memories are alike honored or their services in defense of their country.

I have referred before to General Logan's magnficent personality, dash, and courage. I was several times permitted to accompany him on the field of battle, and my admiration and enthusiasm, young and untrained as they were, were always kindled by his magnificent deeds.

The siege of Vicksburg continued after the assaults of the 22d of May without much excitement except such as was caused by reports that Johnston was about to attack our rear. General Grant, however, made a personal inspection trip, upon which I accompanied him, back to the Big Black, and found everything secure and well guarded under the watchful care of General Sherman. While on this trip I saw the enlisting of contrabands in the new regiments, and was not a little amused to see how the darkies arose to the importance of the occasion. One big specimen of African manhood on being asked to join a company pulled off his old hat, scratched his head, shuffled his feet, and said in a puzzled tone, pointing to General Grant and a group of his staff: "Some ob dem udder gen'als wants me, and wid dem all after me it's hard to tell which comp'ny to jine."

An incident which occurred during the siege interested me greatly. Being with the skirmish line of the 8th Missouri, I saw an excited little group of soldiers at one point, and made haste to ascertain the cause. One of a party of Northern visitors had expressed a desire to take home with him a souvenir of the war. A shot through his hat was thought to be a good idea, and the 8th Missouri boys, being perfectly well satisfied that the "Johnnies" were anxious to send North as many souvenirs of their skill as possible, told him that all he had to do was to hold his hat above the works and he would be immediately accommodated. But, forgetting to put a ramrod under the hat, he got a bullet not only through his hat, but also through his hand. Our boys consoled themselves with the thought that he got a real souvenir instead of the make-believe one he sought.

Finding from the Vicksburg newspaper that General Grant received every day that there was some communication going on between our respective lines, he at first sought to find out the channel and then to close it up. The medium was found to be between the Missouri troops on each side and was connected with a little trade of coffee, etc., for tobacco, mingled

with news from besiegers and besieged. Later, finding that the information could be made useful, the illicit "press association" was allowed to continue its work. On one occasion, while we were out on the line with Gen. A. J. Smith, a flag of truce appeared, which General Smith advanced to receive, taking with him Colonel Lagow and myself. The Confederate officers whom we met were General Bowen, Colonel Montgomery, and another. Some of our guns, including those of the fleet, continuing to fire, our officers took steps to have them stop; but Colonel Montgomery begged them not to interfere, assuring us that our fire did little or no harm. Asked if we had not inflicted great damage inside the city, he acknowledged that during the previous week we had actually killed a cow. Later on, when we entered the city, we suspected that Colonel Montgomery had been guilty of a little boasting.

The siege went on. Our parallels slowly but surely approached the doomed city. Deserters came in more frequently and reported the desperate condition of the garrison. Rumors also came to us that Johnston was going to make a desperate endeavor to relieve Pemberton. These led to another rumor that our troops would celebrate the Fourth of July by a grand storming of the works. Doubtless this rumor found its way into the beleaguered city, for on the 3d of July a flag of truce was reported.

General Grant betrayed no excitement, but in the afternoon he rode out with his staff to a point opposite Fort Hill, I accompanying them. Here our group was joined by Generals McPherson, Logan, A. J. Smith, and others. Soon a white flag appeared over the enemy's works, and a party of Confederates was seen approaching. Firing ceased, and soon under an old apple tree General Grant met his opponent. The other officers separated into groups and conversed, while the works on both sides were lined with soldiers.

The consultation of the commanding generals lasted a short while, and presently both parties retired to their own quarters. Father was immediately joined by the largest assemblage of general officers which I had ever seen—the heroes of the most brilliant campaign and siege recorded in the history of the world deciding upon and settling the fate of their foes. They had conquered and taken into their power the largest number of men, the greatest number of war materials and spoils ever surrendered in battle.

After consultation, General Grant dispatched a note to the defender of Vicksburg, and the group of officers dispersed. I remained in the tent, sitting on my little cot and feeling restless, but scarcely knowing why. Father sat at his table writing. Presently a messenger handed father a note. He opened it, gave a sigh of relief, and said calmly: "Vicksburg has surrendered." I was thus the first to hear the news officially announced of the fall of the Gibraltar of America, and, filled with enthusiasm, I ran out to spread the glad tidings. Officers rapidly assembled, and there was a general rejoicing.

The next day, the glorious Fourth, as father was starting for the front on the Jackson road, the booming of guns was heard apparently on our right. He loked vexed, and was about to order the arrest of General Steele, whom he supposed to be responsible, saying that he "ought to know better than to allow any triumphing over our conquered countrymen," when Steele himself rode up, the blame was definitely located on our left, and the salutes were stopped. Soon after the Confederates were seen filing out of their works and stacking their arms—21,600 brave men surrendered 172 cannon and 60,000 muskets to the conquering but lenient Army of the Tennessee.

The arms being given up, the troops passed back into the city, and General Grant, at the head of Logan's Division, moved forward to take possession. His reception by General Pemberton was cold. With a group of Confederate officers Pemberton was seated on the porch of a large house; but when father expressed a desire for a glass of water, he was allowed to hunt for it in the kitchen. This reception of the man who would not allow his men to celebrate their victory was deeply resented by the members of General Grant's staff; but father himself was satisfied with his success in capturing Vicksburg, and manifested no resentment. The Confederate officers who thus received him appreciated gratefully later on the clemency they experienced at the fall of Vicksburg, and expressed this appreciation in the most touching manner during General Grant's last illness, at the time of his funeral, and at the dedication of his tomb.

Passing through the city, where the Union flag had already been hoisted over the courthouse, General Grant went on board the Benton, where Admiral Porter congratulated him upon the victory. The next day he established headquarters at the house of a Mr. Lum, who soon became his warm friend, and during my father's last illness some of the most beautiful letters received by us were from members of this charming Vicksburg family, Mr. Lum's.

My connection with the army was now ended for a while. From the result of exposure I had contracted an illness which necessitated my withdrawal into civilian life again, and on the 8th of July I was sent home to recuperate. I did not rejoin my father until after the battle of Chattanooga.

I remember with the utmost interest my life in camp and with deepest affection the men whom I met in the army, among whom was General Grenville M. Dodge, who honors us with his presence here to-night, being always interested in and loyal to our beloved veterans of the Civil War, and who is always, I am most proud to say, my honored and truly kind friend, as he was the friend of my father and mother during their lives.

Much of my time was spent among the private soldiers, who were never too tired or too worn out to comfort and pet the boy of thirteen, the son of the "Old Man." Young as I then was, my camp life was of such nature (I saw so much of the hardships, the self-denials, the sufferings and labors of both privates and officers) that my proudest moments are when I am associating with the old warriors, the veteran comrades of my father, like those of the Army of the Tennessee.

THE BARTOW ARTILLERY—FIRST FOR THE WAR

BY CAPT. BENSON W. ROBERTS, TYLER, TEX.

On the 12th of May, 1861, in the little town of Griffin, Ga., while the writer was a cadet at the Kentucky Military Institute, near Frankfort, Ky., a company of artillery was raised and without his knowledge he was unanimously elected captain; and when the organization was completed, the subject came up: "How long should the enlistment be?" It was decided for the entire war, long or short. Upon the refusal of the Governor of Georgia to receive the company the Bartow Artillery (named in honor of Gen. Francis P. Bartow, of Savannah, Ga., who was killed in the first battle of Manassas on the 21st of July, 1861), I went to Richmond, Va., and tendered the company's services direct to President Jefferson Davis. He at first hesitated to receive us, saying: "Yo

should come through the Governor of your State." State rights was one of the main principles for which we were going to war. I explained to President Davis that I had offered our services to Gov. Joseph E. Brown, of Georgia, but that he peremptorily refused to receive us, for the reason that I had quit the Georgia Military Institute at Marietta, Ga., and gone to the Kentucky Military Institute, near Frankfort, Ky., to finish my military studies, telling me to "go to Governor Magoffin, of Kentucky, for your commision," etc. The President replied: "Then we will take you and your boys." We were then mustered into the Confederate service without State authority, and therefore became the same as Confederate regulars. If there was a similar organization in manner or term of service at that early stage of the war, I know nothing of it.



BENSON W. ROBERTS.

Our enlistment was solely a patriotic one, of course. There was no specter of a "conscript law" on the Southern horison at that time. I claim that the Bartow Artillery of Griffin, Ga., is entitled to the honor of being the first company enlisting at the beginning for the entire war. Of the original one hundred and twenty-six men, there are only two of us—A. A. Wright, of Griffin, Ga., and myself—living at this time. The silk flag given the company by Mrs. Bartow has never been in the hands of the enemy to this day.

DARING METHOD OF DESTROYING ENEMY'S SHIP.

BY CHARLES DORAN.

The late Capt. Beverley Kennon, formerly of the Confederate navy and the inventor of the disappearing gun for coast defense batteries, won for himself an enviable reputation for bravery and daring during the Civil War. In the battle of Mobile Bay Captain Kennon commanded a little wooden side-wheel river steamer, the Governor Moore; and being closely pursued by one of the enemy's vessels, the Varuna, he attempted to run his steamer close in shore, hoping if he could get into shallow water to effect his escape, as the pursuing vessel was a heavy draught boat and would not run the risk of getting aground by following him. The captain of the Varuna, suspecting what the Confederate steamer was up to, changed his course, and by skillful maneuvering succeeded in getting his vessel across the bows of the Governor Moore, and with his broadside battery poured into her such a terrific fire that she was soon discovered to be sinking.

Captain Kennon when he saw that his vessel was doomed rushed forward, determined to get a parting shot at the enemy from his bow gun. Reaching the forecastle, he found that the entire gun's crew had been either killed or wounded and the piece struck several times, the carriage being thrown off its slide with the rear transom resting against the heel of the foremast. Finding it impossible to depress the gun enough in the crippled condition of its carriage to rake his enemy, who by this time was very close aboard him, with her sides too high out of the water to let him see on her decks, and not having the men nor the time to mount the piece properly, Kennon pointed the gun through his own deck, and at a point six feet inside the knightheads and a little to the port of the heel of the bowsprit, and fired. The shot passed through his own deck and went crashing into the enemy's sides a little below her water line. A second shot was then fired in like manner, when, the smoke becoming too thick to allow Captain Kennon to see the Varuna, he ceased firing.

When the smoke had cleared so the enemy's position could be made out, the commander of the Governor Moore found that the two vessels were not over ten feet apart and the Varuna slowly sinking by the stern.

The Varuna continued to fire, and succeeded in turning her head inshore and sank just as she was within a few yards of the beach. The Governor Moore soon after went down, carrying with her nearly her entire crew. The captains of both vessels were saved, and neither ship struck her colors. It is perhaps one of the few instances in which both vessels engaged in battle against each other were sunk, and certainly the first wherein the captain of a vessel fired through his own ship and sunk that of his enemy.

THE V. M. I. CADETS AT NEW MARKET, VA.

BY REV. GILES B. COOKE, MATHEWS C. H., VA.

For the benefit of your readers I will give a short account of the capture by the V. M. I. Cadets of Von Kleiser's Battery, consisting of four brass Napoleon guns and two twelve-pounder howitzers.

General Sigel, of the Federal army, entered the Valley of Virginia with a large force in the spring of 1864 and advanced upon Staunton. He was met by General Breckinridge, in command of three thousand men, on the 15th of May at New Market, and after a hard fight was defeated and driven from the field. The cadet battalion of four companies, numbering two hundred and ninety-four, commanded by Col. Scott Shipp, formed a part of Breckinridge's command, and contributed largely to the defeat of Sigel.

Maj. Peter J. Otey, in an address on the battle of New Market, says of the gallant charge of the cadets in Von Kleiser's Battery: "Down the hill the cadets move in perfect alignment; their step is to martial music. The enemy stands transfixed in admiration and amazement. Who are they? Regulars? What do I see? The V. M. I. boys—they pause—front rank kneels and a volley is fired into the breasts of the Federal line. 'Forward, double time!' Do they falter? The belching of cannon makes the atmosphere hazy. Now the Federal reserve pours its volley into them. Do they stop? They do not flinch. They have been trained to obey orders, and forward was the order. What a sight! Breckinridge's eyes flashed fire as he saw these boys pit themselves against

the seasoned veterans of Sigel. They pierce the center, driving everything before them, and Breckinridge exclaimed: 'Glorious! Grand! Superb!' The day is saved! The gallant three hundred at Thermopylæ, the charge of the immortal six hundred at Balaklava furnished no more brilliant record of heroism than the charge of the V. M. I. cadets at New Market."

Now for the testimony of one on the Federal side who witnessed the charge. Capt. Franklin E. Town, of the United States Signal Corps, says: "Standing on the crest of the hill, after a short time I observed a line forming at its foot which seemed like a regiment in extent. It looked so natty or smart in appearance as instantly to suggest our own pet regiment—the 7th, of New York City. We were able to identify them as the battalion of the V. M. I. cadets, and a more soldierly corps never faced an enemy. They came on steadily without any sign of faltering. I saw here and there some fall out of line and lay where they fell, but their comrades closed up the gaps and passed on. Their pace increased to double time, and at last the charge and up to the guns, which they surrounded and captured. As a military spectacle it was most beautiful, and as a deed of war it was most grand. I do not believe that the history of wars contains a record of a deed more chivalrous, more heroic, more daring, or more honorable than the charge of these boys to a victory of which seasoned veterans might well boast."

Whilst our hearts thrill with pride as we dwell upon the daring and prowess of these boys as exhibited in capturing this battery, we are yet saddened at the thought of the victory so dearly bought, in the loss of so many noble youths—fifty-four killed and wounded. Among the wounded was Private G. T. Garnett, of Company D, from Mathews County, who after the war was Commonwealth's Attorney for twelve years, then County Judge of Mathews and Middlesex Counties for eighteen years and Judge of the Thirteenth Judicial Circuit for two years. He also represented Mathews and Gloucester Counties in the Constitutional Convention. Although I was not of the company and was not in the battle of New Market, yet I feel a deep interest in the part taken by the Cadet Corps, being an ex-cadet of the V. M. I. and a classmate of three of the cadets who took part in the battle—viz., Col. Scott Shipp, Surgeon George Ross, and Capt. A. Govan Hill.

A monument in memory of the cadets who were killed in the battle of New Market has been erected on the campus of the V. M. I. The statue of a beautiful girl seated on the monument, with downcast eyes, mourning over the slain in battle, is said to have been designed, executed, and donated by that eminent sculptor, Sir M. J. Ezekiel, who as a private in Company C was in the charge at the battle of New Market.

BRIG. GEN. JOHN LEROY LOGAN.

BY MRS. EUNICE L. ARNOLD, SECRETARY N. E. SNIPES CHAPTER, U. D. C., GUNNISON, MISS.

Gen. J. L. Logan was born at Greenwood, Abbeville, S. C., February 14, 1833. He was the oldest son of Tyler Logan, of that place. When five years of age, his father moved to Abbeville, Miss., where he was reared and educated. After becoming of age, he went to Camden, Ark., where he was married to Mary Jane Danferth October 12, 1854. He resided in Camden until the war began, in 1861.

He went out with the first volunteers of Arkansas as captain of Company A, in the 11th Arkansas Regiment. He was captured in a fight at Island No. 10 April 7, 1862, and was sent a prisoner to Johnson's Island, where he was kept several months. After being exchanged he was made colonel of his regiment, and was then sent to Holly Springs, Miss., where he remained a short time, and from there was sent to Port Hudson, La. When the siege began at Port Hudson, May 23, 1863, his command was mounted and sent to operate outside, where he was in several engagements. After this he returned to Arkansas, and was in battle near Princeton.

Just before the close of the war he was made brigadier general. In 1869 he moved to New Orleans, La., where he died of yellow fever in 1871.

General Logan was a Mason and a devout Christian gentleman, beloved by all who knew him, soldiers and citizens. He was noted for his hospitality and honorable, upright disposition and integrity. Such were the life and character of one who left an indelible impression for all that is good and noble and brave on those who knew him personally.

CAPT. W. G. PETER EXECUTED AT FRANKLIN.

[The picture of Captain Peter was received too late for sketch in December Veteran, page 551.]

The father of Captain Peter was a major of militia in the United States service at the Bladenburg fight, in 1814, when Cockburn's fleet was in the Chesapeake and also up the Potomac. I have seen a painting of the fight (the forces engaged at Bladenburg) just before the British entered Washington City hanging on the wall in Maj. George Peter's home. Walter G. Peter was the youngest son and child. His father was married three times and was quite advanced in life, while W. G. Peter was not more than twenty-two or twenty-three years old at the time of his father's death, in 1860.



CAPT. W. G. PETER.

Supplemental to the foregoing, notes are used from Mr. M. R. Tunno, of Savannah, Ga., who wrote some months ago from Savannah, Ga., in reference to the article in the August number on the capture and execution of Colonel Orton and Lieutenant Peter at Franklin, and mentions an error in the account, saying: "When Colonel Orton joined our army, he did so under the name of Williams, and I think as W. O. Williams. I knew him well at Columbus, Ky., and Corinth, Miss. At both places he commanded a battery of field guns. The date at which he changed his name to that of Orton I know not, but I do know that he was Captain Williams in the early part of the war."

Cotton Is Still King.—Latham, Alexander & Co., of New York, a Southern banking firm of credit to the country, in their 1907 report of the cotton movement say: "The last three crops have aggregated 38,427,457 bales, or an average of 12,809,000 bales per year." This cotton was sold at an average price of 10.50 cents per pound. As a result the farmers of the South are mostly out of debt and in good condition. A brief analysis of this report shows that the South has produced in these three years, estimating the bales at five hundred pounds each, the prodigious sum of $2,117,449,492 worth of cotton. Add to this the product of iron, steel, etc., and the independence of the South may be imagined. Let us stand together."

STUART'S VETERANS AT HIS MONUMENT.

BY I. S. W.

Boys! of that gallant time, near half a century ago—
Troopers of Stuart! In that heroic day
When hostile cannon vainly sought to mow,
Your charging columns headed victory's way.
Horsemen of Black Horse fame! We meet again;
Hampton's and Fitz Lee's squadrons fill the plain.
Once more we meet, once more we greet, once more
With throbbing hearts we close round Stuart's form.
Far, far behind us lie life's years—two score
Have passed since last we faced the battle storm.
With all things changed and in the calm of peace,
We, bent survivors of war's strenuous game,
Are met, as if to claim a brief surcease
Of age and sorrow at the shrine of Fame.
Well may we come. Your story is as great
As any battle legend of our war-scarred State.
Your Stuart rode with black horse to the fray;
On Death's pale horse you saw him ride away.
On Fame's immortal bronze he rides to-day.
The world remembers. Now behold in view
The tribute that Virginia pays to you.
His fame is yours—without you it were naught;
With your blood, as with his, that fame was bought.
The shaft, to him of heart so strong and true,
Yet what he was and is he owes to you.
Whoever here uncovers to his fame
Honors your valor, knowing not your name.
For Stuart, glorious leader that he was,
Was but trustee of glory that was yours.
This shaft to him shall speak through all the years
Not of his splendid leadership alone,
But of a blessed memory, embalmed in tears,
Needing no monument of bronze or stone
Of that devoted band of cavalry
Which braved all dangers both by day and night,
Guarded the front and flank and rear of Lee,
First in assault, and last at close of fight;
Instant and constant even till their foes
Yielded the generous tribute of their praise;*
Last to surrender—battling till the close
At Appomattox. And for this the minstrel's lays
Have made the names your gallant leaders bear
The synonyms of courage and devotion everywhere—
Yours is the deathless tale that men so dearly love
Of rank and file as true as officers above.

*Sheridan said: "Stuart was the best colt ever foaled in American cavalry."

LEVI STRAUSS, THE SPY.

BY F. T. MINDLER, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

I was a noncommissioned officer in the 37th Virginia Volunteer Regiment, which was a part of Stonewall Jackson's Corps. We were once nearly surrounded in the Shenandoah Valley by three Northern army corps commanded by Generals Banks, Shields, and Siegel, their forces outnumbering ours by great odds. The enemy were doing their best to surround us, and we had to work like beavers day and night to get strong positions. General Jackson intended to hold his own until the promised reënforcements from General Lee would arrive.

Stonewall Jackson while living at the academy in Lexington, Va., had a friend and neighbor by the Jew name of Levi Strauss. This man secured the privilege to follow our corps to sell tobacco and cigars and other small things. He had a splendid outfit, a fine new covered spring wagon drawn by two big mules with new harness, all of which proved that our tobacco man was not poor. By dealing with him once in a while I learned that he was a German, like myself. He was an educated German Jew. He was glad to make my acquaintance, and said if I did not object he would like to come and see me some evenings just for pastime, to which I agreed. He also invited me to a walk around the camps to see how we made our fortifications.

One night an order arrived from headquarters for all the teamsters to hitch up and be ready at a moment's time to move out of camp. This was at one o'clock. Two teamsters ran over to the tobacco dealer to get a supply of tobacco to take along, but he did not respond to any of their calls. Their cursing and noise brought many of us to the spot; and after being informed of what they wanted, we opened the front of the wagon, but found it empty. Mr. L. Strauss was not to be found. The order for the teamsters proved to be a false one, and in a short time quietness reigned in the camp once more. The absence of the tobacco dealer was duly reported by the officer of the day. Early in the morning Strauss was in the wagon, and to our questions about not being in his wagon he laughed, declaring that he was in it all night.

Colonel Fulkerson, a very kind-hearted gentleman, sent for Strauss and talked very kindly to him, urging him to say why he was not in his wagon the night before. To him Strauss also declared that he was in the wagon enjoying a whole night's sleep. The Colonel warned him to tell nothing but the truth, as it was no time for trifling. At this Strauss seemed to get somewhat scared, and finally acknowledged that he was with a friend of his, a lieutenant in the artillery camp, but was sure back in his wagon before taps. Colonel Fulkerson was the very best of lawyers in Abingdon, Va., and he quickly divined that Strauss was telling stories; so the Colonel sent a message to General Jackson informing him of his friend and neighbor, Levi Strauss, at the same time putting the tobacco dealer under guard. It was not long till General Jackson had a private conversation with Strauss. We all knew the look of General Jackson just before a battle, and the same look he had when he left Strauss; such a look of his was a sure sign of trouble somewhere. I was one of those appointed to search his wagon, and in it we found comfortable bedding, a field table and chair, a heavy rug, and in the back part of the wagon were tobacco boxes, feed and hay, etc. All this we took out, and were astonished to find maps, drawn on paper the same as used by architects, complete drawing outfit, two silver-mounted cadet revolvers, a fine repeating rifle, two ugly-looking knives, two strong boxes filled with coin of all description, also plenty of Confederate and United States money. The plan drawn in ink, a finely executed piece of work, was our whole camp in detail—all contiguous roads, footpaths, bridges, position of artillery, rifle pits, ditches, different camps, and even the headquarters. There was a kind of gully which was not so well protected by artillery. This was extra marked with a big cross and figures. The officers were more than surprised. They congratulated each other on this catch. The plan alone was enough to condemn the Jew.

A drumhead court-martial was quickly formed and met in a grove of fine oak trees. The Jew was brought up under heavy guard; and when he saw his plan lying out on a plank before him, he knew well that the jig was up with him, and

fainted accordingly. The presiding officer, Colonel Taliaferro, asked him only a few questions, which he answered by nodding his head. This was enough for the court. He wanted to make a few explanations; but the court would not allow it, and he was led away. General Jackson was not present; so he was made acquainted with the result, which was that he should be shot within three hours. Colonel Taliaferro objected to this, saying that a traitor like him should be hanged, to which they all agreed. The death warrant, so to speak, was signed and returned from General Jackson in a short time. To my sorrow, I was appointed to stay with him until he should be led out to receive his punishment, just on account of my also being a German. We took him to a nearby tent, and he was watched by four soldiers. Now he began to realize the situation he had put himself in, and raved and cried and pulled his hair out, carrying on to such an extent that he was told if he did not behave he would be tied and gagged. This quieted him some, only he wanted to talk with me. He requested me to go to his old friend, General Jackson, and plead for his life, and urge him to do it for the sake of his wife and two children. This I refused to do. Even had it been within my power to save him, I would not have done it. He fully deserved what was awaiting him. I did not pity him, but his wife and children. I told him that I was only sorry he was a German, and reminded him to write to his family, as the time was getting short. The hour set was twelve o'clock sharp. He whispered to me to get him some writing material, which was done; but he was so terribly scared that he could not write a word, and trembled like an aspen leaf. Now if any man gives himself up to be a spy he knows the fate awaiting him if caught, and such a man is naturally no coward; but our Jew certainly was. I told him that I could get him a reprieve if he would tell me the reason of his doing so. Upon this promise, he commenced to tell me that a friend from New York induced him to act as he did, as there was big money in store for him; he gave also the address of his wife in Lexington, Va.

Capt. J. Walker, acting provost marshal, had to make arrangements for the execution. We had old sailors with us, and they asked Captain Walker to let them do the hanging of the spy, promising to make a good job of it. Captain Walker was only too glad to let them do it. They at once got others to help them, and first dug a grave under one of the big oak trees. They then got a strong tent rope, made a genuine hangman's knot; peeling off the bark of a limb that extended almost straight out, they threw the rope over it, and all was ready in a very short time, though the time seemed awfully long to me till twelve o'clock. The Jew said to me that he was willing to be punished with imprisonment if he only would not be put to death. His lamentations were fearful, one of his expressions being: "Why did I do this to my friends, especially to General Jackson, who was such a good and kind friend to me, to my wife and children, and to good old Virginia?"

It was a quarter to twelve when the four sailors stepped in and took him out under the limb from which the rope was swinging. The spy looked up and saw the rope, the last thing he was to see on earth, and broke down completely. The sailors had to hold him up while they put the noose around his neck. As many boys as there was room for had hold of the rope at the other end, waiting for the word, which was given, and up went Levi Strauss, one of the worst spies that was ever caught in our corps. It seemed to me that he was unconscious when he was drawn up, as there was no motion of his body. After he was put in his grave, General Jackson sent for me and asked me to write to Mrs. Strauss of the fate of her husband, and that his personal effects would be sent to her as soon as there was a chance to get them through the line. They reached her all right, and I got a very kind letter from her in answer to mine.

At the battle of Port Republic I was shot through a leg and left hand and was sent to the Staunton Hospital.

Soldier Gave His Flour to Woman and Children.—W. F. Phares, Centerville, Miss., writes as follows: "Will here just give you one little episode which still dwells indelibly on my mind. During a rapid advance up the Valley of Virginia, near Winchester, we had a little flour in my mess and nothing to cook it with; so I agreed to slip through our advance line and cautiously approach a farmhouse. I entered the dwelling with my sack of flour, which was three days' rations for three of us. The lady and three little children met me and said the Yankees had just gone, after robbing the place entirely and burning what they could not carry off. She and the little children had nothing whatever for dinner. I asked her to cook the flour, and with tears rolling down her cheeks she agreed to do so. The little children were so glad to see the flour, as they were so hungry, and this was more than my heart could bear; so I emptied the sack on the table and kissed the little ones good-by. The lady followed me to the gate, begging me not to leave my three days' rations. My heart was too full to reply; but in my hasty retreat I turned and said: "Keep it all. We can capture more to-night from the commissary." Well, one of my daring messmates, named Woodruff, did find something that night. Of course I asked no questions, but thought Col. B. G. Humphreys went on the march hungry. I was then a boy—am now sixty-eight years old. Those three little children, if living, doubtless remember the incident. God bless the ladies of Virginia! They certainly saw the horrors of Yankee infamy."

PREACHING IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

The tribute by Dr. W. T. Bolling in the July Veteran to Rev. J. B. McFerrin, not only eminent among Methodists throughout the South but whose memory is much beloved by survivors of the Confederate army, brings forth a letter from J. E. Carruth, of Auburn, Miss. He writes: "Dr. McFerrin preached to a large crowd of soldiers on the 4th of November, 1864, at the headquarters of Gen. M. P. Lowrey, near Florence, Ala. Soon after he began a slow, steady rain began to fall. Dr. McFerrin remarked that if we had shelter to go to he would dismiss, but that as we had none he would continue. Putting on his hat and overcoat, he continued, and the crowd remained through the rain. Soon after this we were on the march. Cleburne's Division were stacking arms by the roadside, when lightning struck a tree, killing one man and severely shocking several others. A few minutes later Wellborn Mooney gathered the men near by and preached from the text, 1 Corinthians xvi. 13, making impressions on some hearts that last even until now. These faithful ministers who shared the dangers and toils of camp life, ministering to the sick and wounded, marching on foot to let the barefooted ride, gathering food for the hungry, and dispensing the 'bread of life' as opportunity offered should never be forgotten. Dr. McFerrin, Gen. M. T. Lowrey (a devout minister), Wellborn Mooney, C. H. Otkin, and many other ministers were held in great esteem."

HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE AT SHARPSBURG.

SKETCH OF THE BATTLE BY W. R. HAMBY, 4TH TEXAS, AUSTIN.

The Librarian of Congress in a recent letter to the Texas State Librarian, asking for information touching Hood's Texas Brigade, says: "The known statistics of these regiments are so remarkable that if missing figures can be obtained it will establish a record equaled by few, if any, organizations in the Civil War, or indeed in modern warfare."

When a soldier has been wounded, he has the scar to show for his wound. When a regiment or brigade claims to have suffered heavily in battle, you ask for the list of killed and wounded. Judged by this standard, no brigade in the Confederate army has more bloody laurels or stands higher on the roll of honor than Hood's Texas Brigade. This article, however, will only attempt in an imperfect way to describe the action of the brigade in the battle fought near Sharpsburg, Md., September 17, 1862.

On the first campaign in Maryland our brigade was commanded by Colonel Wofford, and was composed of the 1st Texas, Lieutenant Colonel Work commanding; 4th Texas, Lieutenant Colonel Carter; 5th Texas, Captain Turner; 18th Georgia, Lieutenant Colonel Ruff; and Hampton's South Carolina Legion, Lieutenant Colonel Gary. The three Texas regiments were the only Texas troops in the Virginia army, hence we were always known as the Texas Brigade. The 18th Georgia had been associated with us from the first organization of the brigade, and from a spirit of comradeship was called the "Third Texas."

After the battle of South Mountain, September 14, we were the rear guard of the army on the march to Sharpsburg. On the morning of September 15, with a detail of one hundred men under Major Sellers, I was with the rear guard of the rear guard; and after the army crossed the Antietam, we were on the skirmish line along the west bank of that stream until the 16th. In the meantime the brigade had formed a line of battle along the Hagerstown and Sharpsburg Turnpike, near the Dunkard church. This modest and hitherto unknown church was destined soon to become historical, as it was the storm center of the great battle fought September 17, 1862, called Sharpsburg by the Confederates and Antietam by the Federals. The church was about a mile north of the town of Sharpsburg and about a mile west of the Antietam River. From the church north, along the west side of the pike, the woods extended about a quarter of a mile to an open field, extending still farther north several hundred yards. Across the pike east of the church were open fields, somewhat rocky and hilly, extending about half a mile north and intersecting with a cornfield. East of the fields were woods extending toward the river.

About sunset the evening of the 16th the Federal skirmish line was seen advancing through the woods east of us, closely followed by lines of battle in echelon with banners waving, drums beating, and bugles blowing. It was a magnificent spectacle, and looked more like they were on a grand review than going to battle. Our thin single line presented a striking contrast. Since leaving Richmond, about one month previous, we had marched over two hundred miles, and had participated in engagements at Freeman's Ford, Thoroughfare Gap, Second Manassas, and South Mountain, and had lost six hundred and thirty-eight men, killed and wounded. For the past several days we had subsisted chiefly on apples and green corn. Many of us were barefooted and ragged, and all of us were foot-sore, weary, and hungry, but full of patriotic ardor and inspired faith in the justice of our cause.

The fight was opened by the artillery on our right, between us and Law's Brigade, which was composed of the 4th Alabama, 6th North Carolina, 2d Mississippi, and 11th Mississippi. They were as gallant soldiers, either collectively or individually, as ever fought a battle. Among the first to enter the field, they were on the firing line when the last shot was fired. Both brigades advanced across the field with our skirmish line in front, which fell in with the main line as we entered the woods. The action continued for some time after dark; and when firing ceased, the two lines were so close together that they could hear each other speak. We knew this was only a preliminary skirmish, as we could tell from the sounds in front of us that the Federals were massing their troops for a desperate battle the following day. In this position we remained until far into the night, when we were relieved by General Lawton's Division and marched a short distance to the rear. After a long delay, some flour was issued to us, which was the first ration of any kind we had received since leaving Hagerstown; but before the flour could be cooked and eaten the battle of Sharpsburg had begun.

It was scarcely daylight Wednesday morning, September 17, when the Texas Brigade was ordered in line of battle, and by sunrise had crossed the pike in front of the Dunkard church and entered the meadow to take the place of the troops who had relieved us only a few hours before. The 5th Texas was on the right of the brigade, and as it entered the field was ordered into the woods east of the cornfield, where the fighting had occurred the previous evening. The 4th Texas, 1st Texas, 18th Georgia, and Hampton's Legion entered the meadow in the order named, and at once encountered a heavy fire. The troops in front had lost half their numbers, had exhausted their ammunition, and were retiring, and the smoke was so dense that the enemy could scarcely be seen to return his fire. The 4th Texas was ordered by the left flank to the left of the brigade, up the side of a hill toward the pike. In this formation the 4th Texas, Hampton's Legion, 18th Georgia, and 1st Texas advanced and drove the Union lines out of the open fields back upon their reserves across the pike on the west and beyond the cornfield on the north.

The enemy's reënforcements appearing in strong numbers on the left, the 4th Texas changed from front to left flank and took position along the pike near the south edge of the cornfield. A short distance to the rear were some stone bowlders, behind which some of our wounded were placed to protect them as far as possible from further injury; but even then several were struck the second time and some the third time. Hampton's Legion and the 18th Georgia were farther into the cornfield, facing a galling fire from infantry and artillery with a steadiness unsurpassed. The 1st Texas had advanced some distance beyond the remainder of the brigade toward the north side of the cornfield, breaking two lines of the enemy and forcing them to abandon a battery and take shelter in the ravine north of the field. Three times the enemy tried to check the 5th Texas in the woods east of the cornfield, and each time broke and fled before their intrepid advance.

The Texas Brigade was now only a skirmish line; in fact, all of the Confederates on this portion of the field scarcely covered a fourth of the Federal front. It was yet early in the morning, although the battle had been hot and furious for some hours. In addition to the infantry and artillery on front and flanks, the heights above the Antietam were crowned with

long-range batteries that poured a merciless fire; while the fresh troops of the Union forces seemed inexhaustible as they were thrown upon the fragments of the Confederate lines The earth and sky seemed to be on fire, and it looked like here would be the Thermopylæ of the Texas Brigade. With sublime courage the 1st Texas held their advanced position in the cornfield against overwhelming numbers, and retired only to escape annihilation. Unsupported and with both flanks uncovered, the 4th Texas, Hampton's Legion, and the 18th Georgia met the advancing enemy from across the pike and drove them back and held their line. Many of the men had exhausted their ammunition and supplied themselves from the cartridge boxes of the dead and wounded around them. They were holding a position they knew they could not maintain; yet men never fought better, and withdrew only to keep from being surrounded. Falling back slowly below the crest of the hill, the line moved through the field, crossed the pike, and took position in the woods near the church. The 4th Texas was then ordered up through the woods west of the pike near the edge of the field on the north, where they remained about an hour defiantly waving their flag over empty muskets, when they were ordered to rejoin the other regiments of the brigade. The 5th Texas, finding their ammunition exhausted and that they were being flanked, retired and also rejoined the brigade. By this time the morning was far gone, and the Federals had advanced down both sides of the pike to within a short distance of the line held by the remnants of Hood's Division, who stood facing them almost exhausted and practically without ammunition.

At last the long-looked-for reënforcements arrived, and again the enemy were driven back upon their reserves. The Texas Brigade was then ordered a stort distance to the rear for a fresh supply of ammunition, and again returned to the front about noon and found the woods near the church, lately occupied by them, in possesion of the enemy; but as our line advanced, the Federals fell back across the pike into the field, about three hundred yards beyond the church. We steadily held our line near the pike until about sunset, when we were moved a short distance to the right, where we remained in line of battle until the night of the 18th, when the entire army withdrew and recrossed the Potomac back into Virginia.

If the reënforcements had reached the firing line before the Texas Brigade and Law's Brigade were forced to abandon their advanced positions, the Federals would have been swept from the field and another triumph would have been added to the list of Confederate victories. Our dead lay in rows upon the ground, where they had fought a fruitless fight; and instead of a Confederate victory, it was an indecisive contest, giving hope and courage to the Federals and depressing in its effect upon the Confederates.

The battle of Sharpsburg was fought with desperate courage by both the gray and the blue, and the 17th of September, 1862, stands out conspicuously as the bloodiest day in American history. More men were killed and wounded that day than on any other one day during the War between the States, and I doubt if the dead and wounded ever lay thicker upon any field than was seen from the old Dunkard church north for more than half a mile. The action commenced about daybreak, and by sunset the bloody work had ended.

The 1st Texas went into the battle with 226 men, and lost in killed and wounded 186, a loss of eighty-two per cent. As one flag bearer would fall, another would seize the flag, until nine men had fallen beneath their colors. Official records show that the 1st Texas lost more men, killed and wounded, in the battle of Sharpsburg, in proportion to numbers engaged, than any other regiment, either Federal or Confederate, in any other battle of the war. The 4th Texas went into the fight with 200 men, and lost 107; the 5th Texas went into the fight with 175 men, and lost 86; the 18th Georgia went into the fight with 176 men, and lost 85; Hampton's Legion went into the fight with 77 men, and lost 55, including four flag bearers. In the aggregate the Texas Brigade went into the fight with 854, rank and file, and lost 519, killed and wounded, including sixteen flag bearers, a loss of over sixty per cent. This does not include the "missing," many of whom were no doubt killed or wounded.

On the field of Sharpsburg a monument should be erected to the memory of the dead of Hood's Texas Brigade. They were sacrificed for the want of proper support, but their spirits rise like white clouds in the sky and tell us that they died for a just cause. The cause for which they fought is not a "lost cause." I repudiate and contemn that phrase. They were not fighting to destroy the Union, but for the perpetuation of the principles upon which the Union was formed. The right of local self-government, the sovereignty of the States, is the seed of the Union, and is steadily growing in strength and vigor. Their struggle was for constitutional government, the corner stone of national union. They were not rebels, nor were they traitors; they did not die for secession and slavery, but in vindication of constitutional sovereignty, without which constitutional liberty would be only a memory.

Many who once condemned the South and denounced us as rebels and traitors have raised the veil of prejudice, and now accord to us the highest tribute of patriotic courage and manly devotion to the great principle upon which this government was founded.

Looking back after the lapse of nearly half a century, the terrible losses sustained on all the red fields from Big Bethel to Appomattox throw a halo around a "just cause" which grows brighter as the years roll on, and which should nerve the heart and inflame the speech for the sovereign principle of "home rule."

ACCOUNT OF THE SHARPSBURG BATTLE.

BY C. A. RICHARDSON, RICHMOND, VA.

Between daybreak and the setting sun of September 17, 1862, forty-five years ago, fully 120,000 men of kindred blood (82,000 Federals and 38,000 Confederates) and 550 cannon engaged on this bloody field of Sharpsburg in a fierce and desperate struggle; and when the sun went down and mercifully put an end to the strife, near 5,000 were dead and 17,000 wounded, an aggregate of 22,000 (Federal, 12,400; Confederate, 9,600). About 1,800 were missing, some of whom were dead, but most of whom were carried as prisoners from the terrible field.

There is no question about this being the bloodiest day of American history. A Federal general, Ezra A. Carman, thus speaks of the most desperate fighting part of the bloody field: "Here within twelve hundred yards of the Dunkard church 56,000 infantry (Federal and Confederate) were engaged, with a loss of 2,854 killed and 13,661 wounded—an aggregate of 16,575, or nearly thirty per cent of the number engaged. All this loss occurred before 1 P.M., more than three-fourths of it in a little over four hours on a field not over fifteen

hundred yards from north to south, with an average width, east and west, of nine hundred yards—an area of about three hundred acres. No other equal area on the American continent has been so drenched in human blood."

The writer knowingly asserts that no portion of the field of Waterloo for the same time equaled this sanguinary record of human casualties. The heroic fighting quality displayed by both the armies, the blue and the gray, at Sharpsburg is about equally distributed among the men of many States, making it a conspicuously American battle fought by men of every State from the Great Lakes, on the north, to the Gulf of Mexico, on the south, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi; and with the exception of Iowa and Missouri, every State watered by the Mississippi contributed to this high carnival of death and suffering.

A verified statement shows the percentage of loss on the Federal side was twenty per cent of the men engaged; on the Confederate side the loss was twenty-five per cent of General Lee's full force of between 37,000 and 38,000 men of all arms.

The tenacious courage of the Confederate commander and his abiding confidence in his true and tried men caused him to remain on the battlefield the day following the battle, fully expecting General McClellan to renew the fight, when he still had an army more than double that of the Confederates. The night of September 18 General Lee saw fit to withdraw his army and recross the Potomac; hence it came about that the great battle of Sharpsburg, or Antietam, has gone into history as a drawn battle and the gamest of game fights during the period of 1861-65.

It has been truthfully stated that bloody Chickamauga, the greatest battle of the West, does not show the loss, killed and wounded, for its two days' fighting that Sharpsburg does for one. The true test of the severity of a battle is the percentage of loss of those engaged. For illustration, Hood's Texas Brigade is said to have lost sixty per cent, and Semmes's Brigade, of McLaw's Division, composed of Georgians and Virginians, lost over fifty per cent. The famous 15th Virginia Regiment, in this brigade, suffered a loss of fifty-eight per cent; the 32d Virginia was its twin comrade, and only fared a little better. These regiments, with the gallant Georgians who composed Gen. Paul Semmes's brigade, were badly used up, with casualties second only to the heroic Texans, under the ever-gallant Hood.

A Federal general has publicly stated that "there were more men killed and wounded on the Federal side in one day at Antietam, or Sharpsburg, than in the two days' battle of Shiloh, Corinth, Stone River, and Chickamauga; more than in the three days' battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Cold Harbor; more than in the five days of Groveton, Second Manassas, and Chantilly; more than in the seven days on the Peninsula; more than in the eleven days' campaign ending at Appomattox; more than in all the battles around Atlanta; and more than in all the operations around Vicksburg, including the siege from May 1 to July 4, 1863."

And now, since we are reliably informed regarding the casualties on both sides in this most sanguinary of fiercely fought battles, we see it heads the record as "the gamest fight of the nineteenth century," and in all the light of impartial history it remains a "drawn battle," and one ever honorable to the men who fought in it—the fallen and the survivors.

We recall Thorwaldsen's great "Lion of Lucerne," commemorating the bravery of the Swiss Guard; the bronze lion on the mound of Waterloo, marking the defeat and fall of the greatest of soldiers; the stone lions of Trafalgar Square, guarding England's great admiral; the sorely wounded marble lion in the Piazza Cavour, that tells a patriotic story. These cited instances suggest to the writer that the fiftieth anniversary of Sharpsburg, or Antietam, should witness a noble mound on the site of the old Dunkard church, surmounted with a huge lion in bronze or stone, attesting and perpetuating the tried valor and heroism of American soldiery.

Note.—The facts and figures given in the above anniversary notice very fully justify the writer, and very strongly support his suggestion as to a heroic monumental lion in bronze or stone to be placed on an imposing mound raised on the site of the old Dunkard church, all in commemoration of the battle of Sharpsburg, or Antietam, the same to be completed in the next five years and dedicated on the fiftieth anniversary of the great battle, September 17, 1912. The expense should be borne jointly by North and South, since the monument will not commemorate a victory, but a great and indecisive battle fought by two armies of American soldiery.

Comment by Gen. W. R. Hamby.

Gen. W. R. Hamby, of Austin, Tex., responded to the foregoing; and in regard to the erection of a national monument on the site near the old Dunkard church, in which the expense should be jointly borne by North and South, he states:

"This is a timely suggestion. The monument should be dedicated to American valor, American patriotism, and American citizenship, and every State whose soldiers participated in that great battle and paid their toll of blood would no doubt be glad to join in erecting such a monument. The old Dunkard church was the storm center of that battle, the bloodiest in American history.

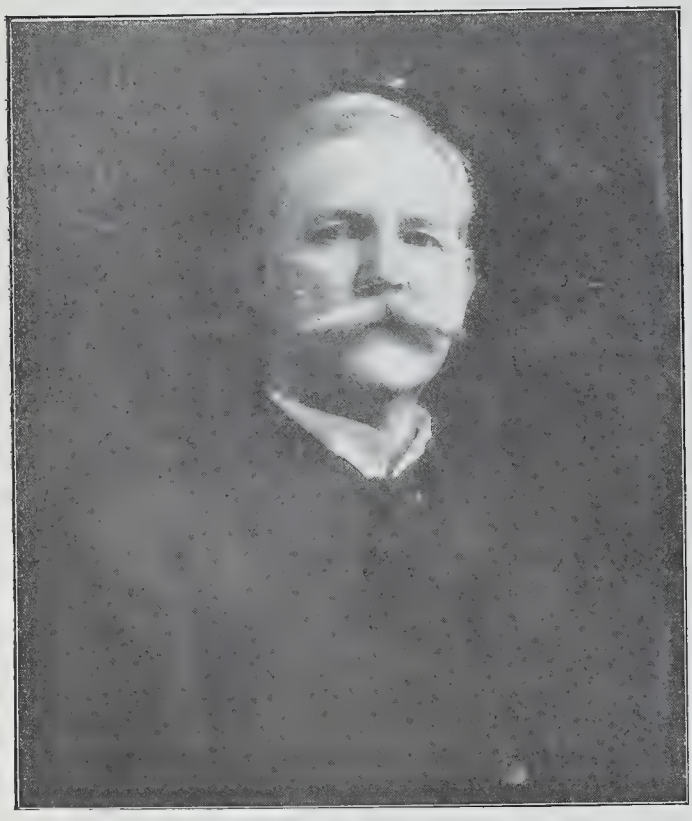
"The wild charge of the Light Brigade 'through the valley of death' at Balaklava is one of the proudest but saddest memories of the British army. It has been immortalized in story and in song, and yet the percentage of losses sustained by the 'Six Hundred' does not equal that of many organizations at Sharpsburg, either Federal or Confederate. The killed and wounded of the 'Six Hundred' at Balaklava was less than forty per cent of those engaged in the charge. In the battle of Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862, the 1st Texas Regiment lost over eighty per cent in killed and wounded, including nine flag bearers. Hampton's South Carolina Legion, in the same brigade with the 1st Texas, lost over seventy per cent in killed and wounded, including four flag bearers. These two regiments belonged to Hood's Texas Brigade. The smallest loss of any regiment in that brigade was fifty per cent, while the average for the whole brigade in that battle was over sixty per cent. On the Union side the 12th Massachusetts lost sixty-seven per cent killed and wounded; the 9th New York, sixty-three per cent; the 3d Wisconsin, fifty-nine per cent; the 14th Indiana lost fifty-six per cent. There are many other organizations, both Federal and Confederate, whose losses in the battle of Sharpsburg far exceed those of the 'Six Hundred' at Balaklava.

"The proposed erection of a monument on the field of Sharpsburg is peculiarly appropriate, and should strike a responsive cord in the heart of every American. In all the campaigns from 1861 to 1865 there was no field where the carnival of death traveled at a faster gait. There were greater

battles, greater losses of life, but the tragedy was not confined to one single day. Gettysburg is conceded to have been the greatest battle of the war, but it covered a period of three days; while at Sharpsburg there was but one day, and the bloody work was between the rising and setting of the sun.

"If the gratitude of our country is due to the Federal soldier for fighting to preserve the Union, then the Confederate soldier is entitled to equal honor for fighting to preserve and perpetuate the integrity of the States within the Union. The Confederate soldier lost the fight, but won the prize. His flag went down in defeat, but the principles it represented are as immortal as truth. While the Confederacy and its flag are now only memories of the past, yet constitutional sovereignty has triumphed, and has taken deep root in every State and Territory over which floats the stars and stripes. The Federal and the Confederate soldier were each fighting for a great principle: the one to preserve the Union and the other to preserve the principles upon which the Union was founded."

Men of the Army of Tennessee will read the foregoing with interest and be moved by the startling figures in the report of fatalities, and will accord all honor to the brains in that battle; and though they may make no response, they will instinctively think of Franklin—of the holocaust there, beginning almost with the setting of the sun and making such a record as the sunlight of heaven rarely if ever witnessed.



GEN. W. R. HAMBY.

The picture for the above engraving was secured surreptitiously, and there is lacking some personal data desired to go with it. It is well known that General Hamby was not old enough to have been a general in war times, but was adjutant general in Tennessee on the Governor's staff after the war. His ideals are exalted concerning the issues involved, and he is ever zealous for perpetuating our true history. He deprecates with the VETERAN that detestable term, "lost cause," and the spirit of such nefarious implications.

RACE OF THE TEXAS AND THE GENERAL.

BY G. N. D.

When the race was run by Conductor Bill Fuller with the Texas after Captain Andrews with the General, I was but a little barefooted boy; but I was born in sight of Allatoona, Ga., on the Old Wagon Road, and was in Allatoona the day of the race.

My information was that there were twenty-one of the Federals, including Captain Andrews. They made their way to Marietta, Ga., pretending to be going down from the upper mountain counties of Georgia to join the army. While the train crew and others were taking breakfast at Big Shanty the Federals cut the wire and started with the train. It was quite funny to the boys on the rear end of the train to see the people grab their valises and go running. When Engineer Jeff Cain and Conductor Fuller came out and were looking after the train with the entire crew at the station, it was suggested to Mr. Fuller that the wire was cut and that it was the Yankees stealing the train. The W. & A. Railroad, belonging to the State of Georgia, was the only railroad and telegraph line in North Georgia; so the only thing was to try to overtake them, and Bill Fuller was the man to do it. There was no time for argument, so Bill made off after them at a Nancy Hanks gait.

Another thing to explain: all trains in those days ran on regular schedules (although they had telegraph service), and not by telegraphic orders, as now. The Yankees had a timetable, and their engineer ran on the regular schedule. From Big Shanty to Moon's Station was two miles; and when Mr. Fuller came in sight of the section crew near that place (of which I think Sol Bennett was the foreman), quite out of breath, he called to the latter to put his lever on the track, that the Yankees had stolen his train. Under the greatest excitement six good men put it on the track, and with all the power and energy possible they pulled it with Fuller and one more man to Acworth, three miles, almost entirely down grade. When Acworth was reached, Fuller ran to the operator and asked him to wire ahead that the Yankees had stolen his train. Operator Stephens told him that the wire was cut and to go ahead. From Acworth Depot to the first cut, half a mile, is up grade; then two and a half miles to Allatoona Creek bridge is in the main down grade. At the bridge three tired men were dropped out, I think, and three fresh ones taken on. From Allatoona Creek to the Betta Crow cut, half a mile, is level; but from there to Allatoona Station is a mile and a half very crooked and up grade; but the men pulled that lever car like it was a life and death case. When Allatoona was reached, Fuller again ran to the operator, but got the same words: "Go ahead; the wire is cut." There at Allatoona I think some of the men were dropped out and fresh ones taken on, possibly three. Through the Allatoona deep cut it is up grade for three hundred yards, then turns down grade to Stegalls three miles, mainly down grade, to Etowah River; and when the lever car came around the long curve on the fill, Mr. Fuller saw an engine just starting to Cooper's Rolling Mill, four miles up Etowah River. Fuller stopped the engineer and told him of his trouble, and without the order of any one the engineer ran his engine out on the main line, and the tired crew of the lever car, with Mr. Fuller and his man, mounted the tender, and it was soon flying toward Cartersville, two miles farther on.

I have given the grades of the road to show how it was possible for the lever car to make such time as it did, run-

ning fifteen miles from near Moon's Station to the Etowah River. I do not remember where Mr. Fuller abandoned the Cooper engine and took the Texas. It is twelve miles from Cartersville to Kingston, and at the latter place Captain Andrews got his first scare. He had to sidetrack for through freights, but the first ones asked: "How is this—a new crew?" Andrews's reply was that it was an extra running with ammunition to Johnston; but this did not sound clear to the other members of the crew, and while they were holding a little caucus Andrews told his men to be ready, that he believed they were going to have trouble. When the first train came in sight, it was flagging, which meant that there was another behind. The second was also flagging, third, fourth, and until the fifth came in sight without a flag. They were delayed there until they got quite nervous, and Fuller had time to get close in behind them. The next stop was Adairsville, and two miles from Adairsville the Yankees tried to tear up the track; but they did not do it sufficiently to wreck Fuller's engine, though Mr. Moon told me the engine came near turning over, but he was soon over that and making good time. The Yankees took on some ties there and would drop one off on the track occasionally, and at one place put one of the rails that lay by the track across the road. Between Adairsville and Calhoun they tore up the track, and at every telegraph station they cut the wire as soon as they passed. After passing Calhoun, the next stop was at Resaca. Across the Oostanaula River at Resaca was the first covered bridge which they encountered. They fired a box car and left it on the bridge to burn up; but Mr. Fuller must have been gaining on the General like a hound gaining on a fox, as his engine was close enough behind to put it against the burning car and push it out on the sidetrack before it set the bridge on fire. He then backed his engine on the main line and ran by the burning car. The next stop was Tilton, and just along there somewhere Mr. Fuller came so near getting his message through that it read, "The Yankees have"— and just then the wire was cut. At Dalton, I think, was the first place Mr. Fuller got his message through to Chattanooga. It was their intention to burn Resaca bridge and the dozen others across the Chickamauga. The W. & A. Railroad is so crooked that often you could not see a train on the track two hundred yards off; but, with all the obstructions placed on the track, Fuller with the Texas was gaining on the General, while the frightened Yankees did not take time to get sufficient wood and water and to oil up. They had melted some of the brasses, and were doing all in their power to get away.

This was truly a life and death race, as the Yankees knew the penalty would be death, and Fuller's crew knew it was a risk of life to be running at such speed with the impediments ahead of them. My impression is that they came in sight of each other but once in the race, and that after passing Dalton, near Graysville, when the Texas rounded a curve. The Yankees had stopped and were cutting wood when the Texas dashed up. One was oiling the engine, but they all scattered like partridges. I think the men from the Texas followed through the bushes and caught some of them. Runners were sent in every direction, and the news spread like fire until all the twenty-one were caught and imprisoned in Chattanooga for a while, and were then sent to Atlanta.

Captain Andrews with six of his men were tried, and the decision was not known until one day some Confederate officers appeared, called for certain names, and when they responded the officials calmly said: "Gentlemen, you know what warfare is and the penalty of spies." They then knew their fate, and one young man from Ohio said: "Boys, this is d—hard." Another said, "Wife, mother, and sister"—he could say no more. So Captain Andrews and the six of his men were executed. Just why the other fourteen were not executed I never heard.

I well remember the day Stoneman's Cavalry camped at Allatoona Creek. Our house was three-fourths of a mile off the Marietta Wagon Road, but in sight of the Yankees, and from 4 P.M. until seven our house was plundered by more than five hundred Yankees. Every mule, cow, hog, chicken, and every bushel of corn and pound of meat was taken, leaving us in a starving condition, and we had no neighbors to borrow from.

The condition of the country was that of desolation. Only those along Sherman's march from Chattanooga to Atlanta for twenty miles on each side of the W. & A. Railroad can imagine what a serious condition it was until 1866. We almost suffered starvation. For many weeks the only chance to keep soul and body together was to pick blackberries and swap to the Yankees for hard-tack that could almost hold up a man's weight without breaking, and we dug up a few wild onions in the lowlands to eat with the hard-tack.

Should I go to heaven when I die, I hope then to meet all the old soldiers who wore the gray and suffered with the hunger that my mother and sisters and I did. But should I go to the other place, and when turned in at the gate see W. T. Sherman picking up coals for Satan, I may say: "General, I guess this is your pay for the burning of Georgia homes."

I was at Allatoona and heard every gun fired during the fight between General French, Confederate, and General Corse, Federal.

REVELATIONS ON ANDREWS, "THE RAIDER."

BY M. A. M'CLAUGHERTY, MONTEAGLE, TENN.

After a lapse of forty-five years, I will give you what I can call to mind of that famous "Andrews Raid."

On the 12th of April, 1862, I was on the train from Atlanta to Chattanooga. The train stopped at Big Shanty, now Kennesaw, for breakfast. I sat at the table next to the engineer. A commotion outside attracted his attention, and he sprang from his seat, exclaiming: "They have got my engine!" I followed at his heels, Capt. W. A. Fuller passing out just in front of us from another part of the room. At the train all was commotion, confusion, and speculation. Some one informed Captain Fuller that there was a hand car on a siding a few hundred yards up the track. Fuller asked any one who was armed to volunteer in the chase. I had a good pistol, so joined the party. Fuller refused two or three others who were not armed. A short foot race brought us to the hand car, which was, fortunately, light and a good runner. From this point we pumped our passage to a sort of iron works, stopping one or more times to adjust rails that had been torn up by the raiders. From the iron works to Kingston I remember but little, only that we had an inferior engine which we found at the works and made stops to relay rails that had been torn up.

At Kingston we found the passenger train belonging to the Rome branch. We appropriated the engine, and from there on the chase was fast, furious, and no doubt dangerous; but no one appeared to realize it at the time.

Strange as it may seem, the general appearance of Captain Fuller is more indelibly imprinted on my mind than any other one incident of that chase. His features, figure, and expression were that of a sleuthhound which had just sighted his prey after a long chase. After we got under way from Kingston, I don't think Fuller ever lost confidence for one moment of his ability to capture the raiders. I distinctly remember his remark: "We will catch the rascals sure. We can replace a rail in less time than it takes them to tear it up."

Of a point where we abandoned our engine and went a distance on foot my recollection is very dim and uncertain. A greater part of the cross-ties that the raiders dropped at different points did not settle on the track, but bounded of. * * * At every break of the track the telegraph wire was cut.

We came to a bridge with the abutment on fire, just beginning to burn. Fuller, without stopping, dropped a man off to extinguish the fire.

From a point near Calhoun, where Fuller first sighted his prey, to the final run down, at a point near Graysville, it was a John Gilpin ride. At this point I remember Fuller giving some hurried orders to one or two of his crew. He and his posse jumped off the train before it had come to a stop and disappeared in the woods after the fugitives. I never saw any of them afterwards.

With two or three others I walked to the nearest station and waited for the evening train for Chattanooga. On boarding it we were all arrested. Arriving at Chattanooga, we found Mr. W. S. Whiteman at the Read House, who vouched for me, and I was promptly released.

Much has been written about this fellow Andrews, extolling him as the bravest of brave Federal soldiers. As a matter of fact, he never was a soldier, but a foolhardy Yankee who would risk his neck for money. He had about as clear a conception of patriotism as a Ute Indian.

About the time of the breaking out of the war Andrews came to Nashville from the North and became associated with W. S. Whiteman in the manufacture of paper. Mr. Whiteman owned a paper mill about six miles out from Nashville, and at that time had under construction a mill near Knoxville. Andrews, if I remember right, was a little later on sent to the Knoxville mill to hurry the construction, where I lost sight of him until he appeared in the raid incident.

At the time of the raid Andrews was in the paid employ of both Confederate and Federal authorities. The Confederates wanted some dirty work done, and W. S. Whiteman, his partner in business, indorsed Andrews as competent for the job, but warned them to keep him under strict surveillance. The Federals had gotten possession of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad between Corinth and Huntsville, and, having no motive power, offered Andrews a round sum of money for an engine delivered at Huntsville. The destruction of the road was a side issue, getting the engine being the prime motive.

I had passed through Chattanooga some ten days previous to the raid, billed for Atlanta and West Point, and there received instructions from both Hon. John M. Bright and W. S. Whiteman to keep a lookout for Andrews and watch his movements if opportunity offered. W. A. Benson, of Nashville, was then in the vicinity of Atlanta with the same instructions.

Only the fact that the passenger train on the Rome branch was late in arriving at Kingston on the morning of the raid saved Andrews from arrest at Kingston, as W. A. Benson was on the train and on the lookout; but the raiders were fortunate to pass Kingston before the arrival of the Rome train. It was simply a matter of luck.

I had run the lines out of Nashville some three weeks before this, and was on my way back to run the lines in with a miscellaneous cargo of literature, official, semiofficial, and otherwise.

In those days I carried many sealed parcels through the lines, the contents of which I knew nothing; the only care I had was to be sure of the party to whom I delivered them.

Possibly the Hon. John M. Bright might be able to give some recollections of the Andrews raid, as I spent most of the following day in his office at Chattanooga, received my safe conduct against partisan Confederates from him, and we talked over the incidents of the raid at length.

Although it has nothing to do with the raid, I must tell one little story. I think it was on this trip that I carried a sealed parcel from Governor Harris to Ex-Gov. Neil S. Brown. Next morning after my arrival in Nashville I watched an opportunity and crossed Governor Brown on the Public Square, handed him the parcel, and passed on, we barely recognizing each other. Late in the day we met again. I think Governor Brown was the most outraged man I ever saw. He said with an ugly exclamation: "If I had not found those papers, they would have imprisoned five or six old men, all of them now in Nashville." It transpired that Harris, on the evacuation of Nashville, had thrown a package of compromise papers into an old waste box in the Governor's office; so Harris had written notifying Brown of the fact. Fortunately Governor Brown secured the papers without detection.

The proof of the foregoing paper was sent to Hon. John M. Bright, now well beyond four score and ten, and he writes: "I was at Chattanooga about the time of Andrews's raid. * * * As Mr. McClaugherty's statement is affirmative, I cannot interpose a negative."

Mr. McClaugherty was not a regular soldier of the Confederacy, having been rejected by "Captain Scudder, State Mustering Officer," because of an injury to his right hand. He became a most capable secret service man, however. At first he engaged in securing supplies from border sections for the Confederate forces and in shipping goods from New York to disputed territory, whereby much of value was secured. These goods were shipped largely by and to fictitious parties and to stations between Bowling Green and Guthrie, Ky. After the fall of Fort Donelson, he made trips across the lines into Nashville. Later he crossed the Mississippi River at Napoleon, Ark., and remained West until the end came.

The VETERAN was surprised by the statement of Mr. McClaugherty that Andrews was not a soldier, and has investigated carefully any claim that may have been made for him as a soldier. The most complete record procurable states that, of the twenty-two men on the raid, four were of the 2d Ohio Infantry, nine of the 21st Ohio Infantry, and seven of the 33d Ohio Infantry; while it mentions James J. Andrews "Flemingsburg, Ky.," and William H. Campbell, a "citizen of Kentucky," and that the party "claimed to be refugees from the Yankee lines going to join the Confederate army," but were volunteers from Sills's Brigade, Mitchell's Corps, U. S. Army, commanded by James J. Andrews, of "Flemingsburg, Ky."

HOOD'S FAILURE AT SPRING HILL.

BY J. P. YOUNG.

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The following narrative was written as part of a military history of the Army of Tennessee, compiled by the writer several years since, but which has not as yet been published. It is now presented as a monograph on the occurrences of November 29, 1864, and the operations of two or three preceding days which led up to that affair. The figures in parentheses refer to the "Official War Records," serial numbers and pages.

On November 27, at night, the Federal army, after a day of heavy skirmishing with Hood's Infantry, abandoned Columbia and took a strong position on the north side of Duck River, several hundred yards from the stream, while the cavalry under Wilson, who assumed command on November 24 greatly reënforced, spread out eastward for some ten miles, guarding the fords on Duck River and watching that flank of the army. On that night, November 27, General Hood conceived the idea of a flank movement to the rightward of Columbia and a rapid march upon the enemy's line of communication at or about Spring Hill, some sixteen miles to the northward. This would seem a most difficult undertaking, when it is remembered that Gen. James H. Wilson, a brave and capable cavalry officer, guarded that flank with more than seven thousand cavalry, which was being constantly reënforced, and was led by Hatch, Harrison, Coon, Croxton, Capron, Johnson, and Garrard, all trained and experienced cavalry leaders. The movement was, as we shall presently see, fraught with most momentous consequences to both armies, and resulted in certain movements on the chessboard of war that have been more persistently and heatedly discussed, not only by the leaders of the contending armies but within those armies themselves, up to this very day, than any operations of any army during the Civil War.

A most brilliant movement was made by a great army on its enemy's flank and rear. The enemy's artillery, ordnance, and supply trains were reached, guarded by one division only of 5,689 men, the attacking force numbering two army corps and one division of infantry and a corps of cavalry, aggregating more than 25,000 men. And then a sort of paralysis fell upon the whole assailing force, which deliberately encamped, and not only allowed the train guard of one division to march off, but the enemy's entire army to come up from below and pass quietly by in the nighttime without a gun being fired at them except by some skirmishers and one restless brigade of Forrest's Cavalry, which came near demoralizing the whole retreating army, already terrified at its perilous position. Somebody had blundered in each army.

Volumes have been written in heated controversy over this strange occurrence by men of both armies, and yet no one has disclosed the true reason for the mishap to the Confederate army at what a Federal writer calls "this interesting and instructive conjuncture," and which was, in fact, the turning point of the war in the West. Hood, successful here, would have taken his place as one of the great captains of the war. Schofield, successful in eluding his able but unfortunate antagonist through the sheerest good fortune, became subsequently commander in chief of the armies of the United States.

It is the purpose of the writer to follow circumstantially in detail all the movements of this remarkable operation, quoting liberally from the contemporaneous letters and dispatches of the several actors, in order to throw light on the motives for the various maneuvers, combinations, and actions recorded, and to trace hour by hour on corrected maps the several positions of the different corps and divisions of both armies as the best means of illustrating the curious story of the fateful undertaking and its results. This faithfully done, it is believed that here will be little left to controversy in the future.

The morning of November 28 found the two armies stationed, as above indicated, on opposite sides of Duck River and in and around Columbia. Forrest's Cavalry, under that skillful leader, had been concentrated the night before, after being relieved from the skirmish line by Hood's Infantry, on Fountain Creek, some five miles southeast of Columbia. The three divisions of Chalmers, Buford, and Jackson, with Biffles's small command, numbered about 5,500 troopers fairly well mounted and equipped.

On the morning of the 28th Forrest was early afield, his three divisions moving rapidly in an easterly direction south of Duck River toward the several fords selected for the crossings. There were no bridges and the river was much swollen with the recent rains, so much so indeed that General Wilson accepted the opinion of citizens (XCIII. 108) that the crossings were unfordable. But Forrest, to whom even large rivers seemed to offer little impediment, pushed rapidly on, and before 4 P.M. had crossed two of the divisions, Chalmers fording the stream at Carr's Mill, seven miles east of Columbia, and Jackson at Lillard's Mill, east of the Lewisburg and Franklin Pikes. Buford, who attempted to cross at Hardison's Mill, the crossing of the Lewisburg and Franklin Turnpike, was confronted by Capron's Brigade, now reënforced to some 1,800 men by the arrival of the 5th Iowa and 7th Ohio Regiments, and was unable up to nightfall to force a passage. But Jackson, who had crossed at Lillard's Mill, an old mill site four miles above, many of the horses swimming in the swift current, and, driven off the picket there, moved rapidly to the flank and rear of Capron, just south of Rally Hill, and, attacking with Ross's Brigade (except the 9th Texas), drove off the rear guard (7th Ohio Cavalry), under Capron in person, capturing one company and some wagons, the Federals retreating in confusion in the direction of Franklin. This left a force of four regiments (5th Iowa, 14th and 16th Illinois, and 8th Michigan) cut off at the ford, numbering 1,500 men (XCIII. 604). These were, under Maj. J. Morris Young, commanding the 5th Iowa Cavalry, immediately formed in the darkness and gallantly charged through Ross's little force of 576 men (XCIII. 769), escaping in the direction of Franklin. This movement permitted Buford to cross, and Forrest's whole command was on the morning of the 29th concentrated in the direction of Hurt's Crossroads, fourteen miles northeast of Columbia, at which point Wilson had likewise concentrated his own forces, now greatly augmented by reënforcement. This movement to eastward by Major General Wilson was suggested by himself to General Schofield after learning that Forrest was forcing the crossing of Duck River at the fords between Davis Ford and the Lewisburg Pike at Hardison's Mills and was pressing Colonel Capron's force at the latter point (XCIII. 1111), the dispatch imparting the information concluding with the words: "I move everything there at once."

This was approved by General Schofield, who at 2 P.M. of the 28th had directed General Wilson to move at once to the Lewisburg and Franklin Pikes and ascertain and report as to the condition of affairs and movements of the enemy. How-

ever, at 5:20 P.M. of the same day General Schofield became aware that his left flank had been entirely uncovered, and wrote General Wilson that the Confederate cavalry was crossing the river very near the left of his infantry, and, fearing that the cavalry pickets had all been withdrawn, warned General Wilson that he should at once remedy that mistake. (XCIII. 1112.)

Gen. Thomas J. Wood, commanding the 3d Division 4th Army Corps and posted on the extreme left of General Schofield's line, fronting the Duck River crossing at Columbia, detected this mistake at once and wrote General Stanley that he was informed that the cavalry had all been withdrawn from that flank, and warning him that if the error was not corrected the infantry pickets would be helpless, and that the whole Confederate army might soon be over on that flank without hindrance. (XCIII. 1115.)

General Wilson seems to have obtained the idea that General Forrest's objective point was Nashville via Franklin, and so firmly was he impressed with this idea that in retreating before the Confederate leader next day he rode entirely past the flank of Schofield's forces, retreating along the Franklin Pike in the vicinity of Spring Hill, leaving that hapless commander entirely uncovered, as he reasoned, to keep Forrest off of Nashville. (XCIII. 1144 and 1145.) This error the Confederate cavalry commander joyfully took advantage of by turning his whole force, except a few regiments at Mount Carmel Church, westwardly five miles to Spring Hill without molestation from Wilson, where he rapidly invested and came near capturing the town before Stanley's advance arrived. But more of this hereafter. As before stated, General Schofield had on the night of the 27th withdrawn his entire army to the north bank of the Duck River, moving by the Hampshire Pike and the railroad bridge and ford, two miles below Columbia (northwest) on the river, and taking position with the 4th Army Corps on a ridge across the long tongue-shaped strip of land in the horseshoe bend of the river, one and a half miles north of the town.

General Cox had crossed two brigades of his division on the night of the 25th at the pontoon bridge opposite the town, which was then floated down to the railroad bridge, and intrenched them on a nearer ridge, eight hundred yards from the river, throwing out his pickets to the margin of the river, where they constructed strong rifle pits. This was to prevent the Confederates from forcing a passage in front of the town.

Henderson's Brigade, of Cox's Division, remained on the south side and crossed over with the 3d Division of Stanley's (4th) Army Corps on the night of the 27th, while Ruger's Division, of the 23d Army Corps, crossing on the 25th, had fortified at the railroad bridge, constructing a strong bridgehead there. The movement across the river was designed to take place on the night of the 26th, but was prevented by the rainfall, which was heavy and continuous that night. General Loring's skirmishers discovered the movement as early as 3 A.M. on the 28th, and pushed on to the enemy's skirmish intrenchments, and by daylight the skirmishers of General Walthall's and Stevenson's Divisions occupied the town. (XCIII. 1256.)

Stevenson's Division, except Watkins's Brigade, which was moved down the river to the railroad crossing, at once moved forward through the town to the river bank and engaged the enemy's skirmishers (Reilly's Brigade, Cox's Division, 23d Army Corps) across the river in an animated combat, the Confederate advance being composed of the 3d and 18th Tennessee Regiments, under Col. W. R. Butler, and the 60th North Carolina, which was disposed on the river bank above, so as to enfilade the enemy's intrenched skirmish line, and soon drove the outposts from the margin of the river back to some timber two hundred yards northward. Thus matters remained during the day. Soon after midnight General Hood, who had made preparations for such a movement on the 27th, but was delayed by the sluggish movement of his pontoon train, had perfected his preparations for his startling movement on the enemy's rear, and by 3 A.M. of the 29th moved forward to Davis Ford, about three miles above Columbia, where the evening before he had laid a pontoon bridge under cover of Forrest's movement, which drove Wilson back from the fords on Duck River. General Cheatham's Corps led, with the divisions of Cleburne, Bate, and Brown in the order named, and followed by Stewart's Corps, with the divisions of Loring, Walthall, and French in the order named, and these in turn followed by Johnson's Division, of Lee's Corps, which had been detached for that purpose. All these troops had crossed the river by 7:30 A.M., and moved rapidly by a country highway, the Davis ford and Spring Hill road, toward the latter town, thirteen miles in the rear of Schofield's position at Columbia.

General Lee was left in front of Columbia with Stevenson's and Clayton's Divisions and all the artillery of the army, except one battery to each corps, with orders to press the enemy vehemently, effect a crossing if possible, and be ready to attack Schofield's force as soon as General Hood had, by reaching his rear line of communication, compelled him to retire from his position at Columbia.

The flanking force was composed of seven fine divisions numbering 19,621 effective men, exclusive of officers and camp followers, and to this must be added Forrest's Cavalry Corps of 5,400 effectives, including officers and artillery.

General Lee immediately began to pound away at Schofield's forces in the bend of the river opposite Columbia (Cox's Division, 23d A. C.) with his artillery. This, with the fire of the 20th Alabama Regiment, Col. J. M. Dedman, from the right flank, just upstream, soon cleared the immediate river bank of skirmishers, and a pontoon boat under Captain Ramsey, of the engineers, was run down a steep bank of the river to the water under a scorching fire of the enemy, and served as a ferry on which, by 4 P.M., three regiments of Pettus's Brigade were crossed and formed under cover of the river bank and protecting rifles of the 30th Alabama Regiment, Col. J. K. Elliott, on the southern bank of the stream. This work was handsomely done under the immediate direction of General Stevenson.

This being accomplished, General Pettus charged the enemy's outposts under Reilly, and drove them back to their main line, several hundred yards northward. Reënforced soon after by the remainder of his regiments and Holtzclaw's Brigade, of Clayton's Division, General Pettus presented a strong front, under shelter of which a pontoon bridge was at once laid, over which General Lee was ready to cross his two divisions and press the enemy as soon as they should begin to retire.

This maneuver of General Lee seems to have deceived General Schofield into the belief that General Hood's main force was still in front of him during most of the day of the 29th.

On the day previous (28) at 8:45 in the morning Schofield had telegraphed General Thomas: "My troops and material are all on the north side of Duck River; the withdrawal was

completed at daylight this morning without serious difficulty. Cox holds the ford in front of Columbia and Ruger the railroad bridge, which I partially destroyed. Stanley is going into position a short distance in the rear of Cox. I think I can now stop Hood's advance by any line near this and meet in time any distant movement to turn my position. I regret extremely the necessity of withdrawing from Columbia, but believe it was absolute; I will explain fully in time. Reenforcements will have to march from Spring Hill or Thompson's Station. Supplies should be sent to Thompson's Station." (XCIII. 1106.)

A quarter of an hour later he wrote: "I am in doubt whether it is advisable, with reference to future operations, to hold this position or to retire to some point from which we can move offensively. Of course we cannot recross the river here. I could easily have held the bridgehead at the railroad; but it would have been useless, as we could not possibly advance from that point. Please give me your views and wishes."

In the afternoon he informed General Thomas: "The enemy was crossing in force a short distance this side of the Lewisburg Pike at noon to-day, and had driven our cavalry back across the river and the pike at the same time. The force is reported to be infantry, but I do not regard it as very probable. Wilson has gone with his main force to learn the facts, and drive the enemy back if practicable."

By 4 P.M. General Schofield seems to have concluded that Hood might be bent on mischief toward his left flank, and dispatched General Thomas: "If Hood advances on the Lewisburg and Franklin Pike, where do you propose to fight him? I have all the force that is necessary here, and A. J. Smith's troops should be placed with reference to the proposed point of concentration."

At 4:30 P.M. General Wilson dispatched General Schofield by courier (XCIII. 1112): "The enemy's cavalry have crossed the river on the roads leading to Spring Hill. You had better look out for that place. I am doing all I can to carry out your instructions; shall get my force together first. The enemy may turn in your rear between us."

This was in response to General Schofield's order to him at 2:10 P.M. of the same day directing him (Wilson) to move over to the Lewisburg Pike and ascertain the movements of the enemy. (XCIII. 1111.)

After this General Schofield late in the afternoon ordered his supply and ammunition trains to be parked north of Rutherford Creek, four miles north of Columbia, on the Franklin Pike, and General Stanley was directed to move his divisions and take such position on the pike as would best defend the line of Duck River. (XCIII. 1114.)

About this time Gen. Thomas J. Wood wrote General Stanley from his position, one and a half miles north of Columbia and east of the pike: "It seems to me a little strange that General Schofield does not intimate what measures he proposes to adopt to protect ourselves and guard our trains, and still more strange that he does not intimate such measures at once, as the enemy, according to his own statement, has crossed the river in force. It is perfectly patent to my mind if the enemy has crossed in force that General Wilson will not be able to check him. It requires no oracle to predict the effect of the enemy's reaching the Franklin Pike in our rear. I would suggest that, in case there should be any decided advance on our left flank by the enemy, General Kimball's two brigades should be thrown on my left at once, for the position is open and extensive; that without it be closed we could not extricate our trains, possibly not ourselves." (XCIII. 1115.)

General Cox also had by this time become restless, and notified General Schofield as to the insecurity of his position and the danger of the enemy's being able to force a passage in his front. (XCIII. 1115.)

By 3:30 A.M. of November 29 General Thomas, at Nashville, becoming alarmed by the reports of the rapid advance of General Forrest's cavalry (XCIII. 1108), dispatched to General Schofield, saying: "I desire you to fall back from Columbia and take up your position at Franklin, leaving a sufficient force at Spring Hill to contest the enemy's progress until you are securely posted at Franklin."

At 3 A.M. (29th) General Wilson also, from Hurt's Crossroads, on the Lewisburg Pike, sent him a dispatch by courier in haste (XCIX. 1143), notifying him that he had just learned from a Confederate prisoner that the Confederate infantry were expecting every moment to march, and were building three pontoon bridges above Huey's Mill, which they were expecting to complete by 11 P.M. (28th). The dispatch concluded: "I think it very clear that they are aiming for Franklin, and that you ought to get to Spring Hill by 10 A.M. There may be no strong advance of the enemy's cavalry till the infantry have crossed, which will be between now and daylight. Get back to Franklin without delay." (XCIII. 1143.)

This dispatch was recieved about daylight (XCIII. 341). It was then (8:20 A.M.) that General Schofield dispatched to General Thomas: "General Wilson reports the infantry crossing above Huey's Mill, about five miles from this place (Duck River east of Columbia). I have sent an infantry reconnoissance to learn the fact. If it prove true, I will act according to your instructions." * * * (XCIII. 1137.)

But before sending this dispatch at 8 A.M. he directed General Stanley to move at once with two divisions (Wagner's and Kimball's) to Spring Hill, and hurried all the trains off to the same point from the park north of Rutherford Creek. At this same hour General Ruger was directed to leave a regiment to guard the river at the railroad crossing, two miles below Columbia, and march at once with his division to Spring Hill; but this order was countermanded at 8:45 A.M., before General Ruger could get off. (XCIII. 1142.)

At ten o'clock General Schofield halted General Kimball's Division at Rutherford Creek and wrote General Stanley (10:45 A.M.), who had marched on rapidly toward Spring Hill, as follows (XCIII. 1141): "Wood's reconnoissance shows a considerable force at least on this side of the river. I have halted Kimball's Division this side of the creek and put it in position. I will hold the enemy until dark, and then draw back. Select a good position at Spring Hill covering the approaches and send out parties to reconnoiter on all roads leading east and southeast. Try to communicate with Wilson on the Lewisburg Pike; tell him to cover Franklin and Spring Hill and try not to let the enemy get between us." (XCIII. 1137.)

And immediately the special field orders of the day were issued as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE OHIO,
SPRING HILL, TENN., Nov. 29, 1864.

"Special Field Orders, No. 166.

"No. 1. The army will return to Franklin in the following order—viz.:

"General Stanley, with Wagner's Division, will hold his position at Spring Hill until the army and trains have passed, and will act as rear guard from that point.

"Colonel Stewart's Cavalry, and also Colonel Hammond's, if he be within reach, will cover the flank of the rear guard, and take its place under proper circumstances.

"At dusk this evening General Cox will withdraw all save his picket line, with a strong support, and march direct for Franklin, unless he finds the enemy drives in his pickets, in which case he will halt in the works in the rear of his headquarters until the enemy is checked and the movement can be conducted without danger to the column in the rear.

"General Wood will continue the movement of General Cox, withdrawing by his right and following toward Franklin.

"General Kimball will follow General Wood in like manner.

"General Ruger will hold position on the north bank of Rutherford's Creek until all the troops, including skirmishers, shall have passed, when he will retire as rear guard, passing General Wagner at Spring Hill.

"The pickets along Duck River will be withdrawn at midnight and will march at once to join their commands, except those of General Wood's right, which will halt in General Stanley's works one hour.

"General Ruger's troops at Ducktown will march at eleven o'clock, will move along the railroad, and join the division where the railroad strikes the pike.

"The trains will move without delay to Franklin under such escort as General Stanley may think necessary. If the necessary escort diminish too much the force at Spring Hill, General Stanley will detail from one of his other divisions sufficient force for the rear guard from that point.

"By command of Major General Schofield:

J. A. Campbell,
Major and Assistant Adjutant General."

At 10:45 A.M. Capt. William J. Twining, of the engineers, wrote General Schofield: "Our skirmish line is now two miles from where I left you. One mile in front of us a column of infantry is moving up from Huey's Mill or some point in that vicinity. After I first saw them, they changed the direction of their column behind a hill, and I cannot tell whether they intend to advance or merely to hold us in check. Colonel Post will hold on here till further orders." (XCIII. 1139.)

In the meantime the column of General Hood was marching rapidly northward along a country road from three to four miles east of the Franklin and Columbia Pikes, his leading corps marching with two divisions (Cleburne's and Bate's) in column on the road and Brown's Divison about four hundred yards eastward on the flank, so as to at once come into line of battle as a supporting line in rear if attacked. At times the columns would leave the road and move across the country, maintaining a northerly direction, so as to reach the Rally Hill and Spring Hill Turnpike near Rutherford Creek crossing. This was accomplished about 2:30 P.M., and General Hood, riding with General Lowry at the head of the leading brigade of Cleburne's Division, led the column across Rutherford Creek on the Rally Hill Pike. It is worthy of note that no enemy was seen other than a few cavalry stragglers on the entire march until the immediate vicinity of Spring Hill was reached.

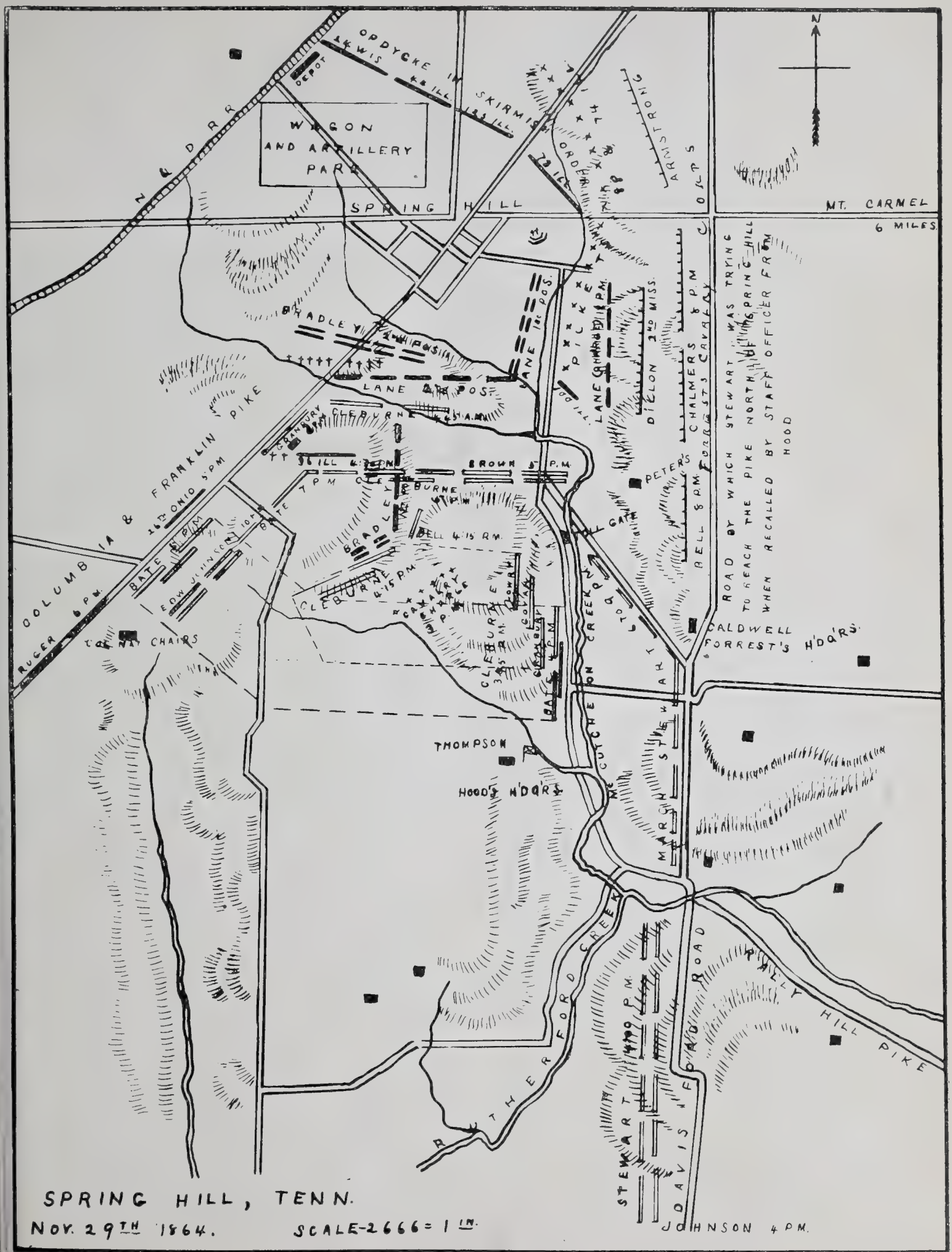
During the day General Wilson had kept both General Schofield and General Thomas fully advised of General Forrest's movements. At 10 A.M. he dispatched to General Schofield, through his adjutant general (XCIII. 1144): "The enemy is driving us back rapidly on this road (Lewisburg and Franklin Pike). We are now at Mount Carmel."

And at 12 noon: "The enemy have driven us beyond the Ridge Church. They have gotten possession of the Peytonsville and Bethesda roads, which makes it impossible for them to cross Harpeth farther up than Henderson's Ford. Some of the officers of the command think that Forrest has divided his forces, sending some up on the Davis Ford road; but there is no doubt he has gone to Nashville with his whole force. I will endeavor to cover Franklin as much as possible until you get there." (XCIII. 1144.)

And again at 4:10 P.M., from a position four miles east of Franklin, he wrote: "The enemy, after having pressed my command back this side of Ridge Meetinghouse, has disappeared, I think, moving via Peytonsville toward Nashville. * * * I have heard heavy firing in your direction all day, and feel very solicitous for you. I hope that you will pass the Harpeth to-night. I shall be concentrated again in two or three hours, so as to cover the Brentwood Pike, and be able to reach the Nolensville Pike by daylight; so that should Forrest succeed in reaching Nashville ahead of me, I shall be there very closely behind him."

And at 2 P.M. of the same day he wired General Thomas at Nashville: "My impression is that Forrest is aiming for Nashville via Triune and Nolensville. A part of his force may have cut into Spring Hill; heavy artillery firing heard in that direction since 11 A.M. You had better look out for Forrest at Nashville to-morrow noon; I'll be there before or very soon after he makes his appearance."

But General Forrest had skillfully eluded General Wilson at Mount Carmel Church, to which point he had driven him by 10 A.M. At the church, which lies on a crossroad or pike leading directly westward to Spring Hill, five miles distant, Forrest, after a strong attack, dismounted, on some rail defenses occupied by Col. D. E. Coon's Brigade, who vainly attempted to check the pressure on General Wilson's rear, dislodged Colonel Coon, and, detaching Ross's Brigade of about six hundred men to press the pursuit toward Franklin, turned abruptly to the westward before Wilson's rear guard had disappeared from view, as witnessed by the writer himself, and rode rapidly to Spring Hill. General Wilson was deceived by a flanking movement to his leftward a few minutes before into believing that Forrest had moved with his whole force via Peytonsville to Nashville, and so reported, while he himself retreated rapidly to a point four miles east of Franklin and threw out several brigades toward Triune to try to ascertain Forrest's supposed movements in that direction. (XCIII. 1146.) Forrest, after a rapid ride, reached the front of Spring Hill about noon, and, moving to the left (or southward), dismounted part of his command and prepared at once for offensive operations. Thus it will be seen that General Hood by 3 P.M. had appeared in front of Spring Hill with an army corps 9,000 strong and a corps of cavalry 5,400 strong, with a second army corps (Stewart's and Johnson's Divisions, of Lee's Corps) near by at the crossing of Rutherford Creek, in easy supporting distance. General Schofield's army was still in front of Columbia watching General Lee's maneuvers across the river, except Wagner's Division, 4th Army Corps, under Stanley in person, which had arrived at Spring Hill near noon, and Kimball's Division, 4th Army


WAGON AND ARTILLERY PARK
SPRING HILL
MT. CARMEL
6 MILES
ROAD BY WHICH STEWART WAS TRYING TO REACH THE PIKE NORTH OF SPRING HILL WHEN RECALLED BY STAFF OFFICER FROM HOOD
CALDWELL
FORREST'S H'DQ'RS.
THOMPSON
HOOD'S H'DQRS
McCUTCHEON CREEK
RUTHERFORD CREEK
COLUMBIA & FRANKLIN PIKE
LEWISBURG PIKE
DAVIS FORD ROAD
HILLY HILL PIKE
STEWART
JOHNSON 4 P.M.
SPRING HILL, TENN.
NOV. 29TH 1864.
SCALE-2666 = 1 IN.

Corps, which had been halted on the hills south of Rutherford Creek, four miles north of Columbia, and placed in position facing eastward to cover first the movement of the trains (XCIII. 1141) and then the right flank of Schofield's army when it should begin to fall back (XCIII. 113). Schofield himself was just (3 P.M.) starting with Ruger's Division for Spring Hill (XCIII. 342).

All the supply, hospital, and ordnance trains, except a few wagons with each division, and all the artillery except a limited number of guns, eight hundred wheeled vehicles in all, had by 4 P.M. marched to Spring Hill and were parked west of the town on the commons between the village and the depot, some half mile away. The flank movement was certainly successful thus far, and it only remained to reap the results. A reference to the map will show the relative positions of the several divisions of both armies at different hours during the day, and will fully illustrate the execution of Hood's rapid march to the rear of Schofield at Spring Hill.

As soon as Forrest had formed his dismounted troops in line eastward of and before the village he commenced pressing forward with characteristic vigor on the enemy's outlying forces. As his skirmishers moved toward the village, Armstrong's Brigade and part of Buford's Division moving on either side of the Mount Carmel road from the northeast and east and General Chalmers a little later approaching north of the Rally Hill road and crossing McCutcheon's Creek near the tollgate on that road, about a mile south of the village, the head of Wagner's Division, under the immediate command of Gen. D. S. Stanley, corps commander of the 4th Army Corps, came in view on the Columbia Pike.

Hearing from some scouts that a command of cavalry was approaching from the eastward, and also hearing the sound of firing in the vicinity of the town, that accomplished commander at once, with true soldierly instinct, moved Wagner's Division forward at a double-quick. Opdyke's Brigade, in advance, was marched through the town and rapidly deployed, fronting north and northeast and covering the Franklin Pike and the approaches around to the Mt. Carmel road. Brushing away the small cavalry command endeavoring to reach the railroad station to the northwest of Spring Hill from the latter direction, Opdyke then deployed his troops in open skirmish order, the 24th Wisconsin, 44th Illinois, 125th Illinois, and 73d Illinois being deployed in the order named from the railroad station, one-half mile northwest of the village, in a curved line around to the Mount Carmel road. Before Opdyke reached the town the only troops there were four companies of the 73d Illinois under Captain Jones, deployed north of the town on the Franklin Pike to stop stragglers, and two hundred men of the 12th Tennessee under Lieutenant Colonel Hoefling, and the 103d Ohio, detached as a headquarter train guard. The former were the troops which were being driven in northeast of the town when Opdyke arrived. Following Opdyke, Col. John Q. Lane's 1st Brigade, 2d Division, 4th Army Corps, was double-quicked to the east of the town and, deploying rapidly as they ran, in line of battle, with the 28th Kentucky (Colonel Boone) thrown out as skirmishers, charged down the slope and up the hill east of the village and south of the Mount Carmel road, pushing back the 2d Mississippi Cavalry under Colonel Dillon, of Armstrong's Brigade, from the ridge top, about one-half mile east of the town.

Colonel Lane then fell back to the slope of the hill on the outskirts of the town and formed line of battle there, and at once threw up defenses or rifle pits. Meanwhile Gen. L. P. Bradley's Brigade, arriving also in double-quick time, was deployed on a wooded eminence about one-half mile east of the pike and three-fourths of a mile south of the town, and one-half mile or more detached from the right flank of Lane's Brigade. Here he formed line of battle and threw up rail defenses having his command aligned from right to left in the following manner: 65th Ohio, 15th Missouri, 51st Illinois, and 79th Illinois, while the 42d Illinois was posted about one hundred and fifty yards to the right of, and refused at an angle of forty-five degrees from, the line of battle. The 64th Ohio was soon after deployed as skirmishers. The 26th Ohio had previously been aligned one-half mile southwest of Bradley's right, and parallel with the Columbia Pike, to guard the approaching wagon trains at a crossing of a country road there; and when Bradley was about to be outflanked, the 36th Illinois, detached from Opdyke's Brigade by General Wagner, was double-quicked to, and posted at a point about two hundred and fifty yards from the pike, a little to the northward and rearward of Bradley's right, to support a section of Battery B, Pennsylvania Artillery, placed there by General Stanley to cover the ground between Bradley's right and the Franklin Pike as it approached Spring Hill.

These dispositions were just in time to prevent Forrest's closing in on the village and immense park of wagons and artillery, being the entire train and reserve artillery of Schofield's Army.

Wagner's fine division, thus skillfully interposed by Stanley, numbered 5,689 rank and file (XCIII. 1133), Lane's Brigade consisting of 1,666 men and officers (XCIII. 255) and the other two brigades numbering approximately 2,000 men each. The map will show the Federal formation.

Whether it was the news of Hood's passage of Duck River, just received by him, or of the near approach of Forrest's Cavalry that electrified Stanley into such determined energy, the fact seems to be that he at once grasped the situation and made such prompt and skillful disposition of his forces as not only served to check Forrest (who, flushed with victory, having driven Wilson's great cavalry corps entirely away from Stanley's flank, was now pressing hotly on the latter), but impressed, a few hours later, both Hood and Cheatham with the idea that there was a large force, not less than an army corps, in their front, as we shall see hereafter.

Forrest had detached General Ross's Brigade, of Jackson's Division, at Mount Carmel to follow Wilson several miles, and then turn in toward the railroad at Thompson's Station, three miles north of Spring Hill. This was accomplished by Ross, who, after burning several wagons *en route* there, and failing to capture the train of cars and engine, which got safely under the guns of a blockhouse at the station, moved south just before dark toward the east of Spring Hill in order to communicate with his division commander (Ross's Report, XCIII. 770). This was the force which gave the alarm to Opdyke's men about sundown on the Franklin Pike.

After Lane's charge, which dislodged Dillon's 2d Mississippi Regiment from the hill one-half mile east of the village, most of the Confederate cavalry in that vicinity moved southward, and were concentrated in the vicinity of the tollgate and Dr. Peters's residence just eastward of Bradley's position. General Forrest, with a detachment of Col. Alexander Chalmers's Regiment, rode to the hill southwest of the tollgate, over which Cleburne subsequently moved, and, carefully inspecting the ground and the turnpike along which the Federal trains were then moving, ordered General Chalmers to

take Wilson's Regiment, of Buford's Division, and charge the position of Bradley, thinking it contained only a cavalry detachment. General Chalmers promptly obeying, after telling General Forrest that he believed the rail defenses were occupied by infantry, which Forrest refused to believe, charged with his escort and Wilson's Regiment (mounted) on the rail piles, and was quickly and sharply repulsed by Bradley's men, which caused Forrest laughingly to remark in his quaint way: "They was in there sure enough, wasn't they, Chalmers?"

[NOTE.—This charge, though omitted in his report by General Bradley, was mentioned both by General Wagner and General Forrest, and is affirmed by General Chalmers, who led it.]

After this there was pretty constant skirmishing along the entire east front for half an hour, when Cleburne's Infantry arrived in the vicinity of the tollgate and formed line of battle. About 2:30 P.M. the 64th Ohio, detached as skirmishers, moved forward and reached the vicinity of Dr. Peters's residence, east of the tollgate, but was there assailed by dismounted cavalry of Chalmers's and Buford's command and hastily driven back on Bradley's position, whence they were sent to the rear of his right flank to support the 42d Illinois in that quarter.

[NOTE.—It was this regiment probably, as it lay in some rail pen defenses after being driven back near Bradley's position in the edge of the woods in his front, that was charged by Chalmers with his escort and Wilson's Regiment (mounted) and that so sharply repulsed him. This was just before Cleburne's attack on Bradley's right.]

General Hood, riding with Lowry's Brigade at the head of his column, reached Rutherford Creek about 3 P.M., as before stated. Quickly he pressed the crossing of the stream by Cleburne's Division, which he directed General Cheatham, commanding the corps, to send forward to the vicinity of the tollgate on the Rally Hill Pike and there form them and press forward on the enemy. General Cheatham was further instructed to remain at the creek and urge forward the passage of Bate's Division and move it forward to support Cleburne.

[NOTE.—Cheatham's narrative and those of Generals Bate, Brown, Lowry, and others, published in the Courier-Journal, of Louisville, Ky., December 4, 1881, are hereinafter quoted from as required in this narrative.]

General Cleburne, halting his division of three brigades (one being absent) of a little more than three thousand men about midway between the tollgate and Captain Thompson's residence, formed them *en echelon* fronting westward, Granbury on the left and Lowry on the right, with Govan in the center, and about 4 P.M. moved forward (westward) toward the turnpike. (General Govan's narrative.) At the same time General Forrest formed Bell's Brigade, of Buford's Division, on Cleburne's right to advance in line with him, this being the only one of his brigades with any ammunition left, and it had only four rounds. This movement of Cleburne's, and the direction of it, was ordered by General Hood in person, who had ridden to the front, General Cheatham being still at the creek pressing the crossing of Bate's Division. (Captain Mangum's narrative.)

General Bate's Division came up while the left of Cleburne's Division was passing out of view over a hill to the left of the Rally Hill road. (Cheatham's narrative.) General Bate's line was formed just south of Cleburne's position of formation, and when ready was directed to move westward by General Hood in person, General Cheatham not being then at hand. (Bate's Report, XCIII. 742.)

In the meantime General Brown, reaching the creek (Rutherford's), to the right of Cleburne and Bate, moved westward to the point of common passage, and then, directed to move by a country road northward in the direction of Dr. Caldwell's house, and when near that place, to the northwestward, reached the Rally Hill Pike again near and a little north of the tollgate. He at once went into position fronting northward and at right angles to Cleburne's formation, but almost directly facing the town. From this point he moved forward about five hundred yards and halted with his right across the Rally Hill Pike in the bend of McCutcheon Creek, and his left extending westward to a point some six hundred yards east of Bradley's center, where it remained during the night without further movement. (Brown's narrative.)

Cleburne, moving forward in the alignment with Bell on his right, drove in the Federal skirmishers rapidly, and about fifteen minutes past four o'clock struck with his right brigade (Lowry's) the right of Bradley's line behind its rail defenses on a slight elevation with woods in the front and rear.

[NOTE.—General Cleburne and General Forrest both rode in the rear of Govan's Brigade, in the center of the line, and, in company with General Govan during this charge, with drawn swords personally directed the movement. (General Govan's narrative.)]

This he at once charged, Lowry and Govan making a half wheel to the right, so as to conform to the right flank of Bradley, which, as we have seen, consisted of the 42d Illinois and the 64th Ohio, separated about one hundred and fifty yards from Bradley's right, and refused from his line of battle at an angle of forty-five degrees. Bell's Brigade halted at the farm fence in the edge of the woods in front of Bradley, from which position he had driven the 64th Ohio skirmishers, and lay down behind the fence, firing heavily on Bradley's front. As Lowry swung his left around, Govan conforming, they overlapped the right of the refused line and took it in reverse, which caused the whole right wing of Bradley's to crumble, involving not only the two regiments on the right but the 65th Ohio also; and as the eager Confederates pressed forward, the remaining regiments (the 15th Missouri and the 51st and 79th Illinois, the two last of which had not been attacked in front) also were driven back, and all except the 79th Illinois fled in disorder to the outskirts of the town, where they were rallied by Generals Stanley and Wagner under the cover of eighteen guns and again formed in line.

[NOTE.—These were composed of Battery A, 1st Ohio Light Artillery, four guns; Battery G, 1st Ohio Light Artillery, six guns; Battery B, Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers, four guns; and Battery M, 4th United States Artillery, four guns. (XCIII. 320-322.)]

The stubbornness of the 79th Illinois and a few other troops which fell back slowly from Bradley's left flank, deploying first behind a fence (CXIII. 279) and then another, caused General Lowry to fear that he would be assailed in flank, and he called General Cleburne's attention to the line, when that commander moved against them with Govan's Brigade and rapidly drove them back upon their main line, on an eminence across a small ravine south of town. (XCIII. 114.) Granbury, moving on Lowry's left and swinging in conformity with his line, soon encountered the 36th Illinois and the two gun sections of Battery B, Pennsylvania Volunteers, placed on General Bradley's right rear, drove the regiment back on the

guns (XCIII. 336), and then back to their main line, near the town.

[Note.—This attack on the 36th Illinois and section of Battery B is described mostly in reports of Federal officers. It is not mentioned by Confederate writers who describe the battle. The section of artillery is referred to by the latter, but not the regiment.]

Moving after this charge rapidly by the right flank in column, General Granbury double-quicked his brigade about half a mile on Lowry's and Govan's left, passing across the fire of the batteries on the pike near the town, and, being recalled by General Cleburne, moved back by the left flank and formed under cover of the farm fence almost in front of the first position of the two gun section and parallel with the pike, about two hundred yards distant, and remained there until after dark. (Mangum's narrative, also St. Collins's narrative.)

While this charge was being made Generals Stanley and Wagner, seeing that Bradley's Brigade would be driven back on the town, concentrated the artillery of four batteries—in all eighteen guns—near the pike at the outskirts of the village, and directed Colonel Lane to bring up his brigade in order that they might rally Bradley's men under cover of that command. Colonel Lane, at once changing front forward on his right battalion, double-quicked his men southward and westward, so as to reach the left front of Bradley's routed men, and formed line of battle facing Lowry and Govan, throwing out a regiment and battalion (100th Illinois and one company, 40th Indiana) on his left, so as to threaten Cleburne's right flank, which caused him to halt and re-form his two brigades. (Lane's Report, XCIII. 255.)

At this juncture General Cleburne's horse (Red Pepper) was wounded by a shell. As soon as Cleburne's line was reformed and ready to advance, Granbury on the pike and Govan and Lowry on Bradley's and Lane's new position, Colonel Bostick, of General Cheatham's staff, appeared with an order from General Cheatham directing General Cleburne not to move forward, but to remain where he was until further orders. "But for the order brought by Colonel Bostick," remarked Adjutant General Mangrum, of Cleburne's staff, "Cleburne would have been on the pike and had possession of Spring Hill in less than ten minutes." (Mangrum's narrative. But see Cheatham's narrative, post.)

It was now near sunset, and General Cleburne remained in line of battle until nightfall, and then went into bivouac, Granbury's Brigade being withdrawn about two hundred yards and formed on his left, the line of the brigade being refused, so as to conform to the direction of the Columbia and Franklin Pike.

[Note.—Narrative Lieutenant Collins, A. C. G. General Granbury's Brigade, and Bate's Report, XCIII. 742.]

General Bate, moving westward by direction of General Hood (Bate's Report, XCIII. 742) with orders to reach the pike and swing around thence toward Columbia, moved forward in line of battle more than a mile, and, finding from the sound of firing at Cleburne's front, on his right, that that officer had changed direction, also changed his direction slightly to the right. After getting a guide and learning of the exact course of the turnpike, changing again to the right, he came into the pike to the north of Col. Nat Cheairs's residence, and, finding the 26th Ohio Regiment there, attacked it with his sharpshooters under Major Caswell, followed by his whole division, and was rapidly driving them across the pike when he was overtaken by an order from General Cheatham through Lieutenant Schell to change direction to the rightward and ascertain and form on General Cleburne's left. (Bate's Report, XCIII. 741.)

This he did, moving northeastward; and after ascertaining the left flank of Granbury's Brigade, which was refused, so as to protect Cleburne's flank from attack in the direction of the Columbia and Franklin Pike, he formed, fronting northward with his left brigade in turn thrown back to protect his flank from the Federals passing along the pike toward Spring Hill, and went into bivouac for the night. General Johnson's Division, of Lee's Corps, temporarily attached to Cheatham's Corps, was moved westward from the Rutherford Creek crossing and formed fronting the Columbia and Franklin Pike in extension of Bate's left brigade.

Up to and including the operations above described there is no dispute as to the movements, nor is it alleged that there was any failure on the part of any commander to execute his orders promptly and efficiently on the side of the Confederates. But from this time on the matter has heretofore been involved in much doubt and uncertainty, and numberless articles have been written by persons more or less well informed as to the causes which led to the failures on the part of the several Confederate subordinate commanders to take advantage of the desperate situation of the Federal forces, not only those of Wagner's Division guarding the immense reserve artillery, ordnance and supply train in the village, but the main body under Schofield as well. A glance at the map will show the situation at sundown. Opdyke's Brigade still stood on the extended skirmish line north of the town and more than a mile in the rear of Bradley's and Lane's new positions. Those commanders, as before seen, had re-formed their brigades south of the village on a line extending from a point west of the Franklin Pike for half a brigade front to a point somewhat west of the Rally Hill Pike as it entered the town, the two pikes approaching each other as they neared the village until at the Federal line they were not much more than half a mile apart. Lane's movement to save Bradley had entirely uncovered, except by his skirmishers, the town to the eastward from Opdyke's right to his (Lane's) new line southward, a space of about three-fourths of a mile. Confronting Bradley and Lane on the southward and about seven hundred yards distant were Cleburne's and Brown's Divisions in battle formation, numbering fully 6,785 men (our brigade absent), and curiously enough the same two divisions which next day at Franklin ran over the same two brigades in the center line of the Federal works, almost without firing a gun until they had reached the latter's intrenchments or rifle pits

Southwest of these two divisions and in easy supporting distance was Bate's Division, 2,100 strong, just approaching and firing into the Federals on the Franklin Pike. To the east was Forrest's whole force except one brigade (Ross's, of Jackson's Division), say 5,000 dismounted men, fronting the line abandoned by Lane when he went to the support of Bradley; and to the southeastward, about two miles, at Rutherford Creek, lay Stewart's Corps and Johnson's Division, of Lee's Corps, say 10,700 men in line of battle, fronting westward toward the Columbia and Franklin Pike. The total Confederate effective force present on the field was 25,021.

Schofield's main force, except Ruger's Division, *en route* to Spring Hill, and yet fully six miles away, was in battle formation from Rutherford Creek to Duck River, from eight to ten miles south of Spring Hill, where it remained until 6 P.M.

From this hour the true occurrences of the fateful afternoon and night must be gathered from the narratives of not only Generals Cheatham, Brown, Bate, Lowry, Stewart, and others published years ago in the Courier-Journal as part of General Cheatham's defense, but also from the additional narratives of a number of other well-informed and in some cases distinguished persons collected by the author and now for the first time printed.

It is to be hoped that the narrative will elucidate the mystery that has so long hung over the occurrences of the afternoon and night of the 29th of November and leave little for further investigation by the future historian.

At about 5 P.M., when Cleburne had re-formed his lines after the attack on and overthrow of Bradley's Brigade and had connected on his right with General Brown's Division, there were three courses still open to General Hood—viz.:

1. To push Brown and Cleburne forward on Spring Hill with the energy, if necessary, displayed by those commanders next day at Franklin, on which occasion they charged over the same two brigades, now confronting them at Spring Hill, without faltering, and drive Wagner's Division, in its scattered condition, from the town, taking possession of the great wagon park, and to follow the movement by leaving Forrest to look after them, while Cheatham's three divisions changed front to the rear, confronting Schofield as he approached, and Stewart and Johnson should stand ready to strike him in flank next morning, while Lee, with his two remaining divisions, pressed him in the rear. Such a movement would most likely have resulted in the destruction of Schofield's command, though a hot battle would probably have ensued.

2. Another course would have been to have thrown Cleburne or Bate across the pike south of Spring Hill in front of Schofield, while Stewart and Johnson were pressed forward on his right flank and Brown's Division was interposed to prevent Stanley giving succor to his chief, which he most certainly would have endeavored to do, notwithstanding the necessity of guarding the trains committed to the charge. This movement would have scattered Hood's command more than in the first case and left a powerful division of the enemy, 5,600 strong, in an embarrassing position on his right flank.

3. Still another course would have been to have moved Stewart northward to the east of Spring Hill, reaching the pike, say, a mile north of the village, his line extending south to about the right of Brown's Division, while Brown, Cleburne, Bate, and Johnson were deployed along and facing the pike to the southward of Spring Hill, ready to attack when Schofield moved up to the village.

This plan might have accomplished the desired purpose, but would have resulted probably in a junction of Schofield's and Stanley's forces, and given Schofield access to his wagons, ammunition trains, and artillery, without which he could have maintained himself but for a short time.

The facts seem to show that Hood actually attempted each of these maneuvers in turn, and failed in all of them.

The reasons for their failures will now be inquired about so far as the information at hand can be made to develop them.

Beginning at five o'clock, after Cleburne's successful initial attack, General Cheatham's statement will be quoted first from his narrative above referred to, and then General Brown's and other officers in connection with the failure of Cleburne and Brown to carry out the first plan of attack agreed upon by Generals Hood and Cheatham—viz.: To move their divisions directly forward on Lane's and Bradley's Brigades, in front of the village on the south, and drive Wagner from the town.

General Cheatham says, quoting only such parts of the narrative as relate to the attack of Cleburne and Brown: "Shortly after Bate's Division had disappeared over the same range of hills I heard firing toward Cleburne's right, and just then General Brown's Division had come up. I thereupon ordered Brown to proceed to the right, turn the range of hills over which Cleburne and Bate had crossed, and to form line of battle and to attack to the right of Cleburne. * * * After Brown had reached the position indicated to him and had formed line of battle, he sent to inform me that it would be certain disaster for him to attack, as the enemy's line extended beyond his right several hundred yards. I sent him word to throw back his right brigade and make the attack. I had already sent couriers after General Bate to bring him back and direct him to join Cleburne's left. Going to the right of my line, I found Generals Brown and Cleburne, and the latter reported that he had re-formed his division. I then gave orders to Brown and Cleburne that as soon as they could connect their lines they should attack the enemy, who were then in sight, informing them at the same time that General Hood had just told me that General Stewart's column was close at hand and that General Stewart had been ordered to go to my right and place his command across the pike. I furthermore said to them that I would go myself and see that General Bate was placed in position to connect with them, and immediately rode to the left of the line for that purpose."

In an article on the campaign published in the New York Evangelist of May 2, 1889, over the name of Henry M. Field there is quoted from a letter written by Maj. Joseph Vaulx, of the staff of General Cheatham, the following narrative relative to the occasions here noted. It will be observed, however, that the statement of Major Vaulx, though written several years later, does not in some material respects agree with the statements of either General Cheatham or General Brown. Major Vaulx is quoted as saying: "Cheatham's Corps was in advance on the march. As it approached Spring Hill he was ordered by General Hood to form it in line of battle in front of the Federal army, which was already in position, an order which he promptly obeyed, forming it from left to right as each division came up—Bate on the left, Cleburne in the center, and John C. Brown (who commanded Cheatham's old division) on the right. As Brown was the last to arrive, Cheatham pointed out his place to the right of Cleburne, and then gave his orders, as soon as his division was formed in two lines, to move his right brigade forward and attack the Federals, who were posted south and west of Spring Hill, with their line curved around on the east side of the town. The drawing will show the exact position of both sides. Cheatham told Brown that he would order Cleburne to attack on hearing his guns, and that as soon as Cleburne became engaged he would order Bate also to advance. With this Cheatham turned and rode back to give the order to Bate, expecting every moment to hear the signal from behind that the battle was begun, and kept asking impatiently: 'Why don't we hear Brown's guns?' The reason was soon explained. While Brown was forming his division General Strahl, who commanded his right brigade, reported to him that he had discovered a line of Federal infantry on a wooded hill in such a position that the moment he [Strahl] swung forward to the attack we would be exposed to fire on both the flank and

in the rear. On hearing this Brown went to Strahl, who pointed out to him the position of the Federal line, and, seeing it, sent two staff officers to report the situation to Cheatham, who, not hearing the guns, had said to his staff: 'Let us go and see what is the matter.' On the way to Brown he met the officer who was coming to report the situation on the right, and, hearing it, said, 'Go with me and report to General Hood just what you have said to me,' which, being done, General Hood replied to General Cheatham: 'If that is the case, do not attack, but order your troops to hold the position they are in for the night.'"

As to the events narrated in these recollections of General Cheatham and Major Vaulx the statement of General Brown, published together with General Cheatham's narrative, is now quoted literally. After describing his arrival with his division on the Rally Hill Pike just north of the tollgate and near the outskirts of Spring Hill, General Brown says: "This was within an hour or an hour and a half of sunset. I could distinctly see the enemy in force, both of infantry and artillery, at Spring Hill; but did not, and perhaps could not at that point, see either troops or wagons moving on the Columbia Pike. Forrest's Cavalry were on higher ground northeast of my position. I was ordered to form line of battle and take Spring Hill. Gist's Brigade and the detachment from Strahl had not reported. I formed my line as speedily as worn troops could move, and after throwing forward a skirmish line advanced four or five hundred yards, when I discovered a line of the enemy thrown out of Spring Hill across and threatening my right flank, and I then discovered for the first time that General Forrest's Cavalry, which I had been assured would protect my right, had been ordered to another part of the field, leaving me without any protection on my right flank or support in the rear. I had neither artillery nor cavalry, and was left in a position where I must meet with inevitable disaster if I advanced on Spring Hill. A hasty consultation with my brigade commanders resulted in a determination to suspend the advance and confer with the corps commander. I need not remind you that in a very few minutes you were upon the field and fully approved of what had been done, as also did General Hood a little later, when he directed that the attack should be delayed until the arrival of Generals Stewart and Gist, and in the meantime that the whole command should be held under orders to advance at a moment's notice. General Gist's Brigade reported a little after nightfall, and was immediately placed in position on my right. General Stewart's Corps came up later and went into bivouac on the stream in the rear of my right, where it remained until the following morning. I received no further orders that evening or during the night to advance or change my position."

Here is a distinct contradiction. General Cheatham declares that, after receiving word from General Brown that he was outflanked and giving him orders to throw back his right brigade and attack anyway, he rode in person to Brown's right, where he met Cleburne and Brown in person and told them to connect their lines, and as soon as this could be accomplished to attack, and that he would go personally and find Bate and bring him up to their support, and at once rode off for that purpose.

General Brown, on the other hand, says that at the interview mentioned both General Cheatham and General Hood, who was present, directed him to remain in line, but not to attack until Gist arrived and Stewart moved up on the flank.

Which was in error? That is the important inquiry; for here was not only the turning point of the battle, but of the campaign as well, an hour pregnant with the most fateful consequences to a nation.

General Cheatham believed that he had given the orders to Brown to attack, and the sound of his guns was to be the signal for Cleburne to move forward. (Vide Cheatham's and Vaulx's narratives ante.) If he was mistaken, why did he ride after Bate to bring him to Brown's aid? Why did he ask repeatedly during the ride: "Why don't we hear Brown's guns?" (Vaulx's narrative.) Why did not Cleburne, that ever-alert commander, attack on Brown's left unless he was waiting for Brown's guns to give the signal?

There were one or two incidents which occurred just before dark while General Cheatham was gone which seem to give color to General Brown's statement that he had no orders, or at least to show that he declared to several persons during that late hour that he was without orders.

General Chalmers relates that while General Brown's Division was standing idly facing the town he rode down to General Brown's position and, addressing the General, asked him why he did not advance and attack. "General Brown," relates General Chalmers, "with whom I was on most excellent terms and who was notably a most agreeable man in his manners, answered me, as I thought, very curtly, saying: 'I have no orders.' His tone somewhat nettled me, and I replied in much the same tone to him: 'General, when I was circumstanced as you are at Shiloh, I attacked without orders.' Saying this, I rode off, and did not see him again during the afternoon." [Personal statement of General Chalmers to the writer.]

In a letter written subsequently to the writer General Chalmers states: "I remember very distinctly seeing Gen. John C. Brown at Spring Hill on the evening of the day before the battle of Franklin. I cannot say exactly where it was, as I was then and am now unfamiliar with the locality. I know it was near a house on a hill from which could be seen the retreating wagon trains of the Federals moving rapidly along the pike toward Nashville. I rode up to him and pointed to the retreating enemy, and told him I could pilot him to where he could cut off their retreat. He replied that he had no orders to attack the enemy. I replied to him that at Shiloh I had attacked the enemy without orders, and won compliments by it, and he could do the same. He replied: 'I would prefer to wait for orders.' I do not remember the exact hour of the evening, but there was time enough to have struck a decisive blow to the enemy, in my opinion."

It is also related by Capt. H. M. Neely, then assistant adjutant general of Carter's Brigade, in Brown's Division, that the failure of the division commander to attack was a subject of much comment along the line while the command was waiting in line of battle across the Rally Hill Pike. Captain Neely says: "Late in the afternoon, when General Brown had remained quietly in his position in front of Spring Hill for a long time, with the enemy in full view and at a short distance, Maj. John Ingram and I, having nothing else to do, rode out as far to the front as we could prudently to look the field over and find out what was going on. We could plainly see the enemy passing along the Spring Hill Pike, and there seemed to be a great amount of hurry and confusion in their movements. They did not appear to be in large force, and doubtless fully understood their perilous situation. We turned about, and on reaching Brown's line met General Carter, who was lying

down under a tree, and asked if he knew why an attack was not made, and he replied: 'No; I am not in command.' A little farther to the rear we met General Brown, and told him of what we had seen and our impressions of the situation in our front, and put the same question to him, and his reply was: 'I don't know; I have no orders.' We then told him in a pleasant way that if he would take the responsibility of beginning the attack without orders he could safely count on a 'new feather in his cap,' as it would be a quick and easy matter to capture or destroy Schofield's Corps in its present condition. At that he laughed and said: 'No; I must wait for orders.' I am not able to state the precise time when the conversation with General Brown took place, but the day was nearly spent. A little later darkness came on, and the troops were ordered in bivouac for the night."

The writer has also obtained the following statements, throwing new light on these events. The Right Reverend Bishop Ellison Capers, of South Carolina, then Col. Ellison Capers, who commanded the 24th South Carolina Regiment in Gist's Brigade, says in a letter to the author: "I was colonel commanding the 24th South Carolina Volunteers, Gist's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, Hardee's Corps. General Cheatham was commanding the corps and Gen. John C. Brown was commanding our division. The points of special importance in your letter of inquiry refer to the time when we were in position ready to attack at Spring Hill and the extent of the Federal line of battle in our front, and particularly as to its extent on our right flank. The other inquiry as to what transpired at division headquarters, etc., I knew nothing whatever. I give you the extent of my knowledge and recollections. Sorry I cannot now refresh my memory by a reference to my notes taken at the time and sent by me to the War Department Record Office. We (Cheatham's Division) were in position immediately in front of Spring Hill and in line of battle parallel with the road on which the Federal forces were forming, moving, and in great confusion, in full time to make the attack before dusk. My own regiment was ready to move, and so was Gist's Brigade, by a few moments after sundown. We were in momentary expectation of moving and in full view of the confusion at Spring Hill. We could not understand why we did not attack, and every man felt and I heard hundreds remark that for some cause we were losing a grand opportunity. About dusk General Gist (and I think General Strahl) and I, with several staff officers, rode out on our brigade right and up the hill toward the Federal line. They were pulling down fences and tearing off plank from houses and evidently putting their men in position in our front and on our right, but we could not see distinctly. We heard their commands and the tramp of the horses and men and the rumble and rattle of wheels most distinctly; indeed, we were so near that as I turned to ride off I emptied my pistol at the sound of voices in our front. Now as to the extent of the Federal line on our right: I am confident that when we were first formed for attack before dusk their line did not overlap ours. This was precisely what we felt—viz., that we could take the road on their left (our right) and block their way. As dark came on we could hear them moving to our right. When it was light enough to see, I could see no troops on the Franklin side of Spring Hill; but we heard firing on our extreme right, which we understood at the time was Forrest engaging the Federal cavalry. This is really the extent of my knowledge and recollection. I believed at the time, and I have been satisfied in my mind ever since, that we lost a grand chance at Spring Hill. I am as sure as we can be of anything which was yet to be tried that an attack at Spring Hill like that Cheatham made at Franklin the next afternoon would have given us an easy victory and the possession of General Schofield's line of retreat. He was an able general, and commanded veterans; and the defense he made at Franklin showed that an easy victory, no matter what the force of the attack, was not then for Hood. But at Spring Hill the line was being formed (whatever its strength) when we were ready to assail it. It was in confusion and on a retreat, and did not extend beyond our right."

From a brother of a deceased staff officer then with the staff of Cheatham's old division this statement, preserved in the family annals, has been obtained. It is of much importance as showing how the failure to attack by Brown's Division was considered at division headquarters. The narrative says: "General Brown's Division was on the right of the Confederate line at Spring Hill on November 29, 1864. When the formation for the attack was complete, General Cheatham came to General Brown's position and asked him if he was ready to advance. General Brown replied that he was, and that his skirmishers were already thrown forward. General Cheatham then directed General Brown to advance and attack the Federal position with energy, saying: 'I will go and direct the other commanders along the line to advance as soon as they hear your guns.' General Cheatham then rode off with his staff to the left. About this time the Federal commander threw out a regiment across General Brown's front which, in case of his advance, would overlap his right. General Brown hesitated in face of this new condition to advance. His staff officers (Cheatham's old division staff), or some of them, urged him to press forward and make the attack. General Brown replied that the responsibility of attacking a longer line and exposing his flank was a great one, and he did not care to assume it himself. He said that if General Cheatham were there he doubted if he would, under the changed condition of affairs, attack himself. Capt. John Ingram, who was present (and who had been drinking some), said: 'General, if you will give me your escort company, I will drive that regiment away.' General Brown replied: 'You may consider yourself under arrest, Captain Ingram.' General Brown, being again urged to attack, said he would go and overtake General Cheatham and report to him the present situation. Before General Cheatham was found it was dark and too late to move."

The Federal regiment referred to was, as heretofore stated, the 100th Illinois and Company F, 40th Indiana, thrown out by Col. John Q. Lane to the left of his brigade at the end of Cleburne's charge to threaten Cleburne's flank. Of this maneuver Colonel Lane says in his report (XCIII. 255): "I moved the 100th Illinois and Company F, 40th Indiana, to my left, so as to hit the enemy in flank, which caused him to stop and re-form his lines. Before he could again advance, the darkness of night made our position secure." There were no other Federal troops in front of Brown's center and right during the afternoon. Those at whom Colonel Capers fired his pistol after dark were troops placed at the edge of the village after night by General Schofield to protect the flank of his retreating column along the pike, and who were endeavoring to barricade themselves.

There are few other sources of information remaining to be derived from men who are likely to be informed reliably as to

the occurrences of this evening, as relates to Brown and Cleburne's failure to attack before dark. Cleburne was killed next day at Franklin, as were also Gist, Strahl, and John C. Carter, brigade commanders in Brown's Division; while Gen. G. W. Gordon, the surviving brigade commander, was captured and made no report. General Gordon is still living, but has, he states, no personal knowledge of these matters.

General Brown wrote out a statement of these matters before his death. It is not accessible to the public, nor is it known what light, if any, it would throw on the occurrences of the fateful evening if published. A few staff officers who might be able to elucidate much that is mysterious about the matter still survive; but if such knowledge exists in their minds, they have thus far declined to disclose any part of it to the world.

Two other statements will be quoted as bearing on the issue Gen. A. P. Stewart relates [Note.—A personal statement made to the writer in 1895] that on the early afternoon of the 30th, the day succeeding these occurrences, "General Hood complained to me that General Cheatham would not obey his orders to attack, and said that he had sent staff officer after staff officer to him to urge him on, and finally sent Governor Harris. I did not say it, but it was on my tongue to say that 'You, General, ought to have taken command yourself and made the attack.'"

The other statement is by Major Vaulx (quoted ante), who says: "As we were on the march to Franklin I was riding by General Brown, and he said to me: 'General Hood is mad about the enemy getting away last night, and he is going to charge the blame of it on somebody. He is as wrathy as a rattlesnake this morning, striking at everything. As he passed along to the front a while ago he rode up to me and said: "General Brown, in the movement to-day I wish you to bear in mind this military principle: that when a pursuing army comes up with the retreating enemy he must be immediately attacked. If you have a brigade in front as advance guard, order its commander to attack as soon as he comes up with him. If you have a regiment in advance and it comes up with the enemy, give the colonel orders to attack him; if there is but a company in advance, and if it overtakes the entire Yankee army, order the captain to attack it forthwith; and if anything blocks the road in front of you to-day, don't stop a minute, but turn out into the fields or woods and move on to the front."'"

The writer is fully conscious of the fact that the voices of the principal actors in that eventful drama are stilled in death, and that it is not permissible to even the earnest historian to wander in the fields of surmise and conjecture as to those motives and secrets which they have chosen to carry with them unuttered to the grave. Only from what is disclosed can we legitimately draw conclusions that are just both to the actors and to the truth of history.

All the foregoing statements taken together clearly establish that General Cheatham was correct in his recollections, and that he did order Brown and Cleburne to attack Spring Hill as soon as they could connect their lines after Cleburne had re-formed his division and drive the force in front of them (Lane's and Bradley's little brigades, as it turned out) through the town. And it may be safely assumed from Major Vaulx's statement that the sound of Brown's guns was to be the signal for Cleburne to begin the attack in his quarter of the field. Such an attack would have given us the town in thirty minutes.

The incident mentioned by Major Vaulx of Strahl seeing the enemy on his right and pointing them out to Brown and of Brown sending the staff officer to Cheatham, then returning from his quest of Bate, and of Cheatham going with the staff officer to Hood, who replied, "If that is the case, do not attack, but hold your troops in the position they are in for the night," is apparently a confusion of time and incidents. For it is perfectly clear that after General Brown first notified General Cheatham that he was outflanked and was ordered in turn to throw back his right brigade and attack, that General Cheatham, riding to Brown's position, there met Brown and Cleburne, and in pursuance of urgent orders from Hood directed them to attack as soon as they could connect their lines, and then rode off to find Bate. And it is further evident that after giving this order Cheatham did not see General Hood again until, after returning from his ride to Bate's position, he went down to Hood's headquarters at the Thompson House, all of which General Cheatham tells us himself, and adds: "I was never more astonished than when General Hood informed me that he had concluded to postpone the attack till daylight. The road was still open—orders to remain quiet until morning and nothing to prevent the enemy from marching to Franklin." If General Cheatham was astonished at this late hour at hearing such a statement from General Hood, it is not possible that he received such instructions from General Hood earlier in the afternoon before darkness had fallen and while he was on his way to the front to learn why Brown did not obey his order to begin the attack and give the signal to Cleburne by opening with his guns on the enemy.

What could have been General Brown's motive in delaying the attack after receiving explicit orders? Was he waiting for his remaining brigade (Gist's)? Col. Ellison Capers, of the 24th South Carolina Regiment in that brigade, says in his report (XCIII. 736) that the brigade arrived and took position at sundown about the time Cleburne re-formed his line and Brown was ordered to attack, and in his narrative quoted above says, "In full time to make the attack before dark," and waited impatiently for orders to attack.

Was he waiting for General Stewart to move up an army corps and take position on his right flank to enable him to drive a brigade of the enemy from his front? Such a suggestion is in itself preposterous. Or did he (General Brown) in any way misunderstand his orders as to the nature of attack to be made? This cannot be, for he tells us himself that he had no orders.

[Note.—Brown's narrative; also Chalmers's and Neely's statements.]

General Brown was a man of great energy and force of character, was possessed of strong military acumen and splendid courage. He said once playfully in the writer's presence during the Georgia campaign that he was "made a sort of military convenience in the Army of Tennessee, and was shifted around by the commanding general into all the hard places."

When General Cheatham was promoted to the command of Hood's Corps and afterwards of Hardee's Corps, General Brown was appointed to command that officer's fighting division, a most complimentary assignment in itself. The true reasons for this inexplicable failure on General Brown's part to obey the orders which General Cheatham declares he gave will perhaps never be ascertained unless indeed his unpublished statement should be given to the public and shou

contain the long-sought explanation. General Brown's reasons, so far as he gave them in his lifetime, are, as already quoted from the article in the Courier-Journal: "I had neither artillery nor cavalry, and I was left in a position where I must meet with inevitable disaster if I advanced on Spring Hill. A hasty consultation with my brigade commanders resulted in a determination to suspend the advance and confer with the corps commander. I need not remind you that in a very few minutes you were upon the field and fully approved of what had been done, as also did General Hood a little later when he directed that the attack should be delayed until the arrival of Generals Strahl and Gist, and in the meantime that the whole command should be held under orders to advance at a moment's notice. General Gist's Brigade reported a little after nightfall, and was immediately placed in position on my right. General Stewart's Corps came up later and went into bivouac on the stream in the rear of my right, where it remained until the following morning. I received no further orders that evening or during the night to advance or change my position."

This statement is very direct and shows that General Brown did not seem to understand that he had been peremptorily ordered to attack the enemy, as General Cheatham declares, and the staff understood, and this is given color by his statements to Cheatham, Neely, and others on the field, as quoted above. Such things sometimes occur on the battlefield, and a misapprehension of orders often leads to fatal consequences.

But however that may be, with the coming of darkness the opportunity passed for the certain destruction of Schofield's army, and next day on the bloody field of Franklin that army paid the fearful penalty for the mistake, whose ever it was, a penalty which broke the spirit of the proud Army of Tennessee and forever destroyed all hope of Confederate success in the West.

The term "certain destruction" above is used advisedly, for there were, as before stated, two other courses open to General Hood, and which he attempted to carry into effect. The second of these courses was still open when darkness came, and that was to occupy the Columbia Turnpike south of Spring Hill. There is considerable mystery enveloping these operations also and their fated miscarriage, but not so much as pertained to Brown's and Cleburne's movements.

When Cleburne was attacking with his right brigade the right flank of Bradley's men behind the rail defenses, General Granbury, as we have seen, moved forward on Cleburne's left straight toward the Franklin Pike, along which the Federal wagon train was still moving. When about three hundred yards of the turnpike, the brigade was halted and doubled-quicked by the right flank for about half a mile, passing northwestward and parallel with the pike and across the front of the battery on the outskirts of the town. The brigade was then moved back over the same ground and halted, facing the position abandoned by this battery about dark. After nightfall it was thrown forward to the farm fence, eighty or one hundred yards from the pike, and ordered to lie down behind the fence. (Collins's narrative.) Troops were soon heard moving on the pike, which proved afterwards to be the head of Ruger's Division, which had forced its way past Bate. Capt. T. English, adjutant general on the staff of General Granbury, in doubt whether they were Bate's men, reported to be moving from that quarter, or Federal troops, passed through the fence to ascertain the nature of the movement, and was almost immediately captured by the Federal flankers, part of the 23d Michigan Regiment, which had been deployed on the right flank of Ruger's Division as skirmishers, and which had, without knowing it, pressed up in the darkness to within a short distance of Granbury's line. Granbury had out no skirmishers in front of the fence, and the Federal column was thus enabled to pass unmolested along his front, while a number of Ruger's men strayed out in the darkness and got entangled in the Confederate lines and were captured. (Collins's narrative.) Why Granbury did not fire on this column or move forward across the pike and check its march will probably never be known, as that officer was killed next day in the assault on Franklin.

General Bate, as before related, formed on the left of Cleburne's formation, and when ready to move forward was directed by General Hood in person, General Cheatham not being present at the moment, to move directly westward to the pike and sweep toward Columbia. (Bate's Report.) Moving forward, Jackson's Brigade on the right and Smith's Brigade in echelon on the front line, while Bullock's Brigade supported Smith, that officer approached the Franklin Pike to the right of Maj. N. F. Cheairs's residence, about one and three-quarter miles southwestward of the village.

Major Caswell's Battalion of Sharpshooters, deployed as skirmishers, approached the pike about the point where the 26th Ohio Regiment had been posted to guard a country road running into the pike there and fired on that regiment, which at once retired with a loss of three killed and three wounded, and made its way to Spring Hill. It was just then that General Ruger's Division approached, and was in turn attacked by Bate's men. Strickland's 3d Brigade, moving in advance with the 72d Illinois, thrown out on the right flank as skirmishers, first encountered Bate's men less than one hundred yards distant, who fired on them. Moore's 2d Brigade next pushed forward with the 23d Michigan in advance and deployed as skirmishers on the right rear of Strickland's Brigade. All these troops were fired on by Bate's men, and lost lightly in wounded; but steadily kept pressing forward, passing in front of Granbury's Brigade, as above stated, when one-half a mile south of the village. A part of the wagon train was borne along the rear of this movement safely past the Confederate front. (Colonel Sexton's Report, XCIII. 393.)

It was while aligned in front of and firing on the pike with his skirmishers that General Bate received an order from General Cheatham through Lieutenant Schell to halt and move northward and form on Cleburne's left. (Bate's Report.) Hesitating to obey this order, as he had received orders directly from the commander in chief, he soon received a second order from General Cheatham to the same effect, when he forthwith withdrew his line from contact with the enemy on the pike and moved northeastward, forming on Cleburne's left with some difficulty in the darkness and throwing back his left brigade to guard his flank from assault from the direction of the pike. (Bate's Report.)

General Bate, after forming on Cleburne's left, went into bivouac, and soon after Johnson's Division, of Lee's Corps, was moved over to his left and rear and formed in line of battle, facing the pike and very near the position occupied by Bate when first assailing Ruger's advance on the pike.

The Federals thus were left free to move along the pike without further interruption, which they did, Ruger being followed by Whitaker's Brigade, of Kimball's Division, which was deployed parallel with the pike at the edge of the town, to guard that flank of the retreating army as it entered the

village. These were followed in turn by Cox's, Wood's, and Kimball's Divisions, Cox reaching Spring Hill at about 11 P.M., Wood at 12 M., and Kimball about 1 A.M. on November 30.

The 12th and 16th Kentucky, left on picket at Columbia, came up just before day. General Stanley, in report, says of this approach to Spring Hill by Cox, Wood, and Kimball (XCIII. 114): "So close were the enemy on our flank that when a column was not passing it was difficult for a staff officer or an orderly to get through on the road."

This was largely due not to any concerted movement, but to the enterprise of individual Confederates who went down on the pike to capture stragglers and get the contents of their haversacks. (Colonel Sims's narrative.)

Gen. Thomas J. Wood also reports of this movement into Spring Hill (XCIII. 123): "The head of the 3d Division (Wood's) arrived about midnight, passed rapidly and silently through the village, and took post about a mile north of it, formed parallel to the road and east of it. The object of this disposition was to cover the movement of the trains out of Spring Hill and toward Franklin. Cox's Division, of the 23d Corps, had already moved on toward Franklin. As rapidly as possible the trains were drawn out of park and pushed toward Franklin. While this work was in progress the 1st Division (Kimball's) came up, pressed rapidly through Spring Hill, and moved on as a convoy to the trains. It was necessary to move the troops rapidly and silently through Spring Hill to avoid a night attack from an entire corps of four divisions (Cheatham's) which lay encamped within eight hundred yards of the road. The effect of a night attack on a column *en route* would have been beyond doubt most disastrous."

General Cheatham was evidently not aware of Hood's personal order to Bate "to reach the pike and sweep on toward Columbia," or he would not have ordered him to withdraw from the pike and march to the left flank of and in support of Cleburne. But for this order Bate, who had begun adjusting his lines to move on the pike with his whole force when he received the order, would have in ten minutes more struck Ruger squarely in the flank while on the march in the dark, and, if not with the disastrous results predicted by General Wood, with at least the result of stopping the Federal movement and compelling them to form line of battle and await the morning in his front.

Certainly no more trains or artillery could have passed his front during the night.

In the meantime Gen. Edward Johnson's Division had, as we have seen, gone into bivouac about 10 P.M. on General Bate's left and facing the pike about four hundred yards distant from it and near where General Bate had first approached it in the afternoon.

Of this command, General Cheatham, in his narrative, says: "About eleven o'clock that night General Hood sent Major General Johnson, whose division had marched in the rear of Stewart's Corps, to report to me. I directed Major Bostick, of my staff, to place Johnson on my extreme left. A reference to the map will show the position of my corps and that of Johnson's Division during the night. About midnight Major Bostick returned and reported that he had been down to the turnpike and could hear straggling troops passing northward. While he was talking about this to Colonel Porter, my chief of staff, a courier from headquarters brought a note from Major Mason to the effect that General Hood had just learned that stragglers were passing along the road in front of my left, and 'the commanding general says you had better order your picket line to fire on them.' Before reading the note I ordered Major Bostick to return to General Johnson, whose command was on my left and nearest the pike, and say to him that he must take a brigade, or if necessary his whole division, and go onto the pike and cut off anything that might be passing. Major Bostick afterwards informed me that General Johnson commenced complaining bitterly at having been 'loaned out,' and asked why General Cheatham did not order one of his own divisions to go in; but at length ordered his own horse and rode with Major Bostick close up to the turnpike, where they found everything quiet and no one passing. General Johnson came with Major Bostick to my quarters and informed me of what they had done. It was about two o'clock in the morning of the 30th. This suggestion that I had better order my pickets to fire upon stragglers passing in front of my left was the only order, if that can be called an order, that I received from General Hood after leaving him at his quarters early in the night, when he informed me of his determination to wait until daylight to attack the enemy."

Col. W. H. Sims, commanding the 10th and 44th Mississippi Battalion of Sharpshooters, in Sharp's Brigade, of Johnson's Division, thus writes of the occurrences of the night in front of Johnson's Division: "My command did not reach the encampment near Spring Hill till ten o'clock at night. On my arrival I saw the twinkling camp fires of our army reaching northward far up the pike, stretching, as I was then told, about four miles. Our place of bivouac being assigned us, my command broke ranks and, being very tired, hastily sought their blankets for sleep. I had wrapped myself in my horse blanket, and was sinking into a much-needed slumber when I was aroused by the adjutant of our brigade with an order from General Sharp to get my troops immediately under arms, that our division (Johnson's) had orders to move perpendicularly upon the pike, and that General Cheatham had orders to sweep down the pike at right angles to us. Our division was soon under arms in line of battle and the guns loaded. We waited hour after hour for the order to come to charge the enemy, who we understood were retreating along the pike four hundred yards in front of us toward Franklin. The next morning found us still in line waiting for the order to charge the pike, my own command having one by one sunk to sleep on the ground where they stood."

General Cheatham also quotes from a letter of Gov. Isham G. Harris to Gov. James D. Porter as follows to illustrate his position: "General Hood on the march to Franklin spoke to me in the presence of Major Mason of the failure of General Cheatham to make the night attack at Spring Hill and censured him in severe terms for his disobedience of orders. Soon after this, being alone with Major Mason, the latter remarked that 'General Cheatham was not to blame about the matter last night; I did not send him the order.' I asked if he had communicated the fact to General Hood. He answered that he had not. I replied: 'It is due General Cheatham that this explanation should be made.' Thereupon Major Mason joined General Hood and gave him the information. Afterwards General Hood said to me that he had done injustice to General Cheatham, and requested me to inform him that he held him blameless for the failure at Spring Hill; and on the day following the battle of Franklin I was informed by General Hood that he had addressed a note to General

Cheatham assuring him that he did not censure him with the failure to attack."

From the statement of General Cheatham's narrative that Major Bostick and General Johnson returned together and reported to him of having been to the Franklin Pike and found everything quiet about two o'clock in the morning of the 30th, it must have been after midnight when General Johnson and Major Bostick rode out to the pike to reconnoiter, and in all likelihood after the rear of Kimball's column, the last of Schofield's troops except the two regiments, 12th and 16th Kentucky, left on picket at Columbia, had passed by on the march into Spring Hill. Kimball's column reached Spring Hill about one o'clock in the morning, and must have passed Johnson's front nearly two miles south about 12:30 A.M., or earlier even than that, as all the Federal columns moved carefully, being in the immediate presence of the enemy. And General Cheatham says it was midnight when he received the note from Major Mason ordering him to fire on the Federal stragglers on the pike. One more opportunity was thus lost, which might, by the prompt movement of Johnson's Division on to the pike when he first began to go into bivouac, have checked the movement of Schofield's retreat and held him until daylight.

Of course Schofield might, if he had been attacked *en route* and found a column across his track, have moved northwestward toward the Carter's Creek Pike and reached Franklin in that way, but would have sacrificed his ordnance and supply train and perhaps Wagner's Division in so doing. This pike could have been reached by a country crossroad to the northwestward of Spring Hill, and this was the exact course General Forrest supposed Schofield was taking, as he related to General Stewart at his headquarters after dark.

The movement, however, does not seem to have occurred to General Schofield, as we shall later see.

The third and last course open to General Hood after his failure in the other two was to throw General Stewart's Corps northward to the eastward of Spring Hill, with his right across the Franklin Pike a mile beyond the village.

Whether the determination to do this was arrived at after General Hood learned that Bate had been withdrawn from the Columbia and Franklin Pike to Cleburne's left, or whether ordered to be done in conjunction with the movement he had directed Bate to make on the pike, is not clear. If, as General Cheatham recollects, he (Cheatham) on his return from the ride to the left in search of Bate was called to General Hood's quarters not long after dark and there told him of his disposition of Bate's force, it would seem that General Hood may have at once ordered Stewart to move north quickly and occupy with his right, or at least a division, the pike north of Spring Hill in order to accomplish what General Bate, through the inadvertent interruption of General Cheatham, had failed to do.

On the other hand, it seems from General Stewart's report that he was halted in the execution of his order to seize and occupy the pike north of Spring Hill by reason of representations made by General Cheatham to General Hood before nine o'clock. However, General Stewart will be allowed, in addition to the matter contained in his report published in the "War Records," to tell the story in his own language, which he has done in the following letter to the writer in April, 1895:

After crossing Rutherford Creek about dusk November 29, 1864, I saw General Hood. He was almost or quite alone at a little fire in the edge of the woods to our left on the road. He said he wished me to move on and put my right across the turnpike road beyond Spring Hill, 'your left,' he said, 'extending down this way' toward the creek. Said he: 'The men have had a hard day's march, and I do not wish you to march your whole corps up to the right. It will be too far for the men to march.' He gave me a guide, a young man of the neighborhood, who, he said, knew a road by which we could move. I rode somewhat in advance of the troops, having the guide with me. At a place where the road on which we were moving appeared to curve to the left—now some time after dark—there was a high gate on the right-hand side of the road. The guide said there used to be a road turning off from the one on which we were moving, through that gate, which was the road we wished to find. I inquired if it would take us to the pike beyond Spring Hill. He said it would, about a mile beyond, near the tollgate. 'Then,' said I, 'that is the road we want.' We rode through the gateway, the head of the column following, and soon passed a house on our left, where some one informed me General Forrest was. I dismounted and went into the house to get such information as Forrest could give me. He said the enemy had left the direct road from Spring Hill to Franklin and taken the Carter's Creek Pike. I think it was just as I was mounting my horse to go on with the guide that the staff officer (whom I did not know) came up and said we were going wrong—on the wrong road—and that General Hood had sent him to show me my position. I inquired when he saw General Hood, and said that, according to the instructions I had received, we were going exactly right. He said he had just come from General Hood. After some further parleying, I concluded (in view of the fact, as General Forrest informed me, that the enemy had abandoned the direct road and taken the Carter's Creek Pike) that General Hood had changed his mind after I left him as to what he wished me to do. So we turned back with this officer to the road we had left and followed it toward Spring Hill (as I supposed) until we came to the line of troops crossing the road, and here I saw General Brown. I was then informed that I was to march on and form on the right and in extension of Cheatham's troops. This was so directly the reverse of what Hood himself told me he wished—'Put your right across the road beyond Spring Hill, your left extending down this way' (where I saw him soon after crossing the creek); 'I do not wish you to march your whole corps up to the right; it is too far for the men'—that I felt sure a mistake had been made. So I said to my staff officers: 'Bivouac the men here and I will go to see General Hood and find out what he wishes us to do.' Procuring a guide to Hood's quarters (I think perhaps the staff officer mentioned went with me), I hunted up General Hood. I found him in bed, and asked if he had changed his mind since I saw him last as to what I was to do. He replied that he had not, but that some one had come from Cheatham and represented that his right was exposed. I explained the situation. He replied: 'Let the men rest and take the advance to Franklin in the morning.' Now I am wholly unable to say how my troops were located after I left them. When I left, the head of the column was up near where I saw and talked with Brown. I cannot recall the further occurrences of the night, but we were on the road next morning moving toward Franklin."

And so at eleven o'clock at night General Hood seemed to have despaired of doing anything with his infantry to check Schofield's retreat to Franklin further than to check stragglers south of Spring Hill, and directed General Stewart to

let his men rest and take the advance in the march to Franklin in the morning.

But he had one hope left—a forlorn one, indeed, but still a hope—of being able to check the march north of Spring Hill until daylight, and this was by means of Forrest's Cavalry. Forrest had ridden to Hood's headquarters in company with General Stewart after the latter had bivouacked his column, and seems to have been there in conference with General Hood when General Bate arrived about eleven o'clock.

[NOTE.—"Forrest's Campaigns," p. 622, and Bate's narrative.]

General Forrest reports that his command was all without ammunition except Jackson's Division, which had captured a supply during the day, and that General Bell had actually made his last forward movement, in concert with Cleburne, with only four rounds per man. (Forrest's narrative, ante.) But Forrest never pondered over obstacles; and being instructed by General Hood that he had ordered his corps commanders to furnish him a supply and that he must place his cavalry across the pike north of Spring Hill, he left at once to personally see about getting the ammunition, and then moved his command northward.

[NOTE.—"Forrest's Campaigns," pp. 623, 624.]

Finding that the necessary ammunition could not be obtained from Generals Cheatham and Stewart, the cavalry general, nevertheless, ordered Jackson's Division—about 2,000 men—to move northward and seize the pike near Thompson's Station and hold it if possible, and sent a staff officer to guide them to the pike.

Jackson, always prompt, was on the flank of the enemy by 1:30 A.M., and Ross's Brigade made a charge in the darkness, which caused the greatest confusion in the moving wagon train which was on the turnpike at the point reached. Ross's Brigade at this point burned a number of wagons and captured and brought off the teams.

General Stanley says of this attack: "General Cox's Division was out of the way and the train commenced to pull out at one o'clock on the morning of the 30th. The number of wagons, including artillery and ambulances, was about eight hundred. At the very starting point they had to pass singly over a bridge, and it was exceedingly doubtful whether the train could be put in the road by daylight. Unless this could be done and the corps put in motion, we were sure of being attacked at daylight and of being compelled to fight under every disadvantage. I was strongly advised to burn the train and move on with the troops and such wagons as could be saved, but I determined to make an effort to save the train. My staff officers were busily employed hurrying up teamsters, and everything promised well, when we were again thrown into despair by the report that the train was attacked north of Thompson's Station and that the whole train had been stopped." [NOTE.—It was General Schofield who had authorized General Stanley "in his discretion to burn the wagon train" and Gen. T. J. Wood who "strongly advised" him to exercise this discretion. Statement Capt. Shellenbarger.]

General Kimball's Division was hurried forward, as was also General Wood's Division, which had been deployed just beyond Spring Hill to guard the exit of the wagon train from the town. A small force of Federals from some distance beyond Ross's point of attack had also been moved back, and, meeting the head of the Federal column moving up from the south, the two commands had fired into each other by mistake.

The infantry column was too strong for Jackson. Wood's men, moving off the road to the right, were greatly harassed by the Confederate cavalry; but steadily pressed forward on the flank of the train, which was successfully guarded past the point of danger.

All the trains did not get out of Spring Hill until five o'clock in the morning, and were followed and guarded by Wagner's Division.

In the meantime General Schofield, who seems to have thrown off his lethargy, after making up his mind to abandon Columbia, was actively directing the movements of his army. He reached Spring Hill with Ruger's Division at 7 P.M., and at once [NOTE.—See Twining's dispatches, XCIII. 1138, 1139] pushed on with the same command to Thompson's Station to force a passage of the road which he was informed had been seized by the Confederates at that point.

At 10 P.M. Capt. William J. Twining, his aid-de-camp, who had ridden on to Franklin, by instruction of General Schofield, dispatched General Thomas at Nashville: "Major General Schofield directs me to inform you that the enemy's cavalry crossed Duck River in force at daylight this morning at Huey's Mills, six miles from Columbia, and pushed at once for Spring Hill. Their cavalry reached that point at 4 P.M. and their infantry came in before dark and attacked General Stanley, who held the place with one division, very heavily. General Schofield's troops are pushing for Franklin as rapidly as possible. The General says he will not be able to get farther than Thompson's Station to-night, and possibly not farther than Spring Hill. He regards the situation as extremely perilous, and fears that he may be forced into a general battle to-morrow or lose his wagon train. General Wilson's cavalry have been pushed off toward the east, and do not connect with our infantry nor cover the pike. Thinking that the troops under Gen. A. J. Smith had reached Franklin, General Schofield directed me to have them pushed down the Franklin Pike to Spring Hill to-morrow. I left General Schofield two hours ago at Thompson's Station." (XCIII. 1138.)

General Schofield's energy and alertness during the late afternoon and night was in marked contrast with the supineness of General Hood. Once aware of the true nature of the crisis with which he was confronted, he pushed forward promptly with Ruger's Division first to the relief of Stanley; and finding things were, owing to the blunders of the Confederate leaders, in fairly good shape at Spring Hill and his enemy asleep in sight of the road, he pushed on in person to Thompson's Station to open the road at that point, which he was informed had been seized by part of Forrest's command.

Returning then to Spring Hill, General Schofield personally superintended the movement forward of the remainder of the army. It is now clearly known that it was he who strongly advised Stanley to "burn the trains and move on with the troops," as stated by that commander. (Stanley's Report.) It must be admitted, however, that the handling of the army of Schofield, seconded by the accomplished Stanley, between 6 P.M. of the 29th and daylight of the 30th was skillful, prompt, and energetic. But had General Hood pursued a like course in the afternoon and taken personal command of his own front, all would have been lost to the Union army.

There are not lacking writers who have striven to demonstrate that General Schofield in the operations of the 29th was engaged in a game of profound strategy with General Hood, that he had known Hood at the Military Academy and known him to be a rash blunderer without mathematical capacity or power of combination, and that he (Schofield) had

reasoned that Hood would helplessly dally before Spring Hill without power to attack or decide what next should be done.

It is scarcely necessary to point out the weakness of such an argument, which would not be creditable to the intelligence of General Schofield. Indeed, that accomplished and skillful commander made no such claim in his report of the operations; but, on the other hand, from Franklin next day at noon in response to a telegram from General Thomas saying, "If you can prevent Hood from turning your position at Franklin, it should be held; but I do not wish you to risk too much," promptly and frankly replied: "I am satisfied that I have heretofore run too much risk in trying to hold Hood in check while so far inferior to him in both infantry and cavalry. The slightest mistake on my part or failure of a subordinate during the last few days might have proved disastrous. I do not want to get into so tight a place again, yet I will cheerfully act in accordance with your views of expediency if you think it important to hold Hood back as long as possible." (XCIII. 1170.)

It must be patent to the most casual observer from what has been narrated above that but for the failure of Hood's subordinates to act promptly at Spring Hill Stanley would have been crushed before nightfall, the wagon train and reserve artillery of the army captured, Schofield entrapped as he approached in the darkness with Ruger's Division, and the remaining divisions of Cox, Wood, and Kimball left at the mercy of Hood at daylight next morning.

It was Providence, not strategy, which saved the Union army that night, and a paralysis scarcely less effective than that which overtook the hosts of Sennacherib fell upon the Confederate army as darkness came on, under the shelter of which Schofield's army moved "rapidly and silently" by on their hurried retreat to Franklin.

Success here and the destruction of his antagonist would have placed Hood in a most exalted position among his people and his name high among the great masters of strategy in the war. The move was faultless; the success of it up to 4 P.M. startling. Triumph was within his grasp. But failure came, whatever the cause, where least to be expected among those splendid officers and men. General Schofield has been honored by the nation with the highest military office in the gift of the people. Hood, failing through no fault of his own, unless it was his failure to personally see that his orders were obeyed, is reckoned by the average reader of history as mediocre and inefficient. But beyond question General Stewart was right in this: Hood, being present on the field, should have given his orders in person, if necessary, and personally seen that they were obeyed. The fault was not with Cheatham. There is no evidence that he failed in any respect. But General Hood might have seen that no mistakes were made by any one.

BIRTHDAY OF PRESIDENT DAVIS.

BY REV. DR. JOHN R. DEERING, CHAPLAIN KENTUCKY DIVISION, U. C. V., LEXINGTON, KY.

Dear Comrade Cunningham: In your VETERAN for October I see two items that give me much pleasure. The first, by Mrs. W. J. Behan, urges the celebration throughout the South of the one hundredth return of President Davis's birthday, June 3, 1908. The second suggestion is that we observe that day, and that we begin on that day the observance of Memorial Day for all our Confederate dead. Having different dates in different States to commemorate the same cause isn't wise and weakens the effect. We had one cause, one heart, one fate; let one day stand for it. The bloom of flowers is nothing to the blending of hearts and strengthening of social bonds. And we can have flowers in June almost anywhere.

There are two days especially unsuitable to the purpose and objectionable to our people—May 26 and 30—and both are near enough to June 3 to be merged into it!

But it may be said that the North would never accept that day. Then let us keep as our own what they will not share with us. We surrendered our "arms," not our days or our dead! Justice to the memory of President Davis calls for the observance of his birthday, and I am sure that our Daughters will not deny it. You allow that already seven States have legalized its use as holiday or as Memorial Day, and the remaining ones will in time fall into line. But I believe that the South had rather give up the formal observance of the day which commemorates the patriotism and heroism of their loved dead than to adopt a day that recalls men and deeds that they are struggling to forgive and forget. No, sir; not "May 30." We had rather use December 30.

HEROES IN GRAY.

BY REV. W. W. PINSON.

From under the battle cloud, bearing their scars,
With escutcheons as fair as the radiant stars,
Shot, torn, and saber-hacked heroes in gray,
Time-worn and time-weary, greet us to-day.
Let us press the scarred hands that have grappled and fought
And cheer with our might for the deeds they have wrought.

They paid their round price for the chaplet of fame,
Which they worthily wear without boasting or shame;
They fawn for no praises, they blush from no blame;
They grudge not the hunger, the hardship and pain,
The ice in the trenches, the blood on the plain,
If but truly we reckon the valorous cost
Of the service they gave to the cause that was lost.

When they folded the flag with a sob and a tear,
They turned to the home land with courage and cheer
To work without cringing as they'd fought without fear;
And there's a light on the hearthstone and hope in the sky
Of the homes of the Southland that never shall die,
Because of the valor that wields without dread
The weapons of toil in the battle for bread.

With deeds to remember and woes to forget,
They're dreaming of glory awaiting us yet,
And helping to win it, as erst they have won
A glory as stainless and white as the sun.
Undismayed in life's battle, they scorn to repine;
At the drum tap of duty they fall into line.

Too brave for regretting, too noble for spite,
They wait the fair verdict of justice and right
That forever must win over malice and might,
And the meed of the brave from the hearts of the true
Unstinted they pay to their brothers in blue.
They live for the battle-scarred country they love,
And would die for the flag floating proudly above.
Then uncover and stand! they are passing, make way!
And lift a loud cheer for the heroes in gray.

PERILOUS ESCAPE FROM POINT LOOKOUT.

[The following is an address delivered by Mr. Simon Seward before A. P. Hill Camp of Confederate Veterans, of Petersburg, Va., sometime ago.]

Comrades: I was captured June 28, 1863, in Maryland, near Rockville, the same day that we captured a train of three hundred and fifty wagons and a few days before the battle of Gettysburg. I was carried to Washington and put in the old Capitol Prison, and was kept there six weeks. I formed the acquaintance while there of several noted men, among them one of Mosby's captains, of whom I will tell you later. From there I was carried to Point Lookout Prison. This place was situated in the fork of the Potomac River and Chesapeake Bay. On reaching there I found about one thousand prisoners. We received the rations of regular soldiers, and had a good time. Just imagine a Confederate soldier eating fresh loaf bread, good coffee with sugar in it, and beef and pork in abundance! We had feasted but a short time when the cook house was built. Then stealing and short rations commenced.

A friend (McPherson, of Atlanta, Ga.) and I, not liking the board and various other things, decided that we would quit the place and go home. The prison was square, containing about a space of ten or more acres, and at that time had no fence around it. The guards continually marched up and down on their beats. We decided to wait for a dark night, then crawl as near the guards as possible and wait until they met and turned their backs, then run through in the darkness. During this time I caught a severe cold and had a wretched cough, so could not go with my friend. I told him the way to go, gave him my father's address (which he cut on his finger nail), and told him to leave word on the road that I would soon follow. He did this, and also wrote to my father, giving all the news and telling him of me. Up to this time my people believed me dead, as it had been so reported by persons who said they saw me killed.

Well, our rations continued to grow smaller, and my friend was gone; so I was more determined than ever to leave. A tall fence had now been built around the place, making it very difficult to escape. I tried many ways and failed. Once after I had gotten out I was caught and put in the dungeon (a tent) and fed on bread and water. This made me all the more anxious to leave. It was customary to close the gates at sunset. These gates let us out to the sinks during the day. The first day of December, 1863, was dark and rainy. I thought this was my time, so just before time to shut the gates I crept out. Not a soul was to be seen. The fence was very strongly built, with very large posts and a parapet on top where the guards were on duty.

After passing out of the gates, I went to the right for several panels. Seeing a squad of soldiers, I hid behind a post until they passed. They were within thirty yards of me. When they returned, they must pass within five feet of me. So I got on the other side of the post when I saw them coming back. I expected to be found and pinned to the wall with a bayonet; but it so happened that when they came within twenty feet of me their attention was called to a pile of sand on the beach that looked like a grave. It was piled up during the day by some of the prisoners. The soldiers went at once to the mound and commenced to stick their bayonets through it. It was owing to this that I escaped detection. I remained close behind the post until nine o'clock, when all was quiet except the tread of the guards overhead and the murmur of their voices as they conversed with each other. My next move was to go from post to post until I reached the corner. To leave there was to do one of two things—either swim the Chesapeake Bay or go through the 5th New Hampshire Regiment in camp on the only ground there was. I decided on the latter. When inside the Camp, I saw some horses tied, and tried to untie one, thinking to ride him through the camp and out; but this was "no go." The horse commenced to move; the men saw it and me and said: "Who is there?" I said nothing, and they came to see. Then commenced a race for the bay, about one hundred yards off, the soldiers and guards after me. The darkness saved me from being riddled with bullets. I went at once into deep water, and commenced to swim for my life up the bay toward Baltimore—the soldiers being camped on the shore for a mile or more. I had a fair wind and tide, and made good time. When I found I could go no farther, I gave up to drown, bidding farewell to this world, when I found myself in water only three feet deep. I thought at first I had struck a whale, but found afterwards it was a sand bar. After a good rest I commenced again, and continued in the water a distance of six miles, passing outside of what was called the blockhouse, where they had wires connected with bells in a house on shore.

Thinking myself safe, I went ashore. A chill came over me from a sharp wind then blowing. My teeth commenced to chatter so loud I thought I would be heard. So I put my finger between them. My feet then refused to move. I was chilled through; but hard work and a determination to move on brought a circulation, and I moved, first slowly, then faster, until I struck a path through the woods. I ran up that path with considerable speed until I found myself in front of a large white house. What to do, I could not tell. I rang the bell and a lady came to the door in her night dress, it being about twelve o'clock. She said: "I know who you are. Don't speak, or our servants will hear you. I will send my husband." He came, invited me in the parlor, and said: "I will help you all I can, but don't speak of it if caught." He gave me some beef, a bottle of whisky, a coat, and several dollars. He said he was an officer in the Federal navy, but loved the South and owned negroes. I walked all night, and at the break of day took a little rest to wait for more darkness. I soon fell asleep, but it was a short nap. I found that too much walking, beef, and whisky had made me so stiff I could not walk. Some dogs came across me, and made so much fuss that I forgot my lameness and ran through the woods in an opposite direction from which I was going. This saved me from capture, as a company of cavalry was right after me. The dogs followed me through the woods until I came to a deep break covered with ivy. I frightened something, either a man or deer, I can't say which; but it scared me nearly out of my wits. The dogs left me and ran after it. I then crossed a little stream up the hill and found myself in a field near a small negro hut. I went to it and spoke to a very bright colored man and asked him the way to a certain place. He replied: "Go away from here. If they find you here, I am ruined, for I am just out of the penitentiary yesterday." I moved on through the woods and fields until I came to a road and started to cross it, when I met a man who said: "If you go up this road, you are caught, for the sheriff is coming." I looked, and there he was, riding a horse, with a double-barreled shotgun on his shoulder and a prisoner walking by his side. I walked right by him, and as soon as I could took to the woods, running a mile or more, until I found a thicket, where I hid until nearly night.

Being much refreshed, but a little hungry, I started off again and reached a small house. Seeing a bucket of water on the porch and wishing for information, I asked for a drink of water. The lady said: "You are the man they are looking for. The soldiers on horses have just left here." I moved on again faster than ever until I heard them coming back. I jumped over the fence and waited until they passed by. As they passed I heard them talking, I suppose about me. It was dark, and I commenced again crossing fields and woods until I gave out. Walking and running twenty-five or thirty miles with nothing to eat was telling on me. I decided to go to the first house and ask for food. This I did, but the lady said: "I can give you nothing; my husband is absent." I asked if I might stay until he returned. She replied: "Yes. We know of you. You may stay in the yard." When her husband came, he said I could eat and sleep in his house if I wished. He also owned slaves. After a good supper came bedtime. He said: "To show you that I will help and protect you, I will make you a bed in this room and put my son in bed with you." About two o'clock he tapped me on the head and said: "The soldiers are here asking for you, and I have told them from the window that you are not here; but they are going to search. So run!" "Come this way," he said, taking me to the back door. I jumped through a gate into the garden, which was terraced, and I thought every time I struck the ground I had gone into a pit. There was a big fuss at the house, but I was gone. By a spring near the garden was a hollow tree. I went up that and awaited developments. Soon I heard a whistle, but gave no answer. Then I heard a voice say: "They are gone! Where are you?" I recognized the voice of my host, and came down. He had a bucket full of meat and bread, and led the way to the woods some distance off and told me to stay there until he came for me. I remained there about two days. On hearing a considerable noise I looked out from my hiding place under a holly tree, where a litter of pigs had been recently raised and where fleas were plentiful, to see my pursuers going back, as I thought.

That night I had a good supper brought to me and the pleasure of sleeping in a top stack near the house. I stayed for a day or more awaiting "orders." Finally they came, saying a man living on the river had been hired for two barrels of corn to carry me across. I left at once, accompanied by his son, but found that the man's boats had just been destroyed by the soldiers. This was sad news to me. He asked me if I had money. I told him I had, and gave him fifty cents. He sent off and got a quart of whisky, and while his wife was gone for the dram we went down to the oyster bed, got a sack full, and such eating and drinking we had that night!—I mean they did the drinking and I did the eating. While at the oyster bed I saw a little log canoe about eight feet long and very narrow. It was so old that one end had rotted off and a plank had been nailed on it. I asked if I could cross in it, but my friend said it would sink. The river was about six miles wide and very rough.

Early the next morning before light I got the boat out of the creek and put it in the river opposite the house and told him I was going to try to make the trip, although he insisted that it could not be done. I stood for a few moments with a small, rough paddle in my hand, looking first at the river, then at the Virginia shore on the other side. I was so anxious to get there I decided to run the risk, although it was very great. The boat was so very small I had to put my feet outside. He again begged me not to try; but, looking down the shore, something showed itself, convincing me it was time to leave. I started, and never looked back; in fact, never had time. Several times I thought the boat would fill. When about half a mile out a big wave struck us, and came so near sinking me that I commenced to do what my mother taught me at her knee, which had of late been much neglected—I prayed for deliverance. The water seemed to jump out of the boat. The winds calmed and the waves ceased to roll. I rested a little. I now noticed blood dripping from my hands. The rough paddle had rubbed the skin and flesh from them, leaving them perfectly raw; but they did not hurt. Looking up the river, I saw a gunboat under a full head of steam coming down on me. Owing to the shallow water, I "got there first," but it was a close race. I struck a rock about a hundred yards off shore. On reaching the shore I rolled over a ditch bank and was safe. I soon saw the old boat steam back up the river and pass out of sight. I was in Virginia once more, but still in the enemy's country. I took my time through the woods and fields until I came to a house at which I asked for a lunch, but was denied by a man I thought ought to be in the army. He commenced to tell me how dangerous it was to be prowling around through the country, and said: "Look! Yonder comes some one after you now." It was a lone horseman coming at a rapid gait. I could not run, as he had seen me; so I decided to wait and take my chances. He came up to me at once, saying: "Are you the man I saw crossing the river just now?" I replied, "Yes;" and he said, "Then what have you for sale?" He had taken me for a blockade runner, that being their place for crossing and he a trader in that line. That accounted for the gunboat's being there.

I left at once, with nothing to eat, and walked all that day through the woods and fields. That night I stayed at the house of a true Virginian, had a good supper, warm bed, early breakfast, and was soon on my journey again. I met a man in the road, who said: "If you go down this road, you will be shot. They have just killed the sheriff and wounded some of his deputies." I moved again for the "willow green," and so traveled until I reached the Rappahannock River. I found a boat preparing to cross with some cattle. They were hard to manage, and we had a narrow escape. I secured the tail of a big ox, driving him on board, and followed. Others did the same, and we arrived safe with all the cattle. I had money and stayed at a hotel in Tappahannock that night. The clerk told me he had but one room, and the privilege of that was given to a man of questionable character; and if he came, I would have to give it up to him. I said, "All right," thinking if he came I could beat him out of it; but when I saw him, I changed my mind. He had a harsh face, with only one eye and lots of pistols and knives about his person. I slept on the floor. About three o'clock in the morning a noise was heard, and some one said the house was surrounded by cavalry. I thought I was gone then. I hid the best I could, but soon found it was a raiding party of our own men; and, thinking they came for my friend with one eye, I did not wait to see, but left early, traveling all day. That night I stopped at a nice house near the road, thinking it a good place to stay. The servant said I could not stop. I then asked to see the gentleman of the house, but he said he had nothing to eat; the soldiers had taken everything he had, he said. He asked where I was from and where I was going. I told him, and he said: "I have a son at Point Lookout. Do you know him?" "What is his name?" I asked. He

told me, and I described him. He then sent for his wife, and such a good time we had! A good supper was soon ready, and I was made welcome.

Early next morning a team came up and took me to Richmond. Reaching there about night, I looked around for a place to stay, and found a boarding house near the Old Market kept by a widow. She said she kept first-class boarders, not like me, but said I could stay and eat if there was anything. The second and third table were going in, when an officer sitting near me asked me who I was and where I was from. I told him, and he said: "Is this Simon, the son of Joe Seward, of Petersburg?" I said it was. "Then give him some supper and I will pay for it," said he to the landlady. This officer lives now, I am told, in Dinwiddie County, Va. The next morning I made an early start for home, but found I could not leave the city without a pass. I went to General Winder, then in charge at Richmond, stated my case, and asked for a pass to go home. He had me put under arrest and ordered to my command. He did not believe my story. While in his office a man passed by whom I thought I knew. He asked me who I was. My story was told him. He said: "Turn him loose; I knew him in the old Capitol Prison." He was one of Mosby's captains, and the man I said I would tell you of later. I got a pass for ten days, and went home that night. My father then lived at the corner of Bank and Short Market Streets, in the house now a drug store. I found him behind the counter. He looked at me quite a time and said, "Simon!" and ran to my mother and sisters.

BREECH-LOADING CANNON.

The South has claimed with pride the inventor of torpedoes, but so far it is not generally known that a Confederate invented the first breech-loading cannon. The inventor is D. W. Hughes, of St. Louis. The Times-Democrat states:

"Out at the Masonic Home of Missouri, Delmar and Union Avenues, is an old man whose daydream of life was shattered by the Civil War and the loss of a patent which might have made him an independent fortune. To use his own expression, he has passed through 'fire and confiscation,' and now upon the threshold of the eighties patiently awaits his end. History has not recorded him as one of the great inventors of the world; but it is probable that D. W. Hughes, formerly of Yates Center, Kans., was the first man to patent a breech-loading cannon that met the requirements of the period. He does not positively assert that he is the originator of this instrument of warfare, but modestly asks for some one to give evidence that a cannon of similar pattern was in use before the date his was introduced—February 18, 1863. As yet no claimant to the distinction has appeared, and Mr. Hughes humbly retains the profitless honor.

"A contributor to the American Machinist, which is an authority upon these subjects, writes under date of September 7, 1905, that the United States government never made any of these guns until 1880 or 1882, and leaves the insinuation that it might have copied its invention after that of Mr. Hughes. Be that as it may, Mr. Hughes never realized much from his invention. His letters patent were granted by the Confederate government, and he still has the original certificate.

"The only apparent difference in the guns of to-day from those of Mr. Hughes is that the modern ones have a screw instead of a lug. Concave metal disks which will expand by pressure are now used; but are said to be of no material benefit over the old gum disk, and expert machinists declare that the screw is no improvement over his lug.

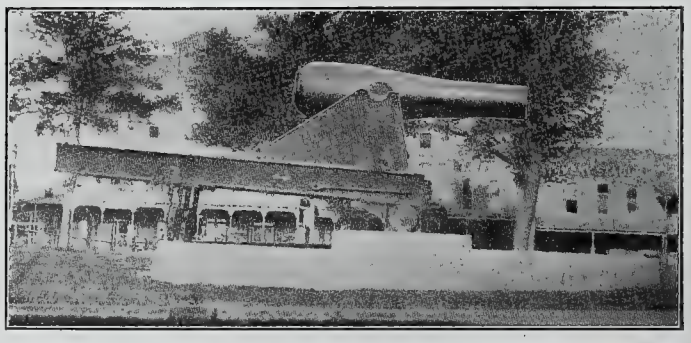
"The first of the Hughes guns, according to persons posted in Civil War implements, were made at Memphis, Tenn., in 1862. A battery was then ordered for Gen. M. Jeff Thompson, of Missouri, which was used in and around New Madrid, Mo., and farther south in Arkansas. After that quite a number were constructed at Jackson, Miss., for the State by order of Governor Pettus. During the years 1862 and 1863 over fifty of them were built and put into use at various points. The cannon were of small caliber, one and a half and two-inch bore, mounted on light carriages, which were moved about from place to place by men alone. The average length of the guns was thirty-four inches, some being constructed of bronze and others of broken car axles. They weighed about eighty pounds. In 1862 there was a test trial of the various sizes of the guns at Memphis, when it was found that they would project a leaden ball a distance of three miles up the river. At the final surrender, when the Confederacy met its Waterloo, a large number of the guns fell into the possession of the Federal government. The patent records at Richmond were captured, and the government never began making breech-loading guns until 1880. Now those interested in armament and kindred themes want to know who was the originator of the guns."

D. W. Hughes is a native of Licking County, Ohio, and was born in February, 1829. His parents went to Illinois when D. W. was ten years old. He went to New London, Mo., in 1852, and he rapidly became an expert machinist. He and his wife's brother became forceful men, doing a large business with mills and machinery just prior to the war, executing large contracts for the United States government. In the spring of 1861 Mr. Hughes entered the Confederate gun works at Memphis, where he made the guns described above He had been in the Confederate service for a year without having heard from his wife and four children, who eventually made their way South.

Comrade Hughes—the term cordially used—has ever been loyal to the South, and the VETERAN's tribute is unstinted.

TRIBUTE BY PRESIDENT U. D. C. DIVISION OF MISSOURI.

Mrs. P. G. Robert pays Mr. Hughes credit in this way: "The M. A. E. McClure Chapter, No. 19, St. Louis, Mo., July 23, 1904, hereby certify that D. W. Hughes entered the service of the Confederate States as an ordnance expert at Memphis, Tenn., in August, 1861, and was honorably discharged by surrender at Montgomery, Ala., in May, 1865; was entitled to and received the Southern cross of honor. Having unfortunately lost the same, this certificate is given to attest the fact that he is entitled to the honor of the Southern cross."



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT RIPLEY, TENN.
(A Fort Pillow Cannon.)

GENERAL OFFICERS OF THE REGULAR C. S. ARMY.

COMPILED BY CHARLES EDGEWORTH JONES, AUGUSTA, GA.

(With State and date of rank. Star denotes survivors.)

Full Generals.

Samuel Cooper, Va., May, 1861; adjt. and inspector general.
Albert S. Johnston, Texas, May, 1861.
Robert E. Lee, Virginia, June, 1861.
Joseph E. Johnston, Virginia, July, 1861.
P. G. T. Beauregard, Louisiana, July, 1861.
Braxton Bragg, Louisiana, April, 1862.
E. Kirby-Smith, Florida, February, 1864; general in Provisional Army, C. S. A.
J. B. Hood, Tex., July, 1864; general with temporary rank.

Lieutenant Generals.

James Longstreet, Alabama, October, 1862.
Leonidas Polk, Louisiana, October, 1862.
Theophilus H. Holmes, North Carolina, October, 1862.
William J. Hardee, Georgia, October, 1862.
Thomas J. Jackson, Virginia, October, 1862.
John C. Pemberton, Virginia, October, 1862.
Richard S. Ewell, Virginia, May, 1863.
Ambrose P. Hill, Virginia, May, 1863.
Daniel H. Hill, North Carolina, July, 1863.
Richard Taylor, Louisiana, April, 1864.
Jubal A. Early, Virginia, May, 1864.
Richard H. Anderson, South Carolina, May, 1864.
*Stephen D. Lee, South Carolina, June, 1864.
*Alex P. Stewart, Tennessee, June, 1864.
*Simon B. Buckner, Kentucky, September, 1861.
Wade Hampton, South Carolina, February, 1865.
John B. Gordon, Georgia, February, 1865.
Joseph Wheeler, Georgia, February, 1865.
Nathan B. Forrest, Tennessee, February, 1865.

Major Generals.

David E. Twiggs, Georgia, May, 1861.
Earl Van Dorn, Mississippi, September, 1861.
Gustavus W. Smith, Kentucky, September, 1861.
Benjamin Huger, South Carolina, October, 1861.
J. Bankhead Magruder, Virginia, October, 1861.
Mansfield Lovell, Maryland, October, 1861.
George B. Crittenden, Kentucky, November, 1861.
William W. Loring, Florida, February, 1862.
Sterling Price, Missouri, March, 1862.
Benjamin F. Cheatham, Tennessee, March, 1862.
Samuel Jones, Virginia, March, 1862.
John P. McCown, Tennessee, March, 1862.
Jones M. Withers, Alabama, April, 1862.
Thomas C. Hindman, Arkansas, April, 1862.
John C. Breckenridge, Kentucky, April, 1862.
Lafayette McLaws, Georgia, May, 1862.
J. E. B. Stuart, Virginia, July, 1862.
*Samuel G. French, Mississippi, August, 1862.
Carter L. Stevenson, Virginia, October, 1862.
George E. Pickett, Virginia, October, 1862.
David R. Jones, Georgia, October, 1862.
John H. Forney, Alabama, October, 1862.
Dabney H. Maury, Virginia, November, 1862.
Martin L. Smith, Florida, November, 1862.
John G. Walker, Missouri, November, 1862.
Arnold Elzey, Maryland, December, 1862.
Franklin Gardner, Louisiana, December, 1862.
Patrick R. Cleburne, Arkansas, December, 1862.
Isaac R. Trimble, Maryland, January, 1863.
Daniel S. Donelson, Tennessee, January, 1863.
W. H. C. Whiting, Mississippi, February, 1863.
Edward Johnson, Virginia, February, 1863.
Robert E. Rodes, Alabama, May, 1863.
W. H. T. Walker, Georgia, May, 1863.
Henry Heth, Virginia, May, 1863.
John S. Bowen, Missouri, May, 1863.
Robert Ransom, Jr., North Carolina, May, 1863.
William D. Pender, North Carolina, May, 1863.
Cadmus M. Wilcox, Tennessee, August, 1863.
Jeremy F. Gilmer, North Carolina, August, 1863.
Fitzhugh Lee, Virginia, August, 1863.
William Smith, Virginia, August, 1863.
Howell Cobb, Georgia, September, 1863.
John A. Wharton, Texas, November, 1863.
*William T. Martin, Mississippi, November, 1863.
Charles W. Field, Kentucky, February, 1864.
J. Patton Anderson, Florida, February, 1864.
William B. Bate, Tennessee, February, 1864.
Samuel B. Maxey, Texas, April, 1864.
*Robert F. Hoke, North Carolina, April, 1864.
W. H. F. Lee, Virginia, April, 1864.
James L. Kemper, Virginia, March, 1864.
John S. Marmaduke, Missouri, March, 1864.
*Camille J. Polignac, France, April, 1864.
James F. Fagan, Arkansas, April, 1864.
James B. Gordon, North Carolina, May, 1864.
Joseph B. Kershaw, South Carolina, May, 1864.
Bushrod R. Johnson, Tennessee, May, 1864.
Stephen D. Ramseur, North Carolina, June, 1864.
Edward C. Walthall, Mississippi, June, 1864.
Henry D. Clayton, Alabama, July, 1864.
William Mahone, Virginia, July, 1864.
John C. Brown, Tennessee, August, 1864.
*Lunsford L. Lomax, Virginia, August, 1864.
*Matthew C. Butler, South Carolina, September, 1864.
Henry W. Allen, Louisiana, ——, 1864.
John Pegram, Virginia, ——, 1864.
Ambrose R. Wright, Georgia, November, 1864.
P. M. B. Young, Georgia, December, 1864.
*Thomas L. Rosser, Texas, November, 1864.
*G. W. C. Lee, Virginia, January, 1865.
William Preston, Kentucky, January, 1865.
William B. Taliaferro, Virginia, January, 1865.
Bryan Grimes, North Carolina, February, 1865.
William W. Allen, Alabama, March, 1865.
W. Y. C. Humes, Tennessee, March, 1865.
Matt W. Ransom, North Carolina, ——, 1865.
Thomas J. Churchill, Arkansas, March, 1865.
Harry T. Hays, Louisiana, April, 1865.
*Evander M. Law, Alabama, April, 1865.
Martin W. Gary, South Carolina, 1865.

Brigadier Generals.

Charles W. Adams, Arkansas, ——, 1862.
Daniel W. Adams, Louisiana, May, 1862.
John Adams, Tennessee, December, 1862.
Wirt Adams, Mississippi, September, 1863.
*E Porter Alexander, Georgia, February, 1864.
George T. Anderson, North Carolina, June, 1862.
George T. Anderson, Georgia, November, 1862.

Joseph R. Anderson, Virginia, September, 1861.
Robert H. Anderson, Georgia, July, 1864.
Samuel R. Anderson, Tennessee, July, 1861.
James J. Archer, Maryland, June, 1862.
L. A. Armistead, Virginia, April, 1862.
*Frank C. Armstrong, Louisiana, January, 1863.
Turner Ashby, Virginia, May, 1862.
*Arthur P. Bagby, Texas, 1864.
Alpheus Baker, Alabama, March, 1864.
Lawrence S. Baker, North Carolina, July, 1863.
William E. Baldwin, Mississippi, September, 1862.
William Barksdale, Mississippi, August, 1862.
James W. Barnes, Texas, ——, 1864.
Rufus Barringer, North Carolina, June, 1864.
John D. Barry, North Carolina, August, 1864.
William S. Barry, Mississippi, ——, 1862.
Seth M. Barton, Virginia, March, 1862.
Francis S. Bartow, Georgia, July, 1861.
Cullen A. Battle, Alabama, August, 1863.
John R. Baylor, Texas, ——, 1864.
Richard L. T. Beale, Virginia, February, 1865.
W. N. R. Beall, Arkansas, April, 1862.
Barnard E. Bee, South Carolina, June, 1861.
Hamilton P. Bee, Texas, March, 1862.
Tyree H. Bell, Tennessee, November, 1863.
Henry L. Benning, Georgia, January, 1863.
Samuel Benton, Mississippi, July, 1864.
Albert G. Blanchard, Louisiana, September, 1861.
*William R. Boggs, Georgia, November, 1862.
M. L. Bonham, South Carolina, April, 1861.
*Pinckney D. Bowles, Alabama, April, 1865.
L. O'B. Branch, North Carolina, November, 1861.
William L. Brandon, Mississippi, June, 1864.
W. F. Brantley, Mississippi, July, 1864.
John Bratton, South Carolina, May, 1864.
Joseph L. Brent, Louisiana, October, 1864.
Theodore W. Brevard, Florida, March, 1865.
William M. Browne, Georgia, December, 1864.
Goode Bryan, Georgia, August, 1863.
Abraham Buford, Kentucky, September, 1862.
*Robert Bullock, Florida, November, 1864.
*William L. Cabell, Virginia, January, 1863.
Alex W. Campbell, Tennessee, March, 1864.
James Cantey, Alabama, January, 1863.
*Ellison Capers, South Carolina, November, 1864.
William H. Carroll, Tennessee, October, 1861.
John C. Carter, Tennessee, July, 1864.
James R. Chalmers, Mississippi, February, 1862.
John R. Chambliss, Jr., Virginia, December, 1863.
James Chestnut, Jr., South Carolina, April, 1864.
Robert H. Chilton, Virginia, October, 1862.
James H. Clanton, Alabama, November, 1863.
Charles Clark, Mississippi, May, 1861.
John B. Clark, Jr., Missouri, March, 1864.
Thomas L. Clingman, North Carolina, May, 1862.
Thomas R. R. Cobb, Georgia, November, 1862.
Philip St. George Cocke, Virginia, October, 1861.
*Francis M. Cockrell, Missouri, July, 1863.
Alfred H. Colquitt, Georgia, September, 1862.
Raleigh E. Colston, Virginia, December, 1861.
James Conner, South Carolina, June, 1864.
Philip Cook, Georgia, August, 1864.
John R. Cooke, North Carolina, November, 1862.
Douglas H. Cooper, Mississippi, May, 1863.
M. D. Corse, Virginia, November, 1862.
*George B. Cosby, Kentucky, January, 1863.
*John Z. Cox, Tennessee, ——, 1865.
*William R. Cox, North Carolina, May, 1864.
C. C. Crews, Georgia, ——, 1865.
*Alfred Cumming, Georgia, October, 1862.
Junius Daniel, North Carolina, September, 1862.
Henry B. Davidson, Tennessee, August, 1863.
Joseph R. Davis, Mississippi, September, 1862.
W. G. M. Davis, Florida, November, 1862.
James Dearing, Virginia, 1864.
Zachariah C. Deas, Alabama, December, 1862.
Xavier B. DeBray, Texas, April, 1864.
James Deshler, Georgia, July, 1863.
George G. Dibrell, Tennessee, July, 1864.
Archibald J. Dobbins, Arkansas, ——, 1864.
Thomas P. Dockery, Arkansas, August, 1863.
George P. Doles, Georgia, November, 1862.
Thomas F. Drayton, South Carolina, September, 1861.
Dudley M. Du Bose, Georgia, November, 1864.
*Basil W. Duke, Kentucky, September, 1864.
Johnson K. Duncan, Louisiana, January, 1862.
John Echols, Virginia, April, 1862.
M. D. Ector, Texas, August, 1862.
Stephen Elliott, Jr., South Carolina, May, 1864.
*Clement A. Evans, Georgia, May, 1864.
Nathan G. Evans, South Carolina, October, 1861.
William S. Featherston, Mississippi, March, 1862.
*Samuel W. Ferguson, Mississippi, July, 1863.
Joseph J. Finegan, Florida, April, 1862.
Jesse J. Finley, Florida, November, 1863.
John B. Floyd, Virginia, May, 1861.
John C. Fiser, Mississippi, ——, 1865.
William H. Forney, Alabama, November, 1864.
John W. Frazer, Alabama, May, 1863.
Daniel M. Frost, Missouri, March, 1862.
Burkett D. Fry, Alabama, May, 1864.
*Richard M. Gano, Kentucky, ——, 1865.
Edward W. Gantt, Arkansas, ——, 1862.
William M. Gardner, Georgia, November, 1861.
Samuel Garland, Jr., Virginia, May, 1862.
Richard B. Garnett, Virginia, November, 1861.
Robert S. Garnett, Virginia, June, 1861.
Isham W. Garrott, Alabama, May, 1863.
Lucius J. Gartrell, Georgia, August, 1864.
Richard C. Gatlin, North Carolina, July, 1861.
Samuel J. Gholson, Mississippi, May, 1864.
George C. Gibbs, North Carolina, ——, 1864.
Randall L. Gibson, Louisiana, January, 1864.
Victor J. B. Girardey, Georgia, July, 1864.
States Rights Gist, South Carolina, March, 1862.
Adley H. Gladden, Louisiana, September, 1861.
James M. Goggin, Virginia, December, 1864.
A. C. Godwin, North Carolina, August, 1864.
*George W. Gordon, Tennessee, August, 1864.
Josiah Gorgas, Alabama, November, 1864.
*Daniel C. Govan, Arkansas, December, 1863.
Archibald Gracie, Jr., Alabama, November, 1862.
Hiram B. Granberry, Texas, February, 1864.
Henry Gray, Louisiana, March, 1865.
John B. Grayson, Louisiana, August, 1861.
John Gregg, Texas, August, 1862.

Maxcy Gregg, South Carolina, December, 1861.
Martin E. Green, Missouri, July, 1862.
Thomas Green, Texas, May, 1863.
Colton Greene, Missouri, ——, 1863.
Elkanah Greer, Texas, October, 1862.
Richard Griffith, Mississippi, November, 1861.
J. Warren Grigsby, Kentucky, ——, 1864.
James Hagan, Alabama, February, 1865.
Johnson Haygood, South Carolina, July, 1862.
Moses W. Hannon, Alabama, ——, 1865.
Roger W. Hanson, Kentucky, December, 1862.
William P. Hardeman, Texas, March, 1865.
N. H. Harris, Mississippi, January, 1864.
*George P. Harrison, Jr., Georgia, February, 1865.
James E. Harrison, Texas, December, 1864.
Richard Harrison, Texas, ——, 1865.
Thomas Harrison, Texas, January, 1865.
Robert Hatton, Tennessee, May, 1862.
James M. Hawes, Kentucky, March, 1862.
Alex T. Hawthorne, Arkansas, February, 1864.
Louis Hebert, Louisiana, May, 1862.
Paul O. Hebert, Louisiana, August, 1861.
Ben Hardin Helm, Kentucky, March, 1862.
Robert J. Henderson, Georgia, ——, 1864.
Edward Higgins, Louisiana, October, 1863.
Benjamin J. Hill, Tennessee, October, 1864.
George B. Hodge, Kentucky, November, 1863.
Joseph S. Hogg, Texas, February, 1862.
William J. Hoke, North Carolina, ——, 1865.
James T. Holtzclaw, Alabama, July, 1864.
Benjamin G. Humphreys, Mississippi, August, 1863.
*Eppa Hunton, Virginia, August, 1863.
John D. Imboden, Virginia, January, 1863.
*Alfred Iverson, Jr., Georgia, November, 1862.
Sidney D. Jackman, Missouri, February, 1865.
Henry R. Jackson, Georgia, June, 1861.
John K. Jackson, Georgia, January, 1862.
William H. Jackson, Tennessee, December, 1862.
William L. Jackson, Virginia, September, 1864.
Albert G. Jenkins, Virginia, August, 1862.
Micah Jenkins, South Carolina, July, 1862.
*Adam R. Johnson, Texas, August, 1864.
Bradley T. Johnson, Maryland, June, 1864.
*George D. Johnston, Alabama, July, 1864.
*Robert D. Johnston, North Carolina, September, 1863.
A. C. Jones, Tennessee, ——, 1865.
John M. Jones, Virginia, May, 1863.
John R. Jones, Virginia, June, 1862.
William E. Jones, Virginia, September, 1862.
Thomas Jordan, Virginia, April, 1862.
James H. Kelly, Alabama, November, 1863.
John D. Kennedy, South Carolina, Deecember, 1864.
*William H. King, Georgia, April, 1864.
*William W. Kirkland, North Carolina, August, 1863.
Julius A. DeLagnel, Virginia, April, 1862.
James H. Lane, North Carolina, November, 1862.
Walter P. Lane, Texas, March, 1865.
Alex R. Lawton, Georgia, April, 1861.
Danville Leadbetter, Alabama, February, 1862.
Edwin G. Lee, Virginia, September, 1864.
Collette Leventhorpe, North Carolina, February, 1865.
Joseph H. Lewis, Kentucky, September, 1863.
L. M. Lewis, Missouri, November, 1864.
William G. Lewis, North Carolina, May, 1864.
St. John R. Liddell, Louisiana, July, 1862.
Robert D. Lilley, Virginia, May, 1864.
Henry Little, Missouri, April, 1862.
*Thomas M. Logan, South Carolina, February, 1865.
Armistead L. Long, Virginia, September, 1863.
Mark P. Lowrey, Mississippi, October, 1863.
*Robert Lowry, Mississippi, February, 1865.
Hylan B. Lyon, Kentucky, June, 1864.
Hinchie P. Mabry, Texas, March, 1862.
William W. Mackall, Maryland, February, 1862.
Robert P. MacLay, Arkansas, 1865.
William MacRae, North Carolina, June, 1864.
James P. Major, Missouri, July, 1863.
George Maney, Tennessee, April, 1862.
Arthur M. Manigault, South Carolina, April, 1863.
Humphrey Marshall, Kentucky, October, 1861.
John Marshall, Texas, ——, 1865.
James G. Martin, North Carolina, May, 1862.
John D. Martin, Mississippi, ——, 1865.
*John McCausland, Virginia, May, 1864.
*William McComb, Tennessee, January, 1865.
*Thomas H. McCray, Arkansas, 1863.
Benjamin McCulloch, Texas, May, 1861.
Henry E. McCulloch, Texas, March, 1862.
Samuel McGowan, South Carolina, January, 1863.
James M. McIntosh, Florida, January, 1862.
James A. McMurray, Tennessee.
Evander McNair, Arkansas, November, 1862.
Dandridge McRae, Arkansas, November, 1862.
Hugh W. Mercer, Georgia, October, 1861.
*William R. Miles, Louisiana, ——, 1864.
*William Miller, Florida, August, 1864.
Young M. Moody, Alabama, March, 1865.
*John C. Moore, Texas, May, 1862.
Patrick T. Moore, Virginia, May, 1864.
S. P. Moore, South Carolina, ——, 1865.
John H. Morgan, Kentucky, December, 1862.
John T. Morgan, Alabama, November, 1863.
Alfred Mouton, Louisiana, April, 1862.
*Thomas T. Munford, Virginia, November, 1864.
Allison Nelson, Texas, September, 1862.
*Francis T. Nicholls, Louisiana, October, 1862.
Edward A. O'Neal, Alabama, June, 1863.
Richard L. Page, Virginia, March, 1864.
Joseph B. Palmer, Tennessee, November, 1864.
Mosby M. Parsons, Missouri, November, 1862.
William H. Payne, Virginia, November, 1864.
Elisha F. Paxton, Virginia, November, 1862.
William R. Peck, Louisiana, February, 1865.
William N. Pendleton, Virginia, March, 1862.
Abner Perrin, South Carolina, September, 1863.
Edward A. Perry, Florida, August, 1862.
William F. Perry, Alabama, February, 1865.
James J. Pettigrew, North Carolina, February, 1862.
Edmund W. Pettus, Alabama, September, 1863.
Charles W. Phifer, Arkansas, 1862.
Albert Pike, Arkansas, August, 1861.
Gideon J. Pillow, Tennessee, July, 1861.
Lucius E. Polk, Arkansas, December, 1862.
Carnot Posey, Mississippi, November, 1862.
John S. Preston, South Carolina, June, 1864.
*Roger A. Pryor, Virginia, April, 1862.
William A. Quarles, Tennessee, August, 1863.

Gabriel J. Rains, North Carolina, September, 1861.
George W. Rains, Georgia, ——, 1865.
James E. Rains, Tennessee, November, 1862.
Horace Randal, Texas, April, 1864.
George W. Randolph, Virginia, February, 1862.
John C. Reid, Alabama, ——, 1864.
Arthur E. Reynolds, Mississippi, March, 1865.
Alex W. Reynolds, Virginia, September, 1863.
Daniel H. Reynolds, Arkansas, March, 1864.
Robert V. Richardson, Tennessee, December, 1863.
Roswell S. Ripley, South Carolina, August, 1861.
J. Selden Roane, Arkansas, March, 1862.
*William P. Roberts, North Carolina, February, 1865.
*Beverley H. Robertson, Virginia, June, 1862.
*Felix H. Robertson, Texas, July, 1864.
Jerome B. Robertson, Texas, November, 1862.
Philip D. Roddey, Alabama, August, 1863.
Lawrence S. Ross, Texas, December, 1863.
Reuben R. Ross, Texas, ——, 1865.
Daniel Ruggles, Virginia, August, 1861.
W. W. Russell, Alabama, ——, 1864.
Albert Rust, Arkansas, March, 1862.
John C. C. Sanders, Alabama, May, 1864.
Alfred M. Scales, North Carolina, June, 1863.
Thomas M. Scott, Louisiana, May, 1864.
William R. Scurry, Texas, September, 1862.
Claudius W. Sears, Mississippi, March, 1864.
Paul J. Semmes, Georgia, March, 1862.
Jacob H. Sharp, Mississippi, July, 1864.
Joseph O. Shelby, Missouri, December, 1863.
Charles M. Shelley, Alabama, September, 1864.
William P. Shindler, South Carolina, ——, 1865.
Francis A. Shoup, Florida, September, 1862.
James P. Simms, Georgia, November, 1864.
W. Y. Slack, Missouri, April, 1862.
Henry H. Sibley, Louisiana, June, 1861.
James E. Slaughter, Virginia, March, 1862.
James A. Smith, Tennessee, September, 1863.
Preston Smith, Tennessee, October, 1862.
*Thomas B. Smith, Tennessee, July, 1864.
William D. Smith, Georgia, July, 1862.
John L. T. Sneed, Tennessee, May, 1861.
G. Moxley Sorrel, Georgia, October, 1864.
Leroy A. Stafford, Louisiana, October, 1863.
Peter B. Starke, Mississippi, November, 1864.
William E. Starke, Louisiana, August, 1862.
William Steele, Texas, September, 1862.
George H. Steuart, Maryland, March, 1862.
A. E. Steen, Missouri, April, 1862.
Clement H. Stevens, South Carolina, January, 1864.
Walter H. Stevens, Virginia, August, 1864.
Isaac M. St. John, Georgia, February, 1865.
Marcellus A. Stovall, Georgia, January, 1863.
Otho F. Strahl, Tennessee, July, 1863.
James C. Tappan, Arkansas, November, 1862.
Thomas H. Taylor, Kentucky, November, 1862.
James B. Terrill, Virginia, May, 1864.
William Terry, Virginia, May, 1864.
William R. Terry, Virginia, May, 1864.
*Allen Thomas, Louisiana, February, 1864.
Bryan M. Thomas, Louisiana, August, 1864.
Edward L. Thomas, Georgia, November, 1862.
M. Jeff Thompson, Missouri, ——, 1861.
Lloyd Tilghman, Kentucky, October, 1861.
Robert Toombs, Georgia, July, 1861.
Thomas F. Toon, North Carolina, May, 1864.
Edward D. Tracy, Georgia, August, 1862.
James H. Trapier, South Carolina, October, 1861.
William F. Tucker, Mississippi, March, 1864.
Robert C. Tyler, Tennessee, February, 1864.
Robert B. Vance, North Carolina, March, 1863.
Alfred J. Vaughan, Tennessee, November, 1863.
John C. Vaughn, Tennessee, September, 1862.
John B. Villepigue, South Carolina, March, 1862.
William B. Wade, North Carolina, January, 1863.
*Henry H. Walker, Virginia, July, 1863.
James A. Walker, Virginia, May, 1863.
Lucius M. Walker, Tennessee, March, 1862.
Leroy P. Walker, Alabama, September, 1861.
R. Lindsay Walker, Virginia, February, 1865.
William S. Walker, Florida, October, 1862.
William C. Wickham, Virginia, September, 1863.
Stand Watie, Indian Territory, May, 1864.
Richard Waterhouse, Jr., Texas, March, 1865.
Thomas N. Waul, Texas, September, 1863.
Henry A. Wise, Virginia, June, 1861.
David A. Weisiger, Virginia, May, 1864.
Gabriel C. Wharton, Virginia, July, 1863.
John W. Whitfield, Texas, May, 1863.
William C. Wickham, Virginia, September, 1863.
Louis T. Wigfall, Texas, October, 1861.
John S. Williams, Kentucky, April, 1862.
Edward Willis, Georgia, ——, 1864.
Claudius C. Wilson, Georgia, November, 1863.
Charles S. Winder, Maryland, March, 1862.
John H. Winder, Maryland, June, 1861.
Henry A. Wise, Virginia, June, 1861.
Sterling A. M. Wood, Alabama, January, 1862.
William T. Wofford, Georgia, January, 1863.
Gilbert J. Wright, Georgia, ——, 1864.
*Marcus J. Wright, Tennessee, December, 1862.
Zebulon York, Louisiana, May, 1864.
William H. Young, Texas, August, 1864.
Felix K. Zollicoffer, Tennessee, July, 1861.

The above shows that there were eight full generals, nineteen lieutenant generals, eighty-one major generals, and three hundred and sixty-seven brigadier generals. The total number of general officers was four hundred and seventy-five.

First Cabinet of President Davis.

It seems well in connection with the complete list of Confederate generals to publish the list of Cabinet officers first appointed by President Davis, of which he states: "Unincumbered by any other consideration than the public welfare, having no friends to reward or enemies to punish, it resulted that not one of those who formed my first Cabinet had borne to me the relation of close personal friendship or had political claims upon me; indeed, with two of them I had no personal acquaintance."

The members were: R. W. Barnwell was first chosen for Secretary of State, but having declined, the tender was made to Robert Toombs, of Georgia; S. R. Mallory, of Florida was appointed Secretary of the Navy; Judah P. Benjamin of Louisiana, was selected for Attorney General; John H. Reagan, of Texas, for Postmaster General; C. G. Memminger of South Carolina, for Secretary of the Treasury; Leroy Pope Walker, of Alabama, for Secretary of War.

MONUMENT TO ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

LETTER FROM JEFFERSON DAVIS CONCERNING IT.

A strange circumstance occurs by the receipt of an original letter, sent through Mr. C. W. Toliver, of Birmingham, Ala., from Jefferson Davis in behalf of a monument to Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston at Shiloh. The letter is evidently to a committee at Memphis at that time inaugurating a monument movement as indicated. It is a remarkable coincidence that the United Daughters of the Confederacy are now so diligently engaged in this particular work, nearly thirty years after its inauguration. The VETERAN is not informed as to what was done in Memphis at the time; but it gives credit to the small Chapter U. D. C. at Savannah, Tenn., for starting the movement that has since been taken up by the General U. D. C. and for which $500 is being appropriated annually. The editor recalls with pride how cordially his suggestion was taken up in San Francisco in 1905 to have one grand monument on the Shiloh battlefield surmounted by a figure of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston.

BEAUVOIR, HARRISON COUNTY, MISS., June 21, 1878.

Gentlemen: Your letter of the 10th inst was forwarded from Memphis, and received here after some consequent delay. I regret that it will not be practicable for me to be present at your proposed meeting on the 29th inst. The object which you have in view is most highly appreciated, and commends itself to me by every dictate of duty and feeling of gratitude.

The eventful field of Shiloh must ever be memorable and awaken in the hearts of Confederates mingled sentiments of pride and sorrow. The heroism of our soldiers, the success of their desperate assaults, the skill with which they were led by that noble gentleman and great general, Albert Sidney Johnston, must ever be reverted to by us with proud enthusiasm. Many accounts by those best informed lead us to the conclusion that victory was within the grasp of our army at the moment when the great leader fell. That the bones of the men who died there should lie bleaching on the field where with their lifeblood they sealed their devotion to their country is a reflection on all the best instincts of our nature, and it has been to me a matter of equal surprise and regret that our countrymen have not sooner attempted to raise a monument to those who gave all of earth for us and who could have looked forward to no other reward than securing to posterity the liberties to which we were born. To the great general who fell while leading his troops to the last charge, which was believed to be necessary to render the victory complete, far less than the honors which were due to him have, I think, thus far been accorded; and no small honor should be awarded you for being the first to commemorate his services by a monument on the battlefield which he and his brave comrades made illustrious.



U. S. GOVERNMENT MONUMENT TO GEN. A. S. JOHNSTON.
Erected near the spot where he died on the battlefield.

Not for vain display, not for personal glory, but to achieve an essential object to which his personal leading would contribute, he gave his life a willing sacrifice. Those who know not how he rejected the most flattering propositions from our enemy and under what extraordinary difficulties he came to join our service will little heed the idea that he became reckless of life under the goading of ignorant and unjust criticism.

A long and very intimate acquaintance with Gen. A. S. Johnston in academic, garrison, and campaign associations enables me to form a confident opinion as to the motives which would govern him in any case and which influenced him in the last act of his life. Of calm judgment, concentrated will, and iron nerve, he was as little likely as any man I have ever known to be influenced by popular clamor.

When he could not effectively resist, he retreated, watchful of an opportunity to assume the offensive. When he saw a prospect of beating one of the armies of the enemy before the other could join it, he promptly availed himself of the occasion thus afforded. When he saw the key of battle obstinately held and felt that to seize it was to insure success, he rode forward under the high inspiration of duty, regardless of personal consequences. When he received the wound which proved fatal, he recked not of it, for his thoughts were of his troops, of the defenseless people he was striving to protect, of the cause to which he was devoted, thus neglecting himself—the only neglect which justice can ever lay at the door of that man, as great as he was good and as good as he was great. In looking back to form an estimate of the consequences, had he achieved a complete victory at Shiloh, who shall say he overrated the value of the issue therein involved?

I trust that your labors will be successful, and that your monument will be worthy of the heroic dead who died for us, and that it will fitly commemorate their patriotism and their valor. Upon the monument to be raised future generations may read the names of some fallen brave whose last resting place no tombstone marks, and remote posterity may draw inspiration from the fact of consanguinity to those whose memory you perpetuate. Your work is not like that of one performed by a government doing honor to its professional soldiery, but it is that of citizens manifesting respect to brothers who left the walks of civil life to defend their common homes and altars.

Every profession, trade, and pursuit in our land was represented in that army for defense, and all are called upon to unite in your work with the sympathy of countrymen and the especial feeling for their own order also. Be assured, gentlemen, of my earnest coöperation with you as well in the manner you indicate as in any other in which I may hope to efficiently serve you. Again regretting my inability to be present at your meeting as invited, believe me to be, with grateful acknowledgments of your kind consideration, yours faithfully,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

SONG ON MORGAN, THE RAIDER.—Mrs. O. P. Eldred, President Chapter U. D. C., writes from Princeton, Ky.: "One of your readers asks where to find a poem with these lines:

'Morgan, Morgan, the raider,
And Morgan's terrible men.'

They are in 'Kentucky Belle,' which I have often heard recited, and in 'Series of Recitations and Readings,' paper covers."

STORY OF A CUBAN GIRL.

BY GEORGE M. MANN, COLUMBUS, OHIO.

The steamer Whitney left Havana Harbor April 6, 1899, for Tampa, Fla. The boat was advertised to leave at 12 M., but did not leave until 6 P.M. The delay was caused by the late arrival of the 4th Virginia Volunteer Infantry. A government official had secured transportation on the Whitney for the Virginia regiment. There were also several squads of Ohio soldiers returning home on the vessel. The steamer was anchored in the bay, and all passengers were brought to the Whitney in big rowboats and small tugs. I was with the returning Ohio soldiers, and was standing on the upper deck of the steamer watching the landing of the delayed Virginians, when I noticed a little Cuban girl in a rowboat, accompanied by a lady and an oarsman. The little girl was clapping her hands and throwing kisses to some one on board the steamer. An American lady who was standing near me was waving her handkerchief at the little girl, while tears were rolling down her cheeks. When the Cuban girl and the American lady met on board the steamer, they hugged and kissed each other, and both were weeping—an unusual sight—an American woman and a Cuban girl fondly embracing each other and both shedding tears. What did it mean?

The lady was Mrs. McFerrin, of Oliver Springs, Tenn. Her son, Col. Harvey H. Hannah, was commander of the 4th Tennessee Volunteer Infantry, and also Military Governor of Santa Clara Province, Cuba. Mrs. McFerrin had been visiting her son. The 4th Tennessee was stationed at Sancti Spiritus, Cuba, and Mrs. McFerrin occupied a tent at the camp. She was now returning to the United States on board the Whitney. The little girl's name was Lorena Marie Lacarada Pardrone. She was the daughter of a Cuban patriot.

Mrs. McFerrin told me that when she arrived at her son's quarters at the camp of the 4th Tennessee Regiment at Sancti Spiritus she "found this sweet, sad-faced child in the camp." Through an interpreter she learned that the little girl's father was a Cuban soldier who died from the effects of a wound that he received in battle; that soon after the father's death her mother became seriously ill. Lorena went to the soldiers to get a candle—"the light of faith"—for her dying mother; but when she returned with the candle, her poor mother was dead.

Mrs. McFerrin became interested in the child, and tenderly helped the little orphan and did all she could to relieve her distress. Lorena soon learned to love the good, kind American woman, and Mrs. McFerrin loved the little Cuban dearly. She wanted to adopt her; and as Lorena had no home, she shared her tent with her for eight weeks.

On March 29 Mrs. McFerrin left the camp of the 4th Tennessee, taking Lorena with her. She was going with her adopted child to her Tennessee home. At that date, before leaving Cuba, one had to go to the board of health and get a vaccination certificate. Mrs. McFerrin did not learn of this until she arrived at Havana the morning of the day she was to leave on the steamer. Her vessel would leave at noon. She went at once with Lorena to the health office, and was told that the child could not leave for the United States until she was vaccinated. Mrs. McFerrin was exempt, having been vaccinated just before coming to Cuba. Tickets had been purchased for passage on the steamer Whitney, and the arrangement for their departure had been made in such a way that the trip could not be postponed without considerable additional expense and great inconvenience to others.

The boat would soon leave, and the little Cuban girl, who had learned to love this kind American woman, could not leave because she had not been vaccinated. What could the poor woman do? "It was a trying hour," said Mrs. McFerrin.

Lorena learned of their predicament; and fearing that she would be permanently separated from her kind frend, trembled with emotion, saying in Spanish: "Do not leave me! Please do not leave me!"



LORENA.

The situation was explained to the officer in charge of the health office, with an earnest appeal to give Lorena a "good health certificate," as she had not been exposed to smallpox. "No! She must be vaccinated; and she cannot be vaccinated until office hours, 2 to 4 P.M.," was the stern reply. This would be two hours after the departure of the steamer.

Mrs. McFerrin learned of a mission home in Havana. She hurried with Lorena to the home. Here arrangements were made to have the child vaccinated and remain there until she could be sent for. It was all made clear to Lorena, and Mrs. McFerrin bade her an affectionate farewell and hurried to her steamer, not expecting to see her again for several weeks.

That dear little orphan girl should not have been separated from her loving protector. We sometimes find foolish rulings, with fools to execute them—fellows who will strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.

If the official who refused to issue a good health certificate to Lorena had been a broad-gauge man, he would have ignored the fool rules, precedents, and red tape, and given her a good health certificate; and if that were impossible, if he had been a sympathetic and resourceful man—a man big enough for the place—he could have put the child in a big basket, covered her over with the stars and stripes, and had the basket and contents carried on board the steamer.

But all's well that ends well. Fortunately the steamer was detained, as stated above, and Lorena received a vaccination certificate in time to join her loving protector before her departure. I shall never forget, and the passengers who witnessed their meeting and greeting will never forget, how this affectionate and appreciative Cuban child threw her little brown arms around Mrs. McFerrin's neck and shed tears of joy—tears that were more eloquent than words.

The above narrative was written in May, 1899, after my return from Cuba, for an Ohio journal. This summer, while in Bedford, I sent a copy of the narrative to Mrs. McFerrin, and wrote to her, making some inquiry about the little dark-eyed Cuban damsel. The answer follows:

"OLIVER SPRINGS, TENN., July 31, 1906.

"My Dear Mr. Mann: Of course I remember you, and have often wondered if I should ever again see any of those who

came over from Cuba with us, and can assure you I was so glad to get the copy of the newspaper article you sent me. * * *

"Yes, Lorena is still with me, and she is considered one of the most beautiful girls in our village, and she is as good as she is beautiful. Her devotion to me is truly lovely; but I will lose her now, as she recently married Mr. John C. Walker, a corporal in the 10th Infantry, U. S. A.

"After I brought Lorena home, she said: 'Mamma, America dead.' (You know it was a late spring, and the trees were dead, so far as the leaves were concerned, especially to Lorena, coming from a tropical and always green island.) 'No!' I said, 'America is not dead, but sleeping.' A few weeks later she ran into the house and said, 'Mamma, mamma, America waking up; come see;' and she pointed to the trees, which had begun to put forth their green leaves.

"I do wish you could see her, Mr. Mann. Come soon, as Lorena leaves in a few weeks for Chattanooga.

"My son, Colonel Hannah, is at present Adjutant General of Tennessee. * * * You will see by the engraving that I am a veteran of two wars. My husband wore the gray and my son wore the blue."

The newspaper clipping Mrs. McFerrin inclosed in her letter gives some interesting facts about a recent Reunion of the Confederate Veterans. One of the items says that Mrs. McFerrin's father, Hon. George F. Gerding, came to this country from Germany in his early manhood. He settled in New York, where he became one of the leading dry goods merchants of his time. He was United States Minister to Belgium and Consul General to Baden-Baden. While in Germany he conceived the idea of establishing a colony in the mountains of Tennessee. He removed to Tennessee from New York in 1849, founded Wartburg, and brought to East Tennessee 20,000 German immigrants.

Mrs. McFerrin's first husband was Maj. John H. Hannah, of the 19th Confederate Regiment, a gallant soldier of the War between the States. After his death, she married Dr. R. A. McFerrin, a prominent physician of Oliver Springs.

OLD BLANDFORD CHURCH.

The following lines were written by a lady in 1841, suggestive of the old church and its environments:

"Thou art crumbling to the dust, old pile,
Thou art hastening to thy fall;
And round thee in thy loneliness
Clings the ivy to the wall.
The worshipers are scattered now
Who knelt before thy shrine,
And silence reigns where anthems rose
In days of 'Auld Lang Syne.'

And sadly sighs the wandering wind,
Where oft in years gone by
Prayers rose from many hearts to Him,
The highest of the high.
The tramp of many a busy foot
That sought thy aisles is o'er,
And many a weary heart around
Is still for evermore.

How doth ambition's hope take wings!
How drops the spirit now!
We hear the distant city's din;
The dead are mute below.
The sun that shone upon their paths
Now gilds their lonely graves;
The zephyrs which once fanned their brows
The grass above them waves.

O! could we call the many back
Who gathered here in vain,
Who've careless roved where we do now,
Who'll never meet again,
How would our weary souls be stirred
To meet the earnest gaze
Of the lovely and the beautiful,
The light of other days!"



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE CHURCH, 1907.

The picture here given of the interior of old Blandford Church shows the four memorial windows already placed through contributions from four States, Missouri, Virginia, Louisiana (Washington Artillery), and North Carolina. It is hoped that others will also contribute, so that each State of the Confederacy may be represented by a memorial window in this church. The cost of each window is only $400. Contributions can be sent to Mrs. George W. Cardwell, 257 Main Street, Petersburg, Va.

MAHONE'S MEN AT THE CRATER.—R. W. Jones, of Laurel, Miss., controverts the statement by B. F. Phillips, page 490 November VETERAN. Mr. Jones quotes from Mr. Phillips's article and designates it as "unwarranted:" "Early on that morning Mahone's old brigade charged to retake our breastworks, which had been captured by a division of negroes, who rushed into the Crater soon after the explosion of the mine. Mahone's men failing to retake the breastworks, they rushed into the left of the Crater." In commenting upon this he writes: "This statement with regard to one of the most desperate battles of the war is so contrary to the facts of history that the VETERAN should not have published it. See General Mahone's account of the battle, Gen. R. E. Lee's congratulatory order, Lieut. Col. W. H. Stewart's account of it; also 'War Talks of Confederate Veterans,' by Hon. Geo. S. Bernard, Petersburg, Va., and about one hundred and fifty survivors of that wonderful victory won by Mahone's old brigade. You might as well publish that Stonewall Jackson's Brigade failed to stand their ground on the First Manassas field and that Pickett's Division refused to charge at Gettysburg. I am sure you will do the proper credit to Mahone's Brigade when your attention is called to this error."

The Crater is near an extended street from old Blandford Church.



O Dixie, weep!
Another veteran's laid him down to rest;
The trees he loved, in silver mosses dressed,
Keep guard above his sleep.

The sky bends blue above,
The sunshine warm and bright, his own Southland,
Throws o'er his couch with tender, lingering hand
A glittering pall of love.

He resteth well!
Life's battles bravely fought and nobly won.
He laid him down content at set of sun,
As twilight shadows fell.

Above his quiet bed
The quail calls to its mate so loud and clear,
And all the forest sounds so loved, so dear
Around him spread.

He does not hear,
E'en though his fair young daughters sorrowing come
And scatter bridal blossoms o'er his tomb,
Bedewed with many a tear.

And though she plead
Whose name was woven in the fibers of his heart,
She who had never called in vain, though teardrops start,
He does not heed.

Dixie, of all thy brave
Who followed where thy stainless banner led,
No braver heart e'er beat, no nobler head
E'er rested in a grave.

Asleep! At rest!
How calm and sweet thy weary sons repose,
Safe from all grief, all danger, and all foes,
O Dixie, on thy breast!

[The foregoing was written by Minnie A. Sanderson in a tribute to F. C. Sollee, published in November (1907) VETERAN, but is applicable to head this department.—EDITOR.]

H. C. MONTROY.

Report comes from Coahoma, Miss., that Comrade H. C. Montroy, a prominent planter in Coahoma County, anticipating that his end was near, said: "Daughter, get out my Confederate uniform. I am going to die, and I want to be buried in my suit of gray." One week later the lips that uttered them ceased speaking, and death came as a relief from a bullet wound that plowed through his right leg in the war. "He died from the effects of gangrene caused from that wound."

Mr. Montroy underwent an operation. His son, Edgar Montroy, of Friar's Point, Miss., and the daughter, Mrs. Howard, with whom he resided at his home, in Coahoma, were with him and ministered to his wants during the last hours.

When quite a young man Mr. Montroy entered the Confederate service, and fought gallantly to the end. He received six wounds, all of which healed except the one in his right leg near the knee, and ever afterwards he complained of pain from it. One week before his death, while in the field, he remarked to the hands that his knee pained him very much, that he was going home and that he never expected to be with them any more. Returning to the residence, he told his daughter that which is quoted above. She summoned a physician, who advised her to send him to Memphis for an operation, which proved fatal. Mr. Montroy was sixty-six years of age at the time of his death.

COL. E. LESLIE SPENCE.

Col. E. Leslie Spence, a prominent Confederate veteran of Richmond and a successful business man, died at his home October 24, 1907, his death due to Bright's disease.

The Times-Dispatch states:

"Few men in Richmond were better known that Colonel Spence. He was honored and loved among those with whom he came in contact. In business he was straightforward and won the esteem of his patrons. He and his son, E. Leslie Spence, Jr., conducted an insurance business most satisfactorily. Colonel Spence was born in 1841, and always lived in Richmond except when bearing arms four years in defense of his home and his people. When the war began, he was a member of the Richmond Grays, the first company to leave the city for battle in the Civil War. In the battle at Crampton's Gap, Md., a musket ball pierced his neck and was extracted from the opposite side of his body, disabling him for military duty for over a year. He was wounded again at Hatcher's Run. He was paroled April 10, 1865, at Appomattox C. H., having served unremittingly as a private in the ranks during the



COL. E. LESLIE SPENCE.

whole war. When the Richmond Grays was reorganized after the war, he became captain of the company.

"Some years after he took command of Company E, 1st Regiment Infantry, which position he held until promoted to

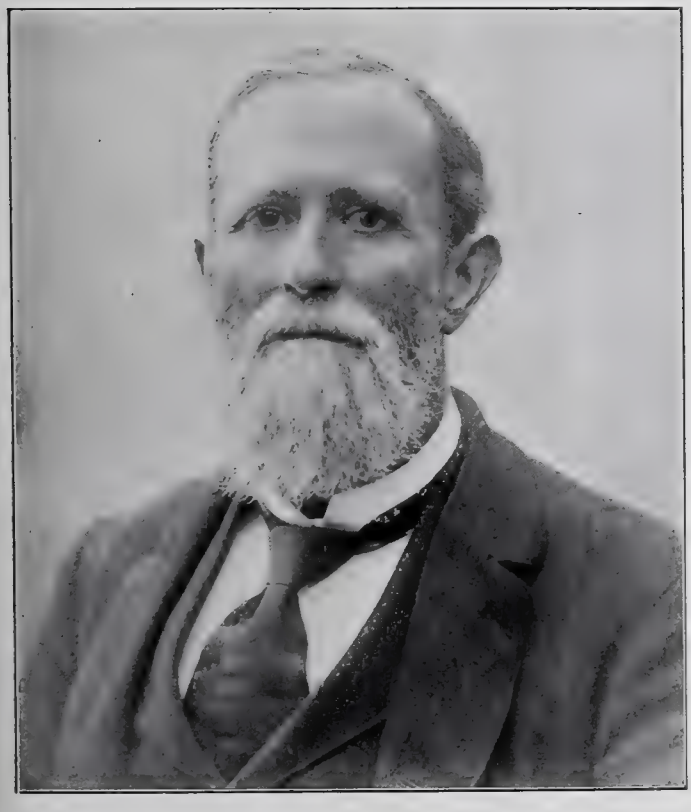
major on the staff of Brig. Gen. A. L. Phillips, Virginia Volunteers. He was also Past Commander of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, C. V., and gave much time and thought to the preservation of the history of the Confederate cause. Early in life he consecrated his best endeavors to the service of God, and was an active and influential member of the Baptist Church.

"He was remarkably energetic and enterprising in business, and in all the vicissitudes of good and bad fortune faithful to every trust, enjoying the love and confidence of all good men. Positive and impulsive, even somewhat combative in temperament, utterly intolerant of meanness, he was liberal in sentiment and amenable to reason and honest difference of opinion, of buoyant spirits and tender sympathies, and with 'a hand open as the day to melting charity.'

"Colonel Spence was married three times, and is survived by his widow and two sons. The funeral took place from Grove Avenue Baptist Church, and the burial was in Hollywood."

Dr. John P. Hampton.

Dr. John P. Hampton, one of the oldest and most prominent citizens of Huntsville, Ala., fell asleep on June 8, 1907. Doctor Hampton was born in Lawrence County, Ala., January 22, 1825. He graduated from Lagrange Military Academy. He moved to Monroe (now Clay) County, Miss., and while



DR. S. P. HAMPTON.

engaged in farming there he studied medicine under Dr. Clapp, graduating from the Pennsylvania Medical College in 1850.

At the outbreak of the Civil War he entered the Confederate army as a private. He organized a company of infantry, and was elected its captain. This became Company F, of the 43d Mississippi Regiment, under Col. William H. Moore. He was in all of the battles fought by that regiment up to that at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864, where he was severely wounded, losing his right foot, and he was made a prisoner. He was kindly cared for by Mrs. John McGavock, and while here, wounded and a prisoner, a lady cousin of his came, prepared to help him escape; but he refused to accept his freedom because his escape would have caused the removal of the other prisoners, many of whom were in such a critical condition that moving them would have been certain death.

From the McGavock home he was carried to Nashville (where he received many kindnesses from Father Ryan), and from there to Camp Chase, Ohio, where he was still imprisoned when the war closed. He was made major just before the battle of Franklin, but was wounded and taken prisoner before receiving his commission. He was acting as lieutenant colonel in that desperate charge between the railroad and the pike.

After the war Dr. Hampton with several others contributed several hundred dollars toward the expense of conveying and removing the Confederate dead from the battlefield to the McGavock Cemetery. In 1872 he removed with his family to Madison County, Ala., where he continued to reside until his death. He first married Miss Amanda Evans, of Monroe County, Miss., who lived only a few years. His second wife was Miss Susan A. Burt, of Lowndes County, Miss., who died in 1856, leaving three children, John M. and William Burt, of Madison County, Ala., and P. H. Hampton, now residing in Lincoln County, Tenn. In 1868 he married Miss Mary T. Battle, of Madison County, Ala., who died in May, 1884, leaving no children.

Dr. Hampton's grandfather, Samuel Hampton, who fought for American independence, and Gen. Wade Hampton, of Revolutionary fame, were descendants of Sir John Hampton, from whom Hampton Roads receives its name. Dr. Hampton had in his possession several bonds of the State of North Carolina issued in 1780, which were given to his grandfather for services in the Continental army and which were never redeemed.

His was a life as full of useful deeds and active good as it was of honorable years. He was a man who in all the relations of life gave his fellow-man an example of the ideal citizen. He always promptly answered the call of duty, bravely met the responsibilities of life and faithfully discharged them. He was not only a man of convictions but courage, yet was ever considerate of the opinions of those who differed from him. He was loyal to his Church, faithful to his country, true to his friends, obliging to his neighbors, devoted and tenderly affectionate in his family, and had lived, as he died, a consistent Christian. For fifty years he was deacon in the Baptist Church, and for twenty-one years he was Moderator of the Liberty Baptist Association. Twice he represented Madison County in the Legislature. He was a zealous Mason, for years serving his lodge as Worshipful Master. He was also interested in agriculture, and was President of the old Farmers' Club of Madison County, and under his wise leadership his county for many years won the first prize in the State fairs.

The last seventeen years of his life were devoted almost exclusively to the service of his Church and the people of his county and State. He was intensely interested in the cause of education, and accomplished much in that line. He was a devoted Confederate and a member of the Egbert Jones Camp, at Huntsville, and a faithful friend and subscriber to the Confederate Veteran from its infancy. B. W. H.

Allison.—Death came suddenly to Comrade W. T. Allison on the morning of October 28 at the home of his daughter, Mrs. James Blocker, of Woodbury, Tex. He was a native of Tennessee, born and reared near Nashville. At the age

of seventeen he enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of Captain Allison's company of the 45th Tennessee Regiment. He was wounded in the battle of Shiloh and discharged from service. His wound was in the leg, and his thigh bone so broken up that all the pieces could not be gotten out; so he was troubled afterwards by their working out. He had to lie flat on his back for six months. Comrade Allison was married in 1864 to Miss Mary W. Jordan, and of their ten children seven survive him with the mother. He went to Texas in 1882, and was well known in his county and highly respected.

GEORGE GOODLOE.

George Goodloe was born in Caroline County, Va., in 1833; and died near Shelbyville, Ky., November 30, 1907. He was a son of Jernean and Eliza Thornton Goodloe. He was married to a Miss Brown, of Kentucky, twenty-five years ago.

Declining a captaincy, Comrade Goodloe served for a while in an Alabama regiment, and was then in a Virginia regiment. In one of the fights in front of Richmond his company suffered very heavily. Three horses were shot under him. Many shots went through his clothes during the your years. He had two brothers and a brother-in-law in the service, but none of them were seriously wounded.

The Shelby (Ky.) Record says of Comrade Goodloe: "Quiet, unassuming, gentle, kind, and hospitable, an honest, upright man, one who had many friends and not an enemy on earth, was Mr. George Goodloe. Terms of praise used in articles in the newspapers announcing the death of prominent citizens are frequently fulsome and overdrawn, but nothing that is good could be said of Mr. Goodloe but those who knew him best know to be deserved. He was born in Caroline County, Va., in 1833. In March, 1861, he enlisted in Company K, 3d Alabama Infantry, C. S. A., at Mobile. He served as a valiant soldier until Lee's surrender at Appomattox, being in most of the great battles in Virginia. He had suffered for years from an ailment; and hoping for relief, he was taken to Norton Infirmary, in Louisville, where he underwent a surgical operation; but it did not cure, and he gradually grew weaker to the end. Mr. Goodloe came to Shelby County to live in 1866, after his marriage to Miss Jennie Brown, a sister of John and Sam Brown, who during their lifetime were wealthy and influential citizens of Mulberry. His wife survives him, as does a sister, who resides in Mississippi. He was an officer of the Presbyterian Church, and also a member of John Waller Camp, U. C. V."

HINSON.—James Henry Hinson was born in Richmond County, Va., in 1845; and died at his home, near Templeman, on July 6, 1907. He enlisted in Company D, 40th Virginia Infantry, in 1863. After the fall of Richmond he was left on picket duty with others, as a blind to the enemy, while the regiment withdrew to join the retreating army, and was thus captured by the advancing foe, being released only after the cessation of hostilities. Although reared in the humbler walks of life, with no personal interests involved and no ambition to urge him on to duty, those who were with him state that he was ever a brave and faithful soldier. As a citizen, he was conscientious, honest, and honorable.

LONG.—Report comes of the death of Lieut. Green B. Long at the Confederate Home at Higginsville, Mo., on October 22, in his sixty-ninth year. He was second lieutenant of Company F, 11th Virginia Infantry, and was badly wounded in the left arm. He was a gallant soldier and a Christian.

DR. R. D. SPALDING.

Robert David Spalding, of Atlanta, Ga., died in the residence of Mr. Jack Spalding, his cousin, Friday night, November 29. He had gone over to spend the evening, and was apparently very well, but concluded to spend the night, which he did. When the servant called him in the morning, it was ascertained that he was dead.

Dr. Spalding was a native of Union County, Ky., born in May, 1833. Although his section of the State coincided with the Union side, he joined the Army of Tennessee, serving throughout the war. At the end of the war Dr. Spalding resumed the practice of medicine at his old home, but soon moved to Georgia and lived for a while at LaGrange. He moved from there to Atlanta in 1872. For more than thirty-five years he was closely identified with the city's business interests. He took an active part in political matters for some years, and was an able advocate of good government. He was a devout member of the Roman Catholic Church, and was a liberal giver to its institutions. His public charities were many.

Dr. Spalding was president of the large wholesale shoe firm of the Gramling-Spalding Company, a director of the Georgia Railway and Electric Company, the Exposition Cotton Mills, the Georgia Railroad and Banking Company, and the Roswell and Gainesville National Banks, also a vice president of the Roswell and Habersham Mills. He leaves an estate estimated to be worth about $600,000, and gives $150,000 to charities, mainly of his Church. He is survived by his wife, who was his cousin, Miss Annie Spalding; but no children.

J. BURTON TRULOCK.

After a lingering illness, J. Burton Trulock passed away at his home, in Pine Bluff, Ark., aged fifty-five years. He was one of the most valued and highly respected citizens of Pine



J. B. TRULOCK.

Bluff, prominently identified with all movements for the upbuilding and advancement of the city and community, always ready to aid and advance by his influence, by liberal contributions, and by personal effort.

Comrade Trulock served the Confederacy as a soldier, and was one of the most prominent members of J. Ed Murray Camp, of Pine Bluff. His death causes a loss to that city deeply realized and deplored by its citizens. Beyond a local interest his memory should be regarded. In fact, he was one of the first officials of the great U. C. V. organization to furnish money in liberal sums to meet exigencies that came in its finances. Brave, great-hearted Trulock, the VETERAN could not fail to pay him high tribute, as his intimate associate, Gen. R. M. Knox, also of Pine Bluff, could bear abundant evidence.

COL. GEORGE W. MCKENZIE.

George W. McKenzie was born February 7, 1818, in the Cherokee Nation, Hiwassee Purchase (now Catoosa County, Ga.). He died November 11, 1907, in his ninetieth year, at Decatur, Tenn. His parents removed to Meigs County in 1819, and he resided there the rest of his life. He was married to Susan Keenum February 15, 1844, their married life covering a period of sixty-two years. She died in 1906. They were blessed with twelve children, nine sons and three daughters, of whom the following survive: Mrs. Elizabeth Denton, Mrs. Julia Denton, Mrs. Tennie Marler, B. Frank, Reuben N., G. Calhoun, James A., and Robert L. McKenzie.

In 1846 he raised a company for the war with Mexico, but by lot his company failed to be chosen. In 1847 there was another call for volunteers, and he raised another company, which failed to be mustered in for the same reason as before; but Col. John H. Crosier, of Knoxville, Tenn., about this time wrote the War Department tendering the service of a regiment from East Tennessee, which offer was accepted, and Captain McKenzie's company was taken into the 5th Tennessee Infantry Volunteers, and was enrolled as Company B, under command of Col. G. R. McClelland, and served until the close of the war.



COL. M'KENZIE.

When the War between the States began, in 1861, Captain McKenzie raised a company for the Confederacy, and was mustered into service in the fall of 1861. In the reorganization of the army in the spring of 1862 he was elected lieutenant colonel, and in August of the same year he was elected colonel. He at first commanded the 13th Battalion Tennessee Cavalry. His regiment, the 5th Tennessee Cavalry, served under Gen. Joseph Wheeler, and was noted for its valiant service, participating in nearly all the principal battles of the Army of Tennessee. It surrendered at Charlotte, in May, 1865.

Rev. J. L. Griffitts writes of him: "As a citizen, Colonel McKenzie stood without a peer in his community, county, and State. There was in him kind-heartedness and industry, honesty, integrity, common sense, lofty purpose, an unclouded intellect, and solid judgment. He served as the first Clerk and Master of Meigs County Chancery Court for six years. He was elected Tax Assessor in 1888, and had held several positions of trust in his county. He was made a Mason in Meridian Sun Lodge, No. 50, Athens, Tenn., about 1849, and was one of the charter members of Meigs Lodge, No. 213, in which he held a continuous membership until his death, covering a period of more than fifty years. He was elected Commander of John M. Lillard Camp, No. 534, U. C. V., Decatur, Tenn., at its organization, in 1887, and retained that position until his death. He became a member of the M. E. Church, South, in 1867, and ever lived a faithful, consistent member. He was intensely religious. He was a man of prayer. He loved and revered the Bible. During his last days, as long as he was able to read, it was his constant companion. He never failed to have his pastor when visiting him read a portion of God's Word and pray with him and sing some of the old, sweet songs of Zion. Being confined to his home for the past three years, he had been deprived of the privilege of attending the church, at which he often expressed regret."

SAMUEL HANCOCK SMITH.

Samuel H. Smith died at his home, in Granbury, Tex., in December, 1906. He was born in Cherokee County, Ala., in 1842, and his record in the Confederate service was that of a brave and faithful soldier. He enlisted as a private in Company K, 5th Texas Volunteer Cavalry, and when the war closed held a lieutenant's commission. An account of his prison experience at New Orleans is given in the VETERAN for January, 1905. He was a nephew of Brig. Gen. William F. Perry. From wounds received in the army he suffered much pain to the end of his life. He was a man greatly loved in his community and highly valued as a member of Camp Granbury. His old comrades draped his casket in the stars and bars that he loved so well and tenderly lowered his body to its last resting place.

Soon after his marriage, in 1870, Comrade Smith united with the Church, and remained an honored member. He was honest and diligent in business, faithful and painstaking as a public official, a good husband and father.

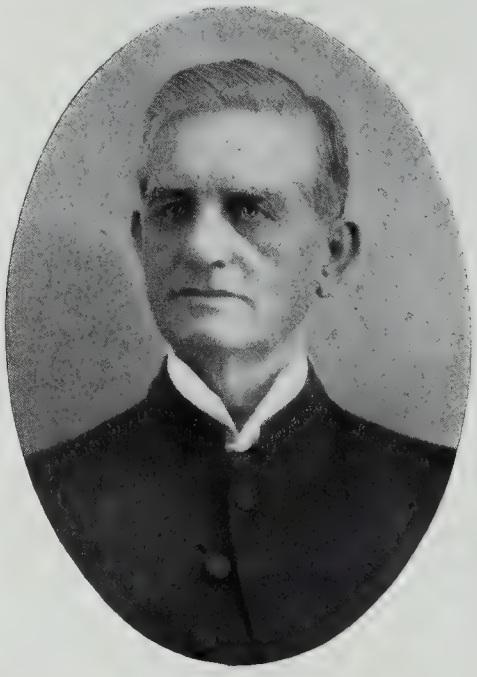
"Earth to earth and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say,
Leaving him to sleep at rest
Till the resurrection day.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

CAPT. G. J. DAVIE.

Capt. G. J. Davie, a member of Camp Sam Lanham, U. C. V., Nevada, Tex., died in January, 1907. He was born in Montgomery County, Tenn., in 1860; and served in the 2d Arkansas Volunteer Infantry till near the close of the war, when he was placed in the secret service of the government. After the war he moved to Texas, near Nevada, and went to work with the determination to do his part toward restoring the South and to encourage others in the same work. It was his highest aim in life to see the coming generations of those who had been made poor by the war educated, so as to take their proper station in life. A good man, a public-spirited citizen, and a valued comrade of the Camp, his memory lives.

Rev. Wellborn Mooney.

On October 5, 1907, another veteran, tried and true, closed the long life march. Rev. Wellborn Mooney, son of William S. Mooney and Emily Kincheloe, was born in Fauquier County, Va., near Manassas, December 23, 1829. In early childhood he went with his parents from Virginia to Alabama, and from there to Tennessee, in which State most of his long and useful life was spent. In the fall of 1849 he joined the Tennessee Conference, in session at Shelbyville, Tenn., and for thirty years he served in that body on circuits, at stations, and as presiding elder. He was twice a delegate to the General Conference, and was for three years in the St. Louis Conference as pastor at Cape Girardeau and at Washington. The last seventeen years of his life he was a highly honored and much-loved member of the Memphis Conference, making his home at Dresden, Tenn., where for years his wife was engaged in educational work. Here the conflict ceased, and he laid his armor by. He was widely and well known in Church and State, and made a fine record, as hundreds of testimonials evidence, in the Confederate service.



REV. W. MOONEY.

Rev. W. Mooney's work as missionary chaplain in the Army of Tennessee under the department of Bishop Pierce is that which deserves special prominence herein. The fall of Fort Donelson found him pastor of the Methodist Church in Pulaski, Tenn. To this place the Nashville hospitals were removed, to Giles College, on historic East Hill, where Sam Davis was executed. It was hastily fitted to receive our sick soldiers. To these Mr. Mooney ministered daily until the order was given for the removal of the hospitals farther South. The tide of invasion soon followed, with all the ills incident thereto. The State was under military law, and sympathizers with the South were compelled to take the "ironclad oath" or leave on short notice. Arrests were the order of the day, including representative citizens of the pulpit, the bar, and other departments of business. Twelve were arrested in Pulaski and ordered South under military escort by Major Munday. They were landed across the Tennessee River. Mr. Mooney, Drs. Sumpter and Abernathy, and Booker Shapard, an aged citizen, were among those thus summarily sent from Pulaski, going they knew not whither. Bishop Andrew, learning of the situation, appointed Mr. Mooney to the Marion Station, Alabama Conference, for the remainder of that Conference year.

Meantime the Tennessee Conference had met in October at Cornersville, Tenn., Dr. J. B. McFerrin presiding in the absence of a bishop, and Mr. Mooney was appointed to the Athens Station. Word reached him about the time of the meeting of the Alabama Conference, and he went at once to his work at Athens, where he remained till the threatened investment of the town by the Federals. He again crossed the Tennessee River and was appointed missionary chaplain to the Army of Tennessee, and there he labored in camp, in hospital, along the march till the end, when he returned to his chosen calling, the work of an itinerant Methodist preacher. He was Clerk, or Secretary, of the Confederate Chaplains' Association of the Army of Tennessee, and Mrs. Mooney prizes beyond price the minutes with the names of heroes who wore the gray, most of whom have answered to the last roll.

From survivors she has had many assurances of the affectionate regard in which they hold her husband for his work as missionary chaplain in that army. One of these letters from "one of the Mississippi boys," believing that it will be read with interest by all comrades, is given to the Veteran:

"*Mrs. Sue F. Mooney, Dresden, Tenn.:* I have read with keen interest many times mention of your husband and his work, and often thought of writing to him, and would most assuredly have done so but for the reason that I thought he would scarcely have any recollection of me, and the other thought that many more competent would write thanking him for his arduous labors and faithful work as missionary chaplain in the Army of Tennessee.

"I belonged to the 32d and 45th Mississippi Regiments, consolidated, under Brig. Gen. M. P. Lowrey, who was himself a minister of the Baptist denomination, and was also greatly admired by us boys for his sterling qualities.

"Brother Mooney used to associate himself with General Lowrey, and we saw much of him on the march. He would often walk that he might let a sick or barefooted man ride his horse. Often when we would halt only for a short time he would gather the boys and hold service. I remember several of his texts—1 Timothy i. 15; 1 Corinthians xvi. 13—especially for impressions made on my heart.

"He used to preach for Granbury's Brigade (Texans). They claimed that he was their preacher. I often wonder if they remember him as I do."

James Edward Henry.

After some years of failing health, death came to James E. Henry at Jacksonville, Fla., in October. Since the war he had resided at Lake City until about four years ago, when he removed to Jacksonville. He is survived by his wife and an only child, Mrs. E. L. Greer, of Jacksonville.

James E. Henry was born in Summerville, Ga., in 1841, the oldest of nine children. At the beginning of the war he enlisted in the infantry at Ringgold, Ga., serving one year, and then going with the command to Pensacola, Fla., for another year. He then enlisted in Cobb's Cavalry Legion, and served in that command to the end of the war. He was with Stuart until his death, and then in Hampton's Cavalry, A. N. V., surrendering at Appomattox. His war record was unusually brilliant. He held positions of importance several times. Although he was not wounded, his clothing and canteen showed where the bullets had passed through. He was held in high esteem and made many friends, and his death is universally regretted.

Deaths in Stonewall Camp, Portsmouth, Va.

(Reported by Thomas Shannon, Adjutant of the Camp.)

Gwynn.—George W. Gwynn died at the home of his son in Newport News, Va., on October 11, 1907, aged seventy-one years. He was a member of Company I, 9th Virginia Infantry, having entered the service in April, 1861. Comrad

Gwynn was a brave soldier and served to the end of the war, participating in many of the great battles of the Army of Northern Virginia.

HOLLOWAY.—Joseph Holloway died at his home, in Norfolk, on December 2, 1907, aged sixty-six years. Comrade Holloway entered the service as a private in Company I, 61st Virginia Infantry, Mahone's famous brigade, and served to the end of the war, taking part in the memorable battles in which his brigade was engaged. Comrade Holloway was a true and faithful soldier.

CRISMOND.—John W. Crismond died at his home, in Portsmouth, on December 3, 1907, aged seventy-three years. Comrade Crismond enlisted April 19, 1861, as a private in the Portsmouth Light Artillery, better known as Grimes's Battery, which did such splendid service during the campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia. Comrade Crismond was a brave, faithful soldier, serving with his battery in all its engagements until captured at Hatcher's Run on April 2, 1865, and taken to Point Lookout Prison, from whence he was released June 10, 1865.

BILISOLY.—Dr. Antonio L. Bilisoly died at his home, in Portsmouth, Va., on November 20, 1907, aged seventy-one years. He entered the service on April 19, 1861, as a sergeant in Company K, 9th Virginia Infantry, with which he served until June, 1862, when he was commissioned second lieutenant and assigned to the staff of Gen. A. G. Blanchard, with whom he served until April, 1863, when he was ordered to Richmond, Va., and assigned to duty at the Camp of Instruction. In the fall of 1864 he was promoted to first lieutenant, and continued on duty in Richmond until the evacuation of that city. He was paroled at Burkeville, Va., April 24, 1865. Dr. Bilisoly was one of the best-known citizens of Portsmouth and beloved by all who knew him. He was an earnest Christian, a brave soldier, a devoted husband and father and friend.

SPENCER EAKIN.

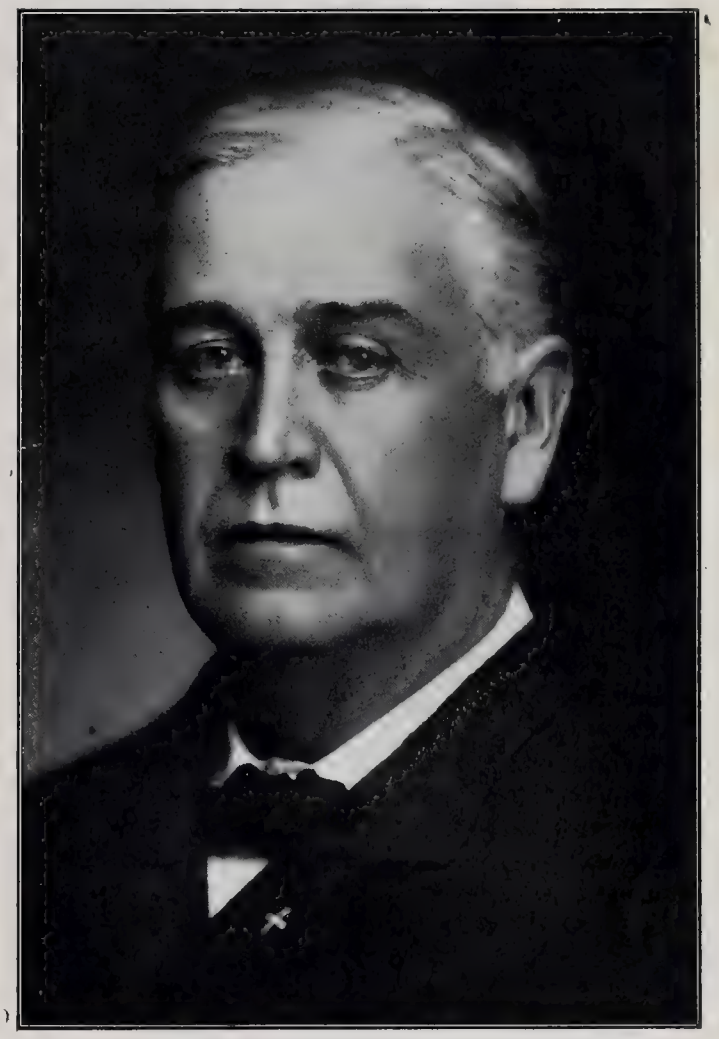
The editor of the VETERAN wrote the Nashville American on the day that Spencer Eakin died, November 28:

"Please allow me space for a brief personal tribute to Spencer Eakin. I was a country boy of Bedford County, and he lived in the county town—Shelbyville. On a lovely afternoon in October, 1861, we happened to meet on the Public Square and engage in conversation. He was as comely a youth as I have ever seen. He was slender, his posture erect, and his features were as fair as those of any girl. He was quiet of manner and was dressed as a civilian except that he wore the cap of a soldier.

"The purely accidental chat disclosed that we were to leave home the same day for the war; and although members of different companies, we were to belong to the same regiment. The 41st Tennessee Infantry was organized and sworn into the Confederate States service at Camp Trousdale, Tenn., near the Kentucky line, the next month, November 4; and although Mr. Eakin was quite young, he was soon commissioned as lieutenant of his company (F), known as the Shelbyville Rebels. * * *

"Lieutenant Eakin soon became noted for his excellent discretion and his deliberate courage, and ere long was placed on detached service to report directly to the commanding general of the army. One illustration is given of his services in the regiment. After the fall of Vicksburg, General Grant pressed his forces vigorously on Jackson, and in an incredibly short time they were closing up boldly on that city. The 41st Tennessee, like many other regiments, had hardly established its battle line to be fortified, without even having located picket posts, when the Union Minie balls began to play havoc upon the Confederates. In the quick emergency Lieutenant Eakin was directed to ask for fifty volunteers and advance across a plowed field and establish outposts along the south side of a plank fence—in August. Across the plank fence there was tall corn with tangle that cut off all view beyond a rod or so.

"The writer was of those volunteers, and bears testimony to Lieutenant Eakin's conduct through that terrible ordeal.



SPENCER EAKIN.

It was necessary for the men to lie low, which they did, while their commander walked erect up and down the line, watching the conditions with nothing of the bravo in his manner, yet amazingly deliberate in his every movement. It was one of the worst places our soldiers were subjected to during the war. Death reduced the number speedily; but the officer in charge was steadfast, and that line was maintained throughout the siege of nearly a week. There certainly was not a finer soldier nor a nobler man in the Confederate army."

The unquestioned courage, integrity, and patriotism of Sam Davis are often recalled by the conduct of Spencer Eakin on that occasion. The conditions indicated almost certain death and its solemnities were shown by Lieutenant Eakin's expression, and yet he wavered not, nor did he seem to cringe under the test.

Some special actions by organized associations are yet to be taken in regard to this noble man.

Deaths in Mildred Lee Camp.

Memorial services were held in the Mildred Lee Camp, Sherman, Tex., November 8 for the following members:

Butler Carpenter, Company H, 17th Louisiana Infantry.

J. C. Lawrence, Company E, 11th Georgia Cavalry.

A. M. DeShields, Company B, 11th Missouri Infantry.

Dr. E. E. Winn, Company I, 22d Georgia Infantry.

This makes ten who "have dropped out within a year and a half." Col. I. Gunter, of Texas, and Gens. John T. Morgan and E. W. Pettus, of Alabama, were included in the services. Appropriate addresses and songs were rendered.

[This report is from J. B. Stinson, of Sherman.]

Dr. W. W. Griggs.

Died on May 6, 1907, Dr. William Wilbert Griggs. At the beginning of the war Dr. Griggs, who had just graduated as a physician, was at Bellevue Hospital, New York, in his profession. At the call of his State he gave up this position to enter the Confederate navy as a surgeon. He served in this capacity with great ability until his capture at the fall of Fort Fisher. He was taken to Governor's Island, where he was kept until the end of the war. For the past several years he practiced his profession in Elizabeth City, N. C., where he was loved by all who knew him.

Dr. James M. Safford.

[Tribute by Prof. A. H. Buchanan, Lebanon, Tenn.]

One of earth's noblemen is gone, in person only; in spirit, never. His impress on students and friends goes down to coming ages. He was the true Christian gentleman; he leaves no associate behind whom he has not helped and elevated.

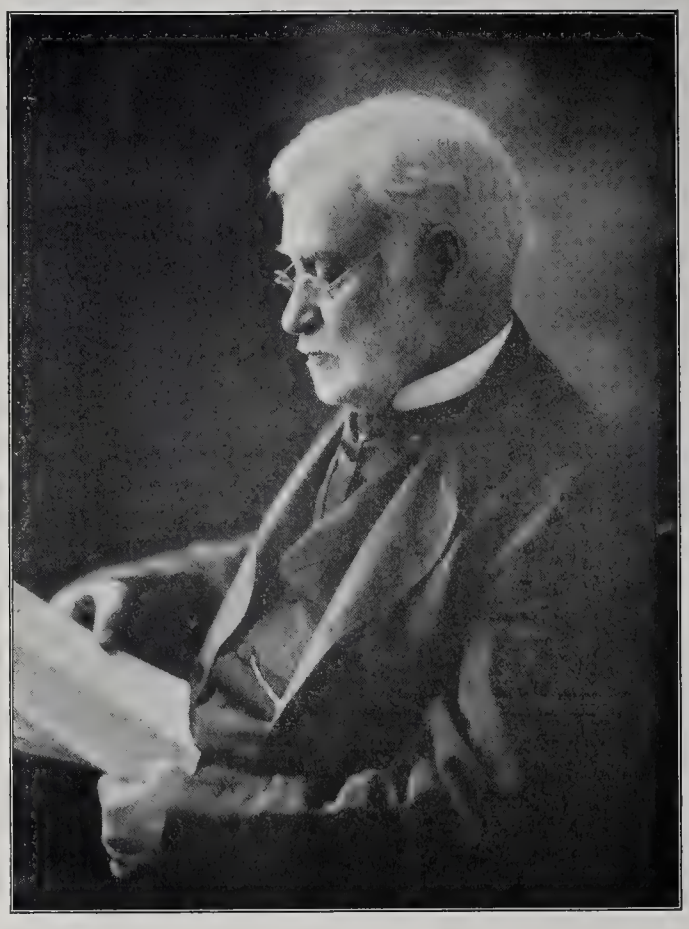
Fifty-four years ago he was my teacher, and years after was my associate in Cumberland University, and always our friendship was that of brothers. No one out of his family had a better right or chance to know him than I, and nobody has knowledge of a truer man. Our spheres of work were along different lines, though tangent in many points in which we were mutually interested, and two students never enjoyed working together in search of hidden truths more than we for many years. Few men ever realized more fully the words of the "wise man:" "That which is, is far off and exceeding deep; who can find it out?" And no one enjoyed searching to find it more than he. The thought comes that when my time comes to follow him he will meet me with the old remark: "Well [calling me by name], we will investigate this mystery together and to the bottom."

Patience and painstaking accuracy were personified in him. Few men did more hard work. No servant of his Tennessee has ever done for her more valuable work and for smaller pay. He was not a man that lived to look after his pay vouchers, and no State ever realized more its full value in return. Some State officers have attained their reputation almost entirely upon his work and without giving him due credit. And those who continue in his line of State work will find little to do except in the way of appendices to his.

Such a man makes one think more of life and the joys of its work. Happy good cheer always, a pleasant word for every one, a handshake that vibrated all the springs of joy that were found in you or induced them if not found. One of the saddest breaks in my life was when he left our university for Vanderbilt, his last long field of labor.

He was a Christian that lived the truth of his Christianity, a Church member who was all membership meant, a citizen that stood for the only true citizenship, and a friend that let you read all that was in his big heart.

Gone? Yes and no—the answer the thousands he has helped to make. The grandest funeral oration ever delivered was that by God himself, when he said, "Moses, my servant, is



PROF. JAMES M. SAFFORD.

dead; now therefore arise, go," etc. This is the summation of all in the case of this life and the same admonition to those left behind. Peace to his memory.

Dr. Safford died in Dallas, Tex., where he and his noble wife, who preceded him to the grave, had gone to reside in their retirement with the family of a daughter, the wife of Mr. D. H. Morrow, at Dallas.

Dr. H. Neeson.

Dr. H. Neeson, a native of Georgia, born in Augusta March 5, 1836, died at his home, in Benton, La., on May 8, 1907. When the war began, he enlisted in the Washington Artillery of Augusta, one of the oldest organizations in the State. Later he was made surgeon of the 64th Georgia Regiment, in Wright's Brigade. Most of his service was in Virginia, administering to the sick and wounded. One of the prettiest features of his life was the tender devotion which existed between him and his wife and children, who survive him. This was noted by all who enjoyed an acquaintance with the family.

W. R. Gilbert.

On the 24th of September, 1907, another Confederate soldier, W. R. Gilbert, of Company G, 59th North Carolina Regiment, answered the last roll call. He entered his company at its organization, when the war began. He became a courier to Bushrod Johnson, in which position he served until Appomattox. He was a good soldier and useful citizen.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE PRIZE ESSAY.

The report of Mrs. L. R. Schuyler to the United Daughters of the Confederacy and signed by the committee reads:

"The prize offered to Teachers' College, Columbia University, by the United Daughters of the Confederacy was awarded to Mr. Herbert T. Coleman, the subject being 'The Status of Education in the South Prior to the War between the States.'

"In my report of last year I mentioned the fact that we were indebted to Professor Mitchell, of Richmond College, for a list of topics, and that the committee had thought it wise to arrange these topics in some logical order, beginning with the conditions in the South prior to the war. This plan will be followed as closely as possible with the exception of this year, when we have taken for our *one* topic General Robert E. Lee, it being his centennial year.

"It will be of interest to all those who have not seen the October number of the VETERAN to learn that Mr. Coleman is a Canadian. A graduate of Toronto University, he afterwards received his Master's Degree from Columbia, and was called to fill the Chair of Education in the University of Colorado, the same position from which Dean Russell was called to Teachers' College. In September last he returned to his Alma Mater, Toronto University, as Professor of Education in that institution. While at Teachers' College he also had the distinction of winning the prize offered by the Daughters of the American Revolution. It would not be unnatural for us to anticipate a great future for the recipient of our first prize.

"I hope every Daughter will read this essay in the October VETERAN. It cannot fail to interest you, and may fill you with some pardonable pride to read of the part taken by the South in education and to learn that out of six State universities founded before 1830 the South furnished five.

Before closing this report I must, in justice to Miss Hallie Morrison Prentis, speak of the essay submitted by her and praised "for its superior character" by our judges, Dr. Alderman, President of the University of Virginia, Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, Professor of History in the University of North Carolina, and Dr. John H. Finley, President of the College of the City of New York. Dr. Russell felt that it was of such excellent character that he asked if the committee might divide the prize, but your committee felt that this would not be fair to Mr. Coleman. The subject of Miss Prentis's essay was 'The Antislavery Sentiment in Virginia in the Eighteenth Century.' It is a great pity that this essay could not be preserved; for it made me proud, when I remembered that my grandmother was a Virginian, to read of the efforts made by Virginia to abolish the traffic in slaves; that it was Virginia that incorporated into the proposed Constitution of the United States a clause to abolish the importation of slaves from the date of its adoption, but that after a protest from South Carolina and Georgia the clause was amended in such a way that it did not take effect for twenty years. It is noteworthy to read that the compromise was carried by the votes of New Hampshire, Connecticut, and Massachusetts, the only New England States represented.

"Realizing the necessity of having our prize on a firm foundation, I would recommend that the sum of five hundred dollars be appropriated annually for an endowment fund until the sum of twenty-five hundred dollars be raised.

"It was a great privilege and pleasure to have with me our President General at the commencement of Columbia University last spring, when our prize was awarded for the first time, especially as she is a member of this committee.

"I have received the consent of Dean Russell to place in the library of Teachers' College Columbia University, for the purpose of research work, any manuscripts which might be of value in connection with the study of the War between the States, documents which might (in the words of the Dean) 'aid some day in the writing of a correct history of the war.'"

MORE ABOUT ANDREWS, THE RAIDER.

Our good friend Milton Overly, formerly of Flemingsburg, Ky., but now of Lexington, sends the following:

"C. L. Dudley replies to my letter asking for information concerning James Andrews, the man who stole the General. Mr. Dudley is an ex-Federal soldier, is one of Flemingsburg's most useful and prosperous business men, and he is perfectly reliable. He is a dealer in agricultural implements, and his humorous advertisements attract much attention. He is the self-styled 'agriculturalimplementist.' Mr. Dudley is a little off in the matter of the money left at Flemingsburg by Andrews when he went South. The public schools of Fleming County got the benefit of some of it when I was their superintendent. Mr. Dudley writes:

"'I have been trying to find out all I could for you, but all the people who knew Andrews have "passed over." I remember him as a very tall, slender man with long black whiskers, fair-complexioned, rather feminine voice, and I think he made some pretensions as a music teacher; he was a good singer and a painter by trade—did fresco work. He did the frescoing on the old Morris property here, and it was the admiration of the town. It was removed only a few years ago.

"'I had a talk with Mr. J. H. Cooper, who was the most intimate friend of Andrews at the time. He was here, and he says that "Pittinger's" book gives his birthplace as Virginia, Hancock County; but he says that there seemed to be some mystery about the fellow. Some people doubt whether his real name was Andrews or not. He never was editor of any paper that I ever heard of, and from some of his letters that I have seen would think he was not an editorial writer. He was not a regular soldier; just a brave, daring, fearless man, hunting adventures without caring for the money that was in it. There has never been any evidence adduced to show that he was to get any riches out of the capture of the engine, and I think he had no promise of any sum of money. Really, there was no one with authority to make such a trade with him.

"'He had no money when he died, save about $1,100, which he had left up here from time to time with Brack Jackson. This money was turned over to the county officials for the use of the poor, according to the will of Andrews (his last letter to Brack); but, owing to some misuse, it never reached the desired end.

"'Mr. Andrews came here about two years before the war broke out, and had been doing some painting for William Lindsay, near the Mill Creek Church, and walked into town from there. His trunk was returned there from Louisville after he was executed, but it was empty when it arrived.

"'There have been several books written by the boys who were with Andrews, giving their side of the race. I have seen only Pittenger's account, which is very good. He was here once for a week hunting up the history of Andrews. I wish I could tell you more, but the time is so far off that I have forgotten a great deal I used to remember. If there is anything I can do for you, command me and I'll try to obey.'"

THE CONFEDERATES AND THE TWO FLAGS.

A plea courteous and even kind comes from a committee at Columbus, Ohio, against the display of Confederate flags in the South. The VETERAN expresses its faith that universally Confederates who are true are of one mind—viz.: They respect the stars and stripes, and are ready to fight under it; but the term "Old Glory" does not please them. Years ago there were discussions favorable to compelling the display of the flag on public school buildings, and now some of the G. A. R. people are urging that the Confederate flag be never exposed in public. They had as well let that flag matter alone. A prominent official of the Union cause was recently at a Vicksburg gathering, where the two sides had assembled, the Union Veterans being hosts, and he made open and bold protest against the absence of Confederate flags in the display, and not a man demurred to his views. Our comrades of the Union army may rest assured that the country is safe. The Confederate flag has never been any discredit to it. That flag will be revered by generations yet unborn. Father Ryan immortalized it even after it was "conquered."

There is just now from the press an illustrated history of the Confederate flags under the direction of the United Confederate Veterans in 1906. For sale by Adjutant General W. E. Mickle, New Orleans (price, 25 cents). That famous little banner stands for all that is noble and pure in mankind, but we don't forget that

"We yet are in our Father's house; we love our country's flag.
Long may its folds unchallenged fly on sea and mountain crag!
Long may Columbia's gonfalon float proudly to the breeze!
And let no man with angry hand the sacred emblem seize,
But let us grieve over every wound wherein our country bled.
We love the brave of every faith; we mourn our gallant dead.
Secure against fraternal hate, they sleep beneath the sod;
The Lord of hosts hath summoned them. Their fame is safe with God."

ABOUT "KIND OF MONUMENTS TO ERECT."

BY A STUDENT OF SCULPTURE.

Mr. Editor: I read Patron's article, "Kind of Monuments to Erect," in the December VETERAN with great interest. This has been accentuated by my seeing within the last ten days some specifications for two Confederate monuments, both of which called for figures of a Confederate soldier at "parade rest." Parade rest! What in the world did our fellows know of parade rest? In the four years they never had time to rest, and none of us can remember having been on parade. If you want a good, live Confederate, get him in action—when there was something to do and he was doing it. We doubt not at all that the committees in charge of the above monuments did not so much as read over the specifications of their monuments, and these specifications probably were drawn up by dealers who did not care if the figure was on its head or on its feet, so they got their money. As to the correct positions or emblems, they were not to be considered. In fact, these points are but little discussed in meetings between committees and dealers. The dealer does the talking, and the tenor of his song is: "What I offer you is bigger than the other dealer is presenting and for less money."

Indeed, Patron is right; give us more art in less space. All of us cannot put up expensive monuments, but just as artistic effects can be bought for $500 as for $5,000. Your $500 monument may not be as large, but it can be just as artistic.

THE DEROSSET LETTER—EXPLANATORY.

Capt. A. L. DeRosset, of Wilmington, N. C., writes in explanation and correction of his article in the VETERAN for October concerning the applications of Generals Grant and Thomas and Admiral Farragut to President Davis for commissions in the Confederate army and navy:

"In the article which I contributed to the VETERAN and published in the October number I did my friend, Col. J. A. Chalaron, of New Orleans, unintentionally an injustice, which I desire to correct.

"In the article I wrote: 'Further, the Colonel told me that he had also letters to Mr. Davis from Admiral Farragut and from Gen. George H. Thomas, each applying for commissions in the Confederate service.' In the sentence previous to this I wrote that Mr. Davis's correspondence could not be published until two years after his widow's death. So it is now apparent to me that I wholly misunderstood Colonel Chalaron, for in writing me he said 'that very likely letters from them [Grant, Farragut, and Thomas] and others might be found among the Davis papers in my keeping,' and did not positively assert it.

"So far as Thomas is concerned, Dr. J. William Jones has testified to the fact of a letter in his possession acknowledging that he had applied to Mr. Davis for service. As to Farragut, I have conclusive testimony that in the spring of 1861, at the residence of Col. Gaston Meares, on Twenty-First Street, New York, he emphatically stated that nothing could induce him to raise his sword against the South. My whole regret about the article is in relation to the conversation with Colonel Chalaron."

Concerning his delay of reply to much and widespread criticism, Captain DeRosset states: "In the latter part of October I was taken ill, and shortly thereafter was sent to the hospital for a surgical operation, and have just returned therefrom. * * * I will take up the matter later when I am in a better condition physically and mentally, for now I am suffering with nervous shock."

MONTEAGLE FOR A QUARTER CENTURY.

The mention of Monteagle instantly concerns a multitude of people, mainly of the South. For twenty-five years this summer Chautauqua of the South has continued its regular sessions of education, recreation, and religion. It was over-



COTTAGE (ERECTED BY MRS. E. E. HOSS) ON BROW OF MOUNTAIN.

advertised in the earlier years, and many people attended in hearty sympathy with the enterprise; but conditions were so rude that they were disappointed and went away with prejudice against, rather than enthusiasm for, the enterprise. Some



OUTING PARTY AT MONTEAGLE.

continued faithfully and other came, some of whom became interested, and each year's experience added stanch supporters to the Assembly.

The prosperity of the country is stamped upon the character of improvements, and visitors now, after a decade or so, are amazed at the many, many splendid homes, the magnificent drives, and the culture generally in improvements. The business management by Mr. Butler is fully apace with the needs of the Assembly, and the finances are evidently in a prosperous condition.

During the last several years in succession Capt. M. B. Pilcher and Mrs. Pilcher have given the interests of Monteagle their zealous attentions throughout each year. Mrs. Pilcher gave unremittent zeal to the improvement of walks and the culture of flowers.

This year's programme, under the capable and zealous care of Dr. Allen G. Hall as platform manager, is a stride to the front that fascinates all well-behaved attendants. The most important of all good features is the "Woman's Congress Week," wherein "U. D. C. Day" has been the most conspicuous. This is under the auspices of the Monteagle Ladies' Association, of which Mrs. Pilcher is President. Proceedings of the U. D. C. Day appeared in the August issue.

The officers at present are: John Bell Keeble, President, Nashville, Tenn.; D. M. Russell, Vice President, Jonestown, Miss.; H. C. Hensley, Treasurer; W. H. DuBose, Secretary; F. A. Butler, in charge of the properties; Allen G. Hall, LL.D., Superintendent of Summer Schools and Platform Manager (Vanderbilt University Law Department), Nashville, Tenn.

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Resident Physicians: Dr. G. W. Drake; Dr. A. Hudson; Dr. W. R. Holland, Osteopath; Dr. Richards, Dentist.

Health Officer and Sanitary Inspector: Dr. J. A. Hill.

It is expected that considerable building will be done before the next season. Much has been contracted for already.

THE B. H. STIEF JEWELRY CATALOGUE.—This jewelry company of Nashville, Tenn., noted for its reliability and for its enterprise, has issued a superb catalogue of its goods with illustrations so clear and fine that orders may be satisfactorily given by its pictures. Purchasers who can't call may do well to write for this catalogue.

General Robt. E. Lee

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Also send for Flags of the Confederacy post cards, and set of cards, "Our Colored Friends in Dixie," 12 in set—old-time Mammies, Uncles, and Aunties of "the South that is no more." Set for 30 cents.

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(*Mention this paper when writing.*)

T. J. Mize, of Bells, Tex., would like the address of Sam Haines, who, he thinks, was from Georgia and was wagon master under Capt. Thad Foster in the reserve supply train of J. E. Johnston's army.

TAPS.

(Lines to a Confederate Veteran.)

BY J. H. A. BAKER, FORT SMITH, ARK.

(Dedicated to my old friend, Dr. J. S. McCorkle, Assistant Surgeon 15th Mississippi Regiment.)

Reveille you've forgotten,
Mess call, too, perhaps;
Assembly's a recollection,
But you've never forgotten "taps."

After a day of skirmish,
Mess, and then the stars,
Taps, and sweet oblivion
Under the crimson bars.

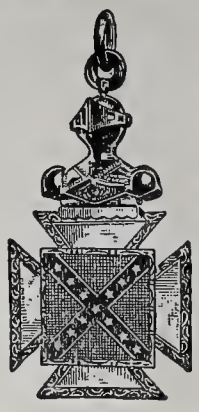
May you live to be a hundred!
God save you from mishaps.
May you always be at "attention"
As the trumpeter's sounding "taps!"

Your record's a matter of history,
A classic of poem and song;
Your deeds have been made immortal;
You're a hero amid the throng.

And when the Great Trumpeter calleth,
And you, with the other chaps,
Shall assemble for final "inspection,"
May you go to sleep with "taps!"

WANTED.—Purchasers for the beautiful Southern picture, "From Manassas," designed by a Confederate veteran; size, 32x22. Lithographed in rich, appropriate colors, ready for framing. Unique in design. On right margin in battle array stand the boys in gray with peerless R. E. Lee; on left margin, also in battle array, stand the boys in blue with dauntless U. S. Grant. In the space between run three lines of rail fence, the rails being the staff on which is written the words of the old war song, "When this cruel war is over," the four stanzas being given beneath. Price, unframed, $1; handsomely framed, $3.50. Agents also wanted to sell this picture. Address Mrs. Belle Thompson, Box 28, Hasty, N. C.

L. H. Ridout, of Warren, Tex., wishes to make a record of the army life of his father, William Dempsey Ridout, who was third lieutenant of a company organized in the east part of Shelby County, Tenn., about twenty-five miles east of Memphis. He was severely wounded in the battle of Chickamauga or Missionary Ridge. Doubtless some surviving comrade can recall the services of Lieutenant Ridout.



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SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

L. A. Fitzpatrick, Sr., Helena, Ark., wants to hear from any comrades who saw and know that Gen. John C. Breckinridge was at Greensboro, N. C., about the 23d of April and took part in discussing terms of surrender between Gen. Joseph E. Johnston and General Sherman. He says he was there as a private in the 31st Mississippi Regiment, and was detailed at General Featherston's tent, where Breckinridge stopped overnight, and by order of Featherston saddled a horse for Breckinridge. Some one has said that Breckinridge was not there at all at that time.

Capt. Robert D. Smith, of Columbia, Tenn., wishes to complete his file of the VETERAN, for which he needs the following numbers: 1893, January, February, March, April, August, November; 1900, January; 1902, January and October. Write him in advance of sending.

W. P. Jeanes, McGregor, Tex., wishes to hear from any members of Company C, 10th Confederate Cavalry, Wheeler's command.

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From the Edgefield (S. C.) Times:" Queer things happen to men in war. apt. W. H. Brunson, our veteran postaster, was wounded every year for our years, between June 20 and July , in the war of 1861-65, and he lives t to tell of it. Two brothers, Messrs. eorge and L. W. White, of Abbeville, ere wounded in the same battle. Both ere struck near the same place, in the nter of the stomach, it is said; the ll in one going around to the left and ming out, and in the other going to the right and coming out. Mr. George White is still living, and Mr. L. W. White died only a short time since."

W. W. Stuart, of Paragould, Ark., wants to hear from any survivors of Company A, 31st Arkansas, Jackson Sharpshooters, from Jackson, Ark., and of Company A, 2d Regiment of Engineer Troops, commanded by Lieutenant Vernon, with which he was paroled at Gainesville, Ala.

At the last annual meeting of the U. C. V. Camp, New York City, the following officers were elected: Commander, Edward Owen; Lieutenant Commander, H. N. Bullington; Adjutant, C. R. Hatton; Paymaster, T. L. Moore; Chaplain, Rev. George S. Baker; Surgeon, Dr. J. Harvie Dew; Executive Committee, T. C. Caskin, J. E. Graybill, George W. Cary, F. C. Rogers, R. W. Gwathmey. This reëlection makes the fourteenth term as Commander of the Camp for Maj. Edward Owen, who has given of his time and talent liberally to make this Camp one of the strongest in the organization.

Attention has been called to an error in the list of generals killed and died during the war in the name of W. H. C. Whitney, who died at Governor's Island, N. Y. This should have been W. H. C. Whitting, who was captured and sent to Governor's Island, where he died. The name of Brig. Gen. John Adams, killed at Franklin, did not appear in this list by some oversight.

Mrs. William Ambrose Smith, 501 Azule Street, Hyde Park, Tampa, Fla., wishes the names of two veterans of the 4th Kentucky Regiment who were with her husband, William A. Smith. He enlisted in 1861 and served until the surrender.



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Known Quality, Known Excellence and Known Component Parts and has won the valuable patronage of millions of the Well Informed of the world, who know of their own personal knowledge and from actual use that it is the first and best of family laxatives, for which no extravagant or unreasonable claims are made.

This valuable remedy has been long and favorably known under the name of—Syrup of Figs—and has attained to world-wide acceptance as the most excellent family laxative. As its pure laxative principles, obtained from Senna, are well known to physicians and the Well Informed of the world to be the best we have adopted the more elaborate name of—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—as more fully descriptive of the remedy, but doubtless it will always be called for by the shorter name of—Syrup of Figs—and to get its beneficial effects, always note, when purchasing the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of every package, whether you call for—Syrup of Figs—or by the full name—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna.

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VOL. XVI. FEBRUARY, 1908. NO. 2.



THE JOHN W. THOMAS MEMORIAL, CENTENNIAL PARK, NASHVILLE, TENN.
Facsimile of "Parthenon" in background. See Page 55.

TENNESSEE IN THE WAR, 1861-1865

By GENERAL MARCUS J. WRIGHT

CONTAINS:

Lists of Military Organizations and Officers of the Provisional Army of Tennessee appointed by Governor Isham G. Harris, General Officers, both Union and Confederate, with Staff Officers of the latter and Statement of any previous Service or Rank in the United States Army; Quartermasters and Commissaries in the Confederate Army from Tennessee, other than those mentioned on the Staff; Officers of the Confederate States Navy appointed from Tennessee; Officers of the United States Navy from Tennessee; Members of the Confederate States Congress from Tennessee; Members of the United States Congress from Tennessee; Complete Rosters of Organizations of Federal Troops from Tennessee who served 1861–1865; Campaigns conducted, Battles, Affairs, and Skirmishes fought within the Limits of the State, with Date and Location. **228 pages.**

Every Tennesseean,—every Southerner, U. C. V. Camp, U. D. C. Chapter, Historical Society, Public and Club Library, University, College, and School, G. A. R. Post, Member of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee and Military Academy,—should possess a copy of this authentic, historical record.

READ THE FOLLOWING COMMENDATORY LETTERS

University of Nashville, Peabody College for Teachers, Nashville, Tenn., Sept. 9, 1907.

Dear General Wright: I have read the manuscript of "Tennessee in the War, 1861-1865," prepared by yourself. I hope you will publish it; it is a work of very great value, and I doubt not will have a great sale.

Sincerely yours, JAMES D. PORTER.

GENERAL MARCUS J. WRIGHT.

Tennessee Historical Society, Nashville, Tenn., Sept. 9, 1907.

My Dear General: I read your manuscript entitled "Tennessee in the War, 1861-1865," very carefully and with pleasure last winter; found it of much value; and while the information was fresh in mind I addressed a letter to the Governor of Tennessee, commending it and stating that it was well worthy of being purchased and published by the State. It was prepared carefully by an expert in our U. S. Military Records, and largely from original sources. It contains a large amount of information that cannot be obtained from our Tennessee and local records, and would be expensive to compile. It is the result of many, many months of painstaking labor. I do not know what has become of the letter I wrote to the Governor upon this subject.

Yours most truly, G. P. THRUSTON.

GENERAL MARCUS J. WRIGHT, Washington, D. C.

Office of Secretary of State, State of Tennessee, John W. Morton, Nashville, Tenn., Sept. 5, 1907.

GENERAL MARCUS J. WRIGHT, Washington, D. C.

My Dear General: It gave me great pleasure and interest to examine and read your manuscript of officers in Confederate and Federal armies during the late war from Tennessee. It is very complete, and will be eagerly sought by all old Confederate and Federal soldiers and their families not only in Tennessee but throughout the United States. Trust you may have it put in book form soon, and you may put me down for five copies. I expressed your manuscript. When I can serve you at any time, it will give me pleasure to do so.

Yours truly, JOHN W. MORTON.

A. W. Wills, Postmaster, Nashville, Tenn., Sept. 5, 1907.

GENERAL MARCUS J. WRIGHT, Washington, D. C.

My Dear General: I have read the manuscript prepared by you, "Tennessee in the War, 1861-1865," with very great pleasure and interest, and I earnestly trust that a publication will be made in pamphlet form or otherwise for distribution and sale. It is the only complete record in existence of the Federal troops from Tennessee engaged in the Civil War. The Adjutant General of Tennessee compiled a very imperfect record of the Tennessee troops, which was so replete with errors that it was really useless and finally abandoned; and the record that you have prepared, being in every respect perfect, will be a matter of very great interest to Tennesseeans for future generations and the Confederacy as well. Your manuscript was submitted to a committee consisting of Ex-Governor James D. Porter, General Gates P. Thruston, Captain John W. Morton, and myself, and was carefully scrutinized by each and all of us and received our careful and universal indorsement.

Very respectfully, A. W. WILLS.

No. 7 East Thirty-Sixth Street, New York, October 1, 1907.

My Dear General: I have just finished reading your "Tennessee in the War, 1861-1865," and congratulate Tennesseeans upon the admirable presentation you have given them. My familiarity with the Army of Tennessee, beginning with Columbus and Bowling Green, permits me to view the work somewhat as a critic. I find, however, nothing to criticise, and can therefore in all candor heartily praise it. Thank you for the opportunity to look it through.

Yours very truly, WILLIAM M. POLK.

GENERAL MARCUS J. WRIGHT, Washington, D. C.

Headquarters United Confederate Veterans, Office of Commander in Chief, Columbus, Miss., October 29, 1907.

GENERAL MARCUS J. WRIGHT, Washington, D. C.

My Dear General Wright: It has given me pleasure to critically examine your manuscript entitled "Tennessee in the War, 1861-1865." It is a compilation perfected with great labor and accuracy, with advantages of examination of records, to which you have had access for so many years, over and above any other living Confederate. I regard it as technically most valuable for the State of Tennessee and its citizens, and recommend it as the most valuable compilation I have yet seen for Tennessee in the great Civil War. The compilation is broad and comprehensive, giving military organizations and officers from Tennessee in both the Confederate and Union armies; general and staff officers in the Provisional Army of Tennessee appointed by Governor Isham G. Harris; general officers, both Union and Confederate, with staff officers, and statement of previous rank or service in the U. S. army; quartermasters and commissaries appointed from Tennessee in Confederate and Union armies other than those on staff of general officers; officers of Confederate and United States Navy appointed from Tennessee; members of Confederate and United States Congress from Tennessee; complete roster of Confederate and Federal organizations from Tennessee, 1861-1865; campaigns conducted, battles, affairs, and skirmishes fought within the limits of the State, with date and location. In short, as far as it goes it is as complete as it can be, and a copy should be in every family in Tennessee.

With kind wishes, your friend and comrade,

STEPHEN D. LEE.

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(Tune: "Annie Laurie.")

O, Dixie's homes are bonnie
  And Dixie's hearts are true,
And 'twas down in dear old Dixie
  Our life's first breath we drew.
And there our last we'd sigh,
  And for Dixie, dear old Dixie,
We'll lay us down and die.

No fairer land than Dixie's
  Has ever seen the light,
No braver boys than Dixie's
  To stand for Dixie's right;
With hearts so true and high,
  And for Dixie, dear old Dixie,
To lay them down and die.

O, Dixie's vales are sunny
  And Dixie's hills are blue,
And Dixie's skies are bonnie
  And Dixie's daughters too;
As stars in Dixie's sky,
  And for Dixie, dear old Dixie,
We'll lay us down and die.

No more upon the mountain,
  No longer by the shore,
The trumpet song of Dixie
  Shall shake the world no more.
For Dixie's songs are o'er,
  Her glory gone on high,
And the brave who bled for Dixie
  Have laid them down to die.

Mrs. E. L. Freer, Clinton, Tenn., the widow of a Confederate veteran, takes subscriptions for any magazines and papers, and will appreciate any orders that are sent to her. Daughters of the Confederacy can help a worthy woman by sending their subscriptions to her to be forwarded to the different publications. She lives within the four walls of her room, not having walked for eighteen years, and earns what she can by doing commission work; so remember her in your efforts for 1908. She also has authority to solicit for the VETERAN.

The VETERAN office wishes to complete a file for a patron, and needs the following numbers: 1893, January and June; 1894, January, June, July, December; 1896, April, May, December; 1897, December; 1900, January and February; 1902, October. Please write in advance of sending, stating condition of these copies. Will credit on subscription or pay cash.



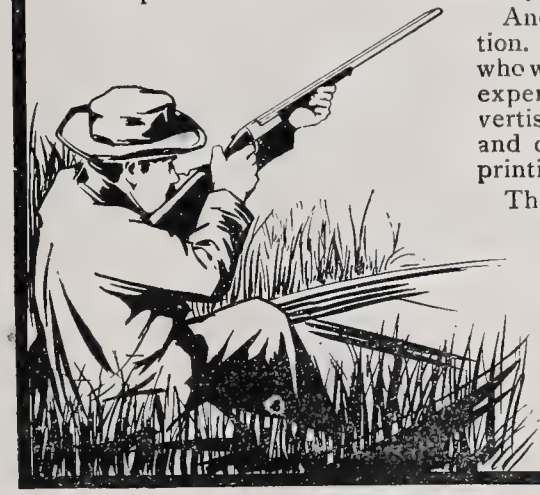
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Anyway, let's talk it over.

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The above cut is that of the great painting of "Lee and His Generals," by George B. Matthews, of Virginia. ¶ **General Marcus J. Wright** indorses it as follows: "I regard it as **one of the finest paintings I ever saw.** The truthfulness of feature of all these great generals is **most remarkable.** The Lithograph copy is a **most striking and accurate reproduction of the original.** I hope all Confederates will procure copies." ¶ The Lithograph is in color. Size, 27 x 16 inches. State agents can make most liberal contracts. Agents wanted in every city and town in the South. ¶ **Sent by mail on receipt of 55 cents.** Every home should have a picture. **It will make a nice Christmas gift.** Address

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Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:
UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success:
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. XVI. | NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1908. | No. 2. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR.

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

BY GEN. ROBERT WHITE, PRESIDENT, WHEELING, W. VA.

I feel grateful to you for your request to give you some information as to the present situation in regard to the Confederate Memorial Association building.

You are fully advised as to the report made by our Board to the Confederate Veterans at their last meeting, in the city of Richmond. Since that time Mr. Peter Rouss, the son of that devoted old soldier, C. Broadway Rouss, has paid over to our Treasurer, Judge Christian, of Richmond, the $40,000, being the balance of the subscription of his father, and the payment of which balance had been so long held up by the suit, with attachment, instituted by Underwood in Brooklyn, N. Y. We have, therefore, in bank in the city of Richmond the whole amount which it was contemplated should be raised, $200,000—and indeed a little more than that amount—subject to our check at any time when we shall need it for the erection of our temple.

Soon after the meeting of the Confederate Veterans at Richmond I called our committee together for the purpose of selecting a site in Richmond for the building; and after earnest consideration as to several sites which were thought to be suitable, the committee unanimously agreed that Monroe Park, in the city of Richmond, was by all means the better place. That park belongs to the city, and we appointed a subcommittee charged with the duty of applying to the Council of the city of Richmond for permission to erect our temple in that park and of pressing our wishes in that regard, so as to, if possible, obtain the consent of the Council. It was felt by the subcommittee appointed that no action could be had until after the summer ended for the reason that it was hard to get a meeting of the Council during the warm months. It is unfortunate for us that the matter is not yet settled, the delay having occurred chiefly by reason of the prolonged sickness of Judge Christian, one of the subcommittee, as well as the absence of Colonel Ellyson, another of the subcommittee, whose time has been so thoroughly taken up by the affairs of the Jamestown Exposition that he has been unable to be in Richmond during most of the fall.

By letter just received I am advised that the chairman of the Council committee has given his assurance that his committee will meet at any time which will now suit the subcommittee, and it is hoped that such meeting will soon be had and a decision of the Council made one way or the other on the Monroe Park site. If the Council agrees to let us have the Monroe Park site, our committee will speedily have plans and specifications made for our building and the building erected at as early a day thereafter as practicable.

Should the Council refuse to give us a site in Monroe Park, our committee will meet and select some other place for the erection of our building.

We have been many years engaged in this most laudable undertaking, and spent much time as well as some money in our endeavors to erect this temple, a memorial to our beloved Southland.

The foregoing will have been read with much interest. The VETERAN congratulates all concerned upon the selection of Monroe Park, which is and will continue to be quite a central location for many years of the future. It is a sort of juncture between the business and the residence sections of the city. That the Council hesitates in regard to complying with the request of the committee in charge of the matter is surprising, for upon the pledge of parties there who seemed to be in authority the Jefferson Davis Monument Association favored Richmond for its location, and it will be remembered that the corner stone for that structure was placed in that park at the first General U. C. V. Reunion. Now the authorities could hardly do less than give the space desired for the location of this "Battle Abbey." Surely the Richmond authorities will act promptly and deferentially in giving all necessary privileges for its speedy erection.

JEFFERSON DAVIS ON EQUESTRIANSHIP.

The New York Press says that when Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War he ordered all his generals to learn to ride horseback. That is where President Roosevelt got his notion that to be a commanding officer a horse and saddle are necessary. There were no automobiles in Jeff Davis's time. It was horse or foot. To-day the leading generals all over the world, except in America, go to the front in automobiles.

No finer horseman than Davis ever lived. He won the love and hand of Zack Taylor's daughter by his distinguished presence in the saddle, as well as by his intrepidity at the cannon's mouth. When Secretary of War he noticed that

only a few officers in the service were capable horsemen, and issued an order something like this: "A liberal reward will be paid to any officer or private in the army who will offer a satisfactory device for keeping our soldiers from falling out of their saddles. Communications to the Secretary of War will be regarded as confidential."

NEW LAW CONCERNING SUBSCRIPTIONS.

The following official publication comes as a surprise. It is of the Mede and Persian order, however, and must be obeyed. Our readers know how liberal we have been, and will realize that the change to occur cannot be avoided by publishers:

"Post Office, Nashville, Tenn., January 1, 1908.

"For information of newspapers and publishers of magazines, etc. Extracts from amendments to the postal laws and regulations, effective January 1, 1908:

"Referring to expired subscriptions, a reasonable time will be allowed publishers to secure renewals of subscriptions; but unless subscriptions are expressly renewed after the term for which they are paid within the following periods—. . . weeklies, within one year; MONTHLIES, WITHIN FOUR MONTHS—they shall not be counted in the legitimate list of subscribers, and copies mailed on account thereof shall not be accepted for mailing at the second-class postage rate of one cent a pound; but may be mailed at the transient second-class postage rate of one cent for each four ounces or fraction thereof, prepaid by stamps affixed. * * *

"While these changes are effective January 1, 1908, the postmaster has been advised by the Department that it is the purpose of the Department to give to every publisher a reasonable opportunity to adjust his business to the new conditions. Publishers who show good faith and that they are making progress should, in fairness, have such opportunity. Therefore April 1, 1908, is allowed publishers to arrange to meet the changes stated above.

A. W. Wills, *Postmaster, Nashville, Tenn.*

This law is general, of course. It will affect the Veteban more seriously than most monthlies, since it could extend time because of the loyalty of its patrons, who always pay eventually, however great the sacrifice. Of course, however, all who are behind must pay up by April 1, 1908.

As an item of interest the following paper upon which "Uncle Sam" has received at least $10,000 is given:

Certificate of Entry as Second-Class Matter.

Post Office at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 31, 1893.

I hereby certify that the Confederate Veteran, a monthly published at this place, has been determined by the Third Assistant Postmaster General to be a publication entitled to admission in the mails at the pound rate of postage, and entry of it as such is accordingly made upon the books of this office. Valid while the character of the publication remains unchanged.

A. W. Wills, *Postmaster.*

Per T. M. Hurst, *Assistant Postmaster.*

Mrs. Stone Pays Tribute to Mrs. Sheldon Stringer.

It becomes the sad duty of your President to announce to you the death of Mrs. Sheldon Stringer, the President of the Florida Division, U. D. C., which occurred at Columbia, S. C., as she was returning to her home from the General Convention, U. D. C., held in Norfolk, Va.

A great loss has been sustained by our sister State Division, and the Daughters of the Confederacy mourn a coworker and friend, whose interest and zeal for the cause we love were faithful and untiring. The loving sympathy of our Association goes out to her family in this hour of affliction.

(This is supplemental to Mrs. Stone's report, page 57.)

UNION VETERANS IN THE SOUTH.

An old newspaper article published in the summer of 1901 in Pennsylvania concerning an esteemed citizen, Samuel J. Book, who died at Tullahoma, Tenn., where he had lived for thirty years, has attention. Captain Book served in the famous "Roundhead Regiment," the 100th Pennsylvania, during the war. In that service he was severely wounded and his health was otherwise impaired; so about 1870 he came to Tennessee, thinking the climate and other conditions would be good for himself and family. He was a worthy man and a good citizen, and the paper mentioned bears a fine testimonial to him from Comrade J. M. Travis, an active Confederate of Tullahoma. That is well. As stated heretofore in the Veteran, to show their esteem for good men, Confederates have gone in organized bodies to the funerals of Union veterans, and have ever shown esteem for the worthy. That Pennsylvania paper states, however, that when Captain Book came to Tullahoma to settle "he was called upon by a party of Confederate soldiers who told him that he would not be permitted to live there." The Veteran repudiates that expression in so far as the sentiment is concerned. Its editor, quite a boy still, about that time, resided in Shelbyville, an adjoining county. He was informed one Saturday afternoon that a man from Indiana had come to Shelbyville to live, and was then buying a stove in a business house close by. He was so pleased that he at once called upon the man, introduced himself, and said that he was gratified to see Northern men come South to be with our people, and expressed the hope that the stranger would find it congenial to live among us. Responding, the man, whose dark skin and black, thick beard are vividly impressed on memory's vision, said: "Yes, I thought I would come here and see if I could teach these people something." That was enough. It was at once realized that the man had not come South because he esteemed the people through their heroic sacrifices for principle, the idea assumed in the cordially sincere greeting. [It was the first suspicion that Northerners had undertaken to make the South a missionary field, a matter that they resent still as a people.]

No reply was made; but the depression, which could not be dispelled, has ever remained. That partisan in politics, under the cloak of religion, had the opportunity of teaching—preaching to—deserters from the Confederate army and a like class what he chose uninterruptedly; but there was one house at least in the town where no crape was displayed at his death, which occurred from a contagious disease sometime afterwards. The church that he built was ere long left for bats and owls, and the people who detested him and his class managed to get on without such partisan intruders from the North. They were enterprising enough to teach their children, pay their debts (poor as they had been left by the war), and live Christian lives.

It seems very inconsistent that Captain Book had such notice served upon him. There certainly was some misrepresentation made about him, if it be true that any such warning was given by Confederates, as they were very courteous to the right kind of men. He made a good citizen, and was cordially esteemed by the people where he spent his last days.

JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION.

Much regret is expressed in the evident misdirection of some mail, which is mentioned in explanation of the delay in connection with the Jefferson Davis Home Association, organized for the purpose of securing the birthplace of the Confederate President for a perpetual memorial. Hunter Wood, Esq., of Hopkinsville, Ky., by his diligence and patriotic service has procured what the committee advised to secure to the Baptist Church—such privileges as desired in enabling its official authorities to share the grounds deeded by Mr. Davis.

It is expected that in the next VETERAN splendid progress will be reported, so that the thousands who want a part in that memorial will have the opportunity to contribute, and that suitable dedication be made at the place on June 3, the hundredth anniversary of Jefferson Davis's birth.

Let every person South and North be ready to pay homage on that date to the man who suffered for the cause of the South—a cause as sacred as ever bestirred mankind in patriotic endeavor.

THE JOHN W. THOMAS MEMORIAL.

The monument shown on title-page is one of the finest ever erected in the South, and is a memorial to President John W. Thomas, for many years President of the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway Company. Its plaza is forty feet square and the statue is about twenty feet high.

The policy of the N., C., & St. L. Railway, inaugurated by Major Thomas, himself an active participant in furnishing transportation for the Confederate troops during the war, in the past few years had been to mark in some suitable manner the points along the line of the railroad where battles of moment or events of interest transpired.

All along the line, through Tennessee, Alabama, and Georgia, markers and monuments were set under the direction of Major Thomas. After his death, it was discovered that he contemplated marking the really pivotal point of the battle of Murfreesboro or Stone's River—viz., the location of the masked battery of fifty-eight guns placed near McFadden's Ford of Stone's River by General Rosecrans, about three miles north of Murfreesboro and a half mile east of the N., C., & St. Louis Railway, from a point between the Hazen monument and the National Cemetery. Numerous plans and suggestions and inscriptions for the monument were found among the papers of Major Thomas after his death. His plan was ordered carried out by Major Lewis, Chairman of the Executive Board of the railway company, who took much interest in the matter, and a monument of granite nearly forty feet high was set immediately at the battery point, which may be easily seen by passengers on the trains. See page 73 of this issue.

Major Thomas was the most helpful man to Confederates in Tennessee, if not in the entire South. When it came to serious matters involving the success or failure of any movement for these Associations, his opinion was sought, and his advice never failed of success. His assertion that should be treasured and made good on all occasions was that Nashville and Tennessee would never go back on the old Confederates. The dedication of this memorial statue was witnessed by many thousands, one of the largest assemblies ever seen in the Centennial Park, where the delightful and eminently successful Exposition was held in 1897, with Major Thomas President and Maj. E. C. Lewis Director General.

Major Thomas was succeeded as President by his son, J. W. Thomas, Jr., a practical and able railroad man.

HONOR THE MEMORY OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, calls the attention of all Memorial women to the following resolution which was passed at the Convention held in the city of Richmond June 2, 1907:

"Be it resolved that the Confederated Southern Memorial Association do request Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, to issue an order calling the attention of the various Confederate organizations to the approaching centennial of the birth of Jefferson Davis, the first and only President of the Confederate States of America, which will occur on June 3, 1908, and that all be requested to unite and observe the day in a manner appropriate to the important occasion."

She further says:

"In accordance with this resolution the officers and members of all Memorial Associations are called on to assist in having the study of the life and character of Jefferson Davis introduced into the schools and colleges of their respective States during the early part of the year, culminating with appropriate exercises on June 3, 1908.

"The President is most desirous that a united effort should be made to have the picture of Jefferson Davis, the distinguished American patriot, soldier, and Christian gentleman, placed in every school room and library in the South on June 3, 1908. This would afford an opportunity to the children of the coming generation to become familiar with his characteristic features and by study be stimulated to emulate the noble and heroic virtues as exemplified in his life.

"Let the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Jefferson Davis be a red-letter day in the South. Let it be the occasion of a grand outpouring of the Southern people to testify their devotion to the memory of him—the one man who was made to suffer for all of his people. Let the name of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, be upon every lip and dwell forever in the hearts of his people."

Mrs. Behan gives an outline for a profitable study of the life and character of Mr. Davis:

"1. The 'Dedication,' a beautiful tribute to the women of the Confederacy.

"2. Mr. Davis's inaugural address, delivered at Montgomery, Ala., February 18, 1861.

"3. Mr. Davis's farewell address on retiring from the United States Senate, January 21, 1861.

"4. The 'Conclusion' of the 'Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government,' which is not sufficiently known.

"5. The 'Memoirs of Jefferson Davis,' by his wife, and then a brief biography, setting forth that Mr. Davis's life illustrated virtue, patriotism, and courage in a degree rarely seen among men. He was greater in defeat and misfortune than in victory.'

"The C. S. M. A. is doing much to promote these studies and encourage the coming generation to take proper cognizance of the noble and heroic virtues as exemplified in the character of Jefferson Davis.

"Let this be a Jefferson Davis year, and let every Southern man, woman, and child unite in honoring his memory."

The South's flag, born in the vindication of State rights and nurtured by the blood of her sons upon a hundred battlefields, went down as pure and spotless as the breezes that play upon the bosom of the "Shining River."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

IMPORTANCE OF OUR LITERATURE.

For fifteen years the VETERAN has been placed, at every suitable opportunity, in the hands of personal friends, and almost as many times expressions of cordial appreciation have been given. Some of these friends are liberal patrons of magazines, yet it seems not to have occurred that they should subscribe for the VETERAN. Too many, unhappily, and with good reason, feel that they should be supplied complimentary.

The new postal regulations compel new methods with the publication. Several thousand subscribers will have to be discontinued soon unless payment is made in advance, and these to people who get behind carelessly. It, therefore, is opportune for all friends who realize its worth to bestir themselves to do their part in maintaining the circulation. How important that it should be increased! More vigorous efforts than ever before are to be made to extend the circulation, and that will be impossible without the coöperation of friends. For the multitude who remit only one dollar it would be the easiest thing imaginable to suggest to some—to one, two, three, or more—that other subscriptions be sent in the one remittance. If three would so unite, a number would be sent free to some worthy poor veteran.

Friends, the days of participants in that great struggle are growing so short that unless this coöperation be given soon it will be too late.

The caption of this article is broader than the matter treated, but the VETERAN is so easily of the first importance that hardly anything else need be mentioned. For these fifteen years the founder and editor has been as heroic as was any soldier in the army. He has labored with unremitting zeal to establish the truth of what was contended for by the South; he has been at a disadvantage all this time for lack of stronger coöperation in doing what should be done, and he would have become faint-hearted often but for the steadfastness of thousands whom he has never seen and cannot until the time when all will know each other—in another sphere. Under these conditions he overcomes the pride by which he has never directly solicited a subscription. He commends and urges the patronage of his personal friends.

The VETERAN is now the most creditably indorsed publication that has ever existed. It is so well established that he can say, and ought, that IT IS THE DUTY OF EVERY SOUTHERNER WHO CAN DO SO TO SUBSCRIBE. To friends who have never contributed one cent appeal is made modestly but earnestly, that there be no exceptions. Instead of twenty-one thousand subscribers, there should be at least five times as many; and those who are loyal to it could bring about such result in two months or less time.

All along through the years and years of its existence the remark has been made: "I don't subscribe; but my neighbor lends it to me, and I enjoy it very much." Is this right? Ought not YOU—who so report—contribute to its increase, to its power for good? Can you not spare *one dollar a year* to a cause that your conscience so unstintedly approves? Think of how little this is. For fifteen years the VETERAN has been given without stint to many poor fellows who were gallant soldiers. Would you not like to strengthen the hands that do such work?

The term "Last Roll," established by the VETERAN, has now a national significance, and thousands of dollars have been expended to make such record of those noble men without one cent of expense to their families or friends save in the bare cost for engravings, and that expense is borne often by the VETERAN. There has evidently not been as much similar work done gratuitously by any other publication in the world. The VETERAN has not been stingy with the Southern people, and they should respond in like manner.

The foregoing are plain statements, but they are true and they ought to be made. It is due those who have so steadfastly done their part, often at much sacrifice, all these years. In contemplating the labor in sewing and in marketing vegetables, eggs, etc., to maintain their subscriptions, there is an inspiration to serve on and on until taps to maintain the story of our glory, and modest pride gives way to declaration of duty on the part of thousands who can and ought to cooperate in this work.

Recently there has sprung up at the North a liberal class who were on the other side in the struggle, whose sentiment is to coöperate in helping to establish the truth of history, as they see the VETERAN is as independent, honest, candid, and as patriotic for the government of the fathers as they are or have been. These people are largely of Southern ancestry, and before going to the grave they seek to do their part in making a truthful record.

Now, friends, will you bestir yourselves before it is too late?

The purpose of this article in the beginning was to refer to many things in our literature, to some of the many new books now being published; but so important is this one periodical, as all else may be learned through it, that all the space is given to it. Will you take heed?

Two back numbers of the VETERAN will be mailed free to any old veteran who can't subscribe, at your suggestion.

LET ALL OF US HAVE PEACE.

An appalling sensation comes from a suit in the courts of California wherein the President of a Chapter U. D. C. is suing for slander, the amount claimed being $75,000. It is charged that the defendant, a Vice President in the same Chapter, seeks the higher office.

There seems to be no other way than moral suasion to stop these grievous dissensions. The usefulness and dignity of Confederate organizations have been grievously impaired by controversy and bickering, the results of which can never be overcome. (The VETERAN expresses profound gratitude that it harbors no animosity toward any Camp or Chapter nor any member of any organization of Confederates, whatever may have been their conduct in its severe trials of the past.)

Let us look higher and beyond all groveling things. Let us consider how to honor the valiant men who rushed on and on against the most horrible of missiles to their death, and of their wives and mothers whose privations and sacrifices cannot be described. Let us get on new planes of action and higher lines of thought, so that after the brief time yet spared to all who are active now we may be ready for the future.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

PAPER FROM THE PRESIDENT, MRS. CORNELIA BRANCH STONE.

With a change of administration, it seems fitting that your President should extend you a greeting in which is inclosed a wish that the year 1908 may come full-freighted with blessings to each of my "Daughters" and a trust that no rude blast will blight your brightest hopes or dispel your most comforting realizations. We are a large family, coworkers in a great and glorious cause, so sacred that no inharmonious or discordant note should enter into our deliberations. So let us strive together in unison for the accomplishment of the great objects to which we have pledged ourselves. Your President needs your coöperation and loyal support, and with this the year will yield a rich harvest of patriotic fruition. Remember, that on the unit depends the success of the whole body, a fact felt and emphasized by General Lee when he declared that victory came through "the men behind the guns." Therefore let every Daughter of the Confederacy take fresh courage and, forgetting self, give her best service to the progress of the work in hand.

We have undertaken the erection of a monument on Shiloh's historic field, where Southern valor never rose to greater height and where sleep some of our bravest and best. A strong committee with an efficient chairman has this work in charge; and if we "keep the faith," we will soon see the consummation of this great purpose.

Through the efforts of Dr. Samuel E. Lewis, of Washington City, a surgeon in the Confederate army, a bill was introduced in the Congress of the United States by Senator Joseph B. Foraker, providing for an appropriation to care for the graves of Confederate soldiers who had died in Northern prisons. President Roosevelt gave hearty indorsement to this plan; and our Confederate dead in and around Washington, once in neglected graves, are now placed in the Arlington National Cemetery, on a commanding site, in a beautiful circular plat tastefully laid off with center space for a monument, and each grave marked and carefully kept. They sleep in the soil of the home of their great leader—the beloved Lee.

The placing there of these heroic dead is the strongest testimonial of that fraternal love that now cements us as one people and gives to this country a common heritage of valor, courage, and patriotism, whether displayed by Northern or Southern soldiers. The Confederate veterans of Washington had formed an association for the purpose of erecting a monument over these comrades of theirs; but feeling that this work should be speedily done, they sent a representative to the General Convention in Norfolk to ask the Daughters of the Confederacy to take charge and raise the necessary amount to place this crowning tribute to our dead. This sacred trust was accepted, and we will show them that their confidence was not misplaced. To this end every State where there is an organization of the Daughters of the Confederacy will select a director, whose duty it shall be to collect funds for this purpose, and a committee in each of these States will assist the director to increase the fund until the Arlington Confederate monument shall be an assured fact.

By resolution adopted at Norfolk your attention is called to the fact that this year, 1908, bears a significance of unusual interest to all Confederate organizations and to the entire people of the South, as it marks the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of President Jefferson Davis, and it is recommended that a special study of the public and religious life of President Davis—soldier, statesman, scholar, and Christian gentleman—shall be introduced into all institutions of learning during the year 1908, and that Chapters be urged to place pictures of President Davis and General Lee in the schools, that the youth of our land may have ever before them these two great exemplars of the highest type of American manhood, these two so closely linked in purpose and thought in life, and whose centennial years are in close touch.

Division Presidents are requested to make the organization of Children's Auxiliaries a leading feature of their work for the year, as on this training of the children will depend the perpetuity of our organization. Interest the boys in this work, that the Sons of Veterans may receive the recruits so much needed in their association.

For the high honor you so freely conferred upon me my warmest appreciation is given, and to the administration of your affairs my best service will always be accorded, with an "eye single" to your interests and with a keen sense of the responsibility that goes with the position. Your forbearance is asked for all mistakes of the administration, remembering that "to err is human," and rest assured that a loyalty and devotion will be given to their duties by each one of your servants whom you have placed in charge of our General Association.

From so many members of the Daughters of the Confederacy have come gracious words of commendation and congratulation, and for these "flowers placed upon" my life I am deeply grateful and can only trust that my service may be worthy of such confidence.

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

BY MRS. CORNELIA BRANCH STONE, EX OFFICIO PRESIDENT OF THE ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

The Arlington Confederate Monument Association is now reorganized under the direction of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, with an Executive Committee, located in Washington, D. C., of which Col. Hilary A. Herbert is the permanent chairman, with three members from each of the five Chapters, U. D. C., of the District of Columbia and three members from Camp 171, U. C. V., and three members from Washington Camp, U. S. C. V., constituted as follows: Mrs. Magnus S. Thompson, Mrs. Drury C. Ludlow, Mrs. Rosalie H. Bocock, Mrs. Marion Butler, Mrs. J. E. Mulcare, Mrs. Archibald Young, Mrs. Lillian Pike Roome, Mrs. Blanche Claughton West, Mrs. William Youngblood, Miss Mary Desha, Mrs. C. C. Calhoun, Mrs. Marcus J. Wright, Mrs. William Anthony Wayne, Mrs. Helen Leaper Hoffman, Judge Seth Shepard, Col. Hilary A. Herbert, Capt. J. M. Hickey, J. Monroe Britt, Wallace Streater, George S. Covington.

A director is selected from each State having an organization of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. They are:

Alabama: Mrs. Chappell Cory, Birmingham.
Arkansas: Mrs. Clementine Boles, Fayetteville.
California: Mrs. Florence D. Johnston, Los Angeles.
Florida: Mrs. J. W. Tench, Gainesville.
Georgia: Mrs. James A. Rounsaville, Rome.
Illinois: Mrs. G. J. Grominect, Alton.
Indiana (not yet appointed).
Kentucky: Mrs. Caby M. Froman, Ghent.
Louisiana: Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught, New Orleans.
Maryland: Mrs. Frank G. Odenheimer, Jessup Station.
Mexico: Mrs. J. R. Stamford, City of Mexico.
Mississippi: Mrs. Olivia H. Champion, Edwards.
Missouri: Mrs. James Britton Gautt, Jefferson City.

Montana: Miss Georgie Young, Helena.
Nebraska: Mrs. Eliah Conklin, Omaha.
New Mexico: Mrs. Robert Bradley, Roswell.
New York: Mrs. John J. Crawford, 254 West 99th Street, New York, N. Y.
North Carolina: Mrs. J. W. Faison, Charlotte.
Ohio (not appointed).
Oklahoma: Mrs. Ruth Clement, Oklahoma City.
Oregon (not appointed).
Pennsylvania: Mrs. Charles K. Robinson, Philadelphia.
South Carolina: Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Clemson College.
Tennessee: Mrs. J. W. Clapp, Memphis.
Texas: Mrs. Joseph B. Dibrell, Seguin.
Utah (not yet appointed).
Virginia: Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Richmond.
Washington (not yet appointed).
West Virginia: Miss Charlotte Lee Wilson, Beverly.

ADVISORY BOARD.

Rev. Randolph H. McKim, D.D., Washington, D. C.
Ex-Senator Charles J. Faulkner, Washington, D. C.
Ex-Senator Francis M. Cockrell, Washington, D. C.
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OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

Col. Hilary A. Herbert, Chairman of Executive Committee, 1612 21st Street N. W., Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Marion Butler, Vice Chairman of Executive Committee, the Portland, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Drury C. Ludlow, Recording Secretary, the Concord, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Arthur E. Johnson, 1514 Q Street N. W., Washington.
Mr. Wallace Streater, Treasurer, 1652 Monroe Street N. W., Washington, D. C.

The directors of each State will forward as collected all funds to Mr. Wallace Streater, bonded Treasurer Arlington Confederate Monument Association, Washington, D. C. All donations will also be sent to Mr. Streater, and it is hoped that these will be liberal, as there is no more important memorial work confronting the Daughters of the Confederacy than that of erecting a monument over the Confederate dead that now rest in the National Arlington Cemetery.

TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. D. C.

BY JUDITH WINSTON PILCHER, NASHVILLE, STATE PRESIDENT.

A word from the Tennessee Division about the General Convention, U. D. C., at Norfolk, Va., November 13-16, 1908.

In my letters from Chapters over the State I have been repeatedly asked: "Why do you not tell us of the Convention in the VETERAN?" I wish I had time, space, and ability to do the subject justice; but will do the best I can with what may specially interest the Tennessee Daughters.

This, the fourteenth annual Convention U. D. C., was a notable gathering, and much business of importance was transacted, much new work taken up and decided upon. The deliberations were characterized by courtesy, and harmony prevailed throughout, though the debates were often spirited. Earnest purpose and a loving loyalty to the best interests and principles of the organization appeared to be the mainspring of action. I was pleased to note an interesting editorial in the VETERAN for January giving a brief personal sketch of our new President General, Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, of Galveston, Tex. I think I can speak for the U. D. C. at large and say that we wanted Mrs. Stone to lead us, that we believe in her and are proud of her. The proof of this lies in the perfect unanimity of sentiment at Norfolk, which demanded a suspension of the rules to elect by roll call of States and to place Mrs. Stone at the head of our forces, fifty thousand strong, by acclamation. The same compliment was extended to the other officers elected, and seemed a fitting finale to a meeting held in the interest of a sacred cause; and just as we closed—perhaps a little after—the Sabbath dawned. Our last act was to rise *en masse* to thank our beloved retiring President, Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, for faithful and efficient leadership.

The most important new work assumed by the Daughters was the erection of the Arlington monument, to stand on the C. S. A. plat in the National Cemetery at Arlington. In our minds and on our hearts this means Robert E. Lee. Our President General has requested me to appoint a director for the Arlington monument from the Tennessee Division, and I have selected Mrs. J. W. Clapp, of Memphis, as one eminently fitted for this important position. She will have a small committee, carefully selected, to assist her; and I would bespeak the active coöperation and help of all the Camps and Chapters in Tennessee, as well as all who sympathize with our efforts to preserve our memories and tell the truth of history. It is said that the feeling in Washington, where this movement started, is that this monument is to be a very tall shaft and will not cost over $30,000. Tennessee must live up to her reputation and rally to this work as she did in the greater undertaking—that of the Jefferson Davis monument.

Tennessee was distinguished in sending the largest vote to the U. D. C. Convention at Norfolk. This gave Texas, Virginia, and other large Divisions pause, and we were plied with questions as to "how we did it." It is an evidence of the fine condition of the Tennessee Division.

The State President was requested to bring a small tree to plant in the Confederate grove at Norfolk. I requested a local nurseryman to get a small, symmetrical hackberry—a distinctively Tennessee tree, old-fashioned and pretty, I thought—and I stipulated that it be gotten from the Hermitage if possible, a gift rich in Tennessee tradition and historic association. The little tree was carried by hand and tenderly cared for *en route* by the ladies of our party.

The absence of Mrs. M. C. Goodlett, our beloved founder, was much regretted, and a loving message was wired to her from the first meeting of the Convention.

It is needless to say that Virginia received and cared for us with characteristic grace and cordiality, Mrs. James Y. Leigh, President of the local Chapter, acting as special hostess.

CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF PRESIDENT DAVIS'S BIRTH.

In a plea for special observance of the centenary year—1908—of Jefferson Davis and that of Robert E. Lee—1907—in Tennessee, Mrs. M. B. Pilcher, State President Tennessee Division, U. D. C., writes: "By the action of the Norfolk Convention, I, as State President of the Tennessee Division, am one of a general committee, which comes under the head of a special committee, to request that the character and public and religious life of Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederate States, shall be made a special study in the public and private schools and other institutions of learning dur-

ing this year, 1908, which is the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of President Davis, and this seems fitting. Also it is urged that pictures of President Davis and General Lee be placed in the schools, and that the public school buildings be named for Davis and Lee. What more effective way is there to teach our children the histories of these two Christian gentlemen, these two great Americans, whose examples are a priceless legacy to all who come after them? I not only request but beg of every Chapter, Camp, organization, and individual to unite with us in this work, and let us show what Tennessee can do when she puts her shoulder to the wheel. Let us help to perpetuate the memories of these two peerless leaders to whom all Southerners, all Americans are indebted for glorious history. This item our President General has written me, urging that I take up the work specially with reference to President Davis this his centenary year."

MONUMENT AT OXFORD, MISS.

BY J. L. SHINAULT, COMMANDER OXFORD CAMP, U. C. V.

Dear Comrade: I send you a picture of the Confederate monument and the officers of Camp 752, U. C. V., of Oxford, Miss., located on the Public Square.

This splendid monument stands thirty-two feet in height, and was erected at a cost of $3,000 by this Camp to the memory of Lafayette County's dead and to commemorate the valor and heroism of the Confederate soldier and the sublime fortitude of Southern women. It is said that Lafayette County furnished more men to the armies of the Confederacy than any other of this State, and many of them sleep in unknown graves on the numerous battlefields of the South. This Camp has an enthusiastic membership of one hundred and twenty veteran soldiers who actively attend its regular meetings, and many of whom attend the national Reunions. The Camp has a Southern Cross Drill Corps composed of the prettiest of girls (which distinction Oxford claims) and sixteen of the youngest and nimblest of our old warriors, which is a very great source of pleasure and profit to the Camp. If it can be so arranged, our Southern Cross Drill Team would like to engage in a competitive drill with other teams at the general Reunion in 1908, at Birmingham, Ala., and would be pleased to consider proposals for this purpose.



OFFICERS OF THE CAMP BY THE MONUMENT.

There is an account of "The Monument at Oxford" on pages 300-307 of VETERAN for 1907. That monument was erected by the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., on the grounds of the State University. The university furnished a company of soldiers from the student body known as the "University Grays," although that monument is not solely in their honor. This monument is located on the Public Square of Oxford, Miss., and was erected by the Confederate Camp of Lafayette County, Miss., in memory of the Confederate soldiers of the county.

J. L. Shinault, R. L. Stephenson, C. B. Neilson, J. C. Gates, John F. Brown, and J. H. Welch are the comrades represented in the picture.

TRIBUTE TO CAPT. "JUNE" KIMBLE.

Mr. M. V. Ingram, of Clarksville, Tenn., in reporting a happy gathering of comrades who served in Company A, 14th Tennessee Infantry, in Virginia during the war, says of Capt. Junius Kimble:

"Kimble left home as a private and later was elected orderly sergeant, and still later was promoted to captain on the display of his remarkable valor in several battles. This was done on the recommendation of General McComb without Kimble's knowledge or consent. The commission reads: 'For distinguished valor and skill Sergeant June Kimble is hereby appointed and commissioned captain in the Provisional Army of the Confederate States and ordered to report to Col. William McComb for duty. (Signed) Jefferson Davis, President.'

"The commission came with much surprise to June. He at once called Company A in line, read the commission, and told the boys that if there was a single man in the company who objected he would not accept the appointment, and the vote for him was unanimous with a storm of applause. This came after the fearful battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, Pa., where he won his spurs. The wonder is that he should have passed through twenty-seven hotly contested battles and many skirmishes, always to the front, utterly fearless, without getting more than one little scratch.

"There were other noble boys from Clarksville who stood right along in the front rank with June Kimble. It was in the third day's battle of Gettysburg, the greatest slaughter of the war, that June Kimble, Theo. Hartman, Joe Williams, Emmett McCulloch, John Massie, William M. Daniel, William Green, and a few others of the 14th left to tell the story, stormed the heights of Cemetery Ridge, going over a great stone wall, capturing the enemy's guns, shooting the gunner within fifteen feet of the muzzle as he was ramming his charge to flay them, and took the whole command standing within the enemy's works. The boys, however, did not long enjoy their signal victory. Soon they discovered the enemy's reënforcement coming in swarms like showers of black locusts, flanking their rear, and with all their daring recklessness they had sense enough to give up the post and retreat in great haste. Some of the boys were captured and made prisoners. Kimble, however, ran for dear life, with bullets flying after

him like showers of hail. It was funny as it was serious. McCulloch and Kimble agree in the opinion that but for a mortised post and rail fence that checked the charge of Archer's Tennessee Brigade the Confederates would have won the victory of Gettysburg. The Confederates did not mind the stone wall and picket fences; but this mortised post and rail fence checked the charge and confused the whole command when the Federals poured shot and shell into them while they were climbing over it, slaughtering the Confederates by wholesale, breaking their ranks and the force of the charge."

Captain Kimble resides in Eastland, Tex., as well as four others of the company (A), and they were all at Clarksville at the time mentioned.

THE SIXTY-SECOND VIRGINIA—NEW MARKET.

BY T. H. NEILSON (CO. D, 62D VA.), 302 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Several years ago in the VETERAN there appeared a sketch of the gallant Gen. Gabriel Wharton, in which the writer erroneously stated that he was in command of the Confederates and General Milroy of the Union army in the battle of New Market, May 15, 1864, and to which Capt. Frank Imboden (brother of Gen. John D. Imboden) replied and correctly stated that the dashing Gen. John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, commanded the Confederate and Gen. Franz Sigel the Union forces, the same being respectively from 4,000 to 10,000 strong. In the December (1907) VETERAN Capt. D. H. Bruce, of the 51st Virginia, gives his recollection of that fight, in which, *inter alia,* he says, "After we had fought for a considerable time, I saw Imboden's men giving way, and also saw that the cadet boys were confused and giving way;" that his regiment, 51st Virginia, lost five per cent in killed and wounded, himself among the latter, and that there was a battery taken, claimed to have been captured by the cadet corps; and he adds, "I have thought that maybe after we had run the Yankees off they came across the artillery and took possession of it and, like boys, thought they had captured it."

As he seems ignorant of the real capture of that battery, permit me to give my recollection of that fight and enlighten him on the subject and to say that his vision was certainly defective on that day, or else he mistook some other command for "Imboden's men" that were "giving way."

Col. John S. Wise wrote some fifteen years ago in one of the magazines (the Century, I think) a very interesting article on "The Cadets" (of which he was one) at New Market, and subsequently I called to see him and facetiously remarked that I thought it "cheeky" that he should entirely ignore my regiment (62d Virginia), that bore the brunt of the fight and captured a five-gun battery (spoken of by Captain Bruce), losing in killed and wounded more men than all the rest of the command. We went into that charge with some five hundred men and re-formed with less than one-half, all the commanding officers of companies being killed or wounded. Captain Currence picked up the colors when they fell the fifth time in as many minutes, all of the color guards having been shot down, and as he fell I grabbed them from his hand, and carried them through the remainder of the battle. Col. George H. Smith put me on the color guard on the field with a few complimentary remarks when he halted and re-formed on Root's Hill. I served the remainder of the campaign of 1864 in that position. Imboden's Brigade was composed of the 62d Virginia Infantry, 18th Virginia Cavalry, and McClannahan's Battery, the large majority of officers and men of the 62d Virginia being from the mountains of West Virginia, brave as lions and tough as pine knots, whom no danger could affright and no labor tire, who would march all night to be on the firing line in the morning. I was a Richmond boy, and our colonel was from Alexandria.

Our brigade disputed Sigel's advance up the Valley, fighting him from Strausburg to New Market, where Breckinridge joined us with some three thousand fresh troops at New Market on the night of May 14. Late in the afternoon of that day a company of Federal cavalry, thinking that Sigel had driven us up the Valley, came across the mountain, opposite New Market, and the 18th Virginia Cavalry charged and captured a number of them. McClannahan's Battery was stationed on a hill on the left of the pike, back of New Market, on the 14th. Under orders, Imboden's Brigade fell back a mile or two on the morning of the 15th, and "Breck" formed his line of battle and awaited Sigel's expected attack. We tore down some fences and piled the rails up as a kind of "breastwork." About twelve o'clock, as Sigel had not offered battle, the 62d Virginia was ordered forward. We filed up the ridge on the left of the pike and came down and formed in a peach orchard a few hundred yards from the said hill, back of New Market, which McClannahan's Battery occupied the day before, but which was now held by a Federal battery.

Our colonel, George H. Smith (now an honored judge of the District Court of Appeals at Los Angeles, Cal., an able, accomplished lawyer and writer, who won the $500 Henry M. Phillips prize—Philadelphia—for the best legal essay, "The State," some years since, a man as modest, gentle, and lovable as a woman, but in battle a veritable Ney, without his grandiloquence, when he exclaimed at Waterloo, "Come! see how a marshal of France dies on the field of honor," and who will blush like a girl if he reads this), came before the regiment and said simply: "Boys, our duty to-day is to take [pointing to the battery] that hill. Forward, guide center, charge!" Our batteries, which were vainly trying to shell the hill to cover our advance, had to be silenced, as the shells were falling in our rear. We started to charge, but had advanced only a short distance when the battery limbered up and retreated, making several stops to shell us as we advanced, until they finally made a stand in an apple orchard on a hill just below the town. The 62d Virginia was thrown forward in advance of the main line, and received the concentrated fire of the artillery, belching double-shotted canister into us, as well as the fire of a brigade on the crest of the hill in the rear of and supporting the battery.

The fire was the hottest I was ever under, and I thrill still with "the 'rapture' of that fight," and can never forget the ecstatic joy I felt when the enemy broke and the guns were ours. We never stopped, but pursued the panic-stricken Yanks as far as Root's Hill, where we halted and re-formed, while other troops sent them flying pellmell down the pike to Mt. Jackson, where they burned the bridge to check pursuit.

As I remember, there was a steep declivity at the foot of the hill which partly shielded us from the battery's fire; and as we had charged about a mile and three-fourths over muddy plowed fields (it was raining), we halted a moment to get our breath and close up ranks for the final assault. The cadets, gallant little boys, were sent up to reënforce us, and no veterans ever behaved better than those brave little fellows (the flower of the South), and I remember how I thought it a shame to subject such youths to such a fire. I would not take a leaflet from the chaplet of fame with which history will crown them; but as the old 62d Virginia has never, as far as

I know, received justice for its share in the success of that battle, I give the facts as I remember them. Being simply a boy private, I had little opportunity in the heat of battle of noting the positions of other commands, save that of the cadet corps on our left. I recall seeing General "Breck" and his young son galloping over the field under a heavy fire, and how handsome and superb I thought them. I recall also how a small squadron of Federal cavalry, with reckless daring, charged up to our line on our right, some few going through who were captured in the rear.

David Lang, killed at Stevenson's Depot September 5, 1864, of whom several sketches have appeared in the VETERAN, was lieutenant colonel of the 62d Virginia and in the New Market fight. I recall also seeing and running past numerous knapsacks, saddles, and other plunder discarded by the fleeing enemy as we pressed their retreat. I also recall how one fellow (one of the camp followers who trail at a safe distance after the enemy is driven back and get all the plunder, the fighting men getting nothing) had forty shirts and wanted to sell me one that night (I had five holes shot through my clothes) and how I felt toward him.

After that battle, the 62d Virginia was assigned to Breckinridge's command and sent to join Lee's army, and fought from Totapotamoi Creek, where we charged and captured a redoubt and some twenty prisoners on a hill a few hundred yards from our lines amid the cheers of the army watching us; then to Second Cold Harbor, where the enemy broke through our division, but not our brigade, taking the trenches, but were driven out five minutes later. After that battle, we were sent to Lynchburg, where Early fought Hunter and followed him on his retreat till he turned off toward Salem. The 62d was with him on his raid to Washington City, through all the battles of the campaign of 1864 in the Shenandoah Valley.

I received several years since from Colonel Smith, to whom I had written requesting a certificate of my services in the old 62d Virginia, a very genial letter with certificate, a copy of which I give below, as it corroborates what I have written about the part played by the 62d in the battle of New Market and the capture of the said battery, which is the only one, as far as I am aware, that was captured at New Market. That the casualties sustained by the 62d Virginia were nearly fifty per cent of our men is the best answer I can give to refute Captain Bruce's assertion of his seeing "Imboden's men giving way," as it was those men who took that battery, which was a five- not a six-gun battery, if my recollection is correct.

COPY OF CERTIFICATE.

DISTRICT COURT OF APPEALS, SECOND DISTRICT,
LOS ANGELES, CAL., August 29, 1905.

It gives me pleasure to say that Mr. Thomas H. Neilson, now of New York, then hardly more than a boy, served throughout the war in the 62d Virginia Regiment (mounted infantry), Army of Northern Virginia, of which I was colonel.

I remember him well, and can therefore say of my own personal knowledge that he served with great credit to himself and to the regiment. Among other battles in which he participated was the battle of New Market, May 15, 1864, where the regiment lost in killed and wounded two hundred and forty-three men out of a total of something over five hundred, including all the commanding officers of companies; and after the death of Captain Currence, who commanded the color company, he was put on the color guard, all of the old guard having been killed or wounded, and he carried the colors throughout the remainder of the battle. G. H. SMITH.

THE BATTLE OF SALEM CHURCH.

BY REV. A. P. ODOM, OF THE 9TH ALABAMA REGIMENT.

During my visit to the Richmond Reunion I visited the historic city of Fredericksburg, and was most cordially entertained by Mr. Decker and his charming daughter. Accompanied by Mr. Decker, a fellow-veteran, we drove out to the old brick Salem church and battlefield. More than a hundred scars on the church wall perpetuate the history of the carnage of death on that fateful day of May 3, 1863. Vividly the memories of that awful day came back to my mind as I stood in the old road where the 9th Alabama was lying down, and close to the very spot where I was when the New Jersey boys charged our line. How gallantly they advanced, and seemingly without fear of the awful doom that awaited them! The words of our brave commander, Major Williams, yet living near Bridgeport, Ala., are vividly recalled: "Boys, hold your fire until you can see the white of their eyes." The first and second volleys from the 9th Alabama boys made it too hot for them, and they made a hasty retreat. They had proven good marksmanship, however, that laid cold in death a number of our brave comrades and sent many others to the field hospital. How sad the recollection of our fellow-comrades whom we placed in the narrow trench opened to receive their bodies by the roadside near the old church! Later they were taken up and placed in the city cemetery by the good people of old Fredericksburg.

How vastly different the circumstances and emotions of the writer then and now, more than forty-four years ago! Time has dealt gently with that locality; but few changes have been made, and they for the better. It was there, in a few feet of the writer, that the brave and noble young Patton, of Lauderdale County, fell mortally wounded. * * *

A large stone monument has been erected, and now stands about seventy-five yards from the old church on the east side of the public road leading to Fredericksburg, and bears the following: "Erected to commemorate the services of 23d Infantry Regiment New Jersey Volunteers by the State of New Jersey. . . . To the memory of our heroic comrades, who gave their lives for their country's unity on this battlefield, this tablet is dedicated." There is this tribute upon it: "To the brave Alabama boys, our opponents on this field of battle, whose memory we honor, this tablet is dedicated, May 3, 1863."

Thus it is, comrades. The final victors are now giving praise to the courage, fortitude, and perseverance of their opponents. In the early part of this battle my comrade, George Stuart, now living near Athens, Ala., who occupied the front rank to the writer, was struck on the head with a Minie ball; and although fired from a gun at short range, his head was so hard that it turned that ball, and I believe that it passed over my shoulder and lodged in my blanket. I heard the ball strike, his head dropped, and I thought George was gone; but not so. He soon raised his left arm and looked back, as if to see what had become of me, and I saw his eyes were bright and clear. I said: "George, you are all right." His hard head had saved him, and probably the writer by the bullet glancing away. I did not know at the time that the ball had entered my knapsack. I presume it was that shot. Thus, owing to his hard head, our Father in heaven kept us both from severe harm; and so it was through all the remaining conflicts of that terrible war and to the present time —the Lord has preserved us.

GENERAL GRANT'S FIRST SERVICE IN THE WAR.

BY T. D. M'GILLICUDY, POST 12, AKRON, OHIO.

At Galena, Ill., on the 27th of April, 1861, Capt. Augustus L. Chetlain (now General Chetlain, of Chicago, Ill., whom General Grant remembered subsequently when he had an opportunity), organized Company A, 12th Regiment Illinois Infantry. It was his intention to have U. S. Grant as one of his lieutenants, but the men of his company thought otherwise; therefore both were disappointed. The outcome was that Captain Chetlain made Grant his company clerk until the company arrived in Camp Butler, near Springfield.

Captain Chetlain, having a full knowledge of Grant's intrinsic worth and feeling a deep interest in him, was ever on the lookout for some opening for him suited to his education and inclinations. Captain Chetlain, also being a man of commanding appearance and possessed of excellent social qualities, was not long in ingratiating himself with the State authorities. The necessities of the service in those stirring days soon found an opening for a man of Grant's capacity as clerk in the office of adjutant general of the State. His accession to the adjutant general's office provoked no small amount of comment as time went on, on account of the thorough knowledge and perfect work of the new incumbent. The military machinery moved on smoothly until at length a commandant was wanted for Camp Butler. Here Captain Chetlain saw a still better opening for Grant, and was not slow to propose his name to Gov. Richard Yates, who made diligent inquiries in regard to the applicant, and finally called on him at the adjutant general's office and asked him of his experience in the organization of troops. Grant replied in the quiet, unassuming manner so characteristic of him, that had he been educated at West Point at the expense of the government and that he had had some experience in the martial art in the Mexican War, and was now ready and willing to serve his country in any capacity he was qualified to fill.

The volunteer soldier of that day was not prepared to subscribe to a discipline of the regular army; hence the unpopularity of the new commandant. Of the many regiments in camp was that of the 21st Illinois Infantry Volunteers, recruited as it was by a man named Goodee, who expected to be its colonel. Colonel Goodee was reputed to be an English nobleman, but he was a confirmed inebriate. The men of his command were neglected in camp, were in a disorganized condition and on the verge of mutiny, when the State authorities saw the necessity of prompt action to save the command. Governer Yates called to his aid the counsel of John A. Logan, then colonel of the 31st Regiment Illinois Volunteers. A slate was fixed up to make the commandant of the camp U. S. Grant, colonel of the 21st Regiment; but, knowing that an objection would be raised by the men of the regiment owing to Grant's rigid discipline, diplomacy was exercised. A meeting of the members of the regiment was ordered in camp and an urgent request made for a full attendance. Col. John A. Logan opened the meeting with one of his soul-stirring, patriotic speeches, in which he vividly portrayed the transcendent glory of dying for one's country with face to the enemy, of the honor of carrying a crutch and cane or an empty sleeve, thus paving the way for an introduction to the new commander. Governor Yates followed in about the same style, assuring the men of the command that he was about to introduce them to their new commander, whose soldierly record would make them the deadly enemies of treason, and wound up with a grand flourish by introducing as colonel of their regiment Ulysses S. Grant, who was received with rounds of applause.

Colonel Grant immediately called a meeting of the officers of his regiment, mapped out his line of action, and ordered that the muster-in rolls of each company be made at once.

At the time of which I speak I was connected with a command of Missouri State troops, doing duty on the line of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, and the 21st Illinois came as a reënforcement to our command. The commands were associated together for some time, and I became well acquainted with the history of both organizations. Colonel Grant was daily seen attending to the duties of his position until promotion to brigadier general, relieving Gen. B. M. Prentice at Cairo, Ill.

General Grant always insisted on his way of doing things, and at last would not have anything to do with what he did not absolutely control. To show in a slight degree the character of the man, I relate a circumstance that came directly under my observation early in the service: On the 3d of February, 1862, while ascending the Tennessee River to capture Fort Henry, Generals Grant and Lew Wallace were on the same transport with the regiment I was then connected with (50th Illinois). It happened that I had some business with my colonel, and we were in the rear cabin, when General Grant entered. Approaching the colonel, he requested that the latter send out for his major, as he wished to speak with him. I at once offered to call the major, but the General remarked that the orderly could do so. The major made his appearance. The summons was due to the fact that the major had been enjoying a social game of cards with the boys, and Grant observed it, noting also the officer's rank in passing through the cabin. Upon the major's reporting, General Grant addressed him in a quiet, gentlemanly manner, asking him how he expected to command the respect of his subordinates if he did not maintain the dignity of his rank. "Not," said he, "that you may be in any respect their superior, socially or otherwise, but the good of the service requires that officers should maintain a dignified demeanor. And now, sir, should I ever learn of your lowering the standard of your rank by engaging in such practices, I shall immediately recommend your dismissal from the service. You are now, sir, at liberty to retire."

MAJOR GENERAL GEORGIA DIVISION, U. C. V.

John William Clark was born April 26, 1844. He was mustered into the Confederate army August 17, 1861, as a private in Company A, Cobb's Legion, Georgia Cavalry. He was detailed in December, 1861, a courier for Col. Thomas R. R. Cobb, and was promoted on December 1, 1862, first lieutenant and aid-de-camp on General Cobb's staff. General Cobb was killed at Fredericksburg on the 13th, before the commission issued to his aid-de-camp; so Clark returned to his regiment, serving until August, 1864, when he received appointment as first lieutenant and aid-de-camp to Gen. William H. Browne, completing service with him and being paroled in May, 1865. He attended school seven months, then went to work in his father's store, and for many years merchandised. In 1894 President Cleveland sent him to Wyoming to allot land to the Shoshone and Arapaho Indians. Returning to Augusta in the fall of 1897, he went immediately to work with the railroad. In the fall of 1898 the Georgia Chemical Company secured his services, where he stayed until

elected sheriff of the county, taking up this duty in 1903. He is now serving his third term. He commanded the Richmond Hussars seventeen years and the 1st Georgia Battalion of Cavalry four years. He is now retired with the rank of lieutenant colonel.

Major General Clark is a charter member of the Cavalry Survivors' Association, the first C. S. A. organization after the



GEN. JOHN WILLIAM CLARK.

war. It now takes in infantry and artillery and navy members. General Clark was Camp Commander several years, until promoted to Brigade Commander at the last Reunion, a year ago, and now becomes Commander of the Georgia Division.

NORTHERN SIDE AT MURFREESBORO.

BY CAPT. S. F. HORRALL, WASHINGTON, IND.

I now give the promised recollections of the battle of Stone River (Tenn.) or Murfreesboro. I was then ordnance officer and inspector on the staff of Brig. Gen. John Beatty, 14th Corps, Army of the Cumberland.

Early in the day of December 30 we reached the main body of the Federal army confronting the Confederates. For days before the rain was continuous, thus adding to other disagreeable conditions. The firing line of the Confederates was practically straight, covering Murfreesboro and along the banks of Stone River; so our (Federal) line was adjusted to properly confront theirs. Major General McCook held the right and Gen. Tom Crittenden the left of our line.

The forces thus disposed for battle on the evening of the 30th preparatory for next day, the great army slept, to be rudely awakened on the 31st at a little before daylight by a most terrific cannonading and clangor of small arms on the right. Up to that hour it had been a problem as to the Confederate general's intention—that is, as to whether he intended an attack or was waiting to be attacked—but his strategy developed by surprising General McCook at the hour stated.

All day before the attack the Confederates were feeling of our lines; and as our left, extending across Stone River, covered the town, naturally our generals figured that the left, by the Confederate right, would be the point to be attacked, for the right was two or three miles from Murfreesboro, our objective. But the general commanding the Confederate forces reversed the usual order of things by the surprise as far from our objective as could be; and not only surprised McCook's force, but caught ours with reserve reënforcements largely on our left and center. However, quite enough reserve force was hurried to help McCook to hold the Confederates in check until our generals got in "strategy" of war. This was done in haste and by refusing our right and left and forming a "horseshoe" of the line. Here, then, developed General Rosecrans's strategy. To reënforce any part of the line that might be attacked by our force, the Confederates would have—being the outside of the new line formation—to travel any way from one to three miles, while the Federals could meet the same emergency by reserves moving one-fourth of a mile or less, being the inside of the half circle, the Confederates the outside.

By direction of Brig. Gen. John Beatty, this writer fixed the line to receive and repel, if possible, the advancing Confederate line. Returning and reporting to General Beatty, the brigade commander, Major General Rousseau, made the order to General Beatty, "Hold this position till h— freezes over," and dashed off. Now, by mistake, the officer delivering the order to the checking Union forces—viz., General Hazen's Regulars and Colonel Shepherd's Brigades and Beatty's—failed to so notify General Beatty, who kept holding his position for perhaps an hour and a half after; and when he did fall back, it was with comparatively no loss of men, while the other brigades suffered severe loss. In his book of memoranda General Beatty wrote of this and said: "Concluding that hell had about frozen over, I about-faced my brigade."

The first days of the battle we (the Union forces) were whipped. As a strict strategist, General Bragg in the battle of Perryville, Ky., proved the superior of General Buell, and in the outset had outgeneraled Rosecrans at Murfreesboro; but General Rosecrans, who had the honor of winning the first substantial victory for the Federal arms in Virginia, was a strategist too, and by that won at last, after losing nearly thirty-three per cent of his command; for be it written that at one time during the fighting our whole army was surrounded, and the majority of inferior officers, I think, figured only on our surrender finally. Though checked and outgeneraled in the cedar woods south of the railroad, as described, the Confederates, falling back a short distance, defiantly refused to retreat until next day, when, after the massing of an overwhelming force of infantry, some cavalry, and many guns of artillery on our left, the Confederate right was pressed back across Stone River; and if two hours more of daylight had availed, unquestionably the Federal forces would have occupied Murfreesboro that evening. Thus the real problem of battle was solved. Only daylight the next day awaited to realize fully its solution, but at what a cost of life!

If there are living those who acted as rear guard for the Confederate army, they may easily recall what took place

on a little knoll just north of the railroad, right center of the line. It was the 42d I. V. V. I. that confronted them. That small force of infantry and a single piece of artillery held our 42d Infantry the night long in check. While on duty next day, after the evacuation of Murfreesboro, this writer, ordnance officer, to gather abandoned arms, etc., rode over the place. The fight was in a night of pitchy darkness, and firing was in a desultory way all along the line, kept up by the Confederates to conceal their preparation for retreat. The "spot" alluded to was sparsely covered with trees, and from both sides these trees were filled with bullets and ramrods of small arms, for both were so excited that the usual order "Aim low" was forgotten and trees were "peppered" fifteen to twenty feet above ground. No more decided stand could have been made by a rear guard. The 42d Indiana as a body, so terrific was the firing, retired; but Lieutenant Colonel Shanklin obeyed orders, held position, and was captured.

. . . . . .

Resuming the Federal side of the battle of Murfreesboro, the part in which the 2d Brigade, 1st Division, 14th A. C., exploited, I hope to be entirely accurate and to "render unto Cæsar," etc., without egotism, though the pronoun I appears. In the battle proper the part taken in the fight by this command, as I saw it, follows: At high noon on the 31st of December the brigade, together with Colonel Hazen's Brigade of Regular Troops and Colonel Shepherd's Brigade of East Tennesseeans, took position in the cedar woods, several hundred yards south of the railroad. The purpose was to assist General McCook's command in preventing a rapid advance of the Confederates, which if made, as evidently was expected (and alarmingly near successful), meant nothing less than a flank and rear movement by infantry, when the Confederate cavalry, under General Wheeler, would dash up from our rear from Lavergne and compel a surrender. In the cedar woods my brigade fought five hours, being obliged three times to "change front to rear" to avoid the Confederates' flanking movements. At last the order came late in the day to "fall back;" and we did with more or less confusion, under fire yet. General Rosecrans had scarcely completed his new, or "horseshoe," line formation then, but during the night fixed it, massing thirty pieces of artillery, six- and twelve-pounders, double-shotted with grape and canister.

About ten o'clock on January 1, 1863, the Confederates uncovered from the cedar woods by three distinct lines visible for the charge. Never did troops move or drill more steadily than these men. Our artillery was supported well and amply by infantry, with cavalry on the right flank. When at close artillery range, the order to fire was given. The lanyards of thirty pieces struck and the deadly contents rained into the Confederate ranks, almost entirely decimating or mowing down the advancing line. But another and yet another pressed forward until within short rifle range of our line. Under the smoke and underbrush forty or fifty Confederate privates, throwing down their arms, crawled on hands and knees, surrendering as prisoners of war. By the line officer, to whom the surrender was made, they were turned over to this writer, whose duty as brigade inspector it was to turn them over to the provost marshal. A more forlorn, worn-out, and famished set of men would be hard to find. I said: "Boys, you are worn and hungry?" "Yes, on duty fighting or otherwise twenty-four hours, with little to eat." "Well, you must be fed," I replied. So, marching to commissary headquarters, they were fed. Now comes a little fun I enjoyed greatly. Provost headquarters lay in the direction of the front center, and there was fighting all along the line. Almost always in closely contested battles there are stragglers, full of pluck, out of range. Passing near a group, a voice rang out tantalizingly: "Hello, Johnny Reb, where are you going?" "Down to the front, where you're afraid to go, d— you," was the reply. "Just right; hit him again," I said, indulging a hearty laugh, in which all the "boys in gray" joined. "He who laughs last laughs best."

My next will be the close of the battle of Murfreesboro.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The concluding exercises of the U. D. C. at Norfolk embodied thanks by a rising vote to Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, of Norfolk, and Mrs. Randolph, of Richmond, for their valuable services in the interest of the organization.

Hearty thanks were also expressed to the Pickett-Buchanan Chapter, the Virginia Division, to Mrs. H. St. George Tucker, Mrs. James Y. Leigh, Mrs. McKenney, and Mrs. Tate for the royal manner in which the Daughters had been entertained during their stay in Norfolk.

The election of officers, in addition to Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone President General, resulted:

Honorary President, Mrs. Sarah Dabney, Eggleston.
First Vice President, Mrs. M. S. Willard, North Carolina.
Second Vice President, Mrs. Pole, Maryland.
Recording Secretary, Mrs. Andrew L. Dowdell, Alabama.
Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. R. C. Cooley, Florida.
Treasurer, Mrs. L. Eustace Williams, Kentucky.
Custodian of Crosses, Mrs. L. H. Raines, Georgia.
Custodian of Flags, Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, Norfolk.

These officers were elected unanimously in each instance.

The choice of the convention for the next meeting place was decided by a vote of eighty-seven to seventy in favor of Atlanta over Houston, Tex.

An important feature of the closing session was the adoption of a resolution to take up as their next work the erection of a monument in Richmond to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

The Columbia College scholarship for next year was awarded to South Carolina, but the scholarship in the Teachers' College, of New York, was not awarded.

It was decided that copies of the minutes of the convention should be sent each Chapter President.

The final report on the Jefferson Davis monument in Richmond was made. The remainder of the fund in hand was donated by the convention to a fund now being secured for the erection of a monument at New Orleans in memory of Jefferson Davis.

Announcement was made that the Oklahoma Division would be amalgamated with the Indian Territory Division before the convention at Atlanta next year.

U. D. C. State Officers for North Carolina.—President, Mrs. I. W. Faison, Charlotte; Vice Presidents, Mrs. R. F. Dalton, Greensboro, Mrs. Martin S. Willard, Wilmington, and Mrs. John Phifer Erwin, Morganton; Recording Secretary, Mrs. F. M. Williams, Norton; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Gordon Finger, Charlotte; Treasurer, Miss Alice Nilsen, Greensboro; Registrar, Mrs. Leo Heartt, Raleigh; Historian, Miss Rebecca Cameron, Hillsboro; Assistant Historian, Mrs. W. O. Shannon, Henderson; Recorder Crosses of Honor, Mrs. William H. Overman, Salisbury; Chaplain, Mrs. James G. Kenan, Wallace.

PROCEEDINGS U. D. C. AT NORFOLK.

REPORT OF THE MARYLAND DIVISION, U. D. C., BY MRS. CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER, PRESIDENT.

The Maryland Division through its various Chapters is pleased to report its steady progress, healthy increase in membership, and liberal dispensing of relief.

The Daughters of the Confederacy in the State of Maryland (Baltimore Chapter, No. 8), of which Mrs. John P. Poe is President, has undertaken no large work during the past year, but has kept its regular work steadily and effectively. It now has seven hundred and forty members, and from this large number various committees accomplish its numerous undertakings. Last fall there was a sale to augment the Charity Fund, which was inadequate to the demands made upon it, and from this sale was realized $499.40. About $300 has been given during the year to needy applicants in the Chapter's midst who have drawn upon it as Southerners.

The Confederate Veterans' Home at Pikesville, under the care of the Association of the Maryland Line, is largely supported by the generous appropriation each year from the Legislature of Maryland; but Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, the first President of the Association, feeling the need of woman's touch and voice, appointed a Board of Lady Visitors, whose duty it is to care for the sick and suffering in the infirmary and to add to the comfort of the inmates of the Home.

Ever since the formation of this board a committee has been appointed each month from the Daughters of the Confederacy in Maryland to visit the Home, and each year six bountiful dinners are provided there—namely, Thanksgiving, Christmas, January 19, February 22, Easter Sunday, and July 4; but the latter dinner was discontinued by the chairman for that month and, at the request of the old men, the amount divided among its Sundays to supply ice cream, cake, and fruit.

In addition, the inmates of the hospital are tenderly cared for and supplied with the delicacies they desire. The cost of this is about $300 a year, not estimating the gifts of the individual members of each monthly committee. On June 3 a fête is held at the Home, which is a great source of pleasure to the old Confederates who are generously cared for at that time. In addition, the hospital is provided with linen from year to year.

Crosses of honor are bestowed upon the veterans January 19 and June 3 with appropriate ceremonies.

The Maryland Room in the Confederate Museum in Richmond is always cared for by the Daughters of Maryland. This year larger contributions were needed, owing to the crowd drawn to Richmond. The amount contributed was $65.

On Memorial Day, June 6, large numbers of Daughters go to Loudoun Park Cemetery to strew flowers on the graves of our dead and join in the services held under the auspices of the Army and Navy of Maryland. The care of the graveyards where rest the Confederate dead ever appeals to the Chapter.

On July 4, 1876, the monument erected by the State of Maryland to the Confederate soldiers who died in the Federal prison at Point Lookout was unveiled. The monument consists of a granite shaft, quarried in Baltimore County, and beneath it repose the remains of 3,004 soldiers of the Confederate armies, representing all the States that composed the Confederacy. The number of soldiers from the different States whose bones repose beneath the monument are: Virginia, 640; North Carolina, 972; South Carolina, 248; Georgia, 249; Alabama, 75; Tennessee, 63; Louisiana, 38; Mississippi, 42; Florida, 31; Kentucky, 18; Texas, 6; Maryland, 6; Arkansas, 4; Missouri, 4; Unknown, 618. Total, 3,004. The committee in charge of the monument and graves accepted an offer recently made by the Daughters of Maryland to have the monument and graves in this cemetery put in perfect order, and Mr. James Hall, of the old committee, was appointed to take charge. He reports that everything is being thoroughly attended to, and by spring will be in order. The cemetery will then be cared for by the Daughters of the Confederacy in Maryland.

The religious services of the centennial of General Lee's birthday were held in old St. Paul's. The large church was crowded and the services were solemn and impressive. In the afternoon the Army and Navy held memorial services in a large theater, Senator John W. Daniel being the orator. The Daughters of Maryland attended in large numbers.

The Annapolis Branch of the Baltimore Chapter, under the active and able Chairman, Mrs. Robert Bowie, never fails to respond to the calls of the Mother Chapter; and though only few in number, has contributed $30 to the different works of the Chapter, besides aiding in various other ways.

During the past year a Board of the Daughters of the Confederacy has taken under its special care the Confederate Women's Home in Baltimore, there having been trouble with the old managers, and the State appropriation withdrawn. This Board has worked most nobly to support the Home. Its members, through their untiring efforts, have realized $1,028 exclusive of donations of provisions, fuel, furniture, and wearing apparel in abundance. All honor should be given those who have made a happy home for the Confederate widows and mothers.

The Harford Chapter, No. 114, with Mrs. E. H. D. Pue President, celebrated the centennial of the birth of Gen. Robert E. Lee by a reception tendered by its President to the members of the Chapter. General Lee's favorite hymns were sung and suitable readings given. Delegates were sent to the Baltimore celebration.

The Chapter contributed $5 to the Arlington Monument Fund, $5 to the Maryland Room in Richmond, and sent flowers to the extent of $10 to the funerals of veterans.

June 3 was celebrated as Memorial Day, and the graves of the Confederate dead scattered throughout Harford County were decorated by delegations from the Chapter.

The fund for the erection of a memorial to the men of Harford who wore the gray grows slowly, but it is hoped next year to add materially to it. A barrel of provisions was sent to the Home for Confederate Women in Baltimore.

The Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, No. 279, Mrs. E. C. McSherry President, has cared for the families of Confederate veterans in destitute circumstances by providing fuel, provisions, medicines, and in extreme cases paying house rent. In several instances a nurse was sent to assist in illness, and in two cases of death the Chapter paid for the last services rendered the dead.

White marble stones have been placed as markers of the Confederate graves which were marked by boards in a church burying ground, and in Mt. Olivet Cemetery the graves of those who died wearing the gray are marked by stones, cared for, and kept by the Chapter. There are many unknown dead in Mt. Olivet, and for them was erected the first Confederate monument to the unknown dead of the Confederacy.

Through the Chapter two little boys, sons of veterans who died in abject poverty, were placed in an industrial school, where they are being educated and trained. Their only relative, an aunt, has been most grateful to the Chapter for the work done in the boys' behalf.

On June 3 every year the Daughters and Veterans, escorted by the High School Cadets, have services in the two cemeteries where the Confederate dead are buried. After the services, each grave is profusely decorated with flowers, and a special committee sees that the graves of veterans and daughters who are buried in private lots in these cemeteries are decorated at the same time. The flowers are sent in such profusion that a large conveyance is required to take them to the cemeteries, and each and every one present loves to strew them on the graves, thinking always of those who would like to do so if they only knew where their loved ones lay.

The Fitzhugh Lee Chapter gives also annually $25 to the Confederate Veterans' Home at Pikesville, and during the past two years has assumed the care of the Robert E. Lee Room at the Home, as those who had taken charge of it were unable to do so longer.

Ten dollars was sent for a flag to the Maryland Room in Richmond and $5 for a strawberry treat to the veterans at the Pikesville Home. The Chapter assumed the expense of removing the Confederate soldier buried in the year 1862 in the church graveyard at Braddock, Md. This graveyard being no longer used, the remains were brought to Frederick and placed with the Confederate dead in Mt. Olivet Cemetery, and the grave of the reinterred body was marked by a marble stone inscribed with the name: "Damascus Wetherly, Sergeant, C. S. A., Homesville, Alder County, Ga." The removal and marking of the grave were most gratefully done by the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter.

The work of Frank A. Bond Chapter, No. 370, Mrs. R. P. Alexander Hammond, President, for the past year has been a noble one—that of assisting in the maintenance of the Confederate Woman's Home in Baltimore. The expenses for each month of the Home are met by a chairman and committee selected from the Board. October fell to the Frank A. Bond Chapter, and at the close of the month it was found no less than $100 had been expended.

Memorial Days have been observed and all expenses incident to the Chapter paid.

The Cecil Chapter, No. 478, Mrs. G. S. Woolley President, though still in its infancy and with comparatively few members, has done good work. It has responded liberally when called upon for aid by its sister Chapters, having during the past year contributed to the Memorial Window in the Maryland Room at the Confederate Museum in Richmond and to a number of monument funds. Regular monthly meetings are held and the birthdays of President Davis and Generals Lee and Jackson celebrated.

NORTH CAROLINA'S REPORT TO THE U. D. C.

BY MRS. J. W. FAISON, OF CHARLOTTE, DIVISION PRESIDENT.

I deem it a great honor and privilege to be the one to extend greetings from the United Daughters of the Confederacy of North Carolina to all our officers, delegates, visiting members, and visitors, and feel that to learn of your work in other States and to know the members thereof personally is a "liberal education."

To-day we, the women of the South, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, meet here to renew our vows of loyalty to the sacred memories of the past and as an organization whose declared purpose is to commemorate the heroic deeds of our dead and hand down true history to our children. The way for us to do is to impress the facts of history upon the minds of our young people, and they can then recognize the errors that are made by Northern historians. Although historical facts are distorted and the truth is not told, we propose to teach our own children of our own Southland the facts about our own war in our own way. For this is the only way we can rescue from infamy the memory of our fallen heroes. Only thus can we blot out the brand of "traitor" from the brow of President Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, and Stonewall Jackson.

In all history never have the women of any defeated people been banded together for the great purpose of proving rightfulness of the cause for which their fathers, husbands, sons, and brothers fought and women endured, and in caring for the wounded and afflicted who survived. In all the histories of other countries there exist no monuments erected by the women to secure the record of the truth in history about a defeated but sacred cause.

Our work is for a grand purpose, grand in its origin, patriotic in its undertakings, and faithful in its ministrations. We intend to make the education of veterans' children our main work the coming year. The Educational Committee of the Western Section of North Carolina have two girls at the State Normal College in Greensboro, and the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Charlotte, keep a veteran's daughter at the Presbyterian College every year. When one graduates, another is selected to fill her place. Many veterans and widows of veterans are unable to educate their children as they should be, and I know of no greater work that can be done by every single Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in the United States. Let us do this in connection with our other work, and in the days and years to come we will see the fruit of our good work and feel proud of it.

Three events of great moment to us, the U. D. C.'s, have occurred within the last twelve months: the death of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Robert E. Lee, and the unveiling of the monument to our beloved Confederate President, Jefferson Davis. Every Chapter in the State was asked to observe with suitable exercises the centennial anniversary of General Lee's birth, and it was complied with by all.

Our Soldiers' Home is in a fine condition, and we do all we can to make the occupants comfortable, bright, and happy. We have given over six hundred dollars to this cause. The Home is supported by the State. There have been given nine hundred and forty-five crosses of honor by thirty-nine Chapters in the State in the past year, and more could have been bestowed, but could not be gotten from the Custodian.

We have eighty Chapters in the State and over three thousand members and twenty-one Children's Chapters. Six were chartered during the past year, and there would have been more, but our beloved President, Mrs. W. L. Parker, was prevented from further work by the illness of a young daughter, and later her death. She was a faithful and diligent worker, and could have done much good but for this sorrow. I as her successor shall endeavor to keep up the standard of our work.

The following Chapters have been chartered during the past year: Clayton Chapter, Clayton; Emaline J. Pigott Chapter, Morehead City; the Holt-Saunders Chapter, Smithfield; Mary Lee Chapter, Painter, Jackson County; Frank M. Parker Chapter, Enfield. The following Children's Chapters

have been organized this year—eight in number: one each at Greensboro, Durham, Tarboro, Wadesboro, Littleton, Salem-Winston, and Albemarle. We have fine reports from most of them; but some of them will not report to us.

The saying that a "land without monuments is a land without memories" is no longer attributable to North Carolina in either sense, and our hearts are gladdened that so many monuments have been built all over the State. The history of how one monument was paid for would be a revelation to most of you and inspire the weakest one among you. The hard work (both physical and brain) and the energy put forth by one woman is marvelous to be told, and to hear her tell it was rich. She is among you to-day, and I might whisper her name to you if you desire to take lessons.

Plans for the proposed monument to Henry L. Wyatt, of North Carolina, the first soldier killed in battle at Bethel, are perfected, and it will soon be erected. A drinking fountain is to be placed on the Capitol Square in Raleigh to his memory.

At our State Convention in Greensboro a month ago we unveiled a portrait of Julian S. Carr, which will be placed in the North Carolina Room in Richmond, Va. He is noted for being the "best" friend of the living veterans. We also have funds on hand for portraits of Gen. Robert Ransom and of Capt. Randolph Thornwell, who made himself famous during the reconstruction of the Kuklux days.

A movement was inaugurated to erect a monument on the campus of the University at Chapel Hill to the boys who put aside their books and doffed uniforms, shouldered their guns, and went to the front in defense of a cause their fathers knew to be right.

Our State Treasurer reports that we have received $2,293 and paid out over twelve hundred dollars. We have seven hundred dollars on hand at interest for our Memorial Arch at Confederate Cemetery in Raleigh to commemorate the services of one thousand dead soldiers who lie buried there, representing every Southern State; also contributions for Arlington and Wirz monuments, and we have given fifty dollars to Shiloh and intend to give more. These three monuments ought to be erected at once and by the help of all the States.

Our historians have collected valuable papers and do good work for their State. We instructed our Chapters hereafter to send all *per capita* tax, State and general, to the State Treasurer, and she would forward the general tax to the General Treasurer, thus saving a great deal of trouble.

We are splendidly organized, have had a very prosperous year, and our work is going forward triumphantly. We propose to do our duty (and that duty is a pleasure), and not be laggards in U. D. C. work. History shows that North Carolina stands first in whatever she undertakes. Right here may I digress for a minute and remind you of some facts in history? North Carolina has many historic facts for which she has never been given credit by some. Situated between Virginia on the one hand and South Carolina on the other and always a very modest State, she did not proclaim these facts as the other two States who have made the welkin ring, as it were, with their deeds of valor. For every fact that they can give, we can give one better. The first settlement of America was made in 1785 on Roanoke Island, N. C. The first white child born on American soil was on this island. North Carolina had a "tea party" at Edenton and one at Wilmington some time before the noted one in Boston, Mass., and the participants were not disguised as Indians as they were, but boldly proclaimed that they would not be taxed unjustly and threw the tea overboard. She declared her independence of the British Crown in Charlotte, Mecklenburg County, N. C., May 20, 1775, more than a year before it was declared in Philadelphia, Pa.

But the grandest of all, North Carolina was first at Bethel, farthest at Chickamauga and Gettysburg, and last at Appomattox. See what our own State of North Carolina did during the war. Out of a voting population of 115,000, we sent 125,000 men to the field, more than one-fifth of the men furnished by the Southern States. It was in the hour of the last march of our troops that General Lee said: "God bless North Carolina."

In the late Cuban war the first man killed in the army was Lieut. William Shipp, of Charlotte, N. C.; in the navy the first man killed was Worth Bagley, of Raleigh, N. C. And North Carolina troops placed the first American flag on Moro Castle, Cuba.

Arlington Cemetery, as we now know it, was formerly established in May, 1864, and it is stated that the first interment therein was that of George L. Rhineheart, a Confederate soldier of the 26th and 23d North Carolina Infantry, consolidated.

North Carolina was the first State to break ground for a building at Jamestown Exposition, and had the biggest day of any State during the whole time of the Exposition; also the first State to indorse the building of Beauvoir, the U. D. C. Building of Virginia. During the summer before this Mrs. Waike, of Virginia, was visiting at Morehead City, N. C., and seventeen Chapters promised their support and gave contributions for this building. North Carolina's Governor, R. B. Glenn, and Judge Long have the distinction of being the first to discuss the much-mooted question, the rate law, and declaring again her State rights.

With such a glorious past and grand history we cannot go backward, but must push forward; and as old David Crockett said, "After you get there, keep on going." So, standing here to-day, I realize what North Carolina has done, and promise to endeavor to keep her up to the standard in our work. This work of the Confederacy is what we do with all our hearts "down home" in the Old North State.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The Object and Mission of the Organization.

BY MRS. JAMES B. GANTT, PRESIDENT MISSOURI DIVISION.

In a State like Missouri, where sentiment is so divided, the question has often been asked: "What is the object and mission of the organization known as the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and what is the meaning of these conventions?" If you will look on the first page of the Division programme, you will find these words: "The objects of the Missouri Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, are to 'honor the memory of those who served and those who fell in the service of the Confederate States, to protect historic places of the Confederacy, to collect and preserve the material for a truthful history of the war, to aid in erecting monuments to the heroes of the Confederacy, to fulfill the duties of grateful kindness toward the survivors of the war and those dependent upon them, and to cherish the ties of friendship which these sacred principles impose upon the members of this association.'"

The Constitution of the organization, United Daughters of the Confederacy, declares more briefly the objects of this association to be historical, educational, memorial, benevolent, and social. It has for its motto the beautiful sentiment: "Love

makes memory eternal." Its emblem is a cotton boll against a five-pointed star, with the significant words, "Live, dare, think, pray, love," inscribed on the five points of the star. This organization, which is composed of between forty-five thousand and fifty thousand of the best women of our land, is only thirteen years old. Its birthplace is the good old State of Tennessee, at Nashville, in the year 1894. It now embraces State Divisions in Alabama, Arkansas, California, District of Columbia, Georgia, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Indian Territory, Oklahoma, Maryland, Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, North Carolina, South Carolina, Ohio, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, West Virginia, and has Chapters in Mexico City, Nebraska, Oregon, Utah, Pennsylvania, the State of Washington, and New York.

The Missouri Division, to which we belong and which is represented by this Convention, consists of thirty-three Chapters, with a membership of over fifteen hundred. Our State motto is Kipling's inspiring words:

"Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

Love, memory, and sentiment is our "stock in trade," but in this practical, wealth-seeking world it is refreshing to find it. We believe in these sweet thoughts of the poet-priest:

"A land without memories is a land without liberty."

"Give us a land that hath legends and lays,
That tells of the memories of long-vanished days,
For the dust of the past some hearts higher prize
Than the stars that flash out from the future's bright skies."

No body of women ever had a more sacred trust than is imposed upon us who represent the United Daughters of the Confederacy. With every passing year we tell again and again the story of the Confederate soldier, and the world's admiration for him grows stronger and stronger everywhere. Even our Northern brothers are glad to claim the record he made from Sumter to Appomattox, and no future historian will ever attempt to write our nation's history without giving full credit to the men who wore the gray, who suffered and died for Dixie.

We believe the collecting, compiling, and preserving in enduring form of true and impartial Confederate history to be a sacred duty we owe to our forefathers, ourselves, and our posterity, and to this end we are willing—yes, eager—to give the best of our lives to the accomplishment of this grateful task. Our organization is unique in the history of the world.

It is easy to champion a cause when success has placed upon its brow the laurel crown of victory. But where in all the history of the world, save among the followers of the Confederacy, do we find intelligent, enthusiastic men and women giving their time, talents, money, and heart's affections to an issue that is lost? Some one has said: "It is true, our fathers fought in defense of a cause that did not succeed, but they did not fight in vain. They struggled to establish a principle which they believed the Constitution of the United States recognized, and during the four stormy years that followed the shifting fortunes of that cause they not only proved their loyalty and devotion to it, but by their splendid valor and undaunted courage filled the world with the glory of their achievements." And these principles will live in the hearts of their descendants, and their deeds of heroism will be told in "song and story," and their flag, the stars and bars, will be kept in loving remembrance, "though its folds are in the dust."

These same sons and daughters are beginning to recognize that the time has come when a truthful and just record of the deeds of their fathers shall go upon the pages of history for future generations to read, admire, and if necessary emulate their patriotic example. They intend to see that their children shall no longer be taught that R. E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and Jefferson Davis were traitors to their country. On the other hand, they will teach them that these men and all good, true Confederate soldiers fought for their homes, their firesides, and for a principle they knew to be right and just against most fearful odds. The generations to come will be constrained to admire the bravery of such heroes, honor their characters as unimpeachable citizens, and respect their military genius.

We insist that pride of ancestry is one of the strongest bulwarks of human safety, and any one who can show an authentic certificate that his or her father was a good Confederate soldier has a heritage worth more than stocks and bonds and more precious than silver or gold. Why should we not glory in the achievements of our Confederate fathers? Napoleon was not a greater military genius than Stonewall Jackson; Washington was not the peer of Robert E. Lee, either in Christian citizenship or as a great leader. The Frenchman is proud of Napoleon; we are proud of both Washington and Lee. Every true American reverences the "Father of his Country" and the principle of independence he represented. Why should we not be equally proud of Robert E. Lee, the peerless leader of the Confederate armies?

In the seventeenth century Oliver Cromwell, the great Lord Protector of England, was called a traitor because he had the courage to oppose the oppressions of King Charles and lead in what was termed an insurrection against his crown. If Oliver Cromwell was a traitor, then Washington, John Hampden, William of Orange, Robert E. Lee, and Jefferson Davis were traitors; for did not each of these men oppose oppression and fight against the powers that be? After the lapse of almost three centuries, Cromwell, who was called "the traitor, the usurper, the execrable murderer of the martyred Charles," was honored with a statue which Charles Francis Adams described as massive in size, rugged in feature, characteristic in attitude, standing to-day defiantly in the yard of that same Westminster Hall from a pole on the top of which twelve score years before the flesh crumbled from his skull. History repeats itself.

Over forty years ago Jefferson Davis was denounced as a traitor to his country; now the same country stands admiringly by and allows the United Daughters of the Confederacy to erect a magnificent monument, which will last for all time, testifying to the honor and righteousness of the President of the Southern Confederacy. On the 3d of June last the ends of the earth met at Richmond and did honor to his memory by unveiling this monument. It is said that one hundred and twenty-five thousand persons were present.

Those of us who are Colonial Dames point with pride to Edwin Sandes, the first Puritan and author of the charter for the Mayflower, and gallant old Andrew Lewis, the Indian fighter, whose stalwart form in buckskin stands in bronze around the equestrain statue of Washington in the historic capitol grounds at Richmond, Va. In the same grounds, besides such men as Washington, Patrick Henry, John Marshall, and Andrew Lewis, stands a splendid statue of Stonewall Jackson.

The organization of the United Daughters of the Confederacy is not only unique, owing to the fact that we champion a defeated though glorious cause, but for another reason; we are the only body of intelligent, patriotic, well-born

women year after year giving our time, talents, and means to a benevolent cause absolutely free, without remuneration or the hope of compensation of any kind save that which comes from a consciousness of a "labor of love." In our case it will not be "love's labor lost," for in almost every city throughout the South we see the fruits of our toil in the splendid shafts of marble, granite, and bronze which we have built, lifting their heads heavenward, telling the story of the Confederate soldier, and showing to the world the love we, their descendants, bear our departed heroes. And not only monuments for the dead have we erected, but through our efforts homes are provided for the unfortunate living Confederate soldier, where he and his good wife, if perchance she is left to him, may walk side by side and in their old age "rest under the shade of the trees" in peace, honor, and plenty.

We have provided, and are still providing, schools for the education of his children where they may be uplifted from the poverty of their environments and placed in the way of good citizenship, respectability, and success—equipped for the battle of life.

No needy Confederate soldier, be his station in life what it may, ever passes our door empty-handed. We care for him in life, and in death lay him tenderly away, marking his grave with a modest stone bearing his name, date of his birth and death, adding that long ago in the past he shouldered his musket and went forth not as a rebel against his country, but to defend his State's rights and his home. For two years victory crowned his efforts; then came Vicksburg, Gettysburg, and Appomattox, and the banner of the Confederacy fell before an innumerable foe. We will teach his children and have them teach their children and their children tell it to another generation that, though the banner of our fathers is furled never to kiss the breeze again, we their daughters cherish it for the sacred memories which cluster around it, for the glorious principles of right and liberty it represented, for the courage and patriotism of those who fought and died for it.

"Our brightest smiles are for the true and brave;
Our tears are for those who fill a soldier's grave."

For this reason the Daughters of the Confederacy exist, and it is for this that "love makes memory eternal."

While we cherish these sacred memories, we yield to no one in loyalty to our united country. That its peace may never again be disturbed by cruel warfare is the earnest wish of every true daughter of the Confederacy.

UNION OFFICER IN JUSTICE FOR MR. DAVIS.

BY COL. JOHN B. BROWNLOW, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

In the interest of that "square deal" which President Roosevelt has so volubly advocated with tongue and pen, but which he has done so little to promote by his acts, I wish to say a good word for the President. When a young man of twenty-eight he wrote a book in which in substance he described Andrew Jackson as about the most unworthy man who had ever occupied the presidential office. According to Historian Roosevelt, the occupancy of the White House by such a man as the "hero of New Orleans" was a disgrace to the American government. That I do not state this too strongly, I could prove by such copious extracts from his "Life of Thomas H. Benton" that it would require more of your space to insert than I could ask you to grant me. But I gladly acknowledge that in his speech at Nashville on Jackson Mr. Roosevelt made the *amende honorable*. He told the truth about our great Tennesseean as he had learned it since he wrote that book, twenty-two years ago, when he was in the roasting ear age of his life, and for so doing he has elevated himself in the estimation of Tennesseeans. His last words on Andrew Jackson have been worthy of the great office he holds.

Many years ago, when Mr. Roosevelt was still a young man, he wrote for a Northern magazine an article on Jefferson Davis, in which he charged that Mr. Davis in 1861 had advocated the repudiation of Mississippi's State debt, and that not only was he a repudiator of public debts but that he had repudiated his private debts. In other words, that Jefferson Davis was dishonest in his private business life. When this article appeared, Mr. Davis wrote Mr. Roosevelt a polite letter, telling him that he had done him injustice, that he had never approved of the repudiation by Mississippi of its debt, and that never before had any one charged that he had repudiated or sought to repudiate or failed to pay his private debts, and he concluded his letter by respectfully requesting Mr. Roosevelt to give his authority for the charges he had made. He naturally supposed that Mr. Roosevelt, whose father had been his friend, would gladly make the correction when furnished with the facts, which Mr. Davis offered to do. He was not willing to believe that the son of an old friend and the nephew of Captain Bulloch, a loyal Confederate soldier and a devoted personal friend of his, would willingly asperse his character or hesitate to do him justice when enlightened as to the truth. Instead of cheerfully complying with this reasonable request, Mr. Roosevelt had his secretary write for him the insulting response: "Mr. Theodore Roosevelt declines to have any correspondence with Mr. Jefferson Davis."

I will here add that within a few years after the close of the Civil War, when all manner of lies were published about Mr. Davis—such, for example, that "when captured he was dressed in female attire"—it was published in a Northern newspaper or magazine that he had advocated the repudiation of his State's debt in 1850-51. Promptly Mr. Davis replied through the North American Review that the charge that he had ever favored the repudiation of his State's debt was false, and that he challenged proof to the contrary. This put a quietus on the charge.

Whatever Mr. Davis's faults, the greed for money was not among them, nor was personal dishonesty a trait of his character. His reputation for personal integrity was unblemished. Prior to the Civil War, though not rich, like the thrifty New York Roosevelts, he was in comfortable financial circumstances; and being a man of an unostentatious and economical manner of living and of a high sense of honor, neither necessity nor inclination prompted him to swindle his creditors.

"Who steals my purse, steals trash, 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed."

For many years after the close of the Civil War I spent every winter in Washington, where I personally met Sumner, Wade, Chandler, Cameron, Chase, Stevens, and other Republicans who were contemporaries of Davis and had served with him in both the Senate and House. I heard them discuss his character. They disliked him as a politician, considered him as the chief of political sinners, but said not a word in derogation of his private character or personal integrity.

After the Civil War, smarting under the most severe criticisms on his own character and on his official acts while he commanded at New Orleans by the newspapers and people of the South, Gen. Benjamin F. Butler made a speech in Con-

gress in which he said that the extreme penalties of confiscation of property and death should have been visited upon Mr. Davis and other leaders because they were leaders of secession. Hon. Samuel S. Cox in reply twitted the doughty general, who never won a battle, with having voted in the Democratic National Convention at Charleston in 1860 for Jefferson Davis fifty-seven times as a presidential candidate. I asked Butler why he had so ardently supported Davis and if he was not embarrassed by what Cox had said. Of course it was a foolish question for me to ask Butler as if anything could embarrass him, but I did. He replied: "No, sir; I am not embarrassed; I am proud of having voted as I did. Subsequent events have vindicated my judgment. I believe that Mr. Davis would be the strongest, most available candidate the Democratic party could run; and if nominated, he would defeat the Republican candidate. He could unite the democracy North and South. I knew if Mr. Lincoln were elected we would have secession and war, and that I wished to avoid. That he was stronger in the South than anybody else was later shown by his election as chief of the Confederacy. His irreproachable private life, his unblemished character for personal integrity, and his brilliant record as a soldier would have made him a strong candidate in the North." Continuing, Mr. Butler said: "While Secretary of War, between 1853 and 1857, Mr. Davis made a tour of New England, speaking eloquently for the preservation of the Union and the Constitution and receiving everywhere enthusiastic ovations."

As an illustration of Davis's high sense of honor, Butler related to me the following: "Massachusetts had a claim for several hundred thousand dollars against the United States government which was nearly as old as the government itself; that for more than a generation Congress had refused to pay it because of the scarcity of money in the treasury, and after that had refused because of the age of the claim. Finally when it was referred to a committee in the United States Senate, of which Mr. Davis was chairman, the latter made a thorough investigation and reported a bill and made a speech which forced the Senate to pass it. Mr. Davis insisted that the claim was just, and he said that no lapse of time should be made a bar to the payment by the government of a just claim, as no honorable man would seek to avoid the payment of a private debt by pleading the statute of limitations. "Such," added General Butler, "was the character of Jefferson Davis for integrity."

While recently in Mississippi Mr. Roosevelt favorably mentioned Mr. Davis for his gallantry at Buena Vista. It did not need Mr. Roosevelt's testimony to establish the intrepid courage and brilliant generalship of Jefferson Davis on that historic field. Gen. Zachary Taylor, commander in chief, and every other officer and soldier in that battle freely acknowledged that Davis as colonel of the 1st Mississippi Rifles did more to win that battle, which made Taylor President of the United States, than did any other officer. And when the conqueror of Napoleon, the Duke of Wellington, read how four thousand volunteers and five hundred regulars had routed at Buena Vista an army of twenty-two thousand well-armed and drilled men under experienced officers, he said: "It was one of the most wonderful victories in all history."

I advised Mr. Roosevelt to make the *amende honorable* nearly three years ago, when my attention was first called to the matter. This is what General Jackson and General Grant would have done, hard fighters and stubborn men as they were. The first officer to scale the Indian fortifications at the battle of the Horse Shoe was Col. William King, of Sullivan County, Tenn. In his official report of the battle General Jackson did not do full justice to Colonel King. The latter, a hot-headed and intrepidly brave man, challenged Jackson to a duel because he had not done his regiment and himself justice. "Old Hickory" replied that he would not accept the challenge. He said he thought his courage was sufficiently established to make it unnecessary that he should fight a duel when there was no necessity for it, and he knew Colonel King's was. He admitted that in the pressure of business he had not done justice to Colonel King and his regiment, but said that it was an inadvertence, and that he would remedy the omission in a subsequent report; and he did. And many years thereafter, when President, he magnanimously appointed Colonel King Governor of the territory of Florida.

General Grant while President decided adversely to the petition of Gen. Fitz John Porter for restoration to the regular army, from which he had been cashiered during the Civil War by a court-martial influenced by partisan considerations. Subsequently he frankly acknowledged that he had erred from lack of information, and on his earnest recommendation Congress passed a bill restoring General Porter to the army.

Mr. Roosevelt makes the mistake of supposing that the people of the United States will place a lower estimate on him if he frankly acknowledged that he had erred. On the contrary, the people know that he is not infallible; and if he would acknowledge in a manly way where he has done palpable injustice, they would have more respect both for his judgment and honesty.

Mr. Davis wrote to Roosevelt proposing to furnish data which would enlighten the son of his old friend and the nephew of Captain Bulloch, also his personal friend and who was a loyal Confederate official in the sixties, and he was evidently disappointed by the result.

In a personal letter Colonel Brownlow says in regard to the inconsistencies in Butler's conduct:

"Butler, while advocating executing Confederate leaders, was 'playing to the galleries,' and was competing with Thaddeus Stevens for the leadership of the Radical wing of the Republican party. But he was a leader in Congress, and was chairman of one of the most important committees of the House of Representatives—the Judiciary Committee. He was also the leader in the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, and of the seven managers of impeachment was regarded as the dominating and ablest figure.

"When such a man should unstintingly bear testimony to the purity of the private life and lofty personal integrity of Jefferson Davis, it should make Mr. Roosevelt's cheeks blush with shame that he should have so aspersed his character without the manliness to have made the *amende honorable* when enlightened as to the facts.

"Of course nobody of Confederate nor of Federal interpretation of the Constitution adopted by our fathers in 1789 cares a bawbee what Ben Butler's interpretation of that sacred instrument should have been. Those of Confederate education adopted the construction of Presidents Jefferson and Madison and Mr. Calhoun; those of my education, that of Alexander Hamilton, Chief Justice Marshall, Daniel Webster, and Henry Clay.

"The question Mr. Roosevelt raised was not one of constitutional construction, but of Jefferson Davis's personal integrity, and he should be ashamed of himself that he, the self-elected champion of a 'square deal,' was too narrow-minded to do that justice which even Butler freely did."

NERVE OF A CAMP CHASE PRISONER.

In an account of how the released prisoners of Camp Chase got home, Mr. James A. Jones, who served in the same company (B, 41st Tennessee Regiment) with the editor of the VETERAN, writes of his experiences and what he accomplished in getting transportation for himself and fellow-prisoners. They had walked from Camp Chase into Columbus.

"Many of the boys who had outwalked me because of my lame leg were at the railway station. They were lying about the depot anxious to get transportation home, but they had no money. I knew nothing of their efforts and failures; so I went to the ticket agent, who in a gruff manner ordered me away, he having a guard. One of our company, James Sanders, asked what I was going to do. I replied that I was 'going to see the Governor.' He said: 'They will kill you.' I responded: 'I had as soon be shot as to freeze to death.' He went with me to the Governor; and when we reached the gate of the capitol, the guard asked me what I wanted, and I replied that I wished to see the Governor. He pointed toward the building, and we went on to the door. The inside sentinel, after about the same conversation, bade me walk in. I walked forward and approached the Governor, who spoke in a kind manner and asked what we wished. I told him we were prisoners released and, having no money, desired transportation home. He said: 'O, pshaw! you boys must go home.' I requested him to give us an instrument in writing to the railroad agent granting free passage home, which he did. He spoke most kindly. He asked how many there were of us, and he gave free transportation for all.

"Imagine my feelings at this juncture, having just been released from prison after being away from home four years, wounded and cold, walking into the capital city of Ohio and being treated so kindly by a man whom we all looked upon as our enemy. We returned to the depot, and I handed the agent the order as impudently as he had driven me away. He asked me how many men I had. I told him fifteen hundred. Directions were given them to get on the train. I woke many of them by kicking them on the bottom of the feet. After we were all on board, I hobbled to a seat in a coach filled with both Northern and Southern men. I was seated near the door with my blanket beside me. A Federal colonel, coming in, shared my seat. He looked at me and said: 'It seems that you are not one of us.' 'No; and it seems that you are not one of us,' I replied. He asked my command, and I told him my regiment, adding, 'Cheatham's Division, Hardee's Corps.' Then he said (he spoke aloud), 'Boys, here is one of these fellows you said you would remember,' when I said, 'You see we are all unarmed; but if you will give us an even show, we will swap out with you.' He replied: 'You fail to understand me. Do you remember capturing a regiment at Ringgold, Ga., and that the men ate and slept with you for two weeks?' I answered: 'Yes.' He said: 'What you eat and drink from here home shall cost you nothing.'

"We rode together to Cincinnati, and there a table was prepared for a regiment that was mustered out of service, and I ate with the boys of that regiment. Just think of a poor Rebel's stomach that had shrunk to the size of a walnut allowed to feast until it was made sick. Leaving them at Louisville, Ky., I made my way home to Bedford County, Tenn., where I met friends who did not know me. That Kentucky colonel gave me his address and five dollars and requested me to write to him, but my clothes were burned up by an old negro woman and the address was lost. If that Kentucky colonel is yet living, I should be glad to hear from him and to send him the five dollars with interest."

MEMORABLE EVENT IN A RICHMOND CHURCH.

John G. Postell, Adjutant of the U. C. V. Camp at Macon, Ga., reports a pathetic circumstance connected with the Richmond Reunion. He prefaces it with reference to the unstinted hospitality of the people of Richmond, and tells of an eloquent sermon by "the son of a veteran from Texas:"

"His eloquence was of the kind that St. Paul describes—the eloquence of love. His language was simple. A little child could understand and be charmed by his words. At the conclusion of the service a gentleman went forward from the middle of the church, holding in his hand a piece of yellow paper. The preacher advanced and met him, a few whispered words, and the minister read from the aged wife of a veteran: 'Come home at once; your house burned down; everything lost.' The minister paused for a moment, looking over the congregation. Then he said: 'Brethren, this man is in this congregation. He is a veteran. My friend who handed me this paper vouches for him. I know my people. A veteran has lost his all; I will simply ask the collectors to pass the baskets through the congregation. Brother Cunningham will please come forward and sing for us while the congregation remains seated.' Frank Cunningham advanced to the end of the piano, and a young lady sat before it. Did you ever hear Captain Frank Cunningham sing? If so, you can understand and appreciate what followed. He sang:

'Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me,' etc.

"There were few dry eyes in that congregation. The collectors returned to the chancel with well-filled baskets. In the middle of the church an old war-beaten hero arose to his feet. He seemed to try to say something, but could not; he sank back to the pew. His face spoke more than words could have done. The congregation was dismissed, and the old soldiers took with them a souvenir that will abide. Many of them, I doubt not, joined the writer in a heartfelt 'God bless the people of Richmond!'"

FIRST SUBMARINE BOAT IN ACTUAL WARFARE.

BY CHARLES DORAN.

The first submarine boat to engage in actual warfare was the invention of a Confederate naval constructor of Charleston, S. C., in 1864. She was a cigar-shaped vessel about twenty feet long, having a beam of eight feet, and was propelled by hand. She was called the David, by which name all such type of craft afterwards became known, and was built of boiler iron. Her crew numbered nine men—one steersman and eight men to work her propeller.

The boat was not, however, entirely submerged. A foot of her hull projected above the water, through which air and light were admitted to her interior. She was a frail craft, and built for service in the inland waters of the Carolinas.

The David made her first appearance in Charleston Harbor, and was one of a number of submarine boats to be built by the Confederates. In the dead of a dark and calm night she made her first and only attack upon a vessel of the Federal navy. She was towed to within a hundred yards of the Union

ship of war Housatonic, stationed near the entrance to the harbor, and engaged at the time on blockade duty, when a boom eighteen feet long was fastened to her bows with a torpedo on the end of it, and she was run up against the enemy's sides. She succeeded in sinking the Housatonic, but was also sunk by the explosion of her own torpedo, her entire crew losing their lives by being suffocated or drowned.

Other attempts to sink the Yankee ships of war were made by like daring little crafts, one of them being even venturesome enough to attack a ship of the blockading fleet stationed two miles out at sea off the coast of Georgia. Her captain actually got alongside of the enemy, but unfortunately was unable to discharge his torpedo before his presence was discovered.

The lifetime of the Confederate submarines was very short and usually disastrous to themselves, the sinking of the Housatonic being the only case in which one of them inflicted any serious damage to the ships of the enemy; but it is safe to say that the dread of an unexpected encounter with one of these strange little fellows in the black of the night made many a Yankee tar very watchful when his ship was in the quiet and calm waters of the Carolinas, or even a Gulf State, whither some of them had been sent by the Confederate Navy Department at Richmond.

"CAPTAIN" SALLY TOMPKINS.

Miss Sally Louisa Tompkins, of Mathews County, Va., a daughter of Col. Christopher Tompkins (deceased) and Maria Booth Patterson, enjoys the distinction of being the only woman who was an "officer in the Confederate States army." During the four fiery years of Southern trial this pure, saintly, and heroic young patriot displayed throughout as undaunted heroism, as devoted zeal, as steadfast loyalty in behalf of the storm-cradled nation that sleeps as the world's civilization can boast. In recognition of her inestimable service rendered the sick and wounded of the South, for whose benefit she exhausted her once munificent patrimony, in the year 1863 she was regularly commissioned a captain of cavalry in the Confederate army. Verily there were many who called her blessed.

Immediately after the first battle of Manassas the Confederate government called upon the citizens of Richmond, Va., to care for the sick and wounded returning from that memorable engagement. And on July 31, 1861, just ten days succeeding that battle, Miss Tompkins, entirely at her own expense, opened for their benefit (corner of Main and Third Streets) the "Robertson Hospital," which continued uninterruptedly its mission of mercy until July 13, 1865. It was the only private hospital that survived the conflict there. During that time 1,390 of the sons of Dixie's land were tenderly nursed and cared for. At one time an order was issued for the closing of all private hospitals and the removal of all the soldiers to public hospitals, the intent of the Confederate government being to reduce the number of hospitals and correspondingly increase their efficiency. Indeed, it was feared that some hospitals were harboring men more battle-scared than battle-scarred. Before the order could be executed, however, even while ambulances were in waiting at the door, "Captain Sally" strenuously insisted that the register of her hospital should first be exhibited before President Davis, wherein were accurately shown the number of patients received, the death rate (miraculously low), and the phenomenally large percentage of those returned to duty. These facts induced President Davis to revoke the order, in so far as it applied to the "Robertson Hospital."

For their long-continued, self-sacrificing assistance in her hospital work "Captain Sally" was especially indebted to Mesdames Elizabeth Semmes, James Alfred Jones, Mary Randolph Page, Ellen Tompkins Bowen, William Grant, John Peyton McGuire, and Misses Randolph Tabb, Elizabeth Davenport, Rebecca Churchill Jones, and Augusta Tabb. Mrs. Dr. John Spotswood Welford loaned her an efficient servant, "Sally," who acted as hospital cook, and Benjamin Ficklen, Esq., and Captain Snaden, who acted as blockade runners, furnished innumerable supplies of value, including chests of tea, sacks of coffee, and money. Attached to the hospital were four slaves belonging to "Captain Sally:" Betsey Curtis and Betsey Ashberry (known by the soldiers to whom they tenderly ministered as "Sad Betsey" and "Glad Betsey," respectively) and Peter Smith and Churchill Smith. Peter Smith finally ran off. Upon his return, after the close of hostilities, he was profuse in his apologies to Miss Sally, assuring her that his sole reason for leaving was that he knew the slaves would be set free and he didn't want her to lose him.

Among the soldiers desperately wounded but who eventually recovered was one from North Carolina, who, with his eight brothers, had enlisted at the beginning of the conflict; seven of those had already nobly yielded up their bodies to their country, their souls to their God. A purse was quickly made up and the aged mother sent for to come and see her suffering boy. On arriving she calmly yet proudly declared that had she nine other sons she would gladly also give them up to battle for the cause. On one occasion two North Carolinians occupied the same ward, each ill with typhoid fever. In his delirium one struck the nurse as she attempted to administer his medicine, whereupon the other sprang from his cot, declaring with true Southern gallantry: "No man shall ever strike a woman in my presence." * * *

It has well been said that if we seek a lofty ideal and a noble model on which to shape a well-rounded and perfect womanhood, combining the pure patriotism, the rugged virtues, the winning modesty, and the tender graces of Spartan mother, Roman dame, and Carthagenian maid, we have but to take a retrospective glance down the corridors of memory for about four decades to find it in that heroic sisterhood of martyrs and patriots, the women of the Confederacy.

"We should love to teach our children
Of our heroes who are dead,
Of the battle scars they carried,
Marching to a soldier's tread.

Of their loyal hearts so tender,
All aglow in Truth's array,
And the many recollections
Of the boys who wore the Gray.

And so long as Time speeds onward
And there is a heaven of love
God shall watch our silent sentinels
Sleeping from the world above.

And he'll guard the sacred memory
Of the old Confederate Gray
Throughout Time's eternal pages
When the last one's passed away."

RAILROAD BUILDS A SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

The Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway Company has erected a fine tall shaft on the battlefield of Murfreesboro. It is some twenty-five feet high with a broad, splendid base, and there is the following inscription upon it: "On January 2, 1863, at 3 P.M., there were stationed on this hill fifty-eight cannon, commanding the field across the river; and as the Confederates advanced over the field, the shot and shell from these guns killed and wounded 1,800 in less than one hour."

This is where so great havoc was made in the ranks of the



COL. W. D. PICKETT WITH FRIENDS AT THE MONUMENT.
(The party guests of Maj. E. C. Lewis, of Nashville.)

Kentuckians under Breckinridge. Herein is proof that one corporation is not "soulless."

A modest inscription on a lower base states: "Shops of the N., C. & St. L. Railway, July, 1906."

BRECKINRIDGE'S LOSSES AT MURFREESBORO.

Hon. C. R. Breckinridge, of Fort Smith, Ark., writes a personal letter to Mr. T. S. Weaver, of Nashville, in regard to the heavy losses of his father's Kentucky command at Murfreesboro. This was sent in response to the courtesy of Mr. Weaver, who sent Col. W. D. Pickett's account of the battle of Murfreesboro in the Nashville American to his classmate and friend. Mr. Breckinridge was a private—a courier at his father's headquarters. He was later Minister to Russia under President Cleveland. Colonel Pickett's letter is to appear later in the VETERAN. Mr. Breckinridge writes:

"I thank you very much for the interesting article about the Friday evening fight of my father's division at Murfreesboro. I remember Colonel Pickett, the author, and am glad to know that he is still alive. We had 4,500 muskets in that fight, and we lost 1,763 men shot in about twenty minutes. During that time we took the position, and then abandoned it, as it was found to be utterly untenable, it being commanded by a higher position some three or four hundred yards off, on which the enemy had fifty-eight guns and a very heavy force, far too great for our small force and eighteen guns to contend with. It was an ill-advised charge, ordered without consultation with the general in front of the position, and indeed despite his respectful but earnest protest. The position was good for defense against assault from our side. It was defended by about 7,500 men. But the point was that even if we took it, as we did, it was useless, for it could not possibly be held. The enemy's guns raked it like a razor; and had our men delayed only a short time longer, they would have been utterly annihilated. It was not necessary for the enemy to charge us to make us give it up. It was impossible to stay on the ground. The men, finding they were in a vortex of fire, that they had captured a red-hot iron, threw down what they had taken, and as quickly as possible returned to the point from which they had started, and there they promptly re-formed into line. The artillery promptly took position and opened fire upon the position we had abandoned, and the enemy did not attempt an advance."

FORREST'S MEN CAPTURED AT PARKER'S CROSSROADS.—Hon. N. N. Cox, of Franklin, Tenn., who represented his district in Congress, writes as follows: "In the battle of Parker's Crossroads a number of General Forrest's men were captured—J. P. Strange, Forrest's adjutant general, Gen. R. P. Neely, of Bolivar, and myself. After moving us to several places, we eventually reached Cairo, Ill. While there about two o'clock in the afternoon a detachment of Federal soldiers with fixed bayonets came into camp and called out five of us. General Strange and myself were in the number. I think General Neely was also called out. We had seen a newspaper threatening to retaliate on some of General Forrest's men for something he was charged with having done. We were marched to a horrid dungeon, or jail, in the town of Cairo, and locked in a loathsome, filthy cell. No explanations were given or a word said that furnished us any information as to what it meant. We gathered around a grate in the wall to get air and discussed conditions. You can do your own thinking under such circumstances. We concluded our end was near, and resolved to meet it as soldiers. Late in the evening the dungeon was opened, and we were marched out in the direction of the town. We supposed a court-martial would soon wind up the business. Our surprise was great and most agreeable when we reached a steamboat loaded with our men. We were placed on a boat and left there. General Strange was carried to Alton, and I, after two or more escapes, reached Camp Chase. I would like to hear from any survivors and exactly who made up our squad."

THE SONG OF FORREST'S MEN.

BY CAPT. JAMES M. M'CANN (A. N. VA.), BRIDGEPORT, W. VA.

Hurrah for the carbines! and ho for the Colt!
We have thrown all our sabers away!
And we rush to the fight with hearts that are light,
For old Forrest leads us to-day.

And he rides to the front on his good bay mare
(I pity the man that would lag);
Now she is down, but he is up with a frown—
A shout on his lips for our flag!

Hurrah for the saddle! and ho for the Colt!
Here is to our sweethearts at home!
We are off on a raid, but are never afraid,
In whatever land we may roam.

Hurrah for the bugle! and ho for the Colt!
We are off to-day through the rain;
We are after old Streit, and we must not wait,
Though the parting is full of pain;

For old Forrest, sitting on his good black horse,
Is waving his saber on high;
And let the sunbeams flash or the thunder crash,
We will follow it or we'll die!

GENERAL OFFICERS IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

Charles Edgeworth Jones, Augusta, Ga., writes that the following names were omitted from his roster of Confederate generals as published in the VETERAN for January, which explains the inconsistency of names and numbers in the list. Those omitted are: Brig. Gens. John Dunovant, South Carolina, rank July, 1864; Alfred E. Jackson, Tennessee, rank February, 1863; George D. Johnston, Alabama, rank 1864; William H. Wallace, South Carolina, rank September, 1864; Henry C. Wayne, Georgia, rank December, 1861.

The names of the following brigadier generals corrected are: Joseph L. Hogg, Texas; Birket D. Fry, Alabama; William P. Shingler, South Carolina; James Chestnut, Jr., South Carolina; George B. Anderson, North Carolina.

The names of Brig. Gens. Henry A. Wise and William C. Wickham were duplicated in the list. Brig. Gens. Allen Thomas, Louisiana, and Robert Lowry, Mississippi, have died.

Corrections in dates of appointment are as follows: James A. McMurray, Tennessee, September, 1863, and William D. Smith, Georgia, March, 1862.

Lieut. Gen. Simon B. Buckner, Kentucky, was appointed to that rank in September, 1864, instead of 1861.

DAVIS AND LINCOLN BIRTHPLACES.

BY E. D. SOUTHGATE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Washington Times under date of March 24, 1903, published some New York correspondence under the caption of "Historical Cabins in an Old Mix-Up," and it stated that by "an odd accident the cabins in which Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis were born have become mixed up, and the timbers of both structures now make up a single building. The revelation of this fact occurred through the efforts of the Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of Plymouth Church, to add to the Beecher memorial fund. Dr. Hillis made arrangements for a 'Lincoln Evening' in Plymouth Church, and Benjamin Chapin, the student and impersonator of Lincoln, was engaged to tell the story of Lincoln's life from the platform. As a 'touch of realism' to the entertainment, it was decided to obtain for the evening the little log cabin in which Lincoln was born and have it set up in the church parlor. The cabin is owned by Frederic Thompson and Elmer S. Dundy, two amusement promoters. Messrs. Thompson and Dundy declared they would be glad to loan the cabin if it were all the Lincoln cabin; but they said the structure in Coney Island is a combination of the hut in which the great emancipator was born and the Davis cabin. The original Lincoln cabin, Mr. Thompson said, had been purchased by Dennett, a restaurant man, from a Methodist preacher named Bigham at Nolin Creek, Larue County, Ky. He loaned it for exhibition purposes to the managers of the Nashville Exposition, and afterwards stored it in the cellar of a small restaurant on the Bowery. In the same cellar he stored the log cabin in which Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederacy, was born. When they were brought out, the movers mixed the timbers."

The Hopkinsville New Era published the following response to the foregoing: "W. B. Brewer, of Fairview, in an interview in this city, denied several statements contained in the article from New York concerning the logs from the cabins in which Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis were said to have been born having been so badly mixed as for it to be impossible to separate them. Mr. Brewer does not say that the mix-up of the logs did not occur, but denies other statements in regard to the Jefferson Davis cabin, which he owned at the time it was sold. He does say, however, that if the logs are mixed up he feels sure he could separate them by means of marks which he himself placed on the logs when the home was torn down and carried to Nashville during the Exposition in that city in 1897. Mr. Brewer denies that the logs in the cabin were originally all of walnut and were replaced with logs of oak, and he declares that the logs exhibited in Nashville were the genuine ones which formed the house in which Jefferson Davis was born. He says there were a few walnut logs in the building, and these were taken out for the purpose of making canes to be sold as souvenirs. He owned the property at the time of the sale, and is personally familiar with its history. He sold the house to the Rev. J. W. Bigham, a Methodist minister, who was formerly located at Fairview, and became familiar with the Davis homestead. When the Exposition at Nashville took place, Mr. Bigham conceived the idea of purchasing the house and placing it on exhibition there, which he did. He procured various affidavits subscribed and sworn to by the oldest and best citizens of Fairview that the cabin which he bought was the genuine birthplace of Jefferson Davis."

TO FRIENDS OF GEN. ARCHIBALD GRACIE.—Mr. Archibald Gracie, who is writing of his father's military career in the Confederate army, would like to correspond with any veterans who knew his father, Gen. Archibald Gracie, in the service, even though they did not belong to his command. His address is 1527 Sixteenth Street, Washington, D. C.

ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

BY WILL AIKEN.

Framed in the blood-red mist of the past,
This proud, grand figure see!
A hero—aye, more, a man—to the last,
Brave Robert Edward Lee.

Moved by a spirit as sweet and pure
As God e'er gave to man,
He loved his fellows, his land and flag;
He lived the Master's plan.
He gloried not in the clash of arms
Nor gory battlefield,
And yet was a very god of war
When once he bared his shield.

Not his to tarry when came the call
From a people sore distressed;
He loved and served his nation well,
But loved his home land best.
And forth he rode to battle long
For that he felt was right,
Till, vanquished, yet with honor left,
His legion ceased to fight.

'Twas then the spirit that made him great
Shone forth as noonday sun;
No hatred his—and he now would make
Once warring brothers one.
And thus he taught and wrought alway
While Age's shadows crept,
And then the summons from beyond—
The grand old warrior slept.

. . . . . .

There in the blood-ret mist of the past
This glorious figure see!
A hero—aye, more, a man—to the last,
Our Robert Edward Lee.

CONFEDERATE DEAD ON JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

The following is a list of the Confederate dead buried in the Confederate Cemetery at Johnson's Island, near Sandusky, Ohio. The numbers of the graves commence at the west corner of the cemetery and run from left to right. The sections, or rows, of graves commence at the southwest side of the cemetery, and are numbered from southwest to northeast. They are numbered and the unknown come in their respective places. Where the graves are of the "unknown," no mention is made herein.

The VETERAN is indebted to our good comrade, Rev. John Hewitt, of Columbus, Ohio, for this list.

Nov. 8, '63, J. E. Cruggs, Col. 85th Va.
Nov. 6, '63, C. M. Tuggle, Capt. Co. H, 35th Ga. Inf.
Nov. 9, '63, A. E. Upchurch, Capt., 55th N. C. Inf.
Nov. 19, '63, J. P. Peden, Second Lieut., Hamilton's Bat.
Nov. 7, '63, Joel Barnett, Lieut. Col. 9th Bat., La. Cav.
Aug. 5, '63, Wm. J. Hudson, Lieut., 2d N. C. Inf.
July 26, '63, D. C. Webb, Capt., 1st Ala. Cav.
Sept. 7, '63, J. W. Mullins, Lieut., 1st Miss. Inf.
Aug. 20, '63, W. E. Hansin, Lieut., 1st Ga. Inf.
Aug. 21, '63, H. D. Stephenson, Capt. Co. A, 15th Ark. Inf.
Aug. 29, '63, R. D. Copass, Lieut. Co. E, 6th Germ. Inf.
Sept. 8, '63, C. B. Jackson, Guerilla, Va.
Sept. 14, '63, J. H. Hufstetter, Lieut. 1st Bat., Ark. Inf.
Sept. 29, '63, L. B. Williams, Lieut., 63d N. C. Inf.
Sept. 30, '63, W. P. Harchen, Lieut., 5th N. C. Inf.
Sept. 30, '63, J. M. Dodson, Lieut., 10th Germ. Cav.
Sept. 12, '63, D. D. Keller, Private, 2d Germ. Cav.
Sept. 10, '63, S. G. Jetter, 31st Ala. Inf.
Sept. 9, '63, C. W. Gillespie, Capt. Co. D, 66th N. C. Cav.
Feb. 14, '63, B. Anderson, Private, — S. C.
Feb. 14, '63, W. W. Veasey, Lieut., 10th Ky. Cav.
Nov. 21, '63, J. W. Gregory, Capt., 9th Va. Inf.
Nov. 23, '62, Peter Cole, Private, 60th Va. Inf.
Dec. 13, '62, Wm. Johnson, Private, Poindey's Mo. Cav.
E. L. More.
Jan. 16, '63, Daniel Herrin, Poindey's Mo. Cav.
Dec. 3, '63, J. W. Collier, Lieut., 10th Ky. Inf.
Nov. 21, '63, John M. Kean, Capt., 12th La. Bat.
Aug. 29, '62, L. W. McWhirter, Capt. Co. H, 3d Miss. Inf.
John Dow, Pulaski.
July 24, '62, R. Hodges, Memphis, Tenn.
Aug. 12, '62, E. Gibson, Lieut., 11th Ark. Inf.
Oct. 12, '62, D. Christian, Co. E, 128th Va.
Oct. 14, '62, T. Rasins, Co. C, 46th Va.
S. W. C.
Oct. 22, '62, Samuel Fox, Colonel.
Oct. 27, '62, J. Asbury, Ky.
Oct. 30, '62, J. Reeves, Co. I, 1st Ga. Cav.
Sept. 22, '63, J. A. McBride, Lieut. Co. H, 60th Germ. Inf.
Sept. 28, '63, S. R. Graham, First Lieut. Co. I, 3d Tex. Cav.
Oct. 9, '63, S. W. Henry, Captain, 19th Tenn. Cav.
Oct. 21, '63, E. M. Orr., Lieut., 62d N. C. Inf.
J. R. H.
Dec. 8, '63, Mark Bacon, Capt. Co. D, 60th Tenn. Inf.
Nov. 12, '63, J. B. Hardy, Captain, 15th Ark.
Nov. 2, '63, Hugh Cobble, Private Co. E, 5th Ky.
Oct. 30, '63, J. B. Cash, Lieut., 62d N. C. Inf.
Oct. 31, '63, J. W. Johnson, Capt., Green's R. Mo. S. G's.
Nov. 5, '63, J. U. D. King, Capt. Co. K, 9th Ga. Inf.
Feb. 28, '63, M. R. Handy, Citizen, Hopkins Co., Ky.
Feb. 11, '63, E. Morrison, Private, 8th Ala. Inf.
Dec. 9, '64, Charles H. Matlock, Col. 4th Miss.
R. E. M.
Jan. 14, '65, W. W. Davis, Private 35th Miss. Inf.
Jan. 1, '64, W. N. Swift, Lieut., 34th Ga. Inf.
Jan. 4, '64, A. Kelley, Lieut., 10th Ark. Inf.
Jan. 14, '64, J. D. Conoway, Private 14th Va. Cav.
Jan. 2, '64, J. Middlebrooks, Capt., 40th Ga. Inf.
Dec. 31, '63, J. B. Hazzard, Capt., 24th Ala. Inf.
Dec. 25, '63, J. P. Van, Capt. Co. E, Bell's R. Ark. Inf.
Jan. 1, '64, D. H. McKay, Lieut. Co. D, 46th Ala. Inf.
Dec. 20, '63, John R. Jackson, Capt. Co. H, 38th Ala. Inf.
Dec. 22, '63, H. B. Dawson, Lieut. Co. A, 17th Ga. Inf.
Dec. 3, '63, D. D. Johnston, Lieut. Co. A, 48th Tenn. Inf.
Nov. 12, '63, J. B. Hardy, Capt. Co. I, 5th Ark. Inf.
Nov. 27, '63, W. T. Skidmore, Lieut. Co. D, 4th Ala. Cav.
Dec. 3, '63, M. D. Armfield, Capt. Co. B, 11th N. C. Inf.
Dec. 3, '63, E. W. Lewis, Capt. Co. C, 9th Bat., La. Cav.
Dec. 8, '63, J. N. Williams, Lieut., 6th Miss. Inf.
Dec. 9, '63, J. T. Ligon, Lieut., 53d Va. Inf.
Dec. 8, '63, F. G. W. Coleman, Lieut., 7th Miss. Art.
Dec. 8, '63, J. E. Threadgill, Lieut. Co. H, 12th Ark. Inf.
Dec. 11, '63, J. G. Shuler, Capt. Co. H, 5th Fla. Inf.
Dec. 20, '63, B. J. Blount, Lieut. Co. H, 55th N. C. Inf.
Dec. 26, '63, J. D. Arrington, Lieut. Co. H, 32d N C. Inf.
Dec. 25, '64, Joseph Lawsher, Lieut. Co. C, 18th Miss. Cav.
Jan. 6, '65, J. C. Holt, Lieut. Co. G, 61st Tenn.
Jan. 9, '65, Samuel Chormley, Blount County, Tenn.
Jan. 21, '65, J. W. Moore, Lieut. Co. B, 25th Ala. Inf.
Feb. 11, '65, D. L. Scott, Second Lieut. Co. I, 3d Mo. Cav.
Feb. 17, '65, William Peel, Lieut. Co. C, 3d Miss.
Jan. 11, '64, J. L. Land, Lieut. Co. A, 24th Ga. Inf.
Jan. 9, '64, N. T. Barnes, Capt. Co. E, 10th Con. Cav.
Oct. 26, '63, John F. McElroy, Lieut. Co. F, 24th Ga. Inf.
Jan. 12, '64, John Q. High, Lieut., 1st Ark. Bat. Inf.
Jan. 12, '64, John C. Long, Lieut. Co. I, 62d N. C. Inf.
Jan. 12, '64, B. C. Harp, Lieut. Co. I, 25th Tenn.
Jan. 17, '64, W. S. Norwood, Lieut. Co. E, 6th S. C. Inf.
Jan. 17, '64, R. K. C. Weeks, 2d Lieut. Co. F, 4th Fla. Inf.
Jan. 21, '64, S. P. Sullins, Capt., 1st Ala. Inf.
Jan. 31, '64, P. J. Rabenan, Capt., 5th Ala. Inf.
Feb. 1, '64, R. H. Lisk, Citizen.
Feb. 2, '64, F. F. Cooper, Capt. Co. K, 52d Ga. Inf.
Feb. 7, '64, W. E. Watson, Adjt., 1st Tenn. Inf.
Dec. 12, '64, Albert F. Frazer, Co. H, 15th Miss.
Dec. 13, '64, W. E. Killem, Lieut. Co. H, 45th Va. Inf.
Dec. 20, '64, F. T. Coppege, Lieut., Tenn. Inf.
Dec. 21, '64, J. L. Dungan, Private 22d Va.
Jan. 6, '65, S. T. Moore, 2d Lieut. Co. F, King's B., Ala. Inf.
Feb. 26, '65, John J. Gobean, Lieut. Co. B, 10th Miss. Inf.
March 15, '65, W. A. Stephens, Lieut. Co. K, 46th Ala. Inf.
April 26, '65, T. J. Lowis, Capt. Co. C, 3d Va. Inf.
Feb. 3, '64, John W. Hill, Lieut. Co. L, 9th Va. Inf.
Feb. 4, '64, James B. Campbell, Col., 27th Miss. Inf.
Feb. 4, '64, John Welch, Lieut. Co. B, 40th Va. Inf.
Feb. 4, '64, S. V. Hamilton, Capt. Co. B, 2d Choctaw C.
Feb. 13, '64, G. W. Swink, Lieut. Co. K, 8th Va. Inf.
Feb. 6, '64, A. B. Archibald, Capt. Co. D, 8th Con. Cav.
Feb. 14, '64, J. Dean, Lieut. Co. H, Citizen of Tenn.
Feb. 15, '64, C. B. Nash, Lieut. Co. H, 30th Miss. Inf.
Feb. 23, '64, Francis Baya, Lieut. Co. H, 2d Fla. Inf.
Feb. 15, '64, F. J. Alexander, Lieut. Co. C, 4th Ala. Bat.
Feb. 26, '64, M. C. Peel, Capt., 8th Ark. Inf.
March 3, '64, R. C. Love, 1st Lieut. Co. K, 1st Miss. Art.
Feb. 28, '64, P. Nichols, Capt. Co. B, 11th Bat., N. C. Inf.
March 3, '64, R. P. Bolling, Lieut. Co. H, 6th Ga. Cav.

March 16, '64, J. B. Wood, Lieut. Co. G, 10th C. S. Cav.
March 18, '64, B. F. Lock, Lieut. Co. E, 4th Ark. Cav.
March 30, '64, P. W. Lane, Lieut., 23d Ark. Inf.
April 10, '64, Joshua Bisell, Capt. Co. G, 8th Fla. Inf.
April 12, '64, S. H. Pankey, Lieut., 49th Ala.
Sept. 2, '64, John J. Nickell, Surg., 2d Ky. Mounted Rifles.
Dec. 24, '64, James Webb, Capt., 8th Ark.
Dec. 31, '64, Willis Randall, Lieut. Co. G, 52d N. C. Inf.
Feb. 18, '65, W. E. Phillips, 2d Lieut., 4th Ala. Cav.
April 22, '65, E. B. Holt, Lieut., Lexington, N. C.
April 23, '65, W. J. Porter, Capt. Co. D, 61st Ala. Inf.
May 17, '65, Peter Mackin, Lieut. Co. I, 16th Miss. Inf.
April 25, '65, John W. Henagan, Col., 8th S. C. Inf.
May 12, '65, J. M. Henken, 1st Lieut. Co. K, 12th S. C. Inf.
May 21, '65, J. A. Lash, Maj., 4th Fla. Inf.
Jan. 1, '65, J. F. Brigham, Lieut. Co. E, 14th Tenn. Inf.
April 20, '64, W. W. Wynn, Capt. Co. G, 64th Va. Inf.
April 21, '64, H. Wilkinson, Lieut. Co. B, 9th Va. Inf.
May 7, '64, W. L. Helton, Capt. Co. F, 23d N. C. Inf.
May 7, '64, J. W. Day, Capt. Co. D, 55th Ga. Inf.
May 21, '64, B. B. Starus, Lieut. Co. B, 9th Ala. Cav.
June 18, '64, E. N. Puckett, Lieut. Co. K, 12th Ark. Inf.
July 24, '64, J. W. Jacques, Lieut. Co. F, 24th Tenn.
Aug. 6, '64, J. W. McRae, 2d Lieut. Co. E, 67th Ga.
Sept. 4, '64, Wm. P. Norton, Lieut. Co. D, 22d N. C. Inf.
Sept. 12, '64, H. H. Cressivell, Lieut., Freeman's Regt.
Sept. 23, '64, J. Coulter, Citizen, Maryville, Tenn.
Sept. 23, '64, Thomas Ruffin, Lieut. Co. D, 4th N. C. Cav.
Sept. 27, '64, C. B. Morris, Lieut. Co. I, 9th Ala. Inf.
Oct. 1, '64, J. Miller, 3d Lieut., Williams's Ark Cav.
Nov. 2, '64, Robert Gamble, 2d Lieut. Co. G, 9th Ala. Inf.
Nov. 6, '64, P. J. Noland, Lieut., English's Miss. Bat.
Jan. 18, '65, J. M. Hill, Capt. Co. G, Dobbins's Ark. Cav.
Feb. 27, '65, M. C. Reidy, Co. G, 11th Ky. Cav.
June 18, '65, W. H. Michael, Lieut., 59th Va. Inf.
April 4, '65, A. G. Pitt, 2d Lieut. Co. K, 20th Tenn. Inf.
May 1, '65, J. L. Hood, Adjt., 59th Va. Inf.

The last five graves are marked "unknown." The total burials are two hundred and six.

A VISIT TO JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

BY ROBERT C. CROUCH, MORRISTOWN, TENN.

On September 11 last, just forty-four years since I first entered its prison gates, I was back on Johnson's Island. This long period had wrought many changes on the island, and it was with difficulty that I could locate any part of the old prison. The blockhouse, at the entrance gate, was still standing, and the ditch that had been dug just inside the fence on the western side was still to be seen. The most of the old prison proper was in corn. The western part of the island is largely a rock quarry, whilst the eastern part is used as a pleasure resort. I could find the cemetery only by asking directions, but after reaching it had no difficulty in locating the graves of dead Confederates of my acquaintance; amongst others, the grave of my old friend and comrade, Capt. Mark Bacon, of the 60th Tennessee, whom I assisted in burying in December, 1863.

It was especially gratifying to me to find this cemetery in so much better condition than I expected. Whilst it shows neglect, it is inclosed with a reasonably good fence and shows more care than the ordinary country cemetery. The grounds of the hotel of the pleasure resort on the island extend up to this little cemetery. The graves have all a plain tombstone, and, so far as I could judge, are accurately marked. During the past year the bodies of several have been removed by friends. The captain of the tug that carried me to the island informed me that he had been employed to transport across the bay a monument to be erected to these dear comrades who are buried so far from home and loved ones.

In the Indianapolis News of September 14 I notice where at a regimental reunion held there resolutions were offered asking that on the monument to be erected at Andersonville, Ga., should be inscribed a record of the cruelties practiced on the prisoners confined there. What ought to be chiseled on this monument? Denied food in a land of plenty, not even allowed to purchase it, shivering with cold in that rigorous climate, scantily clad and with insufficient fuel, forced to use water from filthy wells when the foot of the prison was washed by the waters of Lake Erie, it is questionable whether survivors should visit these old prison sites, bringing back, as it does, vividly before the mind all the hardships and suffering endured there by them.

I was indebted to Mr. Theo. Gerold, of Sandusky, whose guest I was, for many kindnesses shown me during my visit (Comrade Gerold was a member of Wheat's Louisiana Battalion); also to Mr. Joshua B. Davis, Commander of the G. A. R. Post, for courtesies shown me. Mr. Davis as Commander of the Post and his comrades on Decoration Day never fail to decorate the graves of our dead Confederates in the little cemetery on the island.

Comrade Crouch sends a list of the dead buried there; but it had already been furnished by Rev. John Hewitt.

MONUMENTS AT CASSVILLE, GA.

The Ladies' Memorial Association of Cassville, Ga., was prompt to erect a monument at the graves of several hundred Confederates in the cemetery there as soon as possible after their homes were rebuilt from war's devastation and reconstruction, and later the Daughters of the Confederacy there erected another not so large, but more durable, and the cemetery is kept in good repair by those faithful Confederate organizations of Southern women.

Prominent inscriptions on the monuments are:

"Rest in Peace, our Southern Braves.
You loved Liberty more than life."

"Is it better to have fought and lost
Than not to have fought at all?"

"Is it death to fall for Freedom's cause?"

REMINISCENCES OF FRANKLIN.—Capt. George D. Hartfield, of Hattiesburg, Miss., wrote in reply to the request for twenty thousand responses. He referred to the battle of Franklin, November 30, 1864, stating: "I had the honor to command a company (B, 7th Mississippi Battalion) and the misfortune to be severely wounded. I was left on the battlefield. After the army advanced upon Nashville, I was removed to Franklin and quartered in the home of Mrs. Ewing (Sarah, I think). I have written since the war to her, but received no answer; hence suppose she had either died or removed. After the repulse of our army at Nashville and its subsequent retreat, I was conveyed to Nashville, and as soon as practicable was sent to prison at Fort Delaware. From the strictness of the guard and the scantiness of the fare, I incline to think that a deliberate attempt was made at that prison to accomplish the death of the prisoners by starvation rather than open murder."

VALUABLE RELICS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY MAJ. BEN C. TRUMAN, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Among the scarcest and most precious relics of the Confederacy are the only four coins manufactured by its government. In 1866 I was shown one of these, at his home in Galveston, by General Nichols. It was a silver half dollar, and a very pretty one. The Liberty side was much the same as that of the United States; but the reverse side contained a stalk of cotton, a stalk of sugar cane, seven bars, and I think eleven stars, perhaps more, and the words, "The Confederate States of America." General Nichols offered it to me as a present; but, as I was his guest, I declined to accept it. Since then Mr. Oscar Taylor, of Meriwether County, Ga., an owner of one of the four coins, sold it for $1,500. Messrs. Roberts and Collins, of Cartersville, Ga., were the owners of one of these coins, and in 1880 valued it at $2,000. The fourth was for a long time owned by Frank Welch, of McKinney, Tex., who has refused $2,500 for it. These four half-dollar coins had just gone through the finishing process when the mint in New Orleans was taken possession of by United States troops, and they were the only ones made by the Confederacy from any metal.

Probably the most valuable of all the relics of the Confederacy is the original of the "Constitution for the Provisional Government of the Confederate States of America," for a long time the property of Mrs. W. F. de Fontaine, but who, I believe, sold it to the British Museum for $10,000—at least, she offered it to that institution for that amount. How Mrs. de Fontaine came into possession of so valuable a document as the most precious heirloom of the Confederacy is romantic and interesting.

At the time of the collapse her husband, Felix Gregory de Fontaine, a well-known journalist and war correspondent, was the editor and publisher of a paper in Columbia, S. C. After the evacuation of Richmond, a train load of boxes, containing public documents, etc., was shipped to Columbia. De Fontaine needed paper on which to print his journal, but where to get it was the puzzling problem. George A. Trenholm happened to be in Columbia at the time, and to him the journalist explained the situation. "Go down," said Trenholm, "to the depot and help yourself to some of the Confederate boxes, in which something may turn up that will answer your purpose." De Fontaine acted upon this, and one of the boxes contained the Confederate Constitution. Mrs. de Fontaine laid claim to this relic, and held sacred possession of it up to 1882, at which time she offered it for sale.

During the Exposition at New Orleans in 1884-85 I was shown the original Confederate flag, which was exhibited by some ladies in the Louisiana section, and which was guarded with great sacredness and care. It was designed by Colonel Walton, of Louisiana, and presented by him to General Beauregard, who in turn presented it to Gen. Joseph E. Johnson, who wrote as follows concerning it: "At the battle of Manassas the stars and bars proved a failure because they were so much like the Union colors. Indeed, both armies mistook their enemies for friends, and vice versa. After the battle I resolved to discard the flag and called for each regiment to procure its State colors. This they were not able to do, and I asked the army for new designs. Among those presented, one by General Beauregard was chosen, and I altered it is only in making it square instead of oblong. This flag was afterwards adopted by the Confederate armies generally. It was a Greek cross of blue on a red field, with white stars on the blue bars." This original flag was carried in a number of battles, and then returned to Colonel Walton almost as good as new.

The first Confederate flag captured was that taken down by Colonel Ellsworth at the Marshall House at Alexandria on the 24th of May, 1861. Ellsworth was colonel of the New York Fire Zouaves; and as he moved up a street at the head of his command, he saw a large new secession banner waving from the Marshall House, the leading inn of Alexandria. Ellsworth at once entered the hotel, and, meeting a man in the hall, inquired: "Who put that flag up?" The man answered: "I don't know; I am only a boarder here." Then the Colonel, Lieutenant Winser, the Rev. Mr. House, chaplain of the Zouaves, and four privates went up on the roof, and Ellsworth cut down the flag. Then the party descended, preceded by Private Francis E. Brownell, of Company A; and just as they entered the attic J. W. Jackson, the proprietor of the hotel, who had said he was only a boarder, pulled both triggers of a double-barreled shotgun and shot Ellsworth dead, and in turn Jackson was instantly killed by Brownell. As a sequel to this, some time before the cessation of hostilities Mrs. Jackson, the widow, was given a remunerative position in the Interior Department at the request of Maj. Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, who also found a place in the same department for Mrs. Mumford, widow of the man whom he had executed for hauling down the stars and stripes in New Orleans.

The first Union flag captured was taken from R. M. Shurtleff, a Connecticut artist, who was also the first Union officer captured. He had been seriously wounded and had snatched the flag from a dying soldier, and was waving it and screaming when he was taken. In 1885 Colonel Sandridge, of New Orleans, returned the trophy to Lieutenant Shurtleff while the latter was visiting the Exposition.

Just after the ordinance of secession was adopted by the Virginia Convention Mr. Charles M. Gallagher, of Waynesboro, visited Richmond, and, as usual with strangers, went on the roof of the Capitol for the view. Coming down, he saw lying in the dust of the loft of the Capitol the United States flag which had been formerly hoisted when the Legislature was in session, the custom being to hoist the national flag at one end of the building and the State flag at the other. He cut thirteen stars out of the flag as a memento and carried them home. Twenty-two years afterwards he sent them to the Virginia Historical Society, and some other man who had heard of it and who had the old flag from which the stars had been cut presented it to the same society, with the request that the thirteen old stars be returned. This was told me by an aged custodian of the museum at the State Capitol during the stay of a day I made in Richmond a few years ago. He also showed me the bail bond of Jefferson Davis, handsomely framed and in conspicuous position, with the signature of Horace Greeley as the most prominent. No one should omit a visit to Richmond sometime in his life, for it is one of the most interesting cities in the world.

Mrs. General Custer has a plain white towel which served as the last flag of truce used in the Civil War, and was carried by Col. R. M. Sims from General Gordon to General Sheridan.

The foregoing was supplied the VETERAN through the solicitation of Thomas L. Winder, Esq., of Los Angeles, and he writes of the author: "Major Truman was secretary to Andrew Johnson while Governor of Tennessee, and he was also

with him in Washington. The Major was in the Federal army. While in Tennessee last summer some of my relations bore testimony to the kindness and chivalry of Major Truman during the war."

DARING DEED IN SAVING THE DAVID—C. S. NAVY.

BY JAMES LACHLISON, RIDGEVILLE, GA.

In the October (1907) VETERAN an account occurs of the daring attack of the torpedo boat David upon the frigate New Ironsides near Charleston. The author is in error when he states that the "engineer, not being able to swim, remained in the boat and drifted back to Charleston." The engineer spoken of is James H. Tomb, a Savannah boy, and, like all boys of his day and generation in that city, was like a duck in the water. Engineer Tomb is still living and resides in Jacksonville, Fla. I give the VETERAN a history of the David and that gallant exploit.

The David was fifty feet long, seven feet beam, and could make about seven knots per hour. She was designed by Dr. Ravenel and Captain Stoney, of Charleston, and built in that city, the merchants of Charleston contributing the funds for her construction. She was cigar-shaped. Lieutenant Glassell and Engineer Tomb had been engaged for some time in attempts to sink the monitors off Charleston, using the first and second cutters of the C. S. S. Chicora, having a 65-pound torpedo projecting from the bows of each, and each boat propelled by six men at the oars. They were unsuccessful in these attempts because the men could not pull strong enough to strike the monitors with sufficient force to do any damage. They reported the cause of their failure to Flag Officer I. R. Tucker. Captain Stoney and others requested that Lieutenant Glassell and Engineer Tomb be placed in charge of the David and fit her up for a torpedo boat. They procured a long boiler tube to use as a torpedo spar, but in bending it found a flaw in the iron; and instead of having it eight and a half feet under the water, as they intended it to be, it was only six and a half feet. There is but little doubt that if this spar had been the length they intended it to be the New Ironsides would have gone to the bottom when struck. Admiral Dahlgren, in his official report of the affair, said that the injury was serious; and had she been struck two feet lower, she would have probably been sunk.

About the time the David was ready for service the frigate New Ironsides arrived off Charleston. She was reputed to be the most formidable vessel in the United States navy. She was selected as the vessel to attack. The crew of the David consisted of Lieutenant Glassell (in command), Engineer J. H. Tomb, Fireman Sullivan, and Pilot Cannon. After the David struck the Ironsides, her engine failed to work. Engineer Tomb reported this fact to Lieutenant Glassell, and also fears that the boat was sinking. Glassell ordered all hands to leave the boat and save themselves. He and Tomb and Sullivan jumped into the sea, Glassell and Sullivan swimming to the enemy, and were taken prisoners. The pilot, Cannon, being unable to swim, jumped into the water and clung to the life lines of the David. Tomb struck out for Morris Island. After swimming for some distance, he looked back and saw that the David was still afloat a short distance from the Ironsides; so he concluded to swim back and make an effort to save her. When he got to her, he found Cannon still clinging to the life lines. They climbed aboard, and Tomb, working on the engine, got it fixed, and, getting up steam, started back for Charleston, passing through the fleet and guard boats. The upper works of the David were riddled with the fire of small arms to which she was subjected when she struck the Ironsides. Engineer Tomb made the trip successfully, and reported to Flag Officer Tucker on board the ironclad steamer Charleston off Fort Johnston, clad in nothing but his underwear. To Lieutenant Glassell and Engineer Tomb belongs the credit of being the first naval officers to make an attack on an enemy with a torpedo boat. To Dr. Ravenel and Captain Stoney belongs the credit of designing and building the first torpedo boat. The torpedo used on this occasion was made by Maj. F. D. Lee, C. S. A.

After this exploit, Engineer Tomb was placed in command of the David. He covered her all over to the water line with quarter-inch steel plate. In March, 1864, he struck the United States Steamship Memphis in North Edisto. After striking the ship twice, the torpedo failed to explode; and upon examination he found the tube mashed flat, but the torpedo defective. The crew at this time was Chief Engineer Tomb (in command), Pilots Cannon and Acosta, and Fireman Lawhes.

The foregoing is a true history of the David and the daring deeds of her gallant crew. I suppose my old playmate, James H. Tomb, is the only survivor. To him is due the credit of saving the boat and bringing her safely back to Charleston. It was a heroic act, and excelled but by few, if any, of the intrepid deeds of our war. He has two sons, James H. and William Victor ("chips of the old block"), now officers in the United States navy.

HISTORIC RECORDS OF CONFEDERATE DAYS.

A well-preserved historic document comes to the VETERAN by J. L. Cook, Montgomery, Ala., in an official "detail" from Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee, dated at Shelbyville June 14, 1863. It is a list of delegates to attend a convention at Winchester, Tenn., to nominate State officers on the 17th. The list is as follows: Brigadier General Smith; Majs. John W. Dawson and M. L. Riggs; Capts. E. A. Cole and R. C. Wharton; Lieut. P. C. Wilkes, of the 154th Tennessee Infantry; Dr. R. D. Given, Capt. M. G. Mebane, Adjt. R. M. Harwell, G. W. Turner, and Lieut. H. C. Moorman, of the 13th Tennessee Infantry; Col. T. H. Bell, Capt. James A. Long, Surgeon W. B. Maney, Capts. W. H. McCauley, P. H. Weems, W. I. White, A. T. Fielder, and J. L. Bell, of the 12th Tennessee Infantry; also Capt. W. M. Cluskey, of General Smith's staff.

Hon. Robert L. Caruthers was nominated, and afterward formally elected, Governor of the State.

Another official order is that issued by Gen. Braxton Bragg from Tullahoma May 13, 1863, announcing a great victory in Virginia, wherein "Another vast army from the North under a selected general, attacked the Army of (Northern) Virginia, and, baffled and beaten, has again sought shelter of its guns beyond the river. The battle of the Rappahannock is blazoned bright with many triumphs and obscured by no defeats. Soldiers of the Army of Tennessee, let us emulate the deeds of the Army of (Northern) Virginia. We cannot surpass them. Let us make them proud to call us brothers. Let us make the Cumberland and Ohio classic as the Rappahannock and Potomac."

In connection with the foregoing reference is made to the official vote of the 15th Tennessee Infantry for Congressman for the Eleventh District of Tennessee, supplied by R. T. Quarles, who is well informed in regard to the archives of the State. The date is August, 1864, and the place near Atlanta, Ga. The vacancy in the Confederate Congress oc

curred by the death of David M. Curran, and of the eighty-four votes (the names of voters being listed) Capt. M. W. Cluskey received every one. Judge John L. T. Sneed was designated as a candidate, but all the votes were cast for Captain Cluskey. The election was held and certified to by N. J. Thompson, Captain Company K, John W. Childress, Adjutant of the Regiment, and W. B. Moore, Lieutenant of Company A.

The political history of Confederate times has hardly ever had attention. Data on the subject would be interesting.

"REBEL TWINS" IN TWO COMPANIES.

BY W. E. DOYLE, ESQ., MEXIA, TEX.

In February, 1864, two companies (A and B) of cavalry, and known as Trenholm's Squadron, were camped at Coosawhatchie, on the coast of South Carolina about midway between Charleston and Savannah, when the writer and his twin brother joined the squadron. It is likely that this squadron had more twins in it than any other organization of the same size in the Confederate army. The two companies had about one hundred members each, mostly boys. John and William Clark, of Anderson District, and two others of Barnwell District belonged to Company A, and William and Robert Mackey, of Anderson, and James Hogan and William Elliott Doyle, of Pickens, belonged to Company B. The Doyle boys were the last to join the squadron, and were the youngest soldiers in it.

In April of that year the squadron was ordered to Richmond; and when early in May the 7th South Carolina Cavalry was organized under Col. Andrew H. Haskell, of Columbia, and composing one of the three regiments of Gary's Brigade, Company A was continued as Company A and Company B became Company G, of the regiment.

Gary's Brigade did picket and scouting duty on the Peninsula and between the Chickahominy and the Pamunky till Grant arrived in the vicinity of Cold Harbor, when the regiment was in its first fight—the other regiments of the brigade being veterans—and from that time it continued in the business to the end.

The Barnwell boys were sons of Confederate States Senator Barnwell, of South Carolina. They disappeared in a few days after we got to Richmond, and I have never heard of them since.

From Cold Harbor on Gary kept us busy. On the 29th of September I was captured near Darbytown, suffered the horrors of prison life at Point Lookout for six months, and was at home on parole on the 9th of April, 1865. In the fall of 1864 one of the Clark boys was wounded and went home and returned no more, and the other one lost out some time after. About the same time one of the Mackey boys lost out, and the other one was lost in a fight between Gary's and Sheridan's Cavalry, which lasted until the darkness of the night of April 8, 1865.

James H. Doyle was slightly wounded at Cold Harbor, and was with the regiment on all other occasions except Riddle's Shop, June 15, and a light skirmish on Malvern Hill, in July. He was the only one of the eight twins who surrendered a musket on the gloomy yet glorious field of Appomattox. The six twins remaining with the regiment saw first and last much active service, and those living are proud of the fact that they belonged to the Army of Northern Virginia. J. H. Doyle is a successful merchant, resident of Granbury, Tex. One of the Mackeys is a farmer residing near Carnesville, Ga., and one of the Clarks died at Cleburne, Tex., a few years ago. I know nothing of the other twins, but would like to hear from them if yet living.

One fact that caused mistakes at times was that the boys of each pair were just alike and of the same size—that is, could not be told apart. To illustrate: I had been on picket three days and nights, got to camp about the middle of the afternoon, and before I could get something to eat and feed my horse I was sent off on a scout while my rested brother and his rested horse remained in camp. I was taken for him, said nothing, and went on.

[It should not be inferred that the boys who "lost out" in the foregoing report did it dishonorably. They may have been killed or captured and died in prison.—Ed. Veteran.]

OLD SOLDIER ON THINGS THAT DIDN'T OCCUR.

BY THEODORE GEORGE CARTER, ST. PAUL, MINN.

But this time it is a Federal. In the G. A. R. paper, the National Tribune, Washington, D. C., of April 25, 1907, under the heading, "A Series of Tragedies," one G. W. Grant, who claims to have been a sergeant in Company I, 14th Iowa Regiment, gives an account of the shooting of the colonel of the 128th Illinois by the wife of "the Rebel Brigadier General Falkner" as that regiment marched through Ripley, Miss., on Smith's Tupelo expedition in July, 1864. He also says that Mrs. Falkner was instantly shot and her body dragged into the street by the soldiers, the house from which she fired the shot set fire to, and watched until it burned to the ground. He says that his regiment led his division (3d Division 16th Army Corps) and that the 128th Illinois was next in rear. The writer hereof was with the army that day, but the 128th Illinois was not. The writer was in the 1st division, and perhaps in rear of the 3d division, on that march. Not a woman fired a shot at our army, nor did we lose a colonel on that expedition. Neither was there a woman wounded or killed by the Union troops. There was no General Falkner in Forrest's army at that time. The sergeant further says that General Falkner was killed in the battle of Tupelo (Harrisburg), and that he saw his dead body and secured a small piece of gold braid from the lower end of the leg of his trousers.

Colonel Faulkner, of the 12th Kentucky (Confederate), advanced very close to the Union line in that battle. His horse was killed and he was wounded, but not so badly but that he could walk. His wife was at Ripley at the time Sturgis was whipped at Brice's Crossroads, and it is probable she was there when we passed through. In his report of the engagement, General Smith also states that "General Faulkner, of Kentucky, was killed." As none of his subordinate officers mention anything of such an occurrence in their reports to him, it is possible that Sergeant Grant gave him that information. It is very remarkable how well some alleged soldiers, Union and Confederate, can recollect so many horrible occurrences which never occurred.

Before this was written, in order to verify the writer's recollection of events, he not only examined diaries of comrades and the "Official Records" of the war, but also the statements of General Forrest in the "Campaigns of Lieutenant General Forrest," and finally wrote to the Commander of the U. C. V. Camp at Ripley, Miss., who replied that nothing of the kind took place there during the war.

Who Climbed the Flag Pole at Camp Chase?—A number of letters have come to this office in reference to the man "who climbed the flag pole at Camp Douglas," but none seem to remember his name or regiment. The following from W.

H. Johnson, of Hickory, Miss., gives the recollection of a Federal soldier of the event: "I met with an ex-Federal soldier recently who did service at Camp Douglas, and he told me of the trouble they had with 'Old Glory' on the flag pole, and how they got a Johnny from the prison to climb the pole and unloose the flag. He said the man was a sailor and that his home was in New Orleans; they got him out of Barrack 29. He had forgotten the name, but knew he was released after fixing the rope in the pulley. This ex-Federal told me of the incident voluntarily, and I am sure he told it straight. I afterwards gave him the December VETERAN and told him how the man's name had been sought for some months." In another letter Comrade Johnson writes: "In every issue of the VETERAN I see an inquiry for the war record of some needy widow's husband who served in our Civil War. To all such inquirers allow me to say that if their husbands were ever prisoners of the United States and they remember what prison they were confined in they should write to their Congressmen to ascertain from the prison roll where such persons were enlisted, naming the company and regiment."

[This is not an infallible guide, however, as so many records were destroyed. In some instances it may be helpful.—ED.]

RECKLESS LITTLE TOW HEAD.

Tow Head was not his name, only a nickname given him by an old wag of a soldier in the company on account of the color of his hair and because of his habit of making himself conspicuous in everything done and said by the other members of the company. His real name was Rube; but Tow Head seemed to suit him so well that he was called by that name.

Rube came to us in the fall of 1861, when we were in camp of instruction at Savannah, with a number of recruits to join our ranks. He was only fourteen years old, and had run away from home to be with his half-brother, who was one of the recruits. His mother was a widow. She needed him then more than ever to help her earn a support while her older sons were gone to the war. The captain refused to receive him on account of his age; but he was determined to be a soldier, and remained with us for some time. Every time the drum tapped to call us to form ranks Tow Head was there and ready for duty. Finally the captain told him that his mother wanted him at home and that he intended to send him to her. This was sad news to him, and it was a damper on his usual enthusiasm. The captain made him bundle up his few belongings and sent him to the depot. He was given transportation to his home, and we all soon forgot him. In a few weeks he again made his appearance among us, wearing the same old smile and ever ready to join in the rough jokes and hard fare of the soldiers. Most of us were now heartily homesick, and wondered why he didn't remain at home. When asked why he came back so soon, he said: "O boys, it's too lonesome at home. Everybody is gone to the war." The captain told him to go back to his mother, and forbade the men giving him anything to eat. This order they did not regard, but shared their provisions with him, and he remained with us. He seemed to be perfectly happy in camp, and we could not refuse to divide with him our rations.

When the spring opened and the regiment was thoroughly drilled, one morning a young man, mounted on a good horse, entered our camp and inquired for headquarters. We knew he had an important mission. Very soon orders came to cook rations and get ready to march to the railroad station, ten or twelve miles away, to take cars for Virginia. We had been there so long that each soldier had accumulated a small stock of household goods. These we could not dispose of, and each man decided to take with him what he could. When our ranks were formed for the march, we looked like a regiment of foot peddlers. We had not gone more than two miles before we began to realize that we were overloaded, and decided that we must dispense with some of our valuables. This we did until we arrived at the depot. Little Tow Head was with us, and seemed to rejoice that we were on our way to participate in real war and would be, to some extent, free from much red tape.

When we arrived in Virginia, we were sent immediately to General Stonewall Jackson's army, in the Valley of Virginia. In all the battles Tow Head showed a reckless disregard for his safety, and never seemed to be the least disconcerted by the noise of artillery, small arms, and the destruction going on about him. When the general wished to organize a battalion of the bravest men of his command in the winter of 1863-64 to do the skirmishing for the brigade, Tow Head volunteered. This duty was the most dangerous part of war, but had some fascinating feature. Tow Head had but one eye with which he could see. He did not have to close one eye to take aim, as the others did. During those terrible days in the Wilderness Tow Head was always on the front line.

One day during this series of battles, while bravely holding the place assigned him by the officer in command, he got some powder in his eye. This so blinded him that he had to be sent to the hospital. As soon as he was fit for duty he returned to his command, expecting to take his old place. In the meantime his mother had heard of his condition, and, knowing his reckless disposition, had written to the commander of his company, begging him not to let him rejoin the battalion upon his return to his regiment. Wishing to comply with her request, that officer informed him that he could no more fight with that organization, but that he must remain with his regiment. This was a great set-back to Tow Head.

One day while we were lying on our faces in line of battle, awaiting the order to move forward into a battle which was raging to our right and was being hotly contested by our skirmishers in front, Tow Head called out to our commander and begged that he might go out to the skirmish line. A comrade lying by his side told him to obey orders; but his great anxiety to see what was going on in front was more than he could resist, and his head went up every minute in spite of orders and warnings. A moment before the order came to advance Tow Head popped up his head, and as he did so a ball from the enemy struck him in the center of his forehead and passed through his head, killing him instantly.

As we started into the battle our lieutenant commanding the company excused his brother to remain there while we moved forward and drove the enemy from our front. The next day poor Tow Head's body was consigned to a soldier's grave to await the judgment day. Poor brave little Tow Head, may your soul rest in peace!

The first railroads in America are joined by the new Union Station in Washington City. In 1829 the Baltimore and Ohio and the Charleston Canal and Railroad companies were started. These oldest railroads of America are joined at Washington, as the old Charleston road is now a part of the Southern Railway. The new Union Station at Washington, built on the site of the Baltimore and Ohio's old depot, forms a union between these two first railroads in America. Think of it, four score years ago there was not a railroad in the United States.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN WAS NOT A TRAITOR.

A letter from a Union spy to the New York Times:

"The stories circulated throughout the country recently to the effect that certain distinguished Union officers at the beginning of the Civil War were willing to take sides with the Confederates were revived in this city yesterday by the discovery of a letter written by a Union spy, Emile Bourlier, accusing Gen. George B. McClellan of sympathizing with and even aiding the Confederate cause. The letter, which will be sold at auction on January 10, consists of four closely written pages, dated Philadelphia September, 1864, and addressed to 'The Members of the Union League, Philadelphia.' In part it reads: 'While the battle before Richmond was raging * * * Lieutenant Colonel Pickens * * * was superintending the disinterment of a number of cases of United States rifles, which lay buried in the ground. * * * On the inquiry * * * if he thought it had been intended that said guns should fall into the hands of the Confederates, the Colonel answered in the affirmative, and concluded by saying, "Mac's all right."'

"Bourlier goes on to say that at the same time two hundred and ten ambulances were found with the horses hitched to trees in the neighborhood, and it was asserted the intention was that they also should fall into the Confederates' hands. Whisky was handed around and they drank to 'Little Mac.'

"'About the middle of the month of April of the same year,' Bourlier adds, 'as I was going from Richmond to Mobile in company with Lieutenant Wirz and Dr. Knoed, of Missouri, and Dr. Fontleroy, of Virginia, the two latter gentlemen being of the Rebel General Price's staff, we met with Brigadier General Watson, of Alabama. General Watson said in my presence that then or any time after the war he could give satisfactory proof that George B. McClellan, of the Federal army, at the outbreak of the rebellion and during the preliminary arrangements for the organization of the Confederate army had offered his services to the Confederate government; but that the Confederate government had resolved to give rank in preference to officers formerly in the United States service, according to seniority, and that McClellan, having become offended at this, then offered his services to the United States.'"

In copying the above the VETERAN does not intend to convey an idea of its truthfulness. General McClellan was too honorable a man to have commanded his fellows in a great war and acted the traitor toward them. Letters condemning Federal officers have come to the VETERAN recently which will not be published. The war is over now, and the honor of both sides should be the desire of every citizen. One fact will be emphasized, however—viz., that it was no disgrace for any man, wherever reared, to have espoused and fought for State rights.

HOW THE SIX HUNDRED OFFICERS FARED.

BY JUNIUS L. HEMPSTEAD, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

I see in the October (1907) VETERAN some extracts from the diary of one of my dear comrades of the Immortal Six Hundred who was a prisoner of war on Morris Island. His leaflets must have been written many years after the war. If he were alive, I certainly could refresh his memory.

At the time the dear ladies of Charleston, under flag of truce, forwarded the eatables we were on retaliation for Andersonville. The provisions were never received. The Federals did, however, allow us to have the smoking and chewing tobacco.

Colonel Hallowel, who commanded the negro regiment that guarded us, was merciless in his exactions. We were eating wormy hard-tack; to lose the worms was to lose the ration. I was appointed a committee of one to remonstrate. With some of these crackers in my hand, I approached this officer, and in a gentlemanly manner stated the situation, broke the crackers to prove the truth of my statement. He sarcastically replied: "You fellows are hard to please; you have been complaining of not getting any meat."

If our dear comrade received at that time what he jotted down, he must have been singularly favored. The dishwater—bean soup—that our negro guards brought us was cooked upon the island sand bar, with half a dozen beans that seemed lost in the liquid. The soup was cooked without covers, and the sand formed a base for the weakness above.

Miss Lucile Cobb does not mention the horrors of Fort Pulaski, where the corn meal had lost its original color, and was caked in the barrels and burrowed with slugs, worms, and bugs, or the fact that the comrades would punch nails in the bottoms of old tin cans, and thus separated the slugs, worms, and bugs from the tasteless meal by sifting. This, with strong pickle that must have come from Noah's ark, formed for days our food. No one could eat it. The scurvy spread rapidly and fatally. When we were shipped (North) back to Fort Delaware, a great cry of horror went up from our comrades in the pen.

I do not write this for any sensational effect. Miss Cobb's article is misleading. I think she has not written all of the horrors of that martyrdom for a great principle. As the President of the Immortal Six Hundred, I write these facts with no disrespect to the daughter of our dear comrade.

OPPOSED TO FEDERAL PENSIONS.

The Confederate Historical Association of Memphis is opposed to the United States government pensions for Confederates. In action to express opposition to Mr. Hobson's bill, they say:

"*Resolved,* That the Confederate Memorial Association of Memphis appreciates and commends the noble sentiment and motives of Hon. Richmond Pearson Hobson, member of Congress from Alabama, in the resolution he is about to introduce in Congress asking the United States government to pension the surviving Confederate veterans. Be it

"*Resolved,* however, That we are opposed to these resolutoins and the presentation of the same as inappropriate, as we have unbounded confidence in the faith and loyalty of each and every one of our Southern States to provide means and relief for those of the old guard in gray who are indigent and incapacitated to provide for themselves."

The action of this Historical Association is approved by Bivouac 18 and Camp 28, U. C. V., and also by the W. P. Lane Camp at Marshall, Tex., in a letter to Senator Culberson.

The Frank Cheatham Camp, No. 35, has taken equally strong grounds against Confederate pensions by the United States government. In other States similar action has been taken; and Gen. Stephen D. Lee, though he has issued no official protestation, is pronounced in an interview against it.

None of those who oppose such action, so far as known, have criticised Mr. Hobson, whose father honored the Confederate cause by service in the war and afterwards.



Capt. John T. West.

"'Tis ever wrong to say a good man dies."

Our comrade, Capt. John T. West, has closed his labors and gone to his reward. The end came after a long and painful illness on December 21, 1907, at his home, in Norfolk County, Va. He was a member of Pickett-Buchanan Camp, C. V., Chaplain General of the "Crater Legion," and Superintendent of the Public Schools of Norfolk County. The latter position he had held since 1870 with the exception of one term. As a soldier and educator, he threw all the force of Christian energy into the good work at hand. He was born in Norfolk County in 1836, and was teaching in 1861, when the Confederate war began. He was elected second lieutenant of Company A, 61st Virginia Regiment Infantry, afterwards promoted to first lieutenant, and then to captain. After the evacuation of Norfolk, his command joined the army of Lee, and thenceforth shared the fortunes of this great commander. In the battle of Gettysburg, on the night after Pickett's great charge, the enemy's sharpshooters, occupying a hidden ravine, greatly annoyed the picket line, deployed midway between the two armies. Lieutenant West, with a band of thirty selected men, volunteered to drive them out. Charging over the ground made glorious by the blood of Pickett's heroes, he captured the ravine and a number of prisoners, and held the place under a murderous fire for thirty hours; and at daybreak on July 5, several hours after the army had left Gettysburg, retired with the rear guard, fighting all day and overtaking the army at midnight, after more than sixty hours of unremitting service.

In the spring of 1864 he was detailed to command one of the five companies known as "Mahone's Sharpshooters," comprising one hundred and fifty men and eleven officers, selected by order of General Mahone from the men of his old brigade, who were "noted for alertness and courage." This body of men did the scouting and skirmishing for the brigade, and during the three months, from the battle of the Wilderness to the Crater, were so continuously on the firing line as to lose by death and wounds three-fourths of its number. In the battle of the Crater, where eight hundred of Mahone's men charged several times their number and in a desperate hand-to-hand struggle routed and drove them from the works, Lieutenant West received a bayonet wound in the shoulder, temporarily disabling him.

On August 19 the life of the gallant Capt. William C. Wallace, of Company A, was sacrificed to the cause, and Lieutenant West was promoted to the captaincy and ordered to his old company, which he commanded until February, 1865, when, at the battle of Hatcher's Run, he was struck by a shell, which took away a part of his hip and disabled him for the remainder of the war.

Captain West and his two brothers, William A. and L. M. West, who shared with him in all these years of strife, and both of whom stacked arms at Appomattox, returned to their homes at Cornland and began life anew.

He was untiring in his Church work, and for many years served as superintendent of Sunday schools of the M. E. Church. In every station Captain West acted the part of a good citizen, and attested his love of country by his work in the civil and religious service of his people, as well as by his valiant services on the battlefield.

Peyton W. Jones.

Camp Macon, U. C. V., No. 1477, buried Peyton W. Jones, one of its charter members, on October 5. The Confederate flag of the Camp was placed on the casket. Every one in Macon knew his record as a public-spirited citizen.

His war record, on file in the Camp records, reads: "Enlisted at Eufaula, Ala., Jan. 17, 1861, age 21 years. Served the entire war in Army of Tennessee. Was engaged in thirteen battles and was paroled May 15, 1865." He served his country well in that grand army of heroes whose fame will grow brighter and brighter as their valor on the battlefield and their splendid fortitude amid the suffering endured in camp become better known. This man was one of them—not a general, but one who as a private in the ranks of the great army of the Confederacy made it possible for the generals with comparatively few of them to hurl back in defeat an army several times their number.

[Sketch by Jehu G. Postell, Adjutant of Camp at Macon, U. C. V., No. 1477.]

Mrs. B. W. Carter.

Daughters of the Confederacy and veteran organizations of the Indian Territory took appropriate action in honoring the memory of the late Mrs. B. W. Carter at Ardmore. The services were opened with prayer by Rev. J. W. Sims, after which the congregation joined in singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Mrs. C. M. Campbell sang "Beautiful Hills" and Mrs. Hardy sang "Abide with Me." Col. J. P. Mullins spoke of the war and the hardships entailed upon the women of the South during the struggle, and the meeting closed with a hymn by Miss Parker and the benediction by Rev. Mr. Sims.

The church was filled to overflowing by friends of the deceased who listened to tributes of love and respect to the one woman in the Indian Territory who was revered by everybody, and especially by the old Confederate soldiers, in whom she always manifested the keenest interest, and by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Resolutions were read from several Camps outside the city, and Mrs. W. T. Nixon, of Ardmore, read a beautiful memorial, in which occurs: "The people of the community in which she lived and died bear loving testimony to the beautiful consistency which characterized her daily life. She was a living exemplification of how lovely the Christian graces can make a sweet-souled woman, the aroma of whose life is given out like that of the night-blooming jasmine, making sweetness in the dark and gloomy experiences of stricken lives. She was another proof that it is the quieter and gentler influences in the moral and religious world which produce the profounder and more lasting impressions. Quiet and unobtrusive in her association and conversation, she yet wielded a beautiful power for good, and it was truly remarked of her that 'one always felt better for having been with her.'"

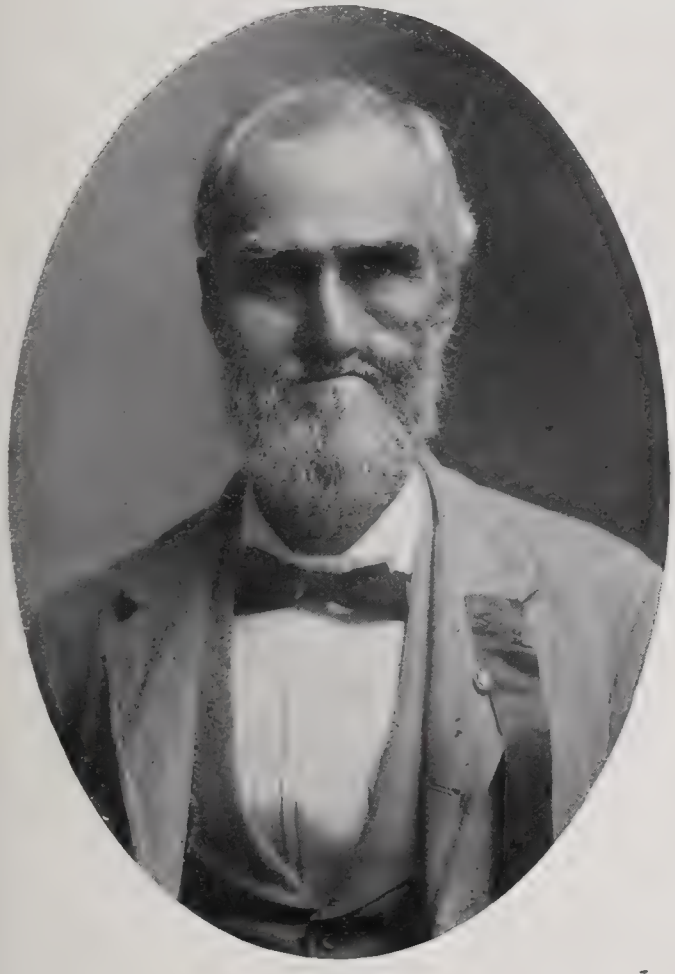
A. M. Hinkle.

Mr. A. M. Hinkle died at his home, in Bloomfield, Ky. His death was due to paralysis. Mr. Hinkle was a native of and lived nearly all his life of sixty-seven years in the Bloomfield neighborhood. During the War between the States he served

under Morgan, and won distinction for his courage and devotion to the cause of the South. As a citizen he won the respect of the public for his manly and Christian character. He was a member of the M. E. Church, South, nearly all of his life. He leaves a wife, six children, and a sister, Mrs. G. G. Gilbert.

Capt. William F. Gibson.

Camp James Adams, U. C. V., Austin, Ark., has lost in the death of Capt. William F. Gibson one of its most beloved and useful members. He died at his home, near Austin, on May 21, 1907, and was buried in the old Austin Cemetery by his comrades of the Camp. Death came to him after long suffering caused by wounds received during the war. In the battle of Chickamauga he was shot through the body, and again at Franklin, receiving a shot through the face and mouth which



CAPT. WILLIAM F. GIBSON.

caused great interference with his speech. He was near the noted cotton gin at the time.

Captain Gibson was born in Meade County, Ky., in 1832, but removed to Arkansas before the war. He enlisted in Company I, 8th Arkansas Regiment, and was made captain of the company, serving as such to the end. He was frequently put on outpost duty because of his reliability and bravery, his superior officers having implicit confidence in him.

Captain Gibson was twice married, but neither wife survived him. He was a consistent member of the Church and a useful and respected citizen of the community.

James Edward Hope.

James Edward Hope died at College Hill, Lafayette County, Miss., November 14, 1907. He was born at College Hill in 1842, and enlisted in Company G, 30th Mississippi Volunteer Infantry, at the organization of the regiment. He held the responsible position of ensign through all the engagements in which the regiment participated till he was wounded, with the flag of the regiment in his hands, at Franklin, Tenn., in Hood's memorable assault upon the Federal works. He was taken prisoner, and was in prison at Camp Chase and Fort Delaware. After exchange his wound prevented his returning to active service. It disabled him for many years after the war. At the time of his death he was an active member of the Confederate Camp at Oxford, Miss., and custodian of the magnificent flag presented to the survivors of Walthall's Brigade at the Dallas Reunion by Mrs. John Ross, the daughter of General Walthall.

Joseph R. Sullivan.

Joseph R. Sullivan was born in Lewisville, Ark., in 1840; and died near Little Rock, Ark., November 15, 1906. While he was quite young his father moved to Spring Hill, Hempstead County, Ark., where he was reared to manhood. He was among the first to respond to his country's call for soldiers, and joined a company which was being made up by Capt. George Gamble, which became Company H, 2d Arkansas Cavalry. After four months' service, he was discharged on account of bad health and returned home; but upon regaining his health he joined Company A, of the 20th Arkansas Infantry. He was captured in the battle near Corinth, Miss., held for ten days, and then paroled. He was captured the second time at Big Black River, Miss., and sent North, remaining in prison nine months. Upon being exchanged he returned to his regiment, and served to the end of the war. He was a good soldier, stanch and true, who never shirked duty, and was respected and liked by all who knew him.

Col. W. E. Cutshaw.

On December 19, 1907, Col. Wilfred E. Cutshaw died in Richmond after a prolonged illness. The Times-Dispatch states: "The end of his long and eventful life, characterized by great achievement on the field of battle and in the upbuilding of the municipality which he had faithfully served for thirty-four years, came peacefully."

His wife died in 1890. His mother died on Christmas day, 1906, at the age of ninety-four years. He had no children.

Colonel Cutshaw took hold of the rebuilding and reconstruction of the city after it had been ravaged by war. In that work he had to encounter a world of difficulties and tribulations. He planned the erection of the City Hall, the finest structure in Richmond; he made the lines and grades for the streets and avenues; he laid out the parks and boulevards. His greatest ambition was to turn every available foot of space into recreation resorts for the public, and especially the children.

Colonel Cutshaw spent almost every afternoon in his carriage, driving to the east and west end sections, inspecting sewer work and directing his assistants. There was not a question about the city which he could not answer thoroughly, explicitly, and in detail. He demanded and received the best that was in his assistants, and yet with it all he was as gentle as a child.

Colonel Cutshaw was born at Harper's Ferry, Va., now West Virginia, on January 25, 1838. His father was George W. Cutshaw, a native of Loudoun County, Va., who died in 1887. The grandfather of Colonel Cutshaw was John W. Cutshaw, a Maryland farmer, who was a veteran of the War of 1812. The Cutshaw family were of Scotch extraction. His

mother, Martha J. Moxley, was born in Alexandria, and was of English ancestry.

Colonel Cutshaw, after preparation at home and at a local academy, entered the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, where he graduated in 1858 with a thorough knowledge of civil and military engineering, a profession to which he had given the study of a lifetime. Colonel Cutshaw became in 1859 an instructor in the Hampton Military Institute, continuing there until the spring of 1861, when he resigned to enter the service of the Confederate army.

In April, 1861, Colonel Cutshaw was made a first lieutenant in the regular army and assigned to a battalion of artillery in the brigade of Gen. T. J. Jackson. In the spring of 1862 he was promoted to captain of artillery; in the fall of 1862 he was made a major; and in February, 1865, he became a lieutenant colonel, with command of a battalion of artillery.

Colonel Cutshaw's war record was exceptionally brilliant. He participated in the operations of General Magruder in the Peninsula in the summer of 1861 and in the campaigns of Jackson in the Valley in the spring of 1862. He was severely wounded in the battle of Winchester, in May, 1862, when a bullet pierced his left knee, and he was captured by the Federal forces. He remained a prisoner until exchanged, in April, 1863. Having been pronounced by a medical examining board as unfit for active duty, he was assigned as acting commander of cadets at the Virginia Military Institute, a position which he held until September, 1863, when he applied for readmission into the Confederate army, and was accepted, although his wound was unhealed. He was assigned to duty as inspector general of artillery, Second Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, participating in a number of battles in 1863 and 1864. In February, 1865, he received his rank of lieutenant colonel of artillery, in which capacity he served until April, 1865, when in the battle of Sailor's Creek, just three days before the surrender at Appomattox, he received a wound in his right leg, and the next morning the leg was amputated between the knee and the hip.

For a year after the war Colonel Cutshaw engaged in temporary pursuits. In September, 1866, he was appointed assistant professor of mathematics in the Virginia Military Institute, the position held previous to the war by Stonewall Jackson.

In the fall of 1873 he was elected City Engineer of the city of Richmond, a position which he had ably and acceptably filled for more than thirty-four years. During his service as City Engineer of Richmond Colonel Cutshaw saw the city practically rebuilt. Perhaps the most notable work of the City Engineer's Department in this period was the construction of the City Hall, which was built by day labor under the personal supervision of Colonel Cutshaw and his assistants.

Known everywhere as a man of iron will, of indomitable perseverance, and of the highest integrity, Colonel Cutshaw ever guarded jealously the city's interests. Widely known in his profession, Colonel Cutshaw was an active member of the American Society of Civil Engineers. He also held membership in the Royal Arcanum, the Virginia Historical Society, and the Southern Historical Society. He was for many years the President of the Society of the Alumni of the Virginia Military Institute, and an active member and patron of the Richmond Y. M. C. A.

Colonel Cutshaw was twice married, his first wife being Mrs. E. S. Norfleet, whom he married in December, 1876. She died two months later, in January, 1877. In January, 1890, he married Miss M. W. Morton, of Richmond, who died in December of the same year.

Gen. R. E. Lee, though at the time a resident of Lexington, took an active interest in securing for Colonel Cutshaw the position of City Engineer for Richmond.

Seth M. Timberlake.

This venerable veteran died in the home of his son, Charles E. Timberlake, Brooklyn, N. Y., December 18, 1907, in his seventy-fifth year. The remains were buried at Fishersville, Va. The funeral was conducted by his pastor, G. W. Finley, D.D., of the Presbyterian Church. A guard of honor was composed of his comrades of the Stonewall Camp, U. C. V., Stanton. He was twice married, his first wife being a sister of Messrs. Milton, William W., and of the late Charles Broadway Rouss, of New York. His second wife was a Miss Timberlake.

His service in the Confederate army is reported by the Spirit of Jefferson, published at Charlestown, W. Va.: "At the beginning of the war Mr. Timberlake enlisted in the Confederate service in Company G, 2d Virginia Regiment, Stonewall Brigade. He was twice badly wounded, first in the first battle of Manassas and later in a skirmish in this town. After the first battle of Manassas, he was transferred to cavalry service and entered Company B, 12th Virginia Cavalry, afterwards Rosser's (the "Laurel") Brigade. At the time of being wounded at Manassas, though suffering much and needing the surgeon's care, he constituted himself a guard, and, with gun in hand, sat for two hours at the door of the field hospital, trying to preserve order and thus aid the doctors in their work; and only after this self-imposed, faithful service were his own wounds dressed. From the beginning to the close of the war he was always in active service, except when disabled by wounds or sickness, and he was never a prisoner. Not being at Appomattox, he was not surrendered with Lee's army, but started at once with others to join General Johnston in the South, and had gotten well into North Carolina when he heard that Johnston had surrendered. He at once retraced his steps and came back to his old home, in Frederick County, Va., and was never paroled. A friend who stood by his casket remarked: 'He has made his first surrender.'"

Townsend N. Conrad.

Comrade T. N. Conrad was born in Loudon County, Va., in 1840. He was a great-great-grandson of General Ellis, of Revolutionary fame. In 1861 he enlisted in the Dixie (Virginia) Battery and served until the end of the Confederate war. Afterwards Mr. Conrad filled several positions of trust. He held a post in the chancery office of New Jersey under the late Senator Henry S. Little. In 1879 he accepted a position with the Star Rubber Company, of Baltimore, as managing salesman for the South and Southwest, attaining the front rank in the trade. After the failure of the Star Rubber Company, he became an organizer and general manager of the Patapsco Rubber Company, of Baltimore. More recently he was connected with the United and Globe Rubber Company, of this city, as traveling representative in the South.

A notable event in connection with his funeral is the fact that a Grand Army Post took a leading part at his funeral.

A Baltimore paper says: "Three rifle volleys that will echo across the Potomac and through the valleys and along the mountain ranges of the South to the Florida Everglades were fired yesterday afternoon over the grave into which Townsend

N. Conrad had just been lowered in Greenwood Cemetery. Those who paid him last honors had stood in the trenches over which the stars and stripes waved while he fought under the flag of the Confederacy nearly fifty years ago. * * * It is likely that no other former Confederate veteran was thus honored by a Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, and the act doubtless will be commented upon quite as much as was the reception held in this city by the same organization, Aaron Wilkes Post, some twenty-five years ago, for Robert Lee Camp, of Richmond, Va. That was the first official entertainment ever provided by a G. A. R. Post for an organization consisting of former Confederates."

The James R. Herbert Camp, No. 657, U. C. V., passed resolutions in recognition of the fraternal courtesy of the Aaron Wilkes Post, G. A. R., in which they express "appreciation to its fullest extent of the fraternal spirit exhibited in the courtesy shown our deceased comrade and tender our heartfelt thanks to the Aaron Wilkes Post, G. A. R., for the honor conferred."

This spirit of fraternity has been shown frequently at the South. At Murfreesboro, Tenn., some two years ago the U. C. V. Camp of that place and other Confederates attended the funeral of Carter Harrison, a Union veteran and a brother of President Benjamin Harrison. They marched in the procession wearing their badges and in every suitable way showing their respect for the deceased. Such fraternal considerations have been shown frequently by Confederates, and it is the proper thing to do where the deceased had shown that he had right regard for them.

[Report from Charles H. Mettee, Adjutant of the Camp.]

Dr. Stephen W. Turpin.

A committee reporting upon the life of Dr. S. W. Turpin, who fell asleep May 13, 1907, says of him:

"A pure man, a gallant and distinguished soldier, has heard the call and crossed over the river. Dr. Turpin had just received his diploma from the Louisiana Medical College when the war drums waked the Southern land. He enlisted as a private in the Confederate army. In 1862, in a class of fifty, he was one of thirty-five to pass before the Medical Army Board of the Confederate army. While serving as assistant surgeon he was, upon the recommendation of the surgeon general of the Army of Tennessee, chosen by Lieut. Gen. Stephen D. Lee as his staff surgeon, with the rank of colonel in the Confederate army. He was with and followed General Lee in all the remaining battles of the Army of Tennessee. For his skillful treatment of General Lee's wound at the battle of Franklin and for his coolness and judgment in the very hail of battle he won the undying esteem of General Lee.

"Attaining eminence in his chosen profession, Dr. Turpin moved to Pointe Coupee Parish, forming a partnership with his uncle, Dr. John G. Archer. Through the dark days of reconstruction he bore himself with great gentleness, but unflinching firmness. From childhood years to his evening sunset he stood for the purest ideals of Christian character. The brave soldier in the ranks, the skillful surgeon on field or in hospital, the distinguished medical adviser of his staff—in each and every place he represented the purest, the best in human endeavor.

"He was a loyal member of the Charles Batchelor Camp, U. D. C., was its Surgeon, and, until forbidden by failing health, served on the staff of the Louisiana Division, U. C. V.

"As brother, husband, father, and friend, Dr. Turpin reached the high ideal of Christian manhood. Those with or without means received his professional services alike. His skillful treatment, his great refinement endeared him to the homes where he served the rich and the poor.

"Long will he be missed, long will his memory live in the hearts of those who knew him here. The Charles Batchelor Camp, U. C. V., mourns with the sad and grieved hearts of his own dear home, into whose lives he gave so much comfort, so much sunshine, so much peace."

The vestry of his Church publishes a sketch of him:

"Born in Jefferson County, Miss., in 1837, he graduated from Oxford College, Mississippi, and later from the Louisiana Medical College in 1861. As a surgeon he attained distinction, and in his extended field of practice he won esteem and affection both for his remarkable skill and his pure, refined, and unblemished life. His word was as sacred as his bond. He stood before all men as an example of a beautiful character, a brave, honorable gentleman. His place cannot easily be filled.

"Coming from an old and honored family, he carried through his whole life the ideals of simplicity blended with dignity. He won the hearts of all who knew him well. He stood for pure and lofty ideals of Christian manhood. His influence was felt among all classes of men. His memory will live as he lived—the soul of honor, the man of worth.

"For long years he was a vestryman of St. Stephen's Church, Innis, La., a communicant of this Church. The vestry of St. Stephen's Church mourns the departure of a lofty character, a pure, faithful brother. We mourn with hearts he loved best and who loved him most, who now grieve beneath their own great sorrow. We pray the merciful Lord to comfort them with his own divine peace, his own divine light."

Dr. E. B. Wood.

Dr. E. B. Wood was called to join the great army December 2, 1907. He was born in Bibb County, Ala., in 1831, the third of nine children born to Allen Wood, a native Georgian and a grandson of Joshua Wood, who, it is understood, served from Georgia in the Revolutionary War. In 1818 Allen Wood moved to Alabama, in which State he died in 1873.

Dr. Wood at the age of twenty-two years entered Central Institute, in his native county. Afterwards he took a course of lectures at the Nashville Medical College. He next entered the Jefferson Medical College, at Philadelphia, Pa., where he graduated in 1860. He was in Philadelphia during the exciting times succeeding the Baltimore convention which nominated Douglas for President. After graduating, the Doctor returned home and engaged in the practice of his profession until the outbreak of the war, when he enlisted in Company B, 34th Regiment, of which he was elected first lieutenant, and after a few months' service was promoted captain of the company. He served in that capacity until the battle of Missionary Ridge, where he was taken prisoner, carried to Johnson's Island, and held nineteen months. On June 14, 1865, he was released and returned to Alabama. He practiced medicine there until 1870, when he went to Texas, where he practiced his profession until 1881. When the Cotton Belt Railroad was built through Hill County and a depot established at Hubbard City, he moved to that place, and had an extensive practice for six years, when he retired from the practice to look after his large landed interests.

He was married in 1861 to Miss Sarah Barrett, of Georgia. They had five children, two of whom are physicians.

Judge J. N. Henderson.

Judge John N. Henderson died at his residence, in Dallas, Tex., Sunday, December 22, 1907, after an illness of several years. He was born in South Carolina in 1843, and the family went to Washington County, Tex., in 1846. At the beginning of the War between the States he enlisted in Company E, 5th Texas Infantry, Hood's Texas Brigade, A. N. V. He participated in all the battles in which the brigade was engaged up to and including Sharpsburg, where he lost an arm. After recovering from that wound, although he had only one arm, he served the remainder of the war upon the staff of Gen. J. B. Robertson with the rank of captain. After the war he studied law and located at Bryan, Tex. In 1874 he was elected District Attorney, which office he held until 1880, when he was elected State Senator. In 1888 he was appointed by Governor Ross District Attorney to fill a vacancy, and was elected by the people to the same office in 1890. While still holding the office of District Judge he was elected Judge of the Court of Criminal Appeals in 1894, and was reëlected in 1900 and again in 1906.

Whether as soldier, citizen, lawyer, or judge, he was without fear and without reproach. As an officer, he was industrious conscientious, and able; as a friend, he was generous and true; while to his family his loss is irreparable. He left them an honorable record and an untarnished name.

Capt. Louis Walburg.

The Columbus (Miss.) Dispatch reports the death of Capt. L. Walburg, which occurred in December, 1907, "and brought genuine sorrow and grief not alone to his relatives, but to many comrades who had served with him in the army and who had enjoyed his friendship during times of peace. He was a man possessed of many noble qualities. He not only served with gallantry on the battlefield, but was faithful to his obligations as a man, having been at all times true to his convictions and loyal to his friends."

Captain Walburg was born at Covington, Ky., in 1837, and was seventy-one years of age. He went to Columbus shortly before the war, and was among the first to respond to the call for troops for the Southern army. He left Columbus in March, 1861, as a member of Captain Wade's company, the command going to Mobile and thence to Pensacola, and upon arrival at the latter place the company became part of the 10th Mississippi Infantry. This command was under Col. Moses Phillips, who died after six weeks' service and was succeeded by Col. Robert A. Smith, a Scotchman. While the regiment was encamped at Pensacola four of its companies were formed into a battalion of sharpshooters under command of Col. W. C. Richards, of Columbus, and Captain Walburg served with this battalion, having been a member of Capt. Thomas Brownrigg's company. On March 6, 1864, he was wounded in front of Marietta, Ga.; and after having remained in the hospital at Marietta for several weeks, he was discharged, his wound disqualifying him for further service.

Upon his return from the war Captain Walburg went to Artesia, where he met Miss Mary Childers, who became his wife in 1867. Captain Walburg returned to Columbus later on, and was connected with the police force, serving as captain for a number of years. He later engaged in mercantile pursuits, retiring from business several years ago. He was a member of Isham Harrison Camp, U. C. V., and was one of the Pension Commissioners of Lowndes County.

W. A. Campbell, of Columbus, writes of him: "Captain Walburg belonged to a fine company in the sharpshooting command under Col. W. C. Richards. Richards, Walburg, and Connor were all desperately wounded, yet Walburg is the first of the three to die. How pleasantly I recall his cheery hand clasp and his salutation: 'How is Friend Campbell?' A friend greeting him once said: 'Captain, are you not sorry you did not join the army of the North and get on the fat pension roll?' 'No,' said Walburg; 'I get my pension here,' placing his hand on his heart."

Dr. John J. Scott.

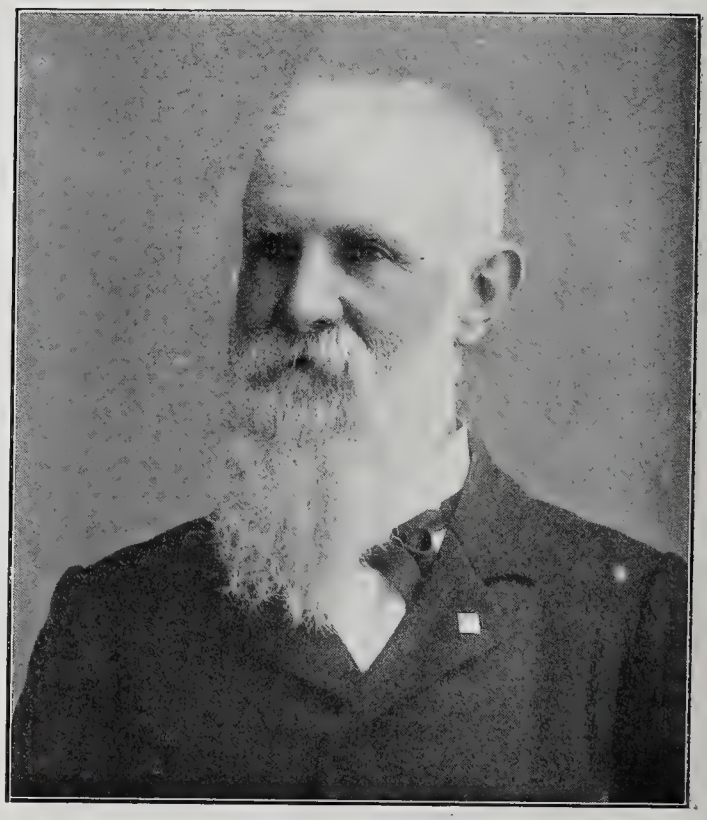
Dr. John J. Scott, one of Shreveport's grand old men and an ardent Confederate, "crossed over" on December 4, 1907. His active pallbearers consisted of two members of the Masons, two members of the Knights of Pythias, two of the Confederate Veterans, two of the Knights of St. John, and two citizens. He was a member of these orders. The honorary pallbearers were members of the medical profession, and the Medical Society attended the funeral in a body.

Dr. J. J. Scott was one of Shreveport's oldest and most highly esteemed physicians and citizens. He lived in Shreveport for many years, and his charity, so general, will be sadly missed by many of the poor of that city.

Dr. Scott was born in Edgefield, S. C., in 1837, and was of Revolutionary lineage. When a young man he chose the profession of medicine, and when a mere youth he made the trip on horseback from Edgefield, S. C., to Redland, Bossier Parish, La., where he settled and practiced medicine. The trip was filled with peril in those days, when the trail of Indian ponies and the stagecoach ran through the wild woods.

Dr. Scott married in Bossier, and for many years lived there, engaging actively in the practice of medicine.

Dr. Scott joined the Southern forces, enlisting in Company B, Bossier Cavalry, 1st Louisiana Squadron, in 1861, and at the end of the war was with the 16th Texas Infantry, Walker's Division, of which he was assistant surgeon.



DR. JOHN JOSEPH SCOTT.

Through the four years of this great struggle Dr. Scott followed the stars and bars through all the privations, suffering, and hardships. His shroud was the same stars and bars, the cause of which he so bravely championed.

Dr. Scott had a fracture of a lower limb which developed such serious complications that it had to be amputated, and he was too weak to rally from the shock. The medical profession did all that could be done to stay the flickering flame. Like a child going to peaceful sleep, the hero of many battles gradually drifted off.

He is survived by his wife and five children, and a brother resides in South Carolina.

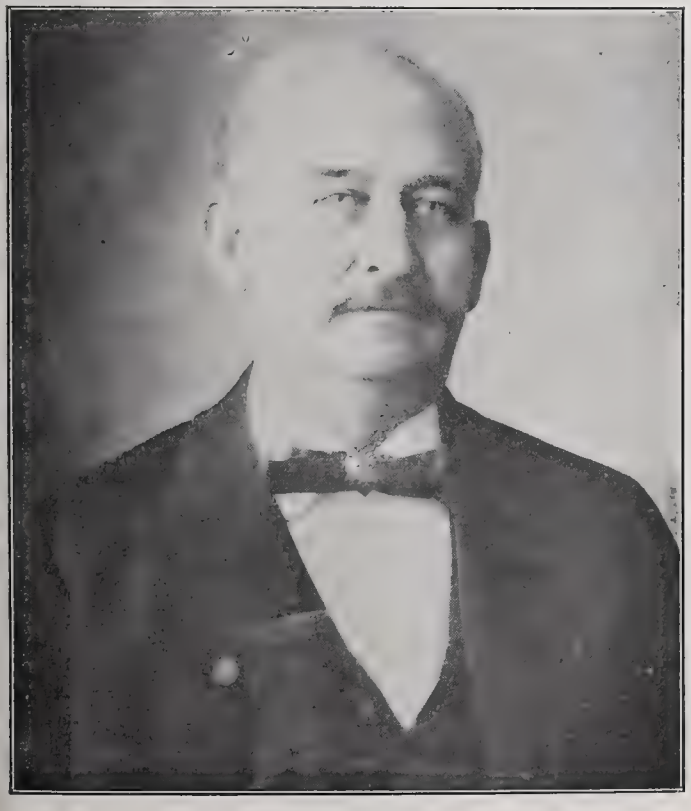
Dr. J. H. Lassater.

Dr. J. H. Lassater was born in Manchester, Tenn., November 21, 1841; and died suddenly on November 16, 1907, from a stroke of apoplexy at his home, in Belton, Tex. His early life was spent in Manchester. In Tullahoma, Tenn., he was married to Miss Mattie Aydelott in 1869. He removed his family to Texas in 1876, living in Georgetown one year, thence going to Belton in 1877, where he lived continuously afterwards. His profession was that of dentistry. Three daughters and a son survive of the family.

Col. T. J. Reid.

Thomas J. Reid, colonel of the 12th Arkansas Volunteer Infantry, was born in Caswell County, N. C., in December, 1837; and died at Niles, Ill., October 30, 1907. He was one of the Southern students who left the Philadelphia Medical College in 1860 and entered the Richmond School of Medicine, from which he graduated the same year.

He enlisted in the Confederate army in 1861, and at the organization of the 12th Arkansas Regiment he was elected major, serving thus until the capture of Island No. 10. Just before the capture of this place he had been ordered back to Arkansas to raise a cavalry battalion, which he did, and it was put in the 3d Arkansas Cavalry, commanded by Colonel Slemmons, in which command he served as major until the 12th Regiment was released. At the reorganization he was chosen its commander, and so continued, when not on brigade duty, till the surrender of Port Hudson, July 9, 1863. Colonel Reid escaped at New Orleans and made his way to Mobile, thence back to the Trans-Mississippi Department, where he again took command of the 12th Regiment, and served until the final capitulation at Marshall, Tex. His record during the war was without a blemish. He was always at his post. Duty was a sublime word to him.



T. J. REID.

Capt. P. J. Johnson.

Capt. P. J. Johnson, a prominent citizen of Lenoir, N. C., died at his home on the 21st of March, 1907. He was born in Burke County, near Rutherford College, in 1840, the son of Daniel Philip and Agnes Salina Johnson, who reared three sons and seven daughters.

In the spring of 1861 Philip Jefferson Johnson enlisted in Company G, of the 1st (Bethel) Regiment of North Carolina Troops; and after six months of service in the Peninsula, he was discharged, reënlisting in Company K, of the 35th North Carolina. He was elected captain of his company in December, 1862, and led them in the battle of Fredericksburg. After this he was engaged for some time at campaigning his own State under General Hoke in the memorable capture of Plymouth. Returning to Virginia, he fought at Drewry's Bluff and Bermuda Hundred, and won distinction by his gallantry in the battles before Petersburg. In the Bloody Angle there, "by his reckless daring and able leadership," he is said to have turned the tide of the battle.

After the war, his life was spent in serving his State as a good citizen and official, having been Mayor of his town and held other offices of trust.

Samuel Joseph Wilkins.

Maj. Gen. Samuel J. Wilkins, late Commander of the Oklahoma Division, U. C. V., died December 18, 1906, at Norman, Okla. He was born near Greenville, Ky., April 22, 1841; and in 1857 moved to Collin County, Tex., where he resided for thirty-two years. In 1889 he cast his lot with the people of Norman, Okla., and resided there till death.

In the beginning of the Civil War he enlisted in the 6th Texas Cavalry Regiment, Gano's Brigade, McCulloch's Division, and served through the entire war with distinction and bravery. He also served his county in the capacity of Probate Judge for four years and as City Assessor for several years. At the time of his death he held the office of Police Judge. "Uncle Joe," as he was more familiarly known among his friends, was an upright citizen and a Christian gentleman, beloved by all who knew him. He was an ardent friend to the cause of the South, and took a keen interest in all of the Reunions, having organized the first annual reunion for Oklahoma in 1904.

[Sketch by J. W. Armstrong, Aid-de-Camp of Oklahoma Division, U. C. V.]

Gatlin.—Another name has been dropped from the roll of the Camp at Baldwyn, Miss., to be registered in the camp of the Celestial City. Joe Gatlin was a member of the 32d Mississippi Regiment, a true and faithful soldier, facing the foe with undaunted courage. He died on the 9th of November, and was laid to rest in Ozark Cemetery by friends and relatives. He had passed his seventieth year, and had long been a Church member.

Lieut. Isaac N. Tillitt.

Lieut. Isaac N. Tillitt, Company G, 59th North Carolina Regiment (Cavalry), enlisted at the opening of the war in Company G, organized in Currituck County, N. C., and served as a faithful soldier and gallant officer until his capture at Middleburg. His superior intellect marked him for selection as an officer, and his later conduct amply proved his capacity to execute the trust. He was especially distinguished for his seeming reckless bravery, as can be best illustrated by the circumstance of his capture. It was at Middleburg, and during the heat of the engagement he had become separated from his command, which, for want of ammunition, had surrendered without his knowledge. Riding alone to rejoin his regiment, he was approached by two Federal cavalrymen, who demanded his surrender. With the daring that characterized a Confederate soldier he replied, "Not so long as I have a cartridge in my carbine," and shot down one of his enemies. As he was leveling his carbine on the other, one of his superior officers, riding up, shouted: "Lieutenant Tillitt, surrender!" Tillitt, resting his piece, coolly asked: "Do you advise or command it?" "I command it," was the reply. "Then I obey," answered the lieutenant.

Owing to his capture and imprisonment, this was the last order he responded to until, on the 8th of last November, he obeyed the call of his Great Commander and went to rest in the "bivouac of the dead" with a multitude of other brave men who wore the gray.

Because of his firing after the surrender of his command he was kept in prison (at Johnson's Island) without privilege of exchange until the end of the war. It was at first intended to try him by court-martial for violating the laws of war. Investigation proved to his captors, however, that he had fired without knowledge of the surrender, and proceedings were dropped. After the war he became a teacher at Elizabeth City, N. C. In this profession he attained distinction no less than in that of arms. He lived in his community a cultured gentleman, a kind friend and teacher, a good citizen.

[The foregoing was sent by J. Kenyon Wilson, Esq., of Elizabeth City, N. C. The Veteran is not sure that there was a 59th Cavalry Regiment from the Old North State.—Ed.]

Mrs. Fannie Bird Harris.

Full eighty years ago the home of Rev. Francis Bird was blessed by the coming of a little daughter, who was called Frances. This was in Habersham County, Ga., but soon after the family removed to near Dalton. She was doubly orphaned during the stirring years of war and left to the care of married sisters. True to the Southern cause and brave as the bravest in the risks she ran to aid it, she was threatened frequently banishment to be sent across the Ohio River, but she never wavered. Her homes were on the battlefield of Chickamauga, near Ringgold, Tunnel Hill, and Dalton. In 1868 she was married to Rev. J. J. Harris, who was chaplain of the 26th Tennessee Regiment during the war. In 1833 they removed to Texas, where he joined the Northwest Conference. He died at Iredell, Tex., in 1903; and after the marriage of their daughter to Dr. W. M. Terrell, of Graham, Tex., last spring, she made her home with them. Her charitable spirit was evinced by one of her last bequests of $100 to the Orphans' Home at Waco. She had been quite an invalid for much of sixty years, yet her mem[illegible] vivid of the scenes of long ago, and especially of th[illegible]eriod.

Deaths in Pope County, Ark.

The following Confederate soldiers have died. All of them enlisted from Pope County, Ark., and all belonged to Ben T. Embry Camp, No. 977, except Joseph Potts:

M. H. Weathers, aged about sixty-two years.

M. A. Haralson, in August, 1907, aged sixty-four years.

J. W. Dickey, September 25, 1907, aged seventy-three years.

Dr. R. H. Davis, in October, 1907, aged eighty years.

Joseph Potts, December 1, 1907, aged seventy-six years.

All were good soldiers and true Southerners. M. A. Haralson gave a leg to the cause of the South. M. H. Weathers's case was a peculiar one. All his relatives in Arkansas went to the Federals, but he stood firm with his Southern neighbors and friends. Not one of these or their parents owned any negroes. Some of their kinsfolk who owned slaves went North to save them, but lost negroes and honor all the same. Some of these above were poor in this world's goods, but rich in honor, as all Confederates are with few exceptions.

Maj. J. C. Sexton.

Maj. Joseph Campbell Sexton, of Wytheville, Va., has passed away. Major Sexton was seventy-four years of age. He was born and lived all his life in the dwelling that he died in. He had been in declining health for several years.

During his younger days he was active in business and in Church work. He was prominent in work of the secret orders of which he was a member—the Odd Fellows (fifty-four years) and the Masons.

He was at the hanging of John Brown at Harper's Ferry, being a member of the Wythe Grays. At the outbreak of hostilities in '61 he cast his lot with the Confederacy, and was a gallant soldier of Company A, 4th Virginia Regiment, his company afterwards becoming a part of the "Stonewall" Brigade. He was made commissary for the Second Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, and at the close of the war was major on the staff of Gen. John B. Gordon.

After the war he returned to Wytheville and resumed business (saddles and harness), which he conducted very successfully until he retired, six or eight years ago.

Major Sexton is survived by three sisters and three brothers. Major Sexton was an active member of the Presbyterian Church until his health failed, and was one of its deacons.

James S. Ryan.

Comrade James S. Ryan started from his home, in Houston County, Ga., to attend the State Reunion in Augusta, but died before reaching there. A committee reports upon the sad event through J. R. Matthews, member of Houston County Camp, U. C. V.: "But ere he got here the Great Commander of the universe called him to meet with the comrades who have crossed over the river, there to dwell with Lee, Jackson, and Johnstons, together with all our loved ones that have gone before, together with those who wore the blue as well as those who wore the gray, there to dwell where there is no more war, no more strife, but eternal peace and happiness, in a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Watt.—John Watt entered into rest in November, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. He served with the 1st Kentucky Cavalry, passing the four years in the saddle, and faithfully performed the duties of a soldier in the many engagements of his company. He was a member of the Gen. John H. Lewis Camp, of Glasgow.

MAINTENANCE OF EX-PRESIDENTS.

Grover Cleveland, in the Youth's Companion, furnishes some wise and pertinent suggestions concerning Ex-Presidents of the United States. Extracts are here given:

"The President of the French Republic receives an annual salary amounting to one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, together with sixty thousand dollars for the maintenance and furnishing of his official residence, and a like sum to cover the expenses of travel and entertainment. This is decidedly in the direction of securing a dignified and unperplexed future support to its Ex-President.

"It is hardly to be supposed that such an expenditure as this on account of our presidential office would accord with American ideas. It is not so easy, however, to dismiss from our minds the thought that the American nation cannot well afford to disregard entirely the conditions that confront its retired Presidents nor longer to allow itself to be accessory to the pitiful incidents that have frequently resulted from such conditions.

"Our national pride should be rudely touched when we read concerning Thomas Jefferson after his retirement from the presidency: 'By degrees Jefferson became a poor man, and indeed worse than poor, since he was involved in pecuniary embarrassments. Before matters had reached this stage he had sold his library to Congress for twenty-three thousand nine hundred and fifty dollars.'

"Although he expressed himself as desiring nothing from the public treasury, he accepted pecuniary aid furnished by private subscription with the pathetic statement: 'I have given my whole life to my countrymen, and now they nobly come forward in the only way they can and save an old servant from being turned like a dog out of doors.'

"John Quincy Adams, a short time before he retired from the presidency and in contemplation of that event, wrote as follows: 'The income of my whole private estate is less than six thousand dollars a year, and I am paying at least two thousand of that for interest on my debt. Finally, upon going out of office in one year from this time, destitute of all means of acquiring property, it will be only by the sacrifice of that which I now possess that I shall be able to support my family.'

"But it is not the restraint to which he is subjected as a mere depository of the people's dignity which reminds him most directly that his retirement means something very different from an absolute rest and freedom from the people's service.

"He is made a target for all manner of pecuniary solicitations embracing all sorts of objects, ranging from large endowment funds and disinterested offers of fabulously profitable investment to pathetic and depressing appeals for the relief of individual distress. He is almost daily importuned to join in the management of public or semipublic enterprises which profess to be useful or beneficent or charitable. He is persistently urged to make addresses on topics and for purposes that are bewildering and at times and places that are impossible. His daily mail furnishes conclusive evidence that his existence is not overlooked by any class or condition of our people in any corner of our land.

"Whatever omission there may be of fair and considerate conduct on the part of our people in their relations with their Ex-Presidents ought to be made good by a definite and generous provision for all cases alike based upon motives of justice and fairness and adequate to the situation. The condition is by no means met by the meager and spasmodic relief occasionally furnished under the guise of a military pension or some other pretext, nor would it be best met by making compensation already accrued or accruing dependent upon the discharge of senatorial or other official duty.

"If, in concluding this discussion, a personal word is necessary or permissible in view of the fact that I am the only man now living who could at this time profit by the ideas I have advocated, I hope my sincerity will not be questioned when I say that I have dealt with the subject without the least thought of personal interest or desire for personal advantage. I am not in need of aid from the public treasury. I hope and believe that I have provided for myself and those dependent upon me a comfortable maintenance within the limits of accustomed prudence and economy, and that those to whom I owe the highest earthly duty will not want when I am gone.

"These conditions have permitted me to treat with the utmost freedom a topic which involves no personal considerations, and only has to do in my mind with conditions that may arise in the future, but are not attached to the Ex-President of to-day; and I am sure that I am actuated only by an ever-present desire that the fairness and sense of justice characteristic of Americanism shall neither fail nor be obscured."

INTERESTS OF THE RAILROADS AND THE PEOPLE.

W. W. Finley, President of the Southern Railway Company, in response to a toast at an annual banquet of the "Greater Charlotte Club," Charlotte, N. C., in November, said in part:

"I do not think I can do better than to take the motto of your club as the subject of my talk to you this evening: 'Watch Charlotte Grow.' There is an air of conviction about it which shows your confidence in yourselves and in your city and its future. You know that the opportunity is before you, and you have faith in your ability to build up a Greater Charlotte. That this faith is not misplaced is known by all who have watched the progress of your city.

"A leaflet issued by your club puts your population in 1906 at 40,000. This would make your population to-day nearly seven times as great as in 1880, more than three times as great as in 1890, and more than twice as great as in 1900. And why should not Charlotte grow? With an energetic people located in the midst of a country abounding in natural resources and enjoying an ideal climate, where the winters are invigorating without being rigorous and where the heat of summer is tempered by the breezes from the Blue Ridge, all conditions are favorable for the growth and prosperity of Charlotte and other parts of this wonderful Piedmont region.

"Elimination of waste is a characteristic of modern business. One of the results of this tendency to eliminate waste is the movement to concentrate manufacturing industries in proximity to the sources of supply of their raw materials. To this is due the development of cotton-manufacturing in the South.

"You are all familiar with the growth of the Southern cotton-manufacturing industry; but, unless you have taken time to analyze the statistics, some of you may not realize the rapidity of this growth and its economic significance. Within one hundred miles of Charlotte there are three hundred and sixty cotton mills, with a total of 4,755,000 spindles. Do you realize that this means that within a circle two hundred miles in diameter, with Charlotte as the center, there are to-day more than eight times as many spindles as there were in the whole South in 1880 and nearly 400,000 more than there were in the whole South as recently as 1900?

"In 1880 the mills of the cotton-producing States consumed but 188,748 bales of cotton. In the year ending August 31, 1907, they consumed 2,410,993 bales, equal to 18.1 per cent of the crop of 1906 of 13,305,265 bales. In each of the last three years the cotton-producing States have consumed more cotton than New England, the excess of the South in the last year being 337,638 bales. In the twenty-seven years since 1880 the consumption of the Southern mills has increased 1,176 per cent, while the consumption of the New England mills has increased but eighty-three per cent. These figures do not mean that the cotton-manufacturing business of New England is to be destroyed; but they do mean that Southern leadership in the production of the coarser grades of goods is now firmly established, and already the tendency in many localities, and especially in your Piedmont region, is toward the manufacture of finer grades, in which the value of your raw material is multiplied many times over by the application of labor and skill before it is sent out into the markets of the world.

"Transportation must ever in the future continue to be as important an element in human affairs as it has been in the past. Its relation to the development of prosperity and civilization is based on certain axiomatic economic principles, which are so clear that no amount of elaboration can add to the force of their bare statement. The first of these is, that adequacy of transportation is essential to the progress of any community. The second is, that a community can attain the fullest measure of prosperity only when the agencies on which it must depend for transportation are able to increase their facilities so as to keep pace with the increasing demand for their service. The third is, that a transportation agency can prosper only as a result of the prosperity of the communities served by it. Another is, that capital will flow most freely into those channels of business in which investors can feel a reasonable degree of certainty that their principal will be safe and that it will yield a fair return as a result of the earning of a proper margin of income over the costs of operation and maintenance. * * *

"If the transportation problem is to be discussed on this ground, it must be recognized by the public that a railway possesses no immunity from the operation of economic laws. If it is to be successful and is to be an efficient agency of transportation, there must result for it, just as for any other successful business enterprise, a proper margin between its receipts and its expenditures. If its expenses are to be increased by advances in the cost of labor and in the prices of supplies and materials by the exactions of law and by other causes beyond its control, its revenues must be protected from unreasonable reduction, or the result, in obedience to an irresistible economic law, must be destructive. Such destruction would be a calamity no less to the public than to the railways, and it is necessary in the interest of the national welfare that it should be averted. This can be done only by pursuing conservative and constructive policies. As a result of a lack of understanding between the railways and the people, of responsibility for which we must assume our share, the process of pulling down and destroying has continued long without abatement.

"I do not believe there is any substantial ground for criticism of the rates affecting North Carolina points as too high. It is contended that they are too high in comparison with the Virginia city rates. On the same ground, it might be contended that they are too low as compared with rates affecting points farther South, for rates between more Southerly points and the West are higher than those affecting North Carolina points. In both cases the differences in rates are the results of economic conditions and not of arbitrary discriminations.

"This relative rate adjustment is a problem to which the management of the company is giving a great deal of consideration; and if any practicable solution can be pointed out, the company will be glad to adopt it. It is a matter which, I believe, should be dealt with and settled by direct conference between the railway company and its patrons, as I believe should always be done wherever it is possible. I believe that most controversies as to railway charges and service can be settled in this way when the complainants and the representatives of the railway meet in the proper spirit and in mutual confidence, each willing to give due consideration to the facts and arguments presented by the other side.

"Governmental regulation of railways within its proper sphere does not involve the surrender by a railway company of any constitutional right. It is not inconsistent with governmental regulation for a railway to adopt proper means to acquaint the public and State and Federal authorities with facts as to legislation that would be hurtful to it and injurious to its owners. I do not believe that the American people, or any government deriving its authority from them, will ever be so arbitrary as to deny to a great property interest performing an important service to the public and subject to governmental regulation the right to be heard in argument and in protest before the legislative body or administrative tribunal that determines the nature and extent of that regulation. This right is inseparable from free government. * * *

"A few years ago participation by railway companies in political affairs was by public sentiment not only tolerated but was encouraged. Appeals were made to them to assist as a highly patriotic service the success of men, of parties, and of principles deemed essential to our civilization as a people. If abuses arose from this, it was hardly more than could have been anticipated—hardly less than a natural and inevitable consequence.

"Participation by these companies in political matters is no longer justified, if it ever was, by conditions, and is no longer approved by public sentiment. It has passed away with many other political abuses which have been condemned and abandoned.

"I do not, however, think it just to the management of railways, which have been only too glad to conform to these higher and better standards, to condemn them for a course now a matter of the past, and which was when in use adopted and pursued in accordance with the public sentiment which, then at least, even in many of its abuses, tolerated if it did not justify it. It is juster to let that 'dead past bury its dead,' and for us, who are charged with the solemn responsibilities of the present and of the future, to turn our faces toward the duties which in the interest of mankind we must perform—juster that we be judged by the fidelity which we exhibit under these new and better standards toward the responsibilities which we have assumed.

"The railways ask that they be recognized as business institutions and that they be given an opportunity under the protection of just laws and an enlightened public opinion to coöperate with all our people for the development of our common country. In much of the territory in our Southern section men put their money into railway construction and into the welding together of weak and disjointed lines in efficient through systems not on the assurance of things that were

but in the faith in things to come. They looked into the future and saw the South, with its great natural resources developed, teeming with a prosperous people and with a commerce no longer restricted to raw materials, but made up in larger part of manufactured products. They saw the Southern farmer not only reaping greater returns from cotton, but enjoying that larger prosperity from diversified agriculture, made possible by enlarged home markets and by adequate transportation to the markets of the world. They have been content with very moderate returns in the faith that they would be allowed to benefit, in some measure, from the increased prosperity made possible by their courage and their faith in the Southern people and in Southern opportunities. Their work is not yet done. With every Southern community calling for more and better facilities, they have a right to expect that their high sense of justice and an intelligent realization of their own interests will impel the Southern people to uphold their hands and aid rather than obstruct the improvement of the highways over which Southern products must be carried to market.

"Your future prosperity is assured; but I believe that the rate of your progress will depend, in large measure, on the support by public opinion of two fundamental principles of our civilization and their application not only to your transportation agencies but to all other kinds of business. * * *

"I advance these propositions with confidence in Charlotte—the real cradle of American liberty—and among a people whose ancestors in the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, more than a year before the action of the Continental Congress in Philadelphia, pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their most sacred honor to the maintenance of free government."

BLAKELY IN NEW ORLEANS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

The New Orleans Picayune for Christmas day states:

"To few men in hotels will this Christmas day mean more than to Col. Andrew R. Blakely, the genial host of the historic St. Charles. It was in December, 1857, just fifty years ago, that he first set foot on New Orleans soil, a green Irish lad who came to enrich America's population, fired with that ambition and energy that has won him a first place among Louisiana's adopted sons. Now his years are full of the honors due to the successful industrial worker and the public-spirited citizen.

"As the boy walked through the streets of New Orleans that cold Christmas day of 1857, he passed by the famous old St. Charles Hotel, with its gayly decorated and lighted windows, its liveried servants, and all the evidences of wealth that abounded in those ante-bellum days. Inured to the hardships of a sailor and as healthy and vigorous as any lad, it hardly occurred to him that he would one day stand behind the counter of the old St. Charles as its cashier, nor at a later date that he would be the head of the old house and then the magnificent new one that was to stand in its place—a larger and grander house, with comforts and conveniences that were then not even dreamed of in any city.

"On that Christmas day the stranger, removed by thousands of miles from a home that prayed for him, observed the great Christmas festival in the simple manner of a youth with what few friends he possessed in the big city.

"Nor did he dream of the four years of strife that were to follow—the years of civil war, in which he was to battle for his adopted home and return from it bearing a physical badge of courage that stern fate bade him wear through life and to the grave.

"When young Blakely landed here, in 1857, he concluded to rest awhile from voyaging, and he obtained employment in a grocery house. There he remained for six months, when the call of the sea prevailed, and back he went to Liverpool. He sailed to America again, and to remain. And New Orleans opened her arms in welcome and with a promise of the manifold resources and countless opportunities that were to grace her future years.

"The call to arms brought him forth again, and he served throughout the war with the Washington Artillery. Then began a hotel career that took him to New York and back again as the head of the famous St. Charles Hotel.

"'Christmas wasn't observed with as much outward show in those days as now,' said Colonel Blakely. 'But New Year's was the day. All the men went visiting and all the ladies received. And such delicacies as dainty hands prepared for welcome guests! No whisky then! But brandy, cordials, sherry, ices, and cakes were plentiful in every home. Fifty years work big changes in men and in the customs of men; and observe Christmas as we may to-day, it is not the same as fifty years ago.'"

"HISTORY OF THE LAUREL BRIGADE."

The Laurel Brigade was originally the Ashby Cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia and the Chew Battery. The history is a book which contains incidentally a great part of the operations of the cavalry corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, and indeed it is said to be the only book upon the war that gives an account of the cavalry campaign from the beginning to the end of the war. There is none other that records so fully the tremendous hardships and sufferings of the cavalry and the desperate fighting on those last days preceding Appomattox and which embodies a general account of the cavalry campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia

It has, however, an addendum of over one hundred pages, containing the names and record of nearly every soldier in the brigade and Chew's Battery in a roster by companies and regiments. This makes it a valuable record and book of reference to the family of every soldier who served in those commands. In this book Ashby, the born soldier, is vindicated as to the impression that he was a partisan and not a regular soldier of the first order. Jackson, who referred to him as "a great partisan commander," says that Mr. Washington did not use the term in its common acceptation. The fame acquired by Jackson in his early campaigns in the Valley was largely due to the part performed by Ashby. The book contains four hundred and ninety-nine pages, is handsomely bound, of good print, and is full of interesting portraits and pictures. The price is $3 net, and can be had by addressing Bushrod C. Washington, Lock Box 46, Charlestown, W. Va.

From Speech by Roosevelt on Jefferson Davis.—It was from Vicksburg that a company of that famous regiment which won undying renown in the Mexican War under the gallant leadership of its colonel, who afterwards became the favorite son not only of Mississippi, but of all the South, Jefferson Davis, came. And O, my fellow-citizens, think how fortunate we are, think what good fortune is ours as a nation that it is possible for the President of the nation to come here to-day, to be conducted through your national park by a surviving lieutenant general of the Confederate army. * * *

CHAPTERS PLAN FOR BUILDING A MONUMENT.

Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, former President General U. D. C., sends "to the members of the J. Z. George Chapter" the following plan for raising a monument fund:

"Feeling sure that each of you is interested in the building of our monument, your President agrees with your Secretary that it is well for her to send to each of you this circular.

"At the last meeting we adopted a report which pledged us to have an entertainment to make money for our monument for every month this year up to June. The first week in February we are to have an 'Experience Party.' Each person is to make by personal effort one dollar, and send it or bring it to the party, with the experience had in making it told in rhyme. The sillier the rhyme, the better. We will be glad to get the dollar even without the rhyme. You are also asked to write to each friend you have not living in Greenwood and ask each to make you a dollar and send it in with the rhyme for the party. If each of us will do this, we can make a fine sum for the monument. And you know that if we wish to get others to help us the best way to do is to go to work ourselves. The beauty of this is that all members present and absent can do it. The 'banner Chapter' in the State must not be the last Chapter to get its monument to Confederate men and women erected. If the kind of women who compose our Chapter will to do a thing, we can succeed. Your Secretary is ready to do all she can do, and asks that you hold up her hands as you always have done and let us show the U. D. C. world what can be done by one Chapter's united effort. Come to the next social meeting, which is with me, and let us talk over all the work we have planned for this year.

"With grateful remembrance of your former work and believing in your future, I am very truly your friend,

LIZZIE GEORGE HENDERSON, *Rec. Sec.*"

The foregoing is printed in the VETERAN not only because of its novelty and the desire to aid that Chapter in its worthy undertaking, but to honor the Recording Secretary, who exhibits the same earnest zeal for the cause that she did when the highest woman official in the South—like Judge R. B. Haughton, of St. Louis, who was the Commander in Chief of the Sons, and after his term expired kept right on in his zeal for the cause, realizing his increased responsibility. Young people who have coöperated in maintaining "the story of the glory" are soon to have these issues in their hands, and those who take part in them for the low purpose of helping them in social or business advantage and fall out of line when that advantage is secured are mere stumbling-blocks.

"LEE AND HIS CAUSE."

Rev. John R. Deering, of Lexington, Ky., has hit upon the most pleasing title yet for a Southern book. Explanatory of the title, "Lee and His Cause," he adds: "Or the How and the Why of the War between the States."

Dr. Deering has been a contributor to the VETERAN for many years, and those who have followed him closely must have been impressed with the force and conciseness of his style. He writes as a minister of the gospel, and yet has ever maintained the courage of a man who did nothing of which he entertains regret as a soldier fighting for the cause in which General Lee was ever ready to risk his own life. Dr. Deering dedicates the book to three daughters and half a dozen sons, whom he has faithfully "taught the truth of history, the nature of our government, and the love of our country." He mentions that there are "many worthy lives of Lee," but in his he seeks convenience of handling and economy of price. His introductory chapter is an address designated as the "Lee Memorial." Subsequent chapters treat of "the people's war:" that upon our part it was justifiable, and yet it was a "great war" and a "hopeless war."

The book is published by the Neale Company, New York and Washington. Supplied by the VETERAN. Price, $1.50.

BEAUTIFUL AND DURABLE MONUMENTS.

BY A STUDENT OF SCULPTURE.

We are glad to see some interest being awakened with regard to the character of monuments which the South is about to erect not only to her Confederates in general, but also by the many commands to their comrades.

This subject is truly one of vital interest to all those interested in and in charge of this work and, we can add, to those coming after, who must view these memorials, good or bad. For myself, I have no fear that the South will not acquit herself creditably in this duty. An article in Uncle Remus's Magazine for December speaks of this. Referring to the many works of art produced in the South, it says: "Art in America had its beginning in the South." The paintings, miniatures, etc., now extant are object lessons to our children of what is good and true, and from them they have gained their whole impression of the generations past. Our Confederate monuments are designed to make a like impression upon future generations, and it lies with the committees in charge what this impression will be.

I only wish I knew more of this subject, so dear to me, and could tell how to accomplish this, rather than appear to criticise. Will some one tell us how to have artistic monuments?

BRIG. GEN. "MUDWALL" JACKSON.—Robert C. Crouch writes from Morristown, Tenn., that the name of Brig. Gen. Alfred E. Jackson, of Jonesboro, Tenn., is omitted from the list. He was appointed in 1863 and died a few years ago.

The above refers to the list of Confederate generals in January VETERAN. Will all others help to complete it?

Confederate Echoes

(OUR ABIDING CONFEDERACY)

By REV. A. T. GOODLOE, M.D.

"I hope for this book many readers. I am sure the reading of it will tend to conserve and preserve the traditions of the elders, and crystallize sentiment for that noble band, the Sons and Sires of the Old South—the noblest type of which the pen of historian, bard, or poet ever sang."—*Mrs. Sue F. Mooney.*

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Dr. James B. Hodgkin, of Irvington, ., has two volumes of the "Rise and ll of the Confederate Government," Jefferson Davis, which he will sell a reasonable price. Any one wanting ese volumes, which are in good con-tion, will address him as above.

Mrs. Emma Lee Brooks, Comp-oller's Office, Austin, Tex., wishes to ar from any surviving comrades of mes Henderson, who was a private Company D, 40th Tennessee In-ntry (also called the 5th Confederate fantry), C. S. A., who enlisted April . 1861. The records show that on the t company roll on file, dated August 1, 1862, he is reported absent, "where-abouts unknown." No later record of him has been found. In behalf of his poor, feeble old wife this request is made, that a pension may be secured for her.

Referring to the request of a correspondent for a poem in which occur the lines, "Morgan, Morgan, the raider, and Morgan's terrible men," a correspondent writes that they are from a poem entitled "Kentucky Belle," which may be found in "Shoemaker's Best Readings and Recitations," Volume IV., published by the Pennsylvania Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

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Inscribed to the Daughters of the Confederacy.

BY DUVAL PORTER, CO. A, 44TH VA.

Ye daughters of that Spartan race
Of mothers who withstood
The stress of war—aye, called to face
Its scenes of death and blood—

How well they bore heroic parts
In that day is known
Alone to Him who searches hearts—
Aye, known to Him alone.

For them no blaring trumpets sang,
No shouts to cheer them on;
For them no mighty plaudits rang
When victories were won.

Their tender hearts with torture torn,
None heard them to complain,
As tidings from the field were borne
Of sons and husbands slain.

Fair Daughters! of such matchless line
As this from which you came;
The cause for which they suffered thine,
And theirs to-day your fame.

Though Southern men may fawn and sue,
Be slaves to Mammon's rage,
Our Daughters ever will be true
To our heroic age.

Then for such mothers let us rear
A monument so grand
That children's children will revere
The glory of our land.

If Stewart Chambers, orderly sergeant of Company I, 2d Arkansas Infantry, Govan's Brigade, is alive, please communicate with J. W. Stephens, Palestine, Tex.

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General in chief C. S. A. 1861–1865. From original photograph taken in 1863.

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R. U. Brown, of Trent, Tex., was a member of Company E, 7th Regiment Tennessee Cavalry, Forrest's Command, under Capt. Jack Neely, and was mustered into service at Jackson May 22, 1861, and paroled at Corinth, Miss., May 20, 1865. He says that he will be glad to answer any letters from old comrades of the service.

THE OLD GRAY COAT.

(Worn by Maj. Giles B. Cooke, of Gen. R. E. Lee's staff, and given after the surrender to his nephew, Rev. John K. White, author of these lines.)

In the garret it was resting
In the bottom of a trunk,
And for years it had been hidden
In the deepest slumber sunk.

As I raised it slowly, gently,
Bitter tears rushed to my eyes,
For it brought back recollection
Which, though sleeping, never dies.

As I pressed my lips upon it,
Soft a voice within it spoke;
It at first seemed misty, dreamy,
But at last it full awoke.

"Where and why, I pray you tell me,
Am I resting quiet now?
And the way in which I came here,
Will you please inform me how?"

"You were placed here by your master
When he found no use for you."
"And why, I'd have you tell me,
Could I nothing further do?

Did I not through toilsome marches
Ever stay close by his side?
Did I not the scorching sunshine
And the biting blast abide?

Did I ever shrink from bullets?
Did I ever seem to fear
When the bayonets clashed around me
Or the bombshells burst so near?

Was I not a faithful servant?
Did I not my duty well?
Why, then, am I thus discarded?
I entreat you now to tell."

"'Tis because the war is over;
Yes, the fighting all is done;
For the Northern armies conquered,
And the country now is one."

"Well, but where are Lee and Jackson,
With their armies strong and brave?"
"They have fought their final battle;
They are sleeping in the grave."

"But not all, not all most surely.
Are there not a number left
Who have not with courage parted
And are not of honor 'reft?

Cannot these, with Southern valor,
Sweep the land from sea to sea
And from every hated foeman
Thus the Southern nation free?"

"But the South is not a nation.
And the war is long since o'er;
And I tell you peace is reigning
Through the land from shore to shore."

"Did my master e'er surrender?
Sure he died upon the field:
For I know that he would never
For a moment deign to yield."

"But he did indeed surrender,
And he preaches now the Word;
He's an active, earnest worker
In the vineyard of the Lord."

F. S. Halliday, 69 Hicks Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., needs the VETERAN for February, 1893, to complete his file. Write him in advance of sending, stating condition and price asked.

G. W. Cary, 648 Broadway, New York City, wants a copy of the VETERAN for January, 1900. Write him before sending, etc.



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BY REV. A. T. GOODLOE, M.D.

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The points touched upon in this volume are such as will be of interest to all seeking new light upon different phases of the struggle between the North and the South, and in addition are given many incidents of a long and useful life, including the four years as a soldier.

Price of the book, cloth-bound, 452 pages, $1. See advertisement in this number.

W. M. Graham, Cedar Bluff, Miss., Rural Route No. 1, wants to know if there are any survivors of the squad of men who made their escape from Camp Morton in the summer of 1862 by getting the commander to send them out under guard to a canal near by to go in bathing. One of the men belonged to his command, Company F, 26th Mississippi Regiment. It was said that the men got on such good terms with the guard that they all went in bathing together, and our boys got hold of the guns, sent the guards back to camp, and walked off. An account of this would be interesting for the VETERAN.

Mrs. William Nix, of Mingus, Tex., wants to locate two comrades of her husband, Company I, Captain Butler, of Border's Texas Regiment, so she can have their testimony of his service in her application for a pension.

Joseph E. Taulman, of Hubbard, Tex., will pay a good price for a good copy of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for January, 1893, No. 1, Volume I. Write to him first.


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MAGIC CHIPS IN BARRELS FOR LAUNDRIES
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426 Girod Street, New Orleans.

Mrs. E. M. Robinson, Sheffield, Ala., makes inquiry for some comrade of her husband, Ed M. Robinson, who, when he enlisted at Enterprise, Miss., was an engineer on the M. & O. Railroad. He died at Sheffield, Ala., in January, 1907, and she does not know his company or regiment. He surrendered at Nashville in 1865.

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appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing, therefore we wish to call the attention of all who would enjoy good health, with its blessings, to the fact that it involves the question of right living with all the term implies. With proper knowledge of what is best each hour of recreation, of enjoyment, of contemplation and of effort may be made to contribute to that end and the use of medicines dispensed with generally to great advantage, but as in many instances a simple, wholesome remedy may be invaluable if taken at the proper time, the California Fig Syrup Co. feels that it is alike important to present truthfully the subject and to supply the one perfect laxative remedy which has won the appoval of physicians and the world-wide acceptance of the Well-Informed because of the excellence of the combination, known to all, and the original method of manufacture, which is known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

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VOL. XVI. MARCH, 1908. No. 3.



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Dr. J. T. Wilson, of Sherman, Tex., writes that he has lately come into possession of a small leather book, faded and worn, containing the diary of a soldier named "Denson, Company C, 9th La. Regt., Hays's Brigade, Early's Division." His initials cannot be deciphered; but in the roll of the company is the name of Sergeant W. E. Denson, to whom the book evidently belonged. The first date is May 8, 1863, and it has a note for nearly every day until November 5, 1863, and contains what seems to be a complete roll of the company, except commissioned officers, five sergeants, four corporals, and seventy-eight privates. Opposite the names of seven of the privates is the word "dead." The book was picked up on a farm adjoining Rockville, Md., after Early's attack on Washington, in 1864. If the owner is not living, some member of his family might like to have it in his possession.

J. H. Reneau, Palmetto, Tex., wishes to locate two witnesses to his Confederate service in order that he may secure a pension. He was a member of Company B, 8th Alabama, Wilcox's Brigade, Anderson's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps. He was in the following battles: Near Williamsburg, the Seven Pines, the Seven Days', Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania C. H., Cold Harbor, Deep Bottom, Salem Church, Fredericksburg, battle of the Crater, and the raid down the Weldon railroad at the old Salt Works—in fact, never missed a battle of his regiment.

Through Miss Sallie L. Jewell, 1326 Market Street, Jacksonville, Fla., inquiry is made for comrades of William Jackson Jarvis, of Wilmington, N. C., and Henry Anderson, of King's Mountain College, S. C. The latter was a lieutenant of cavalry under Gen. Wade Hampton. Their daughters wish to secure these records that they may become members of the U. D. C.

Some inquiries for copes of "Hardee's Tactics" induce the request that any one having a copy and willing to dispose of it will kindly let us know. The book is now out of print and not procurable at any bookstore. State condition and price of book.

If afflicted with SORE EYES use Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER



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Mrs. Alice B. Rand, Bellevue, Ky., needs the following numbers of the VETERAN to complete her file: January, February, March, April, May, June, July, August, September, and November, 1895; February and May, 1899; and May, 1905. Write to her in advance of sending.

THE OLD BUGLES.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

I can hear the olden bugles;
They are blowing far away,
Where we stood beneath our banners
In our uniforms of gray.
From the woodlands come the echoes
Soft and low, now loud and shrill,
Rousing thousands gently sleeping
In the vale and on the hill.

They are trilling, trilling, trilling
In our proud and warlike van,
Where the ripples dance and quiver
On the haunted Rapidan.
They recall the march and battle;
Backward float the days of yore,
And the glad resounding bugles
In my dreams I hear once more.

We were young and true and sturdy
When they sounded 'mong the pines,
And o'er sunlit hill and valley
Stretched our gallant battle lines;
And the bugler still is blowing
In an old man's memory
When the ranks swept on to glory
'Neath the waving plume of Lee.

O, who cannot hear the bugles
Blowing 'mid the distant years?
Aye, who cannot see the bugler
Blowing yet 'twixt smiles and tears?
Now he seems to sound the onset
As 'twas sounded long ago,
When beneath the flag we followed
Down we rushed upon the foe.

O, the music of the bugles!
It for evermore is still.
Sleep our comrades in the valley,
Rest our brothers on the hill.
They are camping by the river,
Where the tide one day was red;
But the music of the bugles
Echoes still among our dead.

When I listen in the gloaming
In my faded coat of gray,
Comes the trilling of the bugles
From the old camps far away.
O my brothers, don't you hear them,
Sounding ever sweet and low?
They're the dear old battle bugles
That we loved so long ago.

A. M. Hill, Station G, Memphis, Tenn., asks for the address of one Edward Bamy, who was in the battle of Shiloh as a member of a Mississippi regiment.

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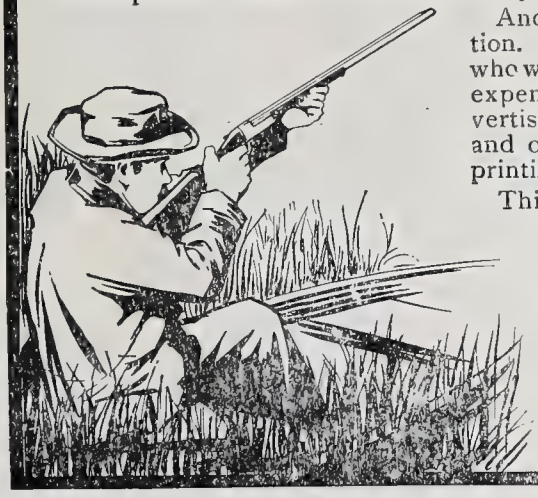
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The other chapters deal with some dozen or more subjects, including **"Treatment and Exchange of Prisoners," "Right of Secession," "Relations of the Slaves to the Confederate Cause," etc.**

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Confederate Veteran.

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Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. XVI. | NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1908. | No 3. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM PROPRIETOR.

JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION.

THE MOVEMENT TO ESTABLISH THE PARK AND MEMORIAL UNDERTAKEN WITH PATRIOTIC ZEAL.

At the February meeting of the Jefferson Davis Home Association those present were Lieut. Gen. S. B. Buckner, Brig. Gen. B. W. Duke, Col. Bennett H. Young, Capt. J. T. Gaines, J. H. Leathers, S. A. Cunningham, and Thomas D. Osborne. General Buckner reported that everything was ready to begin operations. Letters were read from Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the Southern Memorial Association, and Mrs. James Kenan, Chaplain North Carolina Division, United Daughters of Confederacy, promising coöperation and presenting valuable suggestions.



On motion of Captain Gaines the Executive Committee was given full power to act. Appropriate resolutions with the deed from Mrs. Hayes, daughter of Jefferson Davis, were sent to Mr. Hunter Wood to be adopted and recorded by Bethel Baptist Church.

Secretary Thomas D. Osborne was directed to have prepared the certificate of membership to be given all contributors. The President, General Buckner, and the Secretary appointed State Vice Presidents as follows:

Alabama: Gen. George P. Harrison, Opelika.
Arkansas: Gen. N. T. Roberts, Pine Bluff.
Florida: Hon. T. P. Fleming, Jacksonville.
Georgia: Gen. C. M. Wiley, Macon.
Indian Territory: John L. Galt, Ardmore.
Kentucky: Col. W. A. Milton, Louisville.
Louisiana: Gen. T. W. Castleman, New Orleans.
Maryland: Gen. A. C. Trippe, Baltimore.
Mississippi: Gen. Robert Lowry, Jackson.
Missouri: Gen. James B. Gantt, Jefferson City.
North Carolina: Gen. Julian S. Carr, Durham.
Northwest: Gen. Paul A. Tusz, Phillipsburg.
Pacific: Thomas L. Singleton, Colusa.
Oklahoma: Col. S. J. Wilkins, Norman.
South Carolina: Gen. Thomas W. Carwile, Edgefield.
Tennessee: Gen. George W. Gordon, Memphis.
Texas: Gen. K. M. VanZandt, Fort Worth.

There was great interest manifested at the meeting, and valuable recommendations were discussed. Capt. J. T. Gaines was elected Assistant Secretary. The bill before the Legislature of Kentucky for an appropriation—the same as voted to mark Lincoln's birthplace, in Larue County—is as follows:

"An act to appropriate $2,500 to assist in marking the birthplace of Jefferson Davis.

"Whereas Simon B. Buckner, Bennett H. Young, Basil W. Duke, John H. Weller, George C. Norton, S. A. Cunningham, J. T. Gaines, C. C. Brown, W. B. Brewer, and Thomas D. Osborne have incorporated the Jefferson Davis Home Association, whose object is to acquire and improve into a memorial park such portions of the native place of Jefferson Davis, situated in the counties of Christian and Todd, in the State of Kentucky; therefore

"Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the commonwealth of Kentucky that the sum of two thousand five hundred dollars be and is hereby appropriated to assist in erecting a memorial tablet on said ground."

Dr. C. C. Brown, of Bowling Green, who conceived the object, is expected to make an active canvass for the territory west of Louisville, and will begin appointing subagents and the procuring of subscriptions.

UNITED STATES SENATOR CHAS. A. CULBERSON.

The VETERAN is pleased to give prominence on the title-page to United States Senator Charles A. Culberson, of Texas, who, though but ten years old at the close of the war, has ever manifested zeal in behalf of those who stood for what the South contended for in the sixties. His record in the public affairs of his adopted Texas as Governor of the State and now as United States Senator is sufficient to elicit the pride not only of every Southerner but of every American citizen. Senator Culberson was born at Dadeville, Ala., June 10, 1855, son of David B. (Congressman from Texas for twenty-two years) and Eugenia Kimball Culberson. He graduated at the Virginia Military Institute in 1874; studied law at the University of Virginia, 1876-77; settled in Texas, and was Attorney-General of the State 1890-94; Governor of Texas, 1894-98; delegate Democratic National Convention at Chicago, 1896; and elected United States Senator in 1899 to succeed Roger Q. Mills. He is now serving his second term.

INCIDENTS AND INQUIRIES ABOUT SHILOH.

BY ALEXANDER VAN WINKLE, FRANKLIN, ILL.

A few incidents and inquiries relating to a most important crisis in the battle of Shiloh from the "Yank" side may not be wholly uninteresting to some of your readers. I allude first to the time and circumstances of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston's death. The place seems generally admitted to be in a ravine a few hundred yards southeast of the Widow Bell's house and the time as 2:30 P.M. Sunday, April 6, 1862. A monumental pile marks the spot.

My regiment, 32d Illinois Infantry, for about two hours had partly held position in the same ravine in which Johnston died, and also in a smaller ravine more in front and farther north and west, leading up to the divide or level.

I am anxious to get in communication with any on the Confederate side who were present and may have fixed recollections of the time and circumstances, either by private correspondence or through the VETERAN. What immediate command, brigade, or regiment was General Johnston with at the time of his death? I have always supposed it to have been Bowen's Brigade, of Breckinridge's Reserves. What distance from where he fell, right and left, did the command extend? Did it extend westward beyond the Bell house into the open peach orchard and field or only cover the old house and orchard?

I was wounded and lay on the field from 2:30 P.M. Sunday to 4 P.M. Monday. I had an interesting conversation with a cannoneer with his caissons, whose guns were planted up on the divide, I supposed. They left that position about four o'clock. This cannoneer told me they had come up from Mobile, and he seemed to be taking a very cheerful view of their success, and I thought he had cause for it. He asked me if we had no lands up North on which to live and build up homes that we should come down to drive the Southern people from their homes and take their property. I told him if what of the South I had seen was a fair specimen I wouldn't know how to go to work on it to make a living if I possessed it all. He seemed surprised and said: "Well, what did you come for?" I tried to show him that we came to stop secession and save the Union. I am sure we each understood the other better after our little talk. I know I soon realized that he was as honest in his convictions as I was, and that he was fighting for home and fireside, and I felt that he who would not fight from his point of view was no man at all.

I would like to know how long that battery remained there and if there were any Union infantry immediately in front nearer than the "Bloody Pond."

A little grinning negro rode behind an empty saddle the most beautiful horse I thought I had ever seen. I almost coveted his mount, and wished myself far away from those unpleasant surroundings.

In the night a man I supposed to be a surgeon, who said his name was Deadwood or Redwood, belonging to a Mississippi or Louisiana regiment, by his kindness and sympathy won my confidence, and I asked to be taken to his field hospital and have the ball extracted from my thigh. Thinking it only a business transaction, I even proposed to divide my purse. Teasingly, he asked if I was not willing to give it all. I told him that, inasmuch as I would probably be left in one of their hospitals and might need some little delicacies which that department could not afford, I had rather not give it all. I could not see, but I thought he laughed and said: "It makes no difference; I can't do it. Our hands are full of our own wounded now; perhaps after a time we may be able to care for you." He offered me bread and water and gave me a blanket. If I had the same, the amount of money that I would have given that night for my leg would not tempt me to part with that blanket of gray. That Confederate surely had a good heart in him.

A colonel passed, searching for his missing sergeant major (my own rank), saying that if he found him, though dead, he would bear him from the field, even though against orders to do so.

I have a theory that when General Johnston made that last advance and lost his life his forces met no serious opposition except from the few in the hollow till they reached the vicinity of the "Bloody Pond." All on his right clear to the river had been turned and driven back; while all the Bell place, peach orchard, field, and all, had been cleared of us by Statham and Stevens, of Breckinridge's men. Our regiment had simply been forgotten and left there in that hollow to our fate, to get out if we could.

KILLING OF THE FATTED CALF SUGGESTED.

Miss Mary H. Stephenson, of Petersburg, Ill., has written an article to the Cumberland Presbyterian Banner from which the following extracts are made:

"O, Ephraim, we know your heart is noble. Ask yourself if when your brother made that grave mistake of seceding from the mother—and even his mistake was noble, for in making it he upheld that principle of State rights which will probably yet be the means of saving our country—and when, after the brave fight and the bitter defeat in arms, he came and laid down his arms and quietly accepted his defeat—ask yourself whether you did not make some mistakes in legislation; whether you did not treat your stricken brother with too much harshness and too little consideration; whether you were not in the beginning jointly responsible with him for the introduction of slavery into the country; whether you have not been sectional since then and called your sectionalism patriotism; whether any song or tune which necessarily calls up bitter memories in any section of our common country should be regarded as national and patriotic.

"In the blessed Book we read of a prodigal son who returned to the parental roof after a very wicked life, confessed his mistake, was received into the father's bosom, had the fatted calf killed for him, and the ring of restored sonship put on his finger. That, too, when this son had probably never done anything for his father or family in his life. Our brother believed he was right; believed it so hard that he was willing to die for his faith. When he came back to the parental roof and confessed that he had made a mistake in going out—whether or no he had the right to go—was any fatted calf killed for him? It has been more than forty years since he returned. Has any banquet of love been spread for him in all that time? Has he not, on the contrary, been treated with distrust and made to feel that he was in the Union on sufferance? And do you realize that his section of country gave us a Washington? That five of the Southern States were of the thirteen original colonies which won our independence? That the Kentucky and Tennessee riflemen were the chief factor in Old Hickory's victory at the battle of New Orleans? That they won much of our land from the Indians by hard fighting? Do you realize that, despite that one grave mistake, your brother of the South is naturally

passionately patriotic, and do you ask yourself what it must have been to him to be considered an 'ex-Rebel' all these years? Is it not about time we killed the fatted calf for him?

"And if any are found so ungenerous as to complain at the fatted calf ceremony and thus play the part of the selfish older brother in the parable, the writer thinks she can safely predict it will not be their old opponents who wore the blue and who in old age are becoming their comrades. The bravest are indeed the tenderest, the most just and generous.

"'Thus saith the Lord God; Behold, I will take the stick of Joseph, which is in the hand of Ephraim, and the tribes of Israel his fellows, and will put them with him, even with the stick of Judah, and make them one stick, and they shall be one in mine hand. . . . And I will make them one nation in the land upon the mountains of Israel; . . . and they shall be no more two nations, neither shall they be divided into two kingdoms any more at all.'"



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT RUSK, TEX.

In the year 1899 a movement was started by the Confederate veterans of Cherokee County, Tex., for the erection of a monument to the Confederate dead of that county, to be erected in the Courthouse Square of Rusk. After much effort, their hopes were fulfilled, and on October 3, 1907, a beautiful monument was unveiled. An interesting programme was carried out, the children of the public schools assisting.

The inscriptions on the monument are as follows:

North side: "Lest we forget." "Rolls in County Clerk's Office."

West side:

"Their own true hearts and dauntless arms
Have covered them with glory;
And while a Southerner treads the soil,
They live in song and story."

(A tribute from the Frank Taylor Chapter, U. D. C.)

South side (front): "1861-65. In memory of the Confederate dead of Cherokee County."

East side:

"Some beneath the sod of distant States
Their patient hearts have laid,
Where with the strangers' heedless haste
Their unwatched graves were made."

The monument committee has prepared a well-bound book in which they will have the muster rolls of the eighteen companies, as well as all other Confederates, that mustered into the Confederate army from Cherokee County, and those who have come from other counties and States, duly recorded and placed in the county clerk's office for history and reference.

SOCIAL GATHERING IN NEW YORK.

Reception to the New York Chapter, U. D. C., by Its President.

BY MRS. COWLES MYLES COLLIER, HISTORIAN.

Annually the New York Chapter looks forward to the delightful gathering tendered it by the generous and popular presiding officer, Mrs. James Henry Parker. The afternoon of Saturday, January 19, the large ballroom of the Astor Hotel was filled to overflowing with a brilliant display of the beauty and chivalry of the South, members of this organization. Among those welcomed as guests of honor were all the presidents of patriotic societies and clubs of New York City, notably Mrs. Donald McLean, President General D. A. R.

The decorations of the hall were most imposing and effective, flags being draped artistically on walls, and high above all this brilliant color scheme the central decoration conspicuously visible, the Confederate flag of our Chapter, intertwined with the national colors, thus typifying the solid union now existing between the North and South.

The gracious President, at the head of her line of officers, stood with a bright smile and greeting for each guest who, passing down the line, was given the hand of welcome and congratulations on the event. The many handsome women in becoming toilettes, the graceful young girls in the bloom of springtime, full of the rosy anticipations of life, the men with the warmth of this welcome lighting their faces and making them feel "at home" made a picture good to see, and planted in this society the bond of good fellowship so conducive to the success of the organization. High overhead the orchestra rang out the notes of old Southern songs, and these familiar strains wafted one to the good old days in Dixie.

The color scheme was carried out artistically in the table and its decorations, the cakes, ices, and bonbons being of exquisite taste and quality.

The committee of reception were indefatigable in their attentions, and no one felt a stranger. These hours flew but too quickly, and all were loath to say the parting word.

Long may our dear President live to gather these Daughters and Sons annually at such a love feast!

Several errors appear in the February Veteran in the list of prisoners who died on Johnson's Island. Col. J. E. "Cruggs," 8th Virginia, should be Scruggs, from Warrenton, Va. Prior to the war he edited the Warrenton Whig. T. J. "Lowis" should have been Capt. Thomas J. Lewis, Company C, 3d Virginia Infantry. He was captured at Five Forks, Va., April 3, 1865. Joshua "Bizell," captain of Company G, 8th Florida Infantry, should be Joshua Mizzell.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

SENSIBLE SUBSCRIPTION SUGGESTIONS.

Maj. George H. Heafford, who was adjutant of the 72d Illinois Regiment in the Union army, writes the following letter, which the VETERAN prints with sincere gratitude:

"I have noticed your earnest appeals to Southerners for more support (subscriptions) to your excellent magazine. Your monthly circulation is about 21,000 copies. It ought to be 100,000. I don't see how you can print so much good reading, historical and otherwise, for the small annual sum you charge for the VETERAN.

"There must be thousands of sons of former Confederate soldiers who are not subscribers to your magazine, and they ought to be ashamed of the fact. Then, too, there are hundreds (if not thousands) of business men in the South who should fill your pages every month with their business advertisements. Their support would help you materially. Why don't they come to the front?

"Why not suggest to the women of the South, particularly the Daughters of the Confederacy, to urge every man they know to send in an annual subscription to the VETERAN? I don't know any man who can resist the smiles of a charming Southern woman. I do know, however, that as a 'Yankee' soldier 'who fought, bled, and almost died' during the War between the States I enjoy reading your magazine, and as evidence of the fact I inclose my check for $10 in aid of your subscription list, and request that you send copies of the VETERAN to some of the 'boys in gray' now living in Texas, as that great State is the one in which I take particular interest at the present time."

What a fine text! A Union veteran of Chicago, proud of his service in the war and proud of the restored Union, is broad-minded and great-hearted in the foregoing. If our veterans will glance at the pages of the Last Roll in this issue, they will realize that the command, "Work while it is day," deserves their heed. The VETERAN is not now in need of appealing for its maintenance that its work be maintained, and yet—and yet—the tendency is to show the "handwriting on the wall," whereby strength will fail and the light go out to those who most fully realize the importance of its record. Not for any of the survivors quite as much as the brave, grand men who went down in battle and the brave, tireless women—our mothers, who did all that was possible to maintain Christian homes through the awful struggles of the sixties and seventies—should our people stand together in making record for integrity of character. How easy to act upon Major Heafford's suggestion and increase the VETERAN to 100,000! There are so many who seem to regard it as any other publication, willing to continue if specially pleased or dismiss it if one or another trivial matter is not exactly as they would fancy, that the foregoing seems appropriate.

Make the VETERAN an object of care; and if it lacks in what seems best, reprove the editor and hold up his hands the firmer. Commend the VETERAN and send remittance for others with your own.

Just as the foregoing was written the following letter was opened from Cleveland, Ohio, making inquiry about a Confederate in the Masonic Home, as to whether his VETERAN had expired: "If he is not able to take the VETERAN, I want to arrange that he shall have it. No worthy Confederate through stress of misfortune shall be deprived of the VETERAN if I can prevent it."

Don't fail to give attention to the new postal law concerning renewal of subscriptions. The VETERAN cannot be supplied on credit at the advance in price of postage from three to four hundred per cent.

STATE SUPPORT TO REUNIONS.

Good old South Carolina has led in the support of Confederate Reunions. At least, this is the first State to act to the knowledge of the VETERAN.

That State has enacted a law to contribute whatever may be necessary to the extent of $3,500 each year. The act is as follows:

"1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of South Carolina that there shall annually be appropriated the sum of $3,500 to defray the expenses of holding an annual Reunion of the Confederate veterans in this State, if so much be necessary.

"2. That the Commander and the Quartermaster General of the South Carolina Division of the United Confederate Veterans and one other member of said organization, who shall be named by the Governor, shall constitute a commission to disburse the funds provided for in Section 1 of this act, the same to be used for the purpose of paying for the accommodation of needy Confederate veterans in attendance on said Reunions and for such other purposes pertaining to the holding of the said Reunions as may be deemed proper and expedient by the said commission.

"3. That any part of an appropriation made in accordance with the provisions of this act which shall be unexpended as herein provided shall be turned back into the State treasury."

The Reunion last year was held in conformity with this act. The commission was composed of Maj. Gen. Thomas W. Crawile, Commander, D. Cardwell, Quartermaster General, and Capt. W. D. Starling, the latter appointed by the Governor, who served as treasurer of the fund. They furnished an itemized statement of expenses, and had left over $1,277.44, which was returned to the State treasury.

It would seem fitting for a special appropriation to be made by the State entertaining the General Reunions.

JUDGE SHIELDS, OF TENNESSEE SUPREME COURT.

Comrade C. Crouch, of Morristown, Tenn., writes: "I have intended to tell you of the generous act of Judge John K. Shields. Just before the Richmond Reunion he sent $40 each to five Confederates to enable them to attend the Reunion. It was such a fine act that if mentioned in the VETERAN might it not stimulate others to give some of these old fellows, who hardly ever made a trip of any kind since the war, the opportunity to go to Birmingham? They will soon all pass the last milestone."

This generous act by one who was too young to be a soldier may be repeated by others when they learn of it, and thus add much brightness to the last days of men who were valiant, self-sacrificing patriots. May there be many others like Judge Shields to share their prosperity with these noble but unfortunate veterans!

WONDERFUL STORY OF RICHARD R. KIRKLAND.

BY WILLIAM D. TRANTHAM, CAMDEN, S. C.

The accompanying picture was a fairly good likeness of Sergeant Richard R. Kirkland, Company G, 2d South Carolina Volunteer Infantry, Kershaw's Brigade, McLaw's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, as he appeared during the war. Sergeant Kirkland won imperishable renown at the imminent risk of his life by giving water to the wounded enemy in front of Marye's Heights in the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862. He was the fifth son of John Kirkland and Mary Vaughn Kirkland, and was born near Flat Rock, Kershaw District, S. C., in August, 1843. When less than three years old, he lost his mother, and he and his little brothers and sister were reared by their father without her assistance. His parents were most worthy people and came of good Revolutionary stock. It was fitting, then, that their children should be patriots and heroes. They sent four sons to the front during the War between the States: Daniel, William, and Samuel to the 7th South Carolina Cavalry, and Richard to the infantry as stated above.



RICHARD R. KIRKLAND.

Early in 1861, when it became apparent that there would be a conflict, Richard joined the Camden Volunteers, Capt. (afterwards General) John D. Kennedy; and when asked why he had not joined the Flat Rock Guards, a company organized in the community in which he lived and to which many of his boyhood friends belonged, he replied that he thought it might be called into service before the other. He went with his company to Morris Island, Charleston Harbor, April 8, 1861, and to Richmond about two weeks later. On April 30 the Flat Rock Guards reached Richmond, and it happened that the two companies were associated together throughout the long struggle, both belonging to Kershaw's 2d South Carolina Volunteers.

This was probably the first regiment that entered the service for so long a period as one year, and in its ranks were heroic spirits. Among these young Kirkland found congenial companions. At the end of the year for which he had volunteered he reënlisted in the Flat Rock Guards, and was made orderly sergeant. He participated in every battle in which his command was engaged, from First Manassas to Chickamauga. He never was disabled by sickness or wounds, but was always present when duty was to be performed until the last-named battle, when he was killed in the charge up Snodgrass Hill.

It was at Fredericksburg, however, that he so greatly distinguished himself and proved the type of man he was. The writer has heard his brigade commander, the knightly Kershaw, who knew him from childhood, relate the incident. It was after the terrible slaughter of the Federals in front of Marye's Heights. The plain was covered with the enemy's dead and wounded. The weather was very cold, and the dying men were crying piteously for water. Kirkland was touched by their cries, and, going to General Kershaw, said in a spirit of seeming insubordination: "General, I can't stand this!"

"You can't stand what, Kirkland?"

"Those poor fellows out there are our enemies, it is true; but they are wounded and dying, and they are helpless! I have come to ask leave to carry water to them."

General Kershaw, looking with unspeakable admiration upon the boy, said: "Why, Kirkland, don't you see the danger? If you were to place your cap on your ramrod and elevate it above the wall behind which our line is formed, it would be riddled with bullets instantly. But what you propose is so noble and indicates so magnificently what a glorious soldier you are that I cannot say no. Go, my dear boy, perform your mission, and may God shield and preserve you!"

General Kershaw said that he watched the brave fellow as he went about his self-imposed task: how he collected all the canteens he could and crawled to a well near by and filled them, and then crawled back to the wall and leaped over; how he was greeted by almost a volley from the sharpshooters; how he went about under fire among the wounded; how he adjusted one poor fellow's wounded arm or leg and arranged another's knapsack under his head, so that he could rest more comfortably; how the wounded over the field, discovering that he was an angel of mercy, sat up and beckoned to and called him; and how the enemy, observing and realizing what he was doing, ceased firing in admiration of the boy's noble conduct, and Richard Kirkland completed his self-imposed task and returned unhurt! Does history furnish a finer type of heroism or self-denial?

Sir Philip Sidney, wounded mortally in the battle of Zutphen, was thirsty from the loss of blood, and was offered a cup of water; but, observing a private soldier crying, said, "Thy need is greater than mine," and directed it to be given to him. This has been recorded as one of the most striking and heroic instances of self-denial. Sir Philip gave the water to his friend. Kirkland faced the sharpshooters and almost certain death to relieve the distress of his enemies. And we may rest assured that on that cold December night one Confederate soldier, though chilled and hungry and covered only by his blanket, sank to rest with his heart warmed by the thought of a humane act bravely performed.

After Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, through both of which he had passed unscathed, poor Kirkland was killed at Chickamauga, where the monument marks the spot rendered glorious by Kershaw's Brigade. Kirkland fought to the last gasp, saying: "Tell pa good-by. I did my duty. I died at my post."

His body was recovered and buried with his kindred on White Oak Creek, in Kershaw County, S. C., in one of the most sequestered, unfrequented, and inaccessible spots I ever saw. But the recollection of Dick Kirkland hallows the place. It has been suggested that his remains be removed to Hickory Head Church, near Westville, S. C., and there reinterred, that his last resting place might be visited more frequently by admirers of his splendid career.

[If his remains should be removed at all, let them be put in Confederate Circle, Arlington Cemetery, and let the Peace Monument of the Nation, built by all the people, tell the matchless story. It cannot be told too often. There is no event of the war more pathetic from the standpoint of humanity for either side.—Ed. Veteran.]

WINDOW TO MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

[Miss Decca Lamar West, Chairman of the Committee, made report to the U. D. C. Convention at Norfolk, in which she gave a history of its work. This should have appeared last month.—Ed.]

At your last Convention in Gulfport, Miss., I had the honor to present a resolution that the U. D. C. should erect a memorial window to Mrs. Jefferson Davis to be placed in the Church of the Redeemer at Biloxi, Miss., next to that erected by her in memory of her husband, Hon. Jefferson Davis.

The resolution was unanimously adopted, and our President, Mrs. Henderson, appointed me to the chairmanship of the committee to accomplish this purpose. A few weeks later she appointed as the other members Mrs. C. J. Weatherby, of Beauvoir Chapter, Biloxi, Miss., and Mrs. John J. Crawford, of the New York Chapter.

With my report I shall file with the Secretary a copy of the contract with Mayer & Company, of New York, for this memorial window. The design is more fittingly depicted in the further report of our work. In brief, the theme selected for the window is "Christ in the Home of Martha and Mary." The coloring and mechanical details correspond with the other windows. The work is being done in Munich. The contractors agree to have the window in place not later than January 31, 1908.

I suggest that the unveiling of the window be set for the 26th of February, 1908, if the usual Mardi Gras rates can be obtained by that time, as that is the date of the anniversary of the marriage of President and Mrs. Davis. I suggest further that invitations to the unveiling ceremonies be sent to General and State officers, U. D. C. and U. S. C. V., general and State officers, U. D. C.; that all State Presidents who cannot attend appoint representatives; also that invitations be extended the Confederated Southern Memorial Association.

My first step as chairman was to go to Biloxi to confer with the rector of the Church in regard to some general plan that would be in harmony with the memorial windows in the church and such other details as were deemed necessary.

The Convention voted that the same firm, Mayer & Company, of Munich and New York, who designed the window to President Davis and Miss Winnie Davis, should be employed. Mrs. C. J. Weatherby, of the committee, entered heartily into the spirit of the work. I am pleased to acknowledge here that as your representative I was entertained and treated with the utmost hospitality by the rector and parish of Biloxi.

At our preliminary conference it was decided that the members of the committee, our President General, Mr. Crawford (the rector at Biloxi), and Mrs. Hayes (the sole surviving child of Mrs. Davis) should each suggest a subject suitable for such a memorial. Mr. Crawford kindly wrote to Mayer & Company for suggestions and designs, thus assisting the committee very much. Your President and the committee were unanimous in the wish that Mrs. Hayes should be in every way satisfied with the subject and design, a courtesy due her from the Daughters of the Confederacy.

For centuries the names of Martha and Mary, the followers and beloved friends of our Lord, have been typical of strength and faith; and so for this window, which we hope and believe will be beautiful, we have chosen the theme of "Christ in the Home of Martha and Mary." The memorial inscription is to be:

"To the glory of God and in loving memory of Varina Howell Davis, wife of Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy.

"Born 7th of May, 1826. Died 16th October, 1906.

"'O Lord, in thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded.'

"Erected by the United Daughters of the Confederacy in 1907. 'Deo Vindici.'"

May each of us make a pilgrimage to this beautiful coast which our President and his faithful wife loved so well, go to the little chapel where they worshiped, again into the memorial church, and let us stand reverently before this window as before a shrine. As we behold the strong face of Martha and the beautiful Mary as she looks up with childlike confidence into the tender face of Jesus, may we too be filled with strength and with faith! So when the trials of life come we may bear them unswervingly, and when the great summons comes we too may say with the unfaltering trust of the faithful Martha, the adoring Mary, and our beloved Mrs. Jefferson Davis: "O Lord, in thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded!"

GRAVE OF STONEWALL JACKSON'S MOTHER.

BY ELIZABETH GALLAHER LEVY (1921 ST. PAUL STREET), BALTIMORE, MD.

It is an old and well-accredited saying that every great man had a great mother; and many there be, and right intelligent folk they are, who hold to the belief that every man of genius who startles the world will inevitably be found to have an unusually intelligent mother. The knight in the legend who, when he had exasperated all the goodly company of brave men and fair ladies by proposing a toast "to the fairest, the truest, and best woman on earth," and when with drawn swords her name was demanded, proudly and with a gentle bow replied, "My mother," did but voice a sentiment that none could deny.

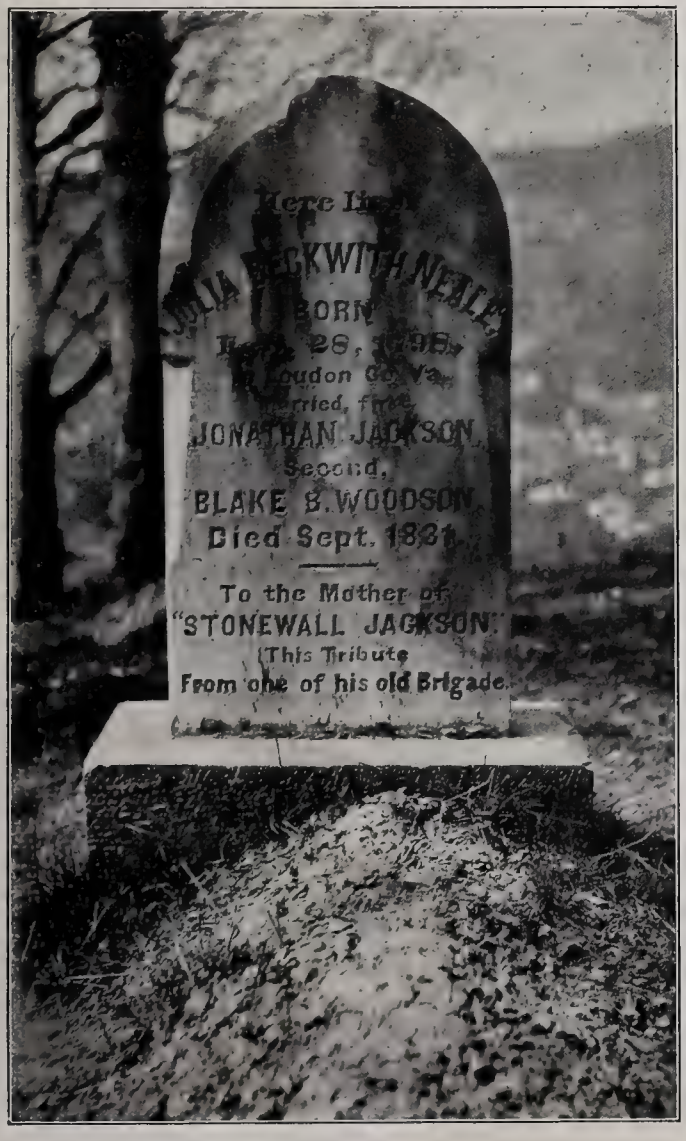
So when the chance of a business visit to the coal fields of Fayette County, W. Va., found me near Hawk's Nest, I determined to visit this latter place as well as the grave of the mother of Thomas Jonathan Jackson, whose sobriquet of "Stonewall" made him world-famous. The story of his brigade at the first battle of Manassas "standing like a stone wall" is too well known to even the casual reader of history to require repetition here.

After leaving the canyon of New River, one of the grandest and most picturesque in America, we rode slowly up the mountain along the old James River and Kanawha Turnpike



SCENE ON THE JOURNEY.

in an easterly direction, winding in and out of the ravines, around which the road clung like a vine, until we gained the summit. Over this road traveled Henry Clay and other famous men in the olden times *en route* to and from Washington, and over it tramped first one army and then another during the Civil War. We walked out upon the Hawk's Nest, but a few steps from the road, and what a scene greeted our eager gaze! This mighty rock, towering like a monument of the Titans above the hills and valleys that lay spread out in every direction, was ever a favorite visiting spot for the tired stage passenger in the olden days. While the lumbering old stagecoach was slowly climbing the tortuous and steep mountain side, the passengers were wont to walk ahead and, standing upon this giant rock, drink in as long as possible the intoxicating view. Jefferson, in his "Notes on Virginia," called it "Marshall's Pillar." To one who has viewed it the name of "Hawk's Nest" seems peculiarly appropriate. Certainly no higher eyrie could the bird of empyrean habits find. With the mountains piled upon one another in a rolling landscape as far as the eye could reach toward the east and north, with the New River toward the southeast like a silver streak dashing through its mighty canyon, and with the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway paralleling it with its graceful curves, and the fair green valley of the historic Kanawha spread out to the west, this coign of vantage seemed perfect. With a longing and fascinating desire to linger and still longer enjoy this feast to the eye, we hastened on our dusty road high up along this mountain plateau for about two miles, where, nestling among the hills, lies the smart little town of Ansted, named for the great English geologist who was a pioneer among the savants who first proclaimed to the world the wonderful wealth of the West Virginia hills.



FROM PHOTO OF THE MONUMENT.

Hard by the road and overlooking the little town is the modest, old-fashioned graveyard where sleeps the mother of one of the world's greatest generals; for wherever the story of an ideal soldier or of heroic deeds is sung, there the name of "Stonewall" Jackson will be no stranger. Here high up on the hills always so dear to her sweet and brave spirit she sleeps. Little did this gentle, modest mother dream as she lay upon her dying bed of the glory and splendid fame her then little boy would win long years after she had left him almost alone in the world. Her resting place for many years was obscure, and might have been lost to sight and memory but for Capt. Thomas D. Ranson, now a Virginia lawyer, who when in youth had followed "old Stonewall" and who a few years ago, visiting that section on business, learned casually of the unmarked grave of the mother of his old commander. With an affectionate impulse and noble purpose at once formed, he determined that her grave should no longer remain obscure, and with a knightly spirit such as one would expect from such a soldier's heart he had erected at his own expense a simple but handsome shaft, upon which was modestly inscribed the following:

"'HERE LIES
Julia Beckwith Neale,
Born Feb. 28, 1798, in Loudon Co., Va.
Married first
Jonathan Jackson,
Second
Blake B. Woodson.
Died Sept., 1831.
To the Mother of Stonewall Jackson
This Tribute
from one of his old Brigade."

Could the pathos and sentiment of this act be excelled? "Stonewall's" boyhood and struggles, his walking many miles in his journey to get to West Point, his piety even when a cadet, his courage when a boy—are they not written in the chronicles of the South he loved so well? Like his blessed mother, he died young, though he was old in fame; and when we remember that he was only thirty-nine years old when he fell at Chancellorsville, we can see that the name of "old Stonewall" was more a term of affection than descriptive. So long as the true, beautiful, and good in woman and knightly valor in man are revered, so long will "Stonewall" and his mother be honored, loved, and revered by all good men and women everywhere.

In the beginning of the year most earnest plea is made with all friends of the VETERAN to supplement with new names the vacancies made by the death list of old soldiers and Confederate mothers who have laid their burdens down. It is such an easy thing to get some one to subscribe who is not already doing so that such action is commended to every friend. The great trouble is hesitation. Many will approve this suggestion, but hesitate. "He who hesitates is"— Don't forget that the VETERAN is unlike any other periodical in existence. It lives by sentiment and those principles which should be perpetuated.

THE FORTUNES OF A BOY UNDER FORREST.

BY OCTAVIA ZOLLICOFFER BOND.

The journey of Jacob with his son to Mount Moriah was not more sacrificial in aim than that of William Metcalfe, of Lincoln County, who in the autumn of 1862 traveled with his son, James Martin Metcalfe, to Lavergne, there to bind him upon Bedford Forrest's fiery altar of war.

Yet widely different was the spirit in which the victim went to be offered up for his country. To the nineteen-year-old youth, whose small stature and thin frame would have passed him for three years younger, it was a day of exultant pride. It was an hour of desire fulfilled, and more. For truly he could not have hoped to reach Lavergne as he did when Forrest's command was deployed in line of battle awaiting an immediate attack from the Yankees. Rare luck for a boy on his first day out as a soldier! Here was a fight ready to hand. At once he was enlisted and became part of the line as a driver in Freeman's Battery. This farmer boy, at ease on his horse (one of the swing team), was elated with eager courage and high resolve. He had been lifted at a bound from the commonplace into a life wherein great deeds are as natural as breathing. He was to act a man's part with men. The hour passed, however, and the enemy did not appear. Dark came, and no Yankee was in sight. For the time the chance of conflict seemed over. Yet, as nothing is certain in war, the father lay all night awake, anxious; and the seasoned cavalrymen and artillerists slept but lightly on their arms, while the inexperienced recruit, with no worse feeling than chagrin, fell into quiet slumber that lasted until morning.



J. M. METCALFE.

At dawn his sense of disappointment had hardly come back with waking when brisk orders came hurtling along the line, and presently, amid clatter of swords, jingle of spurs, shouts of command, and the rattle of gun carriages, the whole force was in motion. Off to the southwestward on a long, forced march, they went to sweep through Columbia and beyond into the dreary stretches of the "Barrens" of Lawrence and Wayne Counties, whence they turned westward to the Tennessee River at Clifton and across it in flatboats as quickly as might be, and still on into West Tennessee, led by the "Wizard of the Saddle" so swiftly that no Union spy could locate them, no Federal force forestall them until they reached their quarry at Lexington. This was Forrest's way, and the boy liked it. War under Forrest was every whit as stirring as had been pictured in his daydreams. Nothing could be finer than the dash into Lexington, followed by the short, sharp fight and the capture of an Indiana regiment. Unfortunately, though, Hawkins's Federal regiment of Tennesseeans made good their escape. The colonel of the captured 11th Illinois proved to be the since renowned Robert G. Ingersoll.

"Where are you from?" Forrest demanded of him.

"From almost everywhere but here, and with your consent I will be from here before long," said Ingersoll with dry humor.

"Are these all of your men?" asked Forrest impatiently.

"Yes, all of the Illinoisans," replied Ingersoll, adding after a pause: "All the Tennesseeans ran away."

If Forrest saw the joke, he did not take time from his business of war to smile. His next move was to whirl his men off toward Jackson. But when the troopers, with their flying artillery, approached that place, they found it too well fortified to attack, and they turned aside to swoop down upon Trenton. They shelled the fortified depot building, stormed the intrenchments, and took the town.

In Trenton they captured large army stores of clothing, provisions, arms, etc., which Forrest ordered to be burned after allowing the men to supply themselves with such part of them as they needed. In the scramble that followed young Metcalfe seized a pair of new boots. His feeling of prowess in wresting them from the enemy was not lessened by the ill luck that one was a six and the other a seven.

From Trenton Forrest struck out for Union City in his hunt for weak or unguarded parties of the enemy. On his way he destroyed stockades, tore up railroads, and injured the enemy in every possible way. Yet his movements, however dashing, were not without caution. To avoid the large Federal forces that were closing in on every side of his band of raiders, he marched at night across country, through prohibitive swamps, and over almost impassable roads. At sunrise near Parker's Crossroads they again caught sight of the bluecoats, gave chase, and drove them back to the crossroads, where a stand was made and a brisk fight took place.

The Federals were losing ground. Many fell. Among them was an officer whose valise came temptingly to the hand of young Jim Metcalfe. With the spirit of war and reprisal upon him, he was bearing it off when an older comrade rebuked him, saying: "You may be in the same fix as that dead Yankee before night. Forrest is going to get the worst licking a soldier ever got."

But for the slur on his commander the boy might have accepted the reproof. But to allow any one to predict that the invincible Forrest would be whipped? Impossible! And the boy gave the older man the lie, then joined in the gallant attack which soon brought out a white flag from the Federals. The order to "cease firing" came from the Confederate officers, and the day seemed won.

Forrest's maneuvers had thrown a body of cavalry in rear of the enemy. Others of his troops were flanking them. They could do nothing but surrender, being surrounded.

At this crisis a sudden change took place. Heavy columns of infantry, supported by cavalry, were seen coming rapidly in Forrest's rear. It was he who was hemmed in. The trapper was trapped. To cut his way out seemed hopeless, but it must be done. It was Forrest's way. Part of his forces, obeying his call to come on, pressed through a weak place in the enemy's line and out to safety. The artillery, accustomed as they were under the influence of Forrest's spirit to making a charge as though they were cavalry, dashed after him, and some got through. The cannon on which Jim Metcalfe was a driver bounded forward to follow with the rest. But the gap closed in their faces, and at close range a volley was fired into the gunners. The two drivers in front of Metcalfe were shot down. He turned to ask the man behind him what he must do at the instant that that man also went down. The riderless horses plunged madly. Turning squarely around, they tore down the blue ranks, making a running target for the Federal firing line.

At the first volley Metcalfe's horse reared. The girth broke as he came down, and the rider was thrown under the hoofs of the rear horse and trampled. One iron shoe pounded his chest and another his arm before the cannon wheels rolled over his body, crushing the breast bones and pressing out the breath. When the boy regained consciousness, a Yankee soldier was standing over him cursing him and saying: "I have a notion to stamp the life out of you." At that moment a Federal officer came forward and ordered the soldier to be off. Then, stooping tenderly to the wounded boy, he gave him a drink from his canteen, unstrapped it from his own neck, put it over the shoulder of his fallen enemy, and offered him a piece of corn bread. "No," said the boy feebly, "I'll never need anything of that sort any more." "O," said his friend of the other side, "don't give up. You are worth ten dead men yet. But you ought never to have been here at all;" and, glancing at the boy's slight form, added feelingly, "You ought to be at home with your mother." As he moved off he said: "When I get through with this thing, I'm coming back to look after you."

He was true to his word. With four others he gently placed the wounded boy on a blanket and carried him to a temporary hospital. There Metcalfe lay for several days on a pallet, with very little attention from any one and with full time to consider what war really is. The scenes about him were not enlivening. Surgical knives and probing instruments were at work above the table in the middle of the room. One case was that of an officer to be operated upon. The surgeon cut his belt in haste and threw it aside. The pistol it held rolled under a bureau in plain view of the disarmed, crippled Confederate boy. From his pallet he could see it where it was lying out of sight of every one else. He eyed the pistol with the determination to have it. Several days passed with this sole thought in his fevered brain.

One day he found himself the only patient in the room. Finally the attendants went out and he was alone, when an unsophisticated country boy strolled in. "Buddy," said Jim Metcalfe in the pleading tone of a very sick person, "hand me my pistol from under the bureau." And "buddy" obligingly stooped for the weapon and gave it to the wounded boy.

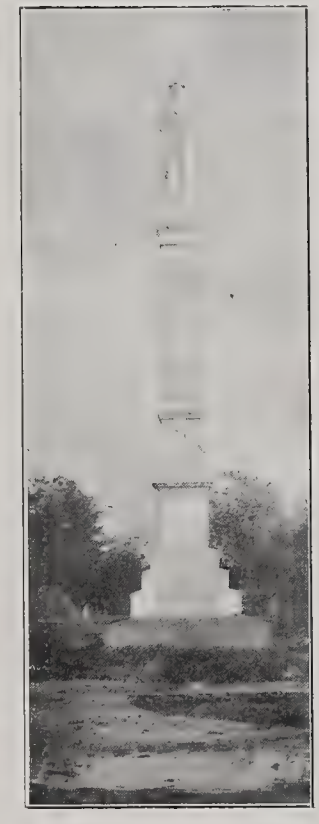
How he clung to his treasure! Tied in a corner of his blanket, it was kept concealed through all changes and under all difficulties until one day a girl nurse untied the blanket and found the pistol. But being a girl, a Tennessee girl, she was easily persuaded not to tell. The weapon was a safeguard to the weak, wounded boy when, as a paroled Confederate, he made his way back alone through a multitude of dangers to the farm in Lincoln County. His wounds were of such a nature as to disable him from further military service as well as to unfit him in after life for the active pursuit of business. Yet never has he regretted the sacrifice he was called on to make for his country. J. M. Metcalfe is one of the three thousand Confederate soldiers of Lincoln County to whom the monument in Fayetteville is dedicated.

"Speaking the Truth in Love."—Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald: "Where there has been a misunderstanding between friends that were friends indeed, from one cause or another they allow the wound to smart unhealed, all the time deploring the trouble, until it comes to pass that one or the other crosses over into the silence and mystery whence he cannot return, and then the survivor blames himself for being so proud, so morbidly sensitive, or so unforgiving. The self-condemnation in such a case comes too late."

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT BRANDON, MISS.

On the 29th of September, 1907, a monument erected in honor of the Confederate soldiers was unveiled on the Public Square in Brandon, Rankin County, Miss. The total height of this monument is thirty-seven feet. Its base is of stone, the pedestal and shaft of marble. The crowning figure, representing a Confederate infantryman on guard, with gun and accouterments, is lifelike, beautiful, and impressive. Appropriate expressions of sentiment in verse and prose are carved on the four sides of the pedestal. On the west side may be read: "Erected by Brandon Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy." The monument entire was furnished, in accordance with a contract with the Brandon Chapter, U. D. C., by J. A. Stinson, of Columbus, Miss., and was made complete in the Columbus Marble Works, with the exception of the statue, which was done in Italy.

The unveiling was on Thanksgiving day, and the exercises were beautiful and impressive. After an eloquent prayer by Rev. D. B. Waddell, of Meridian, Maj. Patrick Henry, Commander of Rankin Camp, U. C. V., of Brandon, acting as master of ceremonies, introduced the different speakers in his usual tactful and tasteful manner, leading the way himself with a brief address replete with noble sentiment and breathing in every word that passionate and undying love for the South and its cause which has animated his whole life from his boyhood. Major Henry is much loved by those who served with him, and Rankin Camp has had no other Commander. He was followed by Hon. G. O. Robinson, the popular young Mayor of Brandon, who in his official capacity extended a cordial welcome to veterans and other guests.



BRANDON MONUMENT.

Addresses were then made by Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, President of the Mississippi Division, U. D. C., Mrs. W. S. May, President of the local Chapter U. D. C., and by Mrs. Julia Jayne Walker, a prominent member of that Chapter. Gen. Robert Lowry, Commander of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., was to have made the leading address on this occasion; but on that day was laid to rest his son, Patrick Henry Lowry, in the Brandon graveyard, and those who had shared with him the fortunes of war also shared in his grief.

Major Henry called for impromptu talks, to which response was made by Col. Charles E. Hooker, Capt. W. A. Montgomery (the "gallant scout"), Capt. S. B. Watts, of Meridian, and Capt. George T. Todd, of Jefferson, Tex. After these addresses, the monument was unveiled by Mrs. May, President U. D. C., assisted by Miss Annie Henry and Miss Marie Collier, the exercises concluding with the singing of the "Bonnie Blue Flag" and "Dixie." After the benediction, all adjourned to the courthouse yard and enjoyed a bountiful dinner provided by the good ladies of Brandon.

MICHAEL J. O'SHAUGHNESSY.

[From a memorial by committee of the Interstate Cottonseed Crushers' Association made soon after his death.]

Michael J. O'Shaughnessy, the son of James O'Shaughnessy, of Kildare, was born at Connaught, County of Galway, Ireland, on March 14, 1832; and died at his home, in Nashville, Tenn., in the seventy-fourth year of his age, October 20, 1906. He was a lineal descendant of "the Gentle O'Shaughnessy," one of the ancient kings of Connaught, and came of a family that for generations had been famed for all those virtues which in all ages have made the Irish character the synonym for honor, wit, and generosity, and the cultivated Irish gentleman, the type of all that high name should signify. Indeed, so famed were his people for generosity that a local tradition still told in the wild Galway hills recites that one of his ancestors, one Terrence O'Shaughnessy, was so generous that his right arm became elongated from extending it in giving.

At a very early age was begun that careful education and vigorous mental training, never relaxed throughout life, which gave him a stupendous store of scholarly attainments and in later life was his comfort and solace through the terrible shadow of blindness.

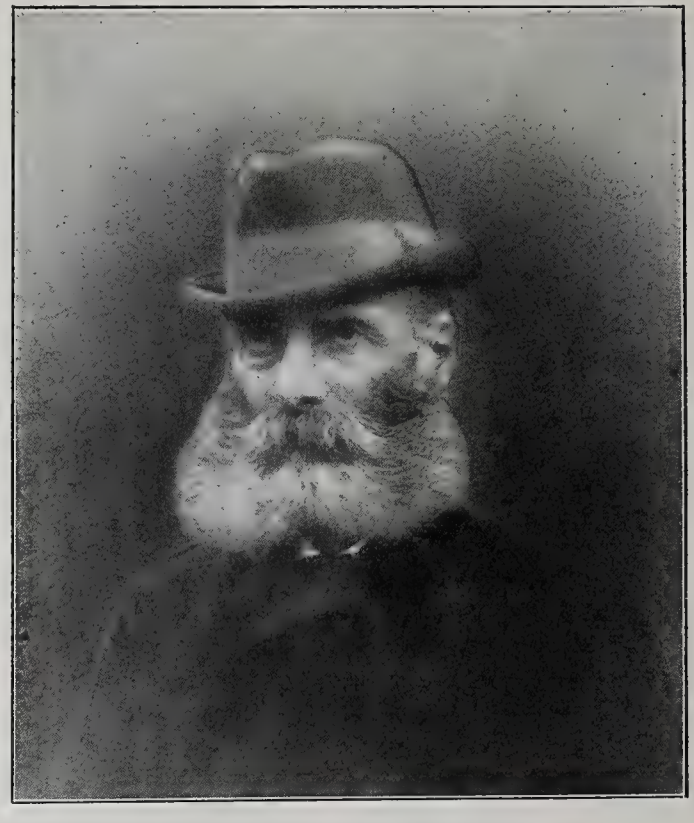
At the age of ten he was placed in the Royal Academy of Design at Dublin, his temperament and skill pointing clearly to an artistic career; and though the removal of his family to America three years later interrupted this training, the influence of it and the taste thus cultivated remained with him always and brightened his entire life.

On coming to America he joined an uncle, who had preceded the family and had gained prominence and wealth in Cincinnati, and remained there until 1862, when at the solicitation of Chief Justice Chase he went to Washington City to accept the position of Chief Accountant in the Treasury Department, in which capacity he formulated and put into practice the system of accounting still in use in the United States Treasury, and rendered material and valuable aid in the monetary affairs of the nation. In fact, he made the original sketch from which was printed the first greenback bill, and designed the form of bonds issued for the purchase of Alaska, a service which was ever remembered and freely acknowledged by his lifelong friend and admirer, Gen. F. E. Spinner, the War Treasurer of the United States.

Tiring of the routine of official life, Mr. O'Shaughnessy gave up his official position in Washington in 1868 and joined his brother in the grain business in Nashville, Tenn., where together they established what was perhaps the fourth, if not the third, cotton seed oil mill erected in this country. Out of this first mill and the experience gained in it grew, some ten years later, the splendid modern mills at Nashville and at Huntsville, Ala., which Mr. O'Shaughnessy built and operated until impaired health and failing eyesight caused his retirement, in 1900, and which stand yet as monuments to his accurate and comprehensive knowledge of the business, its methods and requirements.

In 1870 Mr. O'Shaughnessy was married to Miss Anna Pyles, of Nashville, a descendant of the Calhouns of South Carolina, a typical daughter of the South, embodying in mind and person the best in the traditional loveliness of her country and her people. Sharing fully in her husband's artistic temperament and literary cultivation, she was in every sense his companion and helpmate; and in later years she ably assisted him in building and adorning the beautiful home at Huntsville, Ala., to which they removed in 1882, and where, reviving in its name of "Kildare" and in the artistic beauty of its furnishings and environment the association of his ancestral home in Ireland, he hoped to spend the closing years of his life in the quiet enjoyment of his home, his friends, and his extensive library, comprising many rare volumes. But a crushing sorrow in the death of a beloved son was followed by paralysis of the optic nerve, which gradually resulted in total blindness; and returning to his home in Nashville, he cheerfully resumed his accustomed literary work and scholarly employment, surrounded by his family and devoted friends of earlier years, calmly awaiting the inevitable. He never complained, was never idle, never despondent; but even in the darkness which was upon him was always the brightest member even in that cultivated household, was still the center of a large group of admiring friends who continued to share in the pleasure of his society and to draw upon that wonderful store of literature, art, and fact which his years of research had accumulated and which his wonderful memory preserved in undimmed freshness and accuracy.

Michael O'Shaughnessy was not a Confederate. On the contrary, he was one of the most active men in Washington not only in the ways indicated above, but it was by his sagacity, activity, and his influence unquestionably that the first purchases of United States government bonds were made.



MAJ. M. J. O'SHAUGHNESSY.

He was so esteemed in that department that all succeeding Secretaries of the Treasury kept up with him in the South, ever showing most exalted consideration and esteem. To describe his gentleness, his heroic mold, and his wonderful knowledge, nothing could more aptly illustrate him than to compare him with our beloved Jefferson Davis. With prolonged intimacy, the writer cannot recall an incident of inquiry wherein, by the response, he did not call to mind the story of Dr. Craven's "Prison Life of Jefferson Davis."

After having traveled through many foreign countries to consult the most eminent specialists in the hope of restored sight, he yielded, the devout Christian, philosopher, and settled in the magnificent home that stood, before ever being occupied for a quarter of a century or more in Nashville, on the birthplace of his wife. He occupied the time in having some one read to him, in meditating—aye, feasting upon what he had been blessed with through many studious years—or in exercise by walking the streets, his hand resting upon the shoulder of his servant guide. He was truly congenial with the people of his adopted South, and for years it was his prediction that the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution would be repealed.

As an illustration of his generous and appreciative characteristics, and not in any sense the least worthy, of such praise the following extracts are made from a letter during one of his last visits from home to Cincinnati in 1902:

"I have but to-day succeeded in getting an amanuensis, and since my wife's letter to you I have been on the rack, thinking how you must have berated me for not writing sooner; but, alas! you know how impossible it is for me to write to any one. * * *

"Now, for your good self. Are you as ubiquitous as ever—here and there, everywhere, always with friends and friends always with you, welcome everywhere, looked for everywhere, satisfied everywhere? You are a *rara avis*, my boy, and not one like you. You are the embodiment of human kindness; and as the world has not too much of that, you will always be popular, and how well deserved the popularity! But I know that is not what you seek. It is doing good for its own sake, and that you will always accomplish. Just look at the mountain of gratitude I owe you. How shall I repay it? Impossible. How I would like now to hear your knock on my door of a morning or evening and the gentle proffer of help, succor, and society—that is, of your own good self!"

Meditation upon the many unperformed duties that have been neglected, failure to visit that good man so many, many times causes remorse now.

COMMENTS AND CORRECTIONS.

E. H. Lively, of Aberdeen, Wash., comments on several articles appearing in the Veteran during 1907.

How Richmond Was Defended.

On this subject Mr. Miles Cary, of Pocahontas, Va., expatiates in the December number, stating that among the several local battalions for the defense of Richmond one was the Departmental Battalion commanded by Maj. John S. Henley. Says Mr. Cary: "Major Henley was on his deathbed, taken sick just outside of Richmond, and was superseded by Captain Dill." Mr. Cary claims he was wounded on the occasion by collision with Sheridan's men, and while on furlough "Major Henley was buried by the battalion while I was laid up."

This statement is misleading, and history should be correct. Major Henley died only a few years ago, and after the war had filled many responsible positions in Williamsburg, Va.

Jamestown Fifty Years Ago.

Rev. John Pollard, professor Richmond (Va.) Baptist College, not long since in an article published in the Veteran thought he was the only surviving guest at the Jamestown two hundred and fiftieth anniversary (May 13, 1857). The occasion was celebrated under the auspices of the Jamestown Society, which came into existence through Virginians living in Washington, D. C. Among those present at the time were ex-President John Tyler (who was the orator), James Barron Hope (the poet), Gov. H. A. Wise, and about ten thousand people. Mr. Pollard asked if there was another survivor beside himself. The writer of this is pleased to say that he was present on that memorable occasion.

Col. W. H. Stewart's Praise of General Grant.

What Col. W. H. Stewart says in a complimentary way of General Grant in the December Veteran is quite true as far as it goes. I feel very grateful to him for his kindness to our army in 1865 at Appomattox, etc.; but those orders he issued in August, September, November, etc., 1864, to his subordinate generals, Hunter, Sheridan, Merritt, etc., we cannot forget. They are enough to paralyze the most forgiving and knightly Christian hero in the world. These orders are to be found in the "Official Records," War Department, at Washington. They are in strange contrast with General Lee's Order No. 73, issued at Chambersburg, Pa., when he entered the State, June 27, 1863.

General Grant recommended to General Halleck that the destruction in the Valley of Virginia should be such that "crows flying over it for the balance of the season [July, 1864] would have to carry their provisions with them."

He wrote to General Sheridan: "We want the Shenandoah Valley to remain a barren waste."

To General Hunter he wrote: "Take all provisions and stock for use of your command; such as cannot be consumed, destroy."

To General Merritt he wrote: "Carry out my instructions. Destroy all mills, grain, and forage. You can drive off or kill all stock. Leave the valley a barren waste."

We may forgive, but can we forget the above orders? Are they such as to draw out our best feeling of commendation?

Napoleon could have burned Moscow, but even his severe combativeness dictated a more humane course. These orders were as uncivilized as Mr. Lincoln's proclamation setting free the unprepared negroes of the South. It was without authority and in violation of his own recorded convictions. (See his first inaugural address, March 4, 1861.)

INQUIRIES FOR AND ABOUT VETERANS.

Thomas M. Long, Gainesville, Ala.:

"I want to ask a few questions to be answered through the Veteran if the participants are still living. My mind reverts to the second battle of Manassas and the night I was on vedette duty at the post about two hundred yards in front of the railroad cut. A Federal soldier lay there with a broken leg, and we talked all night. Every little while he would ask for a drink of water, and I would tell him to drink lightly, as I didn't know when I would get any more. Though I have forgotten his name and regiment, I have often thought of him and would like to know if he is still living.

"I would also like for some one to explain why Archer's Brigade was not captured in that battle when they charged a battery about dark and a Yankee line came in our rear and was closing in on us. For some cause the line was broken and they ran.

"What Georgia regiment lost a flag in the last day's charge

at Gettysburg? and is the captain now living who brought the staff off the field? The flag was brought off by a member of Archer's Brigade, and the Georgia regiment got the flag next day when we were in line at artillery, where we started the day before. Was General Lee alone when he rode on the field after the lines broke?

"I slept one night with a Yankee whom we captured just outside of Gettysburg in a cavalry charge, and would like to know if he is still living, as also the one who was with Colonel Root when he was killed in the streets, and the Confederate who had just surrendered to him."

I had an uncle, James B. Jameson, familiarly known as "Tip," in the 2d Tennessee Infantry. Will some of his old comrades let me know either by letter or through the VETERAN of his brief war history, giving his company, commanders, and any other suitable data? If any one has a picture of him in his uniform, I should like to borrow it to have an engraving made.—*James O. Jameson, P. O. Box 46, Greenville, Miss.*

JOHN A. LOGAN—AN OPEN LETTER.

There comes to the VETERAN from South Haven, Kans., the following clipping yellow with age and headed as above:

"MT. VERNON, ILL., Aug. 8, 1881.

"To the Hon. Ben Hill, Atlanta, Ga.

"*My Dear Sir:* The smoke of battle having cleared away, it is perhaps not inappropriate to notice the acts and conduct of the participants. In the Senate of the United States last winter I noticed a discussion between yourself and the Hon. John A. Logan, from this State, in which that honorable Senator took occasion to make a broad denial of the charges long laid at his door of his disloyalty at the breaking out of the war. While I do not desire to reopen a matter that may be so annoying to the honorable Senator, yet I think it but fair and right that the other side of the 'history' should be written.

"I have known Mr. Logan for many years; often met him in political meetings before and at the beginning of the war. At that time he was a member of the House from the Thirteenth District of this State. I was publishing a Democratic paper at this place. I well remember Mr. Logan of that day as the most ultra man in politics then in the State, it being generally understood that he was in favor of Southern Illinois seceding and joining the Confederacy. In 1861, near James J. Fitzgerald's, in this county, he made a speech filled with the most vindictive epithets upon the administration—in fact, language seemed to fail him in denouncing the 'unholy war.' And among the mild (?) sentences he used I well remember the following, made by Mr. Logan the day referred to: 'May my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth and my right arm wither should I ever take up arms against my brethren of the South!'

"This speech was made in the presence of hundreds of men besides myself who are to-day living and will bear testimony to the fact.

"In McLeansboro, Hamilton County, Ill., on Tuesday, the 21st of May, 1861, Mr. Logan drew his Bowie knife and threatened in the most abusive language to cut down the stars and stripes which was then over the courthouse because he said it was placed there as an insult to him as a member of the Democratic party in Southern Illinois. These remarks were made in the presence of many good citizens, whose names will be produced if required. These treasonable actions and utterances were continued by Mr. Logan until he received a visit from a messenger of Governor Yates, who at the time was a regularly appointed special deputy United States marshal. This officer called upon Mr. Logan at his home, in Jackson County, armed with two weapons only—one a commission to recruit and organize a regiment for the Federal army; the other an order duly signed for the arrest of John A. Logan as a Rebel sympathizer. Mr. Logan was given his choice—the world knows which he took. I am prepared to furnish the order of arrest, which is still in existence and at command when circumstances require. I have no reason for making the statements other than a desire to see the facts go into history as they really existed at the time—before he was presented with the alternative of a commission or an arrest. He was compelled to leave Centralia, in this State, on a special engine to prevent a session of Judge Lynch's court, which was convening for the purpose of trying Mr. Logan for treasonable utterances. I have withheld the names of individuals in this communication, thinking it better to produce them in a future article in case a denial is made, for the honorable gentleman's benefit and that the true facts may go into history. I hand you this through the press. For any information you may desire in reference to me I refer you to the Hon. R. W. Townsend, member of the House from this district, the Hon. Sam S. Marshall, former member, and the Hon. Thomas S. Casey, one of the judges of the Appellate Court of this State.

"Very respectfully, EDWARD V. SATTERFIELD."

TEXAS COMRADES OPPOSE UNITED STATES PENSION.

The opposition to government pensions for Confederate survivors seems to be general. The only Camp reported adversely is at Lewisburg, Tenn.

Thomas A. Elgin, Adjutant of the W. P. Lane Camp, U. C. V., No. 621, at Marshall, Tex., writes to Hon. C. A. Culberson, United States Senator from Texas, in regard to the bill to pension soldiers: "While we appreciate the motives that prompted the gentleman to offer this bill, yet we desire to express our disapprobation of the measure, and we request our Southern Congressmen to vote against it. Like Brutus, 'Twas not because we loved the old flag less, but our country more,' that we took up arms and marched to battle under the Confederate flag when the old flag (under whose folds our forefathers had fought) ceased to represent our principles and to guarantee our constitutional rights. The Confederate soldier fought for principle, not as a hireling. Our noble slain died for a principle, and their comrades left behind cannot and will not accept a pension to dishonor their memories. Let the old flag float in the breeze above us. We cheer it as it passes, for 'tis ours; but let no sordid, selfish sentiment steal from us our love, our memories, our veneration for the loved comrades gone before.

'Those hoof beats die not on Fame's crimsoned sod,
But will ring through her song and her story;
They fought like Titans and struck like gods,
And their dust is our ashes of glory.'"

At the meeting of Holmes County Camp, of Lexington, Miss., in January it was reported that three members had died. They were J. R. Wilson, J. W. Bowman, and Capt. C. Oltenburg. Suitable resolutions were passed in their honor.

FLAG OF TWELFTH GEORGIA ARTILLERY.

[W. H. Hitt writes to Lieut. Col. Henry D. Capers, who commanded the 12th Georgia Battalion of Artillery.]

The first battle flag carried by the 12th Georgia Battery, called "The Pinkie Evans," was taken by the battery from Augusta, when the command was organized, to Tennessee, and was displayed in action the first time at Fort Cliff, East Tennessee.

The command being transferred to the Department of Georgia, South Carolina, and Florida, the flag was next displayed before the enemy at Battery Wagner, Morris Island, S. C., and subsequently at Fort Sumter, when it was partially destroyed upon the parapets of Fort Sumter—the remnants of the flag being sent to the Statehouse at Milledgeville, when presumably they fell into the hands of Sherman's army. The statement which appears in Johnson's "Defense of the Harbor of Charleston" that "the flag of the 12th Georgia Battery, displayed from the parapet of Fort Sumter on October 31, the day of the great bombardment after the garrison colors at the southeast angle of the fort, was shot away," is correct; and it is true that the battery flag was so displayed some days after the flag episode of October 31 and, as stated, was practically torn to pieces.

Referring further to the flag episode to which Major Johnson alludes in this excellent work, it may be considered that the garrison flag, so long as it was in the immediate hands of the command, was the flag of the battalion; and as two members of the 12th were specially complimented by General Elliott, the commandant of the fort and an eyewitness of the affair, for the restoration of the colors, and as this incident was observed and commented on also by the Federal admiral in his report of the engagement to his government, some direct allusion to this incident may not be deemed out of place in this brief history of the flag of the battalion.

After the disaster at Cedar Creek, when Sheridan had rallied his army and in turn was driving the Confederates, Hopps, carrying his flag high, retreated leisurely some thirty yards behind the broken battalion. He was hailed by the enemy and called on to surrender; but, merely looking over his shoulder at them, continued his dignified retreat until he was killed.

Private Albert Wallin, of Company F, a sixteen-year-old boy, ran back to Hopps's body and, tearing the flag from its staff, put it in his bosom and, jumping on a caisson that was being driven away at a gallop, sought to escape. The horses being shot down, Wallin jumped from the caisson and got into the mountains, where he remained unaccounted for for three or four days, at the expiration of which time he rejoined the command with the flag in his possession. This circumstance was made the subject of a special order by General Early in which Wallin was highly commended and for which act of gallantry he was given a thirty days' furlough.

I am unfamiliar with the flag's history or the names of its bearers after Cedar Creek, but learned from good authority that the flag was deposited in a wagon on the retreat from Petersburg, and was lost when the wagon train was captured. It was never surrendered.

NOTE.—The first flag, known and cherished as the "Pinkie Evans," was presented to the 12th Georgia Battalion of Artillery at Camp Jackson, near Augusta, Ga., by Miss Pinkie Evans, a lovely representative of Georgia womanhood, during the month of May, 1862, at a dress parade of the command and received by Lieutenant Colonel Capers in behalf of the battalion in elegant military form. Miss Evans is now Mrs. Whitehead, of Augusta, Ga., a noble matron worthily the representative of all that is truly good in her sex.

NOTES SUPPLEMENTED BY COLONEL CAPERS.

The foregoing paper was sent to Colonel Capers, who wrote:

"In order that this narrative may be the better understood, I explain that the bombardment of Fort Sumter, above referred to, was the second and last attempt of the combined army and fleet of the enemy to reduce the fort to an untenable ruin. This second bombardment occurred on the 31st of October. Nine monitors, the historic Ironsides carrying thirteen eleven-inch guns, four sloops of war with batteries of 200-pound Parrott guns, aided by the heavy guns of Fort Wagner and the Cumming's Point batteries, had been preparing for some time for this event.

"Subsequent to this ever-memorable bombardment Colonel Rhett, of the 1st South Carolina Artillery, had been relieved of the command of Fort Sumter, and Maj. Steven Elliot, a gallant and accomplished soldier, was assigned to the defense of the fort 'to the last extremity.' At the special request of Major Elliot, the 12th Georgia Battalion of Artillery reported to him. Never before, perhaps, nor since that memorable 31st of October, 1863, has there been such a fire from as heavy guns as were concentrated on comparatively small area. From early morn until sunset the infernal din of bursting shell and the roar of heavy guns went on without cessation. Yet when the sun sank beneath the western horizon, there still stood Fort Sumter, grim and defiant.

"It was near midday when the garrison colors flying from the southeast angle of the fort were shot away and fell over the parapet into the ocean. Immediately Sergeant Hopps, color bearer of the 12th Georgia Battalion, sprang upon the parapet, and, with Privates Garland Sneed and William Hitt, with cool deliberation planted the flag of the battalion firmly in the crumbling wall about them.

"Another incident of this terrific bombardment is worth preserving. The band of the 12th Georgia Battalion was justly considered one of the best in the Confederate army. At my suggestion Capt. Kerr Boyce rendered every possible aid to the band leader, Bouyer, to bring his musicians up to the highest possible efficiency. Sergeant Bouyer was ably assisted by the Thompson brothers, of Newnan, Battery A. As the hour of 'retreat' (sundown) approached and while the shells from the enemy were exploding over and on the fort, Sergeant Bouyer assembled his band and, marching it on the sea face parapet, played the 'Bonnie Blue Flag' with as much spirit as if on dress parade. The firing from Cumming's Point immediately ceased, and a band marched out to the sea beach and answered with the 'Star-Spangled Banner.' The cheers of the sailors on the monitors and from the Federal garrisons on Morris Island were distinctly heard at Fort Sumter, despite the roar of artillery.

"Furnished with a new and brilliant battle flag, on whose folds were inscribed 'Fort Wagner and Fort Sumter,' the 12th Georgia Battalion was ordered in May, 1864, to report to General Lee, commanding the Army of Northern Virginia, and was assigned to Gordon's Division of the Second Corps. Serving as infantry, the battalion was assigned to the old Stonewall (or Lawton) Brigade, commanded by Gen. Clement A. Evans. At Hanover Junction, at Turkey Ridge, and at Cold Harbor the battalion was conspicuous for the same gallantry in battle that had uniformly characterized its history.

At Cold Harbor Lieutenant Hopps, the color bearer, was severely wounded. As he fell the colors were seized by Adjutant Baker, who fell mortally wounded and near to the writer, who was severely wounded. Major Hanvey, second in command of the battalion, was also wounded. In this great battle the battalion sustained a loss of two hundred and twenty-one killed and wounded.

"After the retreat of General Grant's army, the Second Corps was ordered to the Valley of Virginia. At Lynchburg, Winchester, Cedar Creek, Fisher's Hill, Monocacy, Md., and in the vicinity of Washington City the colors of the 12th Georgia Battalion were always to the front."

FEDERAL SOLDIER FULFILLED HIS PROMISE.

BY R. WINTHROP JONES.

During the Civil War I had been confined as a prisoner in Libby Prison, and ten years after being discharged from the United States service I was suddenly seized with a desire to go South and have a look at it. As I was starting an uncle of mine insisted on giving me a letter to an old friend of his, Samuel Porcher, a Richmond merchant.

As soon as I arrived in the former Confederate capital I went down to the river bank and, standing before the old tobacco warehouse that had been my prison, looked up at it with very singular feelings. There on the street level was the door out of which I had passed in broad daylight at the imminent risk of my life and began a journey of intolerable suffering down the James River. As I stood in 1874 looking on the scene of my adventure of 1864 I scarcely realized that I was a free man, permitted to come and go as I liked. Not a uniform was to be seen; business had taken the place of war.

I was confined on the ground floor. At times the door would be left open, a guard pacing back and forth on the pavement before it. Occasionally I would go to the door and look out, usually to be ordered back. One of the sentries was an old man of about forty-five. One day at noon I went to the door and stood looking out. Everybody was at dinner, and I could see no soldier except the old sentinel, and he was not on the alert. It was a crazy thing to do; but I watched this sentinel till he turned to walk with his back to me, then like a flash slipped out of the door and ran like a deer to the corner where a street sloped down to the river. As I turned a ball came whizzing past me. The sentinel chased me; and although I was much younger, I was weak by confinement, and he caught up with me just as I was getting behind a pile of lumber. I turned and shot him with the revolver that a comrade had given me. I don't know how he got it. Darting on, I saw a cellar window open and crawled in. Searchers passed my hiding place, but did not enter; and at dark I crawled out, dodged along down the river bank, found a boat, and floated on the historic James. How I reached Old Point Comfort and our ships would make a story of much interest.

Well, after inspecting Libby, I presented my letter of introduction to Mr. Porcher, who had a pretty daughter ten years my junior. Between us there was a case of "love at first sight." I stayed in Richmond a long while, pretending to have business there, all the while attempting to smooth away Mr. Porcher's prejudice against me as having been a Union soldier. When at last I thought I had him somewhat conciliated, I ventured to ask him for his daughter. He heard me through with lowering brow, and said: "I will give my consent on one condition. There is a miserable, dirty little Yankee who was a prisoner in Libby in 1864 whom I wish to kill. I was a member of the home guard and a sentinel at the prison, when one day that impudent fellow walked out of the door and ran away. I followed him. He shot me in the shoulder, from which I have suffered ever since; but I was dropped from the guard in derision."

Mr. Porcher was going on, getting more and more excited as he proceeded, when his daughter came in anxiously and stopped him. He ended by making it a condition to our union that I promise to find that imp and give him a chance to shoot him.

I listened to this with manifest astonishment. There was something familiar about Mr. Porcher's face and figure, and I could not get over the idea that I had seen him somewhere. I had grown whiskers and weighed fifty pounds more than when I was a prisoner. I was too much disconcerted to reply at once, but finally said: "Mr. Porcher, I promise you that within six months after my marriage with your daughter I will produce the 'dirty little Yankee' you refer to. I have heard of this case, and am sure I can oblige you."

Exactly six months after making the promise I redeemed it by going to my father-in-law, with whom I had become a great favorite, and giving him permission to shoot me. He was too much astonished to avail himself of the privilege.

A TYPICAL CONFEDERATE—JESSE BARKER.

H. E. Wood, color sergeant of the 18th Virginia Regiment, wrote of his predecessor as ensign of the regiment:

"Jesse Barker was of humble and obscure parentage, possessing no earthly comforts, unless it was the battered and faded Confederate uniform which wrapped his body, serving as a winding sheet for his burial, he having been buried where he fell.

"Jesse Barker had seen more than a score of his comrades killed and wounded carrying the flag of his regiment. He saw Boston killed at Williamsburg, Va.; he saw the entire color guard, consisting of a sergeant and eight corporals, killed and wounded at Gaines's Mill, Va.; he witnessed the same fatality among his comrades four days afterwards at Frayser's Farm, Va., when the entire color guard was again shot down; he saw the head of Garland Sydnor, of Lunenburg County, Va., one of the noblest soldiers in the army, crushed to a pulp with a cannot shot, bearing aloft this same emblem of liberty and love. With these facts before him, knowing what it meant to be the standard bearer of the regiment, when a volunteer ensign was called for, Jesse Barker offered his services.

"The test came at Sharpsburg, Md. It became necessary to change the position of the regiment, then in action. Maj. George C. Cabell, of Danville, Va., commanding the regiment at that time, than whom no truer patriot or braver soldier ever drew a sword in defense of a country, gave the command, 'Color and general guides post,' which meant that the color sergeant should advance fifteen paces to the front of the regiment.

"In the din and confusion of battle Barker did not hear the command and did not advance. Major Cabell, seeing his orders disregarded and supposing Barker was hesitating about it, reprimanded him, called him a coward, and asked that some brave soldier take the flag and go forward with it. Barker heard that and told Major Cabell that he was no coward, that he was ready then to make as much sacrifice for

the cause as any soldier in the army, and that if ordered to do so he would advance with his flag as far toward the enemy as any other soldier would do, and asked that the order be repeated. Major Cabell again gave the order. Barker quickly advanced the fifteen paces to the front, and stood waving the flag he loved so well in the face of the enemy till he fell a corpse.

"While Jesse Barker was poor in purse, he was rich in patriotic devotion. He was as true a patriot, as fearless and intrepid a soldier as ever faced an enemy, and as proud of being a volunteer private soldier in the Confederate ranks as if he had been commander in chief of the army.

"So much for the rich man's war and the poor man's fight. Each of these soldiers did his duty to the death, rich and poor alike, learned and unlearned."

EXPENSIVE EXPERIENCE FOR A PISTOL.

BY A. FONTAINE ROSE (9TH VA. CAV.), BETHEL ACADEMY, VA.

My first experience as a soldier was with Capt. George D. Shadburne in the lower part of Fauquier County, Va., in February, 1863. The Yankees came from Grove Church, where they had their reserve picket post (which was about fifteen miles on the main road leading to Fredericksburg), to a place known as "Bill Dick Smith's Gate," some two or three miles from Morrisville and about the same distance from Grove Church. Captain Shadburne was spending the night at the home of my father, in Stafford. I listened to the soldiers talk about their experiences and plans, and learned as to where they expected to attack the Yankees next day and the way they expected to go. Being familiar with all that country, I knew that would be two miles out of their way. They told me that if I would pilot them the best way they would give me a pistol, so I agreed to go.

It was a cold, raw day in February, and we waited from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M. for the Yankees, and my teeth were chattering. In less time than I can write it I heard firing from double-barreled shotguns and pistols. The two men that Captain Shadburne placed with me had concluded that it was too late for the Yankees to come, and one of them (Walter) had gone to Smith's house to get something to eat, while the other (Scott) was across the road talking to the captain. They did not hear the Yankees as soon as I did. The Captain had told me to whistle when I heard them coming. I blew with all my might, but did not make a sound, and then said "Hoot!" but it was too late for my reënforcements. All the shooting being on one side of the road, the only Yankees that got away ran over me; and but for a good-sized stump, I would have run away too. I never heard bees make more fuss than those buckshot did about my head.

One of the boys had given me a short carbine that would shoot once with a cap; but I did very little execution with it, for the fellow ran his horse so close to me that I punched him with the carbine and the cap dropped off. That, of course, added to my excitement; and when the captain asked me if any of the boys had shot me, I could hardly articulate well enough to be understood. I thought I had lost my speech forever; and if that was war, I had enough. But that was not my last adventure by any means.

If this should come under the eye of any of the "old boys" (James Stone, Walter, Scott, Shakespeare Harris, Little Harris, Parks, Dan Tanner, O'Keefe, Latham, Pearce—all of whom, I suppose, belonged to Hampton's Legions, as they were with Captain Shadburne at different times), I would be glad to have a line from any of them.

VETERANS SOMEWHAT NEGLECTED AT REUNIONS

BY A. F. EVANS, HUNTSVILLE, ALA.

Responding to your request for letters, I have no criticism to make concerning the VETERAN, but do complain at lack of hospitality at our annual Reunions. I have attended several, and have to pay more to be entertained than I would on ordinary occasions in any city. We hear of the "great hospitality" of the cities where we meet. This may be to the sponsors and sons, but not to the old vets. I am in my seventieth year, and the only accommodation I get in attending the Reunions is the railroad fare; and any one else can get that, as we advertise the places where we meet and give the public opportunity to get cheap tickets over the railroads on such occasions. I was at Richmond, Va., and paid one dollar per night to sleep on a cot in a room with eight men, and I was also at Norfolk, or Jamestown, October 25 past, and the Virginia State Reunion was in session in Norfolk, and no city in the State invited them to meet with them for next year. I understand that this was from the great expense it took to entertain them; certainly not expense for old soldiers, but for the post-bellum soldiers and other organizations.

I did not think we would ever have another General Reunion after Richmond, but Birmingham wants to try it next year. I heard some outside person remark as we were marching in the parade at New Orleans that the old men ought to be riding and those who were riding should do the walking. So it goes, but we won't be here much longer.

TRIBUTE TO THE VETERAN ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Such appreciation as is manifest in the following resolutions is very gratifying to the editor of the VETERAN, whose earnest endeavor is to make the publication of the highest historical value to all interested in Confederate history, and especially to the members of the organizations whose aim is to record for future generations the deeds of valor and sacrifices of the Southern people.

Resolved: 1. That the thanks of the Joe Wheeler Chapter, No. 247, U. D. C., Dardanelle, Ark., are hereby tendered to Mr. S. A. Cunningham, its editor, for his generous courtesy in sending us the VETERAN free for a year.

2. That we heartily indorse this publication as a most valuable repository of hitherto unwritten history and as an unbiased and impartial chronicler of events and happenings relating to the War between the States.

3. That we extend to Mr. Cunningham our very best wishes for a happy, prosperous, and successful new year, and that all good may abide with him in this year of our Lord, 1908.

The foregoing action was taken on New Year's day. Communications from other Chapters have been received in the same cordial spirit, and the new year is begun in the belief that the coöperation so generally given in the past will continue with the VETERAN.

It is feared that many friends will not appreciate the imperative *requirements* by the Post Office Department that subscriptions be paid in advance. It may be calamitous to the VETERAN; for its readers, though often negligent, are loyal, and would pay eventually.

THE UNCROWNED KING.

BY JOHN W. AKIN.

(Delivered before the U. D. C. Chapter at Macon, Ga.)

The women of the world have made little of its history and written less. This is true up to date. The indications now are that from this time forth they will make more history and write much more.

It is one thing to make history; it is a very different thing to write it. History so-called is full of myths. William Tell and his apple and arrow, George Washington and his cherry tree and hatchet, Lee's offer of his sword to Grant at Appomattox and Grant's refusal to receive it are illustrations. He or she who helps to tell the truth to posterity is a useful patriot.

Future generations will never know the truth unless present generations record it. Those who follow us will judge us according to such memorials of ourselves and our work as we hand down to posterity. New England, and Massachusetts particularly, found out this truth long ago. The part New England took in the Revolutionary War is magnified by almost all of our national histories because New England wrote down all the good things she did for the cause of liberty; while the South was content to do her share, and more, and took little pains to preserve the records of her splendid work in that long, historic struggle.

New England, by the way, was also careful not to record some of the truth of history. For instance, New England writers, and therefore United States historians generally (for as a rule United States histories take their cue from New England authorities), have entirely omitted any mention of a fact which I understand records yet preserved in Massachusetts will establish, which fact throws upon the picture of the battle of Bunker Hill a light not altogether a halo. This fact is that Massachusetts volunteers mutinied after the battle of Bunker Hill because their monthly hire as soldiers was not paid promptly in cash, from which it would seem that these New Englanders whom popular history glorifies as unselfish patriots were ready to quit the army of liberty the minute its cash was short.

This was on the spot where, according to a popular myth, the cradle of liberty was first rocked. The fact is that North Carolina rocked that cradle before Massachusetts thought about it, and that cradle was built, rockers and all, in the land in whose defense were drawn the matchless swords of Lee and Stonewall Jackson.

I have made these prelimimary observations because I understand that one of the objects of the Daughters of the Confederacy is to preserve and perpetuate the truth as regards the Confederate States of America and the causes which produced and overthrew that government, and by perpetuating the facts to defend the name and fame of the Confederate soldier. And is it not peculiarly appropriate that among the leaders in this great work should be the women of Georgia, the keystone of the Confederate arch, geographically, financially, and politically? Geographically; for Georgia was the backbone of the Confederacy, whose fate was sealed when Sherman burned his way from her mountains to her seaboard. Financially, because it was from the workshops and granaries of Georgia that the munitions of war and food for our soldiers principally came; so much so that Georgia during the war was called Egypt, for from thence came corn by scores of train loads to feed our starving soldiers in war-worn Virginia. Politically, because it was Georgia who on January 19, 1861, practically decided for the whole South the question of secession then trembling in the balance; and it was Georgia where the last Confederate Cabinet council was held and under whose long-leaf pines, sighing in the early twilight a requiem over departed Confederate hopes, a band of reward hunters captured and manacled the President of this spotless but unhappy republic, the incomparable Jefferson Davis.

It was indeed near this beautiful city of Macon that the curtain was rung down upon the last scene in the greatest drama of blood and war and national despair. The central figure in that drama, and especially in this its last scene, was the President of the Confederate States, that young republic whose long, pathetic struggle for life and liberty will be the inspiration of patriots and the theme of poets a thousand years from now. The very nearness of the place where President Davis was overpowered and captured, to say nothing of the unfaltering devotion of the people of Macon to him personally as well as officially (a devotion surpassed by that of no other community throughout this Southland), conspire to suggest some thoughts to-day which relate specially to him. And is not a reference to his name and fame peculiarly appropriate to this our Confederate Memorial Day? Did not these men, whose sacred dust these little mounds inclose, die on the field of honor for that cause whose official head he was? Was he not the commander in chief of the army and navy of the Confederate States? And is not this day dedicated by the pageantry of flowers, the homage of tears, and the triumph of love to the memory of the Confederate soldier?

I need not allude to even the most prominent features of Jefferson Davis's life and character—his brilliant career on the fields of Mexico, his splendid and enduring services as Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Pierce, his illustrious career in the national Congress, his stainless record as President of the Confederacy, his lofty character, his unyielding fidelity to Southern and Confederate ideas, his superb patriotism, the matchless fortitude and unexampled patience with which he bore the insults and obloquy heaped upon him because he was the representative of the South—he the one vicarious sacrifice for his people unparalleled in the history of the world.

But I may with propriety refer to some things suggested by the times through which we are passing. We have lately finished the Spanish-American War, and are still fighting some half-naked savages in tropical jungles on the other side of the world. The ranking general of our armies once had relations with Jefferson Davis. It was when he was carried a feeble, sick, emaciated captive and thrust into a dungeon, as were patrician senators by Goths and Vandals whose ruthless hordes defiled the marble beauty of the Eternal City. The war was over. The South was crushed. There was no hope for Jefferson Davis's escape from prison, even if he had tried. So far from trying, he was begging for a trial which, as all the world now knows, the United States government did not dare give him, realizing through the able lawyers whose counsel the administration followed that a trial could result only in a judicial deliverance by the Supreme Court of the United States declaring the War between the States not to be a rebellion and upholding that view of secession and the constitutional rights of the States which the South believed in and fought for in 1861, and which New England believed in for the first half century of this republic and threatened in the

famous Hartford Convention to fight for against the United States government during the second war with Great Britain.

Fanaticism demanded a victim; but even fanaticism blushed when the prison keeper, Nelson Miles, sent his brawny blacksmith and four burly troopers to the dungeon to throw down upon the stone floor this feeble old gentleman and rivet the shackles upon his ankles and his wrists and load him down with chains. This brutish jailer has since become our ranking general. Official favoritism made him so. Perhaps his cruelty to Jefferson Davis helped him to wear the general's uniform, for Jefferson Davis was the representative of the Southern people, and there have been many—alas! there are still some—who delight in anything which humiliates the South.

This ruffianly prison keeper has lately pleaded official orders as his excuse for this barbarity. He is beginning perhaps to read the verdict which humanity and Christianity alike pronounce upon his deed. But the records are made up, and they show that this excuse is false. It was in the hollow heart of Nelson Miles, the incompetent coxcomb and mendacious falsifier, that was conceived this dirty and inhuman cruelty.

General Eagan exhausted the vocabulary of epithets in denouncing General Miles. His speech was too foul for official records; but if it were not just what General Miles deserves, it is because the language of the gutters has no words foul enough to appropriately describe the heart and nature of Nelson A. Miles.

The one great Georgian who stood closest to Mr. Davis was admired and honored by the people of Macon and Bibb County, and it was the voice of Bibb which ended a hard-fought contest by sending to the United States Senate this great Georgian, Benjamin H. Hill.

In the Confederacy's darkest days no man was more faithful to Jefferson Davis and his administration than Benjamin H. Hill. Indeed, the present generation cannot realize how dark those days were—a country beleaguered by land and sea, ports blockaded along an entire coast line of thousands of miles, invaders incomparably superior in the number of soldiers and the resources of war, medicines for the first time in the history of civilization made contraband of war, the customs of barbarism revived in the stronger power's refusal to exchange prisoners of war, enemies from without like the sands of the seashore, secret foes within slipping about like gruesome shadows and stabbing the administration in the back.

Through the darkness of that awful night the courage and constancy of Benjamin H. Hill shone like the steady flame that blazes from the lighthouse when storms break on the sea and waves beat on the rocks and clouds hide the stars and ships are riding the breakers in darkness.

In this day of fading sectionalism one can hardly realize the situation in 1876, when Hill arose in the House of Representatives and delivered his famous amnesty speech. It was a great day in the national Congress. On the advice of Northern Democrats who feared that replies though truthful might injure the party in the North Southern Representatives had without reply listened ever since the war to false charges against the Southern people. Facts had been distorted, truth outraged, and history falsified. The choicest of these slanders was the charge of inhumanity and needless cruelty of the Southern people toward Northern prisoners during the war. So often had the charges been made and so often unanswered that they were beginning to pass to posterity as history. A bill providing for amnesty to all who participated in the late war on the Southern side had been introduced. An amendment was offered excepting therefrom the name of Jefferson Davis. A debate had sprung up. Garfield had spoken bitterly. The brilliant Blaine had delivered an address noted for its misstatements of fact, its adroit aggregations of half truths, and its biting invective. It stirred the heart of the mighty Hill to sit mutely by and hear these charges. It specially grieved him to hear Jefferson Davis traduced, abused, and maligned while he sat silent at Beauvoir, helpless as the waves that broke on its beach. He remembered Davis's suffering in behalf of his people. He remembered how the alleged sins of the South had all been visited upon him. He remembered how, denied bail (the right of the meanest felon), he lay in the dungeon two years, weak, sick, emaciated, his delicate limbs chained with iron fetters that clanked on the stone floor as he walked (though he had been guilty of no crime except to lead a brave people in a hopeless war for constitutional rights), in a position which he never sought and which he reluctantly assumed.

Remembering all these things, Mr. Hill spurned the advice of the timid and politic. He replied. With the logic of facts and figures he demolished the charges of cruelty to Northern prisoners. He showed the death rate of Southern soldiers in Northern prisons to be higher than that of Northern soldiers in Southern prisons; the ability of the North to take care of the Southern prisoners, to feed them, to clothe them, and give them medicines and supplies; the inability of the Southern people to do this for the Northern prisoners; but how out of their very poverty the Confederate government gave to these Northern prisoners the same rations, the same attention, and the same medicine awarded to Confederate soldiers who guarded them. He showed Mr. Davis's absolute innocence of the charges against him, and pointed out that his traducers brought no evidence to prove their charges. He read extracts from Southern newspapers during the war hostile to Mr. Davis on account of his kindness to Northern prisoners. He showed the anxiety of the Confederate government to make an exchange of the prisoners and the refusal of the Federal government to consent to this exchange. He demonstrated how they violated the usages of civilized warfare in thus refusing an exchange, and how at last they even refused to take back Northern prisoners without exchange or to send supplies to feed them.

Since that time even our enemies have begun to hear the truth, and history is beginning to be just to President Davis and his people. Not a few causes contribute to this, but Mr. Hill's speech was the beginning of the turning of the tide. Mr. Hill was a great man, but this was his greatest achievement. Hereby is his name linked forever with that of Jefferson Davis; and this one glorious and imperishable oration, worth a place alongside the oration of Demosthenes on the Crown and Cicero's philippics against Catiline, shall forever endear his name and fame to all in whose veins flows the royal blood of the Confederate soldier.

How I wish I had seen Jefferson Davis in those epic days when the burden of liberty's battle hung heavy on his hands! How these eyes would have delighted to look upon his strong but graceful and splendid figure and to have seen his firm but elastic step and to have beheld the blazing of his eyes as he looked upon the enemies of his people and to have heard the bugle call of his noble voice as he rallied the troubled hearts of his countrymen!

It was my privilege, however, to see him once. This was when he visited Atlanta to see unveiled the marble effigy in which the love of his people had blazoned forth Ben Hill's noble face and form. Mr. Davis's travel from Beauvoir to Atlanta was one continued ovation of loving hearts. The London Times, well called the Thunderer, had a long editorial at the time, describing and commenting on this journey as the triumphal tour of an uncrowned king.

When Cæsar came home from his victorious wars, four successive triumphs were declared him by the Senate of Rome. The splendor of the Eternal City thronged her marble streets to do honor to him who had planted the Roman eagles upon the shores of Gaul and Britain. The King of the Belgians, princes from Britain, the Lords of Spain and Gaul, hostages from the Germans and the Helvetians, prisoners of royal blood, marched captive before the mighty Cæsar and his invincible Tenth Legion, while the walls of Rome trembled under the tumultuous acclaim of applauding thousands. This was the triumph of the victor.

When Jefferson Davis came to Atlanta, no civic crown or laurel wreath adorned his brow, no victorious army attended his footsteps, no captive warriors marched before him. Old men were there by the thousands from the mountains and the plains, from Tennessee and Virginia and Alabama and Mississippi and South Carolina and Georgia; one-armed, hobbling on crutches on the stone pavements, in age and pain, suffering from the wounds received two decades before in the bloodiest and fiercest and the noblest fight ever made by mortal man for freedom. The streets of Atlanta could not ring with the shouts of welcome as did the walls of Rome. For in Rome, when they saw the illustrious Cæsar upon his golden chariot all resplendent in the robes of victory, men laughed and were happy. In Atlanta when they saw the gray and feeble chieftain, old and poor, whom they had followed into the thick darkness of defeat, men cried and were broken-hearted. From the housetops of Rome men shouted, women smiled, and little children clapped their hands as the conquering Cæsar rode from the Tiber to the marble capitol. Along the streets and sidewalks of Atlanta hobbled the veterans of the Confederate army and thronged the carriage in which rode their defeated king and kissed its very wheels; while little children threw flowers before his horses' feet, and women who had suffered and toiled through four long years of war and given their best-beloved to a soldier's death bowed their heads and wept. This was the triumph of the victim.

Well did the Thunderer declare this to be the triumphal tour of an uncrowned king. He is our king, and will ever be. He led our fathers to battle, and was for all the rest of his life a vicarious sacrifice upon the altar of hate. Like Washington, he obeyed the call of his countrymen to lead a battle for the dearest rights of men. Unlike Washington, the fortunes of war made him victim instead of victor; and, unlike Washington, adversity and suffering and poverty were his. But by this token he is dearer to us than if our armies had won the field at Gettysburg and planted the stars and bars on the granite hills of New England. Therefore is he our king. Therefore does he reign within our hearts. Therefore will we teach our children and our children's children to the last generation to hold in everlasting honor and reverence his name and fame.

This triumphal tour was unparalleled in the history of the world, but this uncrowned king was destined to have another triumphal tour without precedent in the annals of men. You will remember when he passed over to the majority and joined the throng of disembodied spirits among whom Lee and Jackson had moved for many years before. You will remember how his body was temporarily interred in New Orleans and how reverently eager were the cities of the South to become the final repository of his ashes. After a while it was settled, in accordance with the eternal proprieties, that within the walls of Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, should finally rest his sacred dust. You will remember his funeral train and its journey through the South, leaving in the rear Montgomery and Columbus and Atlanta and Charleston and these other cities. You will remember how the entire South stood uncovered during that journey, the like of which the children of men have never seen before. You will remember the arrival of the funeral train in Richmond and the final interment in the beautiful Hollywood of the dust of this uncrowned king. * * *

No court had he like monarchs of old, no throne of gold, no crown of diadems, no scepter in his hand, yet his courtiers stepped lightly and each tiptoed while the king slept. And the king left the city of his coronation and passed through the fairest portions of his domain. And all along the journey the soldiers of the king were sleeping where they had slept for thirty years, and every here and there the royal train passed some monument, some shaft or marble which had been built to make the people remember these old soldiers of the king. He left the cities of his empire in his rear—the city of the spindles in whose name is honored another born long ago who found a continent, and the city by the sea beleaguered for so many years, but never hauling down her flag, and the busy, bustling city which rose out of its own ashes after so many soldiers of the king had wet them with their blood.

And so the royal train rolled into that city which in the king's time was the city of cities, the fair city, the city of beauty and bravery, the city around whose walls thundered the cannon for four long years, the city where the king had held his court and issued his orders for battle, the city where the king's counselors sat with closed doors when clouds and darkness were upon the kingdom.

That day the king had no enemies. Some there were who maltreated the king and abused him and wounded him sore in heart and mind before he went to sleep, and few there were who sorely used the king even after he had gone to sleep. But on this day when the king went back to the city of cities no man spake ill of him or abused his subjects for their homage.

And the king went out to Hollywood to rest. He went in state. The spirits of those who slept gathered about him. The commander in chief of the king's armies was there, he who led the king's troops until they were starved into surrender, and who after the king's war was ended lived a few years in all the sweet and quiet dignity of a gentleman, and then lay down himself to sleep. And another of the king's soldiers came, he who was this commander's strong right arm, on whom he leaned, the very paladin of battle, who when sick and wounded sore passed over the river that he might rest under the shade of the trees.

And many others of the king's soldiers were there who came without epaulets or shoulder straps or stars—the common privates who had marched with the king's army until they fell by the way and whose very names had long since been forgotten. They were all there—this spirit host—and saw the king lie down to sleep for the last time.

And the king's last proclamation went through the land, and this is how it read: "To the brave and beautiful in heart and life, to all who loved their country and their country's God, know ye that we whose scepter is invisible and whose empire is a kingdom of hearts do command and enjoin upon all faithful subjects that they revere the glories of the past and keep forever green the memories of those who aided us in council or on field and preserve in perpetual memorial the traditions of our reign. And inasmuch as the women of our realm were our truest and noblest subjects, we specially command that to them, the mothers, wives, and daughters, be committed the perpetuation of these glories and traditions, so that the same be handed down from sire to son, from mother to daughter, until the rivers run backward and the waves of the sea engulf the hills."

FROM ONE OF GEN. R. E. LEE'S SCOUTS.

BY REV. H. H. STURGIS, SANFORD, FLA.

Attention, comrades! I wish to spin a few yarns with you through the VETERAN. Who was I? Only a high private of Company G, 44th Alabama Infantry, Law's Brigade, Hood's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Lee's Army. What kind of a yarn do you want? "Something about Mars Bob," did you say? Well, here goes.

I will give an illustration of General Lee's courtesy to his soldiers. That is a little out of the ordinary, you say. Not a bit of it. While Lee was the greatest general of America, he was also a Christian and a gentleman. While he and Grant were playing the game from the Wilderness to Richmond, a few days after the battle of Spottsylvania, there was a cloud of dust east of the Matapony River which attracted General Lee's attention, and he signaled to General Fields, who commanded Hood's Brigade: "Send scouts to the front and ascertain the cause of that dust." Law's Brigade was on the extreme right of the army, and my captain, W. P. Becker, was acting adjutant of the brigade. I was sent with a comrade across the river under a milldam with instructions to ascertain if it was a movement of the whole army or a ruse to deceive us. After crossing the river, we waded down the bank in sight of the enemy's scouts, some quarter of a mile, till we came to a ford and path which led toward the public road. This we followed for nearly a mile, till in sight of Grant's flanking army. By crawling along on the ground we at last got in full sight of the moving army and heard them saying: "On to Richmond, boys; we will be there in three days."

We returned and reported to General Fields a movement of the whole army. The message was sent to General Lee, who replied: "Thanks to the scouts. Move the whole army." What a critical position Lee was in! His army was in the breastworks, and could not expose his position if it was a ruse. If it was a flank movement, he must meet it. Everything was ready and he was waiting with intense anxiety for our report, and yet he must first thank the scouts who had only performed their duty. I saw him under many circumstances, and there was the same calm heroism of a great general; but I believe he showed his heart in its true light when he said: "Thanks to the scouts."

When Lee first went into Maryland, I was taken with pneumonia after crossing the Potomac (we belonged to the rear guard to pick up the stragglers, and we were kept busy till near night around Leesburg). The army went on and left me with a fever and pneumonia. I found shelter in a barn till captured by the cavalry under General (then Colonel Farnsworth, of Pennsylvania. I was so weak I could scarcely move, and every few minutes had a spell of coughing with profuse hemorrhage from my lungs. In this condition I was forced to go by my inhuman captors. I dragged myself along till I got to the road near where the Baltimore and Washington Turnpikes unite, near Frederick City. Colonel Farnsworth was passing at the head of his command, and, seeing my condition, gave my captors severe abuse, threatening to chop them over the head for taking a prisoner in my condition. He was in command of a cavalry brigade which made a gallant dash upon our artillery on the right at Gettysburg, but was forced to retreat. While passing back through our skirmish line, his horse was shot by a lieutenant in the 44th. The horse fell on General Farnsworth's leg, and the lieutenant ordered him to surrender; but instead of doing so, he shot himself through the temple. The lieutenant got his commission out of his pocket.

I would like to hear from any of the old 44th Alabama.

SOUTH CAROLINA VETERANS.

Chester, S. C., had a great Confederate day on October 16, 1907. The Reporter gave a glowing account of the event. Col. J. W. Reed was master of ceremonies. Addresses of welcome were cordial and gracious. Miss Grace Lumpkin, of Columbia, responded to the address of welcome. She was proud of the fact that she is a Southern soldier's daughter and she very gladly joined in the welcome that was being extended to the South's old champions. She eulogized the Southern cause and paid a beautiful tribute to the Southern banner. Despite the efforts of foes to malign and defame and forget, the record of the Southern soldier will live on and on. Miss Lumpkin's response was in beautiful language, and was well delivered, showing that she is by no means lacking in the oratorical gifts for which her sister, Elizabeth Lumpkin Glenn, is delightfully remembered.

Gov. M. F. Ansel, the chief speaker of the occasion, spoke feelingly of the pleasure it gave him to join in exercises eulogistic to the old soldiers. He paid a beautiful tribute to the women of that period, who underwent all of the sufferings and dangers incident to the times of 1861-65. These noble women deserve an equal place with the men.

At the conclusion of Governor Ansel's speech the convention was opened for business. Colonel Reed introduced the subject of a soldiers' home in the State, and it was ordered that the chairman appoint a committee of three to memorialize the Legislature on the subject.

Next came the dinner, a delicious repast. The veterans and citizens generally had enough and much to spare.

At the evening session Rev. C. E. McDonald opened the exercises with prayer. Col. W. W. Lumpkin, the only speaker of the evening, after some humor at the expense of himself, recounted the hardships of the Confederate soldier. He told of how these heroes suffered from cold and hunger, but how they bore their sufferings without a murmur. Colonel Lumpkin interspersed among his more serious remarks a delightful flavoring of anecdotes and personal recollections. His tribute to woman was eloquent.

The exercises were closed with "Dixie" and the Rebel yell.

A reception at the palatial home of Col. and Mrs. J. W. Reed in honor of Gov. and Mrs. M. F. Ansel, Col. W. W. Lumpkin, and Miss Lumpkin was one of the most pleasant features of the day.

TYPICAL ADDRESS OF A CONFEDERATE CAPTAIN.

Address delivered by Judge John H. Martin, of Hawkinsville, Ga., who was captain of Company D, 17th Regiment of Georgia Volunteers, at the close of the Confederate war, to the veterans at Hawkinsville, Ga., September 5, 1907, published by special request of the veterans:

"*Comrades:* Forty-two years ago there closed a war which for deeds of noble daring by the armies on both sides stands without a parallel or even a rival in all the annals of history and the thrilling traditions of warfare. I use the words 'by the armies on both sides' advisedly and deliberately, for those of us who wore the gray and met those who wore the blue in the conflict of battle, amidst the ponderous roar of cannon, the screaming of bursting shells, the whistling of grapeshot and canister, the deafening rattle of musketry, the deadly rain of leaden bullets, the agonizing and heart-rending shrieks and groans of the wounded and the dying, realized that we had met foemen worthy of our steel.

"He who would deny courage to the Federal soldiers and belittle their valor disparages the prowess and the most brilliant achievements of our Confederate soldiers and detracts from their courage and their valor, and at the same time furnishes unmistakable exidence that he was not with those of us who tested the mettle of which they were made.

"The arbitrament of arms, to which we appealed our cause, was decided against us; and as true and honorable people, we of the South have in good faith abided the result, have loyally supported the Federal Constitution, and have always stood ready and willing to do our full part in maintaining and defending the dignity, the honor, and the integrity of the government of these United States. This was most forcibly illustrated in the prompt response made by the South to the call for soldiers to rally around the stars and stripes for duty in Cuba and the Philippine Islands, and it was the soldiers from the South whose conspicuous gallantry and noble daring contributed most in carrying that flag to victory; while among the leaders, none displayed more consummate skill, chivalric dash and intrepidity, and covered themselves with such glory as grand, superb 'Fighting Joe Wheeler,' of Confederate fame.

"If, however, loyalty to the United States government means or demands that we of the South are by our thoughts, words, acts, or deeds to consider and brand the glorious men who constituted the peerless armies of the Southern Confederacy as cutthroats, outlaws, traitors, or felons deserving to be swung from the gallows or incarcerated in dungeons, then I voice the sentiment of our beautiful and loved Southland when I declare with all the emphasis of my nature that we never have and, God sustaining us, we never will subscribe to such loyalty as that; for sooner would the bright stars be swept from the blue dome of heaven than the revered recollections of the heroic achievements of our intrepid Confederate soldiers be obliterated from our minds and our hearts or the principles hallowed with their blood be renounced by us. While hills and vales exist, while mountains and valleys survive, until the rivers, seas, gulfs, and oceans go dry, and time ceases, so long will the principles for which the South fought be by us of the South maintained as right and the sweet remembrances and tender associations that cluster around that cause survive and be by us cherished as a priceless heritage and our dearest and most valued treasures.

'Still o'er those scenes my memory wakes
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression stronger makes
As streams their channels deeper wear.'

"The men who faced us on the field of red ruin when carnage ran riot, and who, like us, were battling for the right as they saw it, cordially extend to us the approbation that devotion to principle and valor always evokes from the truly brave. They cheerfully accord to us sincerity and purity of motive and the right to honor and perpetuate the memory of our heroic dead and their matchless deeds in as full and unlimited a manner as they commemorate the heroes who fell on their side.

"We have no regrets to express except that we did not succeed. We have no pardons to ask or beg and no apologies to make for having struggled and battled to establish the Southern Confederacy. We knew we were right then, and we know it now, and feel a contempt for the craven-hearted who are so lost to shame and honor as to feel called upon to render excuses for the Confederate war and who characterize our efforts as a criminal blunder.

"We are no cringing sycophants, no hypocritical penitents hovering around the altar of a mock and sham patriotism who

'Crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning;'

but,

'Unawed by power and unbribed by gain,'

we always have and ever will proclaim our undying devotion and unwavering fealty to the principles for which we fought for four long and bloody years.

"In the brilliant period beginning in the year 1861 and ending in 1865 the South gave to the world new examples of patriotism, to the orator new topics of eloquence, to the statesman new subjects of thought, to the poet new themes of song, to the soldier new models for imitation, to her sons and her daughters a matchless and imperishable roll of heroes and heroines, and to her soil the blood of the very flower of her chivalry that consecrated it and forever rendered it sacred.

'O! if there be on this earthly sphere
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause.'

"There is no duty more binding on a people than that of preserving and cherishing the memory of their patriotic dead. There is no trust more sacred than that of guarding and keeping pure and unsullied the fame and the honor of those who fell in the defense of their country. The country that is indifferent to the fame and honor of its heroic dead forfeits all claim to the devotion and loyalty of its living sons. The people who disregard and forget their patriotic martyrs will soon fail to have heroes to honor and remember.

"'No country ever had truer sons, no cause nobler champions, no people braver defenders, no age more valiant knights, no principle purer victims' than our immortal Confederate dead, whose lifeblood encrimsoned the trenches around Petersburg and Vicksburg, the hills and valleys around Richmond and Franklin, the plains of Manassas, the wooded knobs and dells around Atlanta, the shadowy forests of Chickamauga and Chancellorsville, the dark ravines of Shiloh and the Wilderness, and the rock-ribbed heights of Sharpsburg and Gettysburg.

"Ah! it is indeed sad to realize that the muffled drum has beat their last tattoo and that we shall never again meet them on life's parade.

'On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.'

'How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blessed!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She then shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.'

"The cause for which they fought and fell failed. The hopes they so dearly cherished were crushed. The Confederate battle flag which they loved so well was furled with no stain or soil of dishonor thereon, but around it was wreathed the glory of hundreds of victorious battlefields, while its shell- and shot-torn rents and remnants were undying emblems of the heroic deeds of the brave men who fought beneath its folds and whose achievements

'Shall deathless be
Upon the scroll of history
And on the lips of poesy.'

"I have briefly alluded to the men of the South and the part played by them in war's bloody tragedy; but what shall I say of the rôle enacted by the noble, Christian, godlike women of the South amidst the perils and dangers which confronted and environed them during that war?

"Words fail me; for as the full-orbed light of the meridian sun exceeds in splendor and brilliancy the mellow, silvery beams of the midnight moon, so did the part performed by our Southern women during the Confederate war surpass in self-sacrificing glory that of the men. From the moment the tocsin of war sounded the appeal to arms and the sunlight of Confederate victory burst forth and streamed over the plains of Manassas and continued through alternate epochs of cloud and sunshine to the gloomy night which settled over fated Appomattox, the women of the South, with a devotion, a heroism, and a patriotism unexampled and unparalleled in sublimity, stood by the altars of the Confederate States and kept the fires of patriotism aglow in the hearts of the men of the South. Indeed, 'poetry would exhaust its inspiration and philosophy its eloquence' in futile efforts to wreathe adequate garlands of praise around their fair brows, for in all that is good, true, pure, noble, grand, magnificent, and sublime they stand unapproached and unapproachable.

"Comrades, our ranks are being rapidly thinned by the grim reaper Death! We are all going down the western or sunset decline of life. Some have passed and the others are approaching man's allotted time of life, three score and ten years. It is highly improbable that all of us who are assembled here to-day will ever meet again, with ranks unbroken. There will doubtless be some missing faces, some vacant seats. Let us strengthen the ties which unite us a band of brothers, pledge anew our love and friendship for each other, and ever walk uprightly before man and before God. Let us keep fresh and green, nurtured with love and affection, the dear memories of our loved comrades who have crossed over the river of life and now repose in the life immortal. May your joys be many, and may no sorrows disturb your days nor griefs distract your nights! May the gates of plenty, peace, honor, and happiness be ever open to you and yours! It is my heartfelt prayer to our merciful Heavenly Father that when life's battle is ended each one of you may be borne in the arms of heaven's angels to paradise. I sincerely desire that when your epitaph is engraved upon the marble slab that will mark your last earthly resting place there shall be inscribed thereon the grandly suggestive and impressive words, than which none import more exalted honor:

'He was a Confederate soldier.'"

ESCORT TO PRESIDENT DAVIS.

BY MILFORD OVERLY (LIEUT. 9TH KY. CAVALRY), LEXINGTON, KY.

My attention has been called to an article in the Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle of November 18, 1906, which purports to have appeared in the Savannah Herald and the Macon Telegraph in May, 1865, relating to the capture of President Davis, and the Chronicle, in prefacing the copied article, says: "The details must be true." The article in question, if printed in May, 1865, was evidently written very soon after the capture of Mr. Davis, which occurred May 9, when General Wilson's Yankee cavalrymen were overrunning Georgia and lawless men were plundering and robbing citizens, when order was suspended and confusion reigned, when all kinds of wild, unreasonable stories were in circulation, and the writer of the article was unable to separate truth from falsehood; and this is, I think, the most charitable construction that can be given it. But what of the editor who, after more than forty years, reprints the article and with his indorsement starts it on its second round? Certainly here is another call for charity.

These men will find that they have stirred up a great big hornet's nest, for the surviving members of Mr. Davis's escort are proud of their faithful service during the last days of the Confederacy, and they will not quietly submit to the smirching of the record thus won.

These men were as brave and loyal as any that followed the Southern flag. They were with the Confederacy and true to her in her dying hour. They faithfully guarded their chief till their services were no longer required, and theirs was the very last organized body of Confederates to lay down their arms and give up the fight east of the Mississippi River—to them a proud satisfaction. President Davis's escort, as selected by Gen. John C. Breckinridge, then Secretary of War, consisted of Gen. George G. Dibrell's Brigade of Tennesseeans and Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge's Brigade of Kentuckians, the whole commanded by General Dibrell. These were with Gen. J. E. Johnston's army, then (April, 1865) camped near Greensboro, N. C. To this place Mr. Davis had come after the surrender of Lee's army, accompanied by a number of government officials. After a few days, he went to Charlotte, taking the escort with him. There he met Gen. Basil W. Duke, with his brigade of Kentuckians, who had arrived the preceding day from Southwestern Virginia; also General Ferguson's Brigade of Mississippians and General Vaughn's Tennesseeans. These three brigades were added to the escort, making in all a force of about two thousand mounted infantry—known as "President Davis's escort."

Mr. Davis remained at Charlotte several days, awaiting the result of the Johnston-Sherman peace negotiations. The United States refusing to ratify the terms agreed upon by

the opposing commanders, the truce ended, and General Johnston at once decided to accept the terms proposed by General Grant, who was then at Raleigh.

Without further delay the Confederate President, accompanied by his escort, started southward. With him were all of his Cabinet officers, excepting the Secretary of State and the Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Benjamin discharged the duties of the former, and Mr. Reagan took upon himself those of the latter. He was accompanied also by his personal staff, General Bragg, and others.

The cavalcade moved leisurely, quietly, and without hindrances of any kind through South Carolina, arriving at Abbeville, near the Georgia border, about the second or third day of May. Here was held the last council of war, composed of President Davis and the five brigade commanders, only one of whom (General Duke) is now living to tell what was said and done in that meeting.

On the following morning, accompanied by a guard of twenty men commanded by Capt. Given Campbell, Mr. Davis crossed the Savannah River and proceeded to Washington, Ga., where he expected to join his family; but they had gone farther southward. Directing Captain Campbell to leave behind all but ten men, he with these followed on. Detachments from Wilson's Cavalry were scouring the country in all directions, hoping to find Mr. Davis, for whose arrest the Federal authorities had offered $100,000. With his small escort he could move with greater celerity, and would be more likely to escape the notice of his enemies; while the large escort left behind would very naturally attract their attention, and thus aid in his escape. This is the reason why "but little or no effort was made to induce them to follow the fortunes of their leader," as stated in the article copied by the Chronicle. The men of the escort followed till halted by the Secretary of War, who was their chief commander, and who was doing all in his power to insure the safety of Mr. Davis. They would have followed their leader to Texas had such a proceeding been necessary to save him from his enemies or had it afforded an opportunity of continuing the war with reasonable hope of success.

The writer of the article says further: "When Mr. Davis arrived at Abbeville, he discovered that there was universal disaffection among his escort, and that they were determined to make no resistance in the event they were attacked, no matter how small or how great the attacking force might be."

This paragraph contains two unadulterated falsehoods which, because of their pernicious character, deserve special notice—falsehoods that can and must be refuted by surviving members of the escort.

More than one-half the men composing the escort were included in the surrender of Johnston's army; the remainder may have been included in Lee's surrender. All were veterans, tried and true, familiar with the rules of warfare, and they fully realized the fact that if taken after refusing to submit they could not reasonably hope for liberal terms. With this knowledge and without compulsion of any kind, these men chose to follow the fortunes of the Confederacy while it existed and they lived. But in less than one week, according to the Chronicle's article, there was "universal disaffection among the escort," and "they were determined to make no resistance in the event they were attacked, no matter how small or how great the attacking force might be." This absurd story will receive the condemnation of all intelligent, fair-minded people who desire a true history of the great Civil War.

The writer of this paper was a member of Breckinridge's Brigade, and he was with the escort every day of its existence; he knew the Kentuckians and Dibrell's Tennesseeans well, having marched and fought with [illegible] through half a dozen States, and he knows that [illegible] Tennesseeans and Mississippians of the other brigades were faithful to the obligations they took upon themselves after the surrender of Lee and Johnston; and he knows that at any time while President Davis was with them they would have fought a force of the enemy much greater than their own just as cheerfully as ever they fought equal numbers.

The mendacious reports in circulation concerning President Davis's escort are refuted by the President himself, and who is better authority than he? In his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," second volume, page 690, Mr. Davis, writing of his escort, says: "To the troops of this command, whose gallantry had been displayed on many fields, there is due from me a special acknowledgment for the kind consideration shown to me on the march from Charlotte, when the dark shadows which gathered round us foretold the coming night."

After Mr. Davis left the escort, the brigades of Breckinridge, Dibrell, and Vaughn crossed the Savannah River on a pontoon bridge that had escaped the enemy's notice, moved a short distance in the direction of Washington, Ga., and halted. Here, by order of the Secretary of War, General Breckinridge, who was personally in command of the escort, each member of the escort was paid $25 in specie. The brigade commanders were then advised by the Secretary either to disband their men or surrender and let them be paroled, as they could proceed no farther as an organized body, being then between twelve thousand Yankees in their front and eight thousand in their rear.

Acting on this suggestion, General Ferguson's men were paroled at Augusta, General Duke's at Woodstock, and Dibrell's, Breckinridge's, and Vaughn's at Washington.

While Breckinridge's Kentuckians were waiting to be paroled a party of them went up to Washington and opened fire on the Yankee provost guard stationed there, driving them to cover. The affair being reported to General Upton at Augusta, that officer promptly dispatched back that if the Kentuckians were not satisfied with what they had received he would send a division of bluecoats to entertain them. Nothing in this indicates that all the spirit of resistance had been whipped out of the escort. Some years ago, in writing of the surrender of the escort, I said of Colonel Breckinridge's Brigade: "That was a sad day for the Kentuckians. Men who had faced death in half a hundred battles wept like children; indeed, there was scarcely a dry eye in that little brigade. These men had seen their comrades fall in battle in more than half a dozen States, and they buried them out of sight far from home and those who loved them, and there was sorrow in their hearts; but the saddest death of all was that of the Southern Confederacy. They did not know that they would be permitted to return to Kentucky, for they were outlawed; but let them go where they might, they would carry with them the consciousness of duty well done."

Comrade Overly sends a letter with the foregoing letter from John A. Lewis, adjutant of the 9th Kentucky Regiment.

"GEORGETOWN, KY., Dec. 22, 1907.

"*My Dear Comrade:* I have received your communication in reply to an article published in the Augusta Chronicle of November 18, 1906, that had appeared in Savannah and Macon papers in May, 1865, which reflects severely and unjustly

on the loyalty and soldierly conduct of the men composing the five brigades of cavalry, commanded by Generals Dibrell, Duke, Breckinridge, Vaughn, and Ferguson, which escorted President Jefferson Davis from Greensboro, N. C., to Abbeville, S. C., and were surrendered on May 10, 1865, at Washington, Ga.

"Like yourself, I was a member of the 9th Regiment Kentucky Cavalry, and was with the troops every day on their march from Greensboro to Washington, Ga., where we surrendered; and I am personally cognizant of the events which occurred at that time and with the circumstances connected with the surrender.

"I have read your communication very carefully and with great interest, and can truthfully say that 'you have told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth' in regard to the matter under discussion.

"I indorse and concur with you fully in all you have written in defense of these gallant soldiers, who by the fortunes of war were the last to surrender east of the Mississippi River.

"Really it would seem unnecessary to say anything more than has already been said by you, yet I am prompted to add that it was my fortune, good or bad, to be with these troops from Greensboro, N. C., to Washington, Ga. I commingled with the men of my regiment and brigade every day in the camp and on the march, I was familiar with their spirit and temper and courage, and I can conscientiously say that I know that they would have cheerfully and courageously followed our honored and beloved chieftain, President Jefferson Davis, to the ends of the earth had he intimated that such was his desire; and what I say of my own brigade I know to be true of all the others.

"But when it was made known to them through Gen. John C. Breckinridge, then Secretary of War and commander of all the troops, and their own brigade commanders that, after a final council of war held at Abbeville, S. C., their services as an escort were no longer needed or desired, and it was further stated that their presence would rather embarrass than further the purposes of President Davis, and that they advised and desired that these troops proceed no farther, but halt at Washington, Ga., and there be surrendered and paroled or disbanded, what further was left for them to do?

"Surely if blame is to be attached to any one for not attempting to continue the war with these five brigades of Confederate cavalry, numbering about two thousand men all told, against the combined armies of Generals Grant and Sherman, numbering two hundred and fifty thousand men, then let the blame rest where it belongs—on their superiors, those in authority—and not on the men whose sole duty was to obey.

'Theirs not to make reply!
Theirs not to reason why!
Theirs but to do and die!'

"Surely it seems hard, indeed, that these soldiers, after having followed the fortunes of the 'lost cause' through four years of danger and privation, attesting their loyalty and their valor upon many battlefields, forty years after they had laid down their arms and after nearly all of those who were the chief actors in the scenes had passed over the river to rest under the shade with their honored chieftain should have brought against them a charge which, if established, fixes upon all connected with those events, whether living or dead, an everlasting stigma of disgrace.

"If after reading your statement of the facts in defense of these gallant soldiers, who surrendered on the 10th of May, 1865, at Washington, Ga., any fair-minded person shall still give credence to the groundless charges published forty years ago, in all probability written by some 'newspaper reporter' from mere hearsay, then such a one 'would not be convinced, though one arose from the dead.'"

THE SOUTHERN CROSS AT ARLINGTON.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

(Written upon its unveiling at Arlington, 1907.)

The skies of June were soft and fair
  Where proud Potomac seeks the sea,
And balmy was the scented air
  About the stately home of Lee;
Calm was the holy Sabbath day,
  For silent was the battle gun
When came the wearers of the Gray
  To set their Cross at Arlington.

I walked the hero graves between
  And mused among the gallant dead,
Whose sleep is dreamless and serene
  Where silently their tents are spread;
And Beauty came with wealth of flow'rs,
  Their colors matchless in the sun,
And spread them through the summer hours
  Around the Cross at Arlington.

I looked adown the aisles of pine
  Whose shadows fell across the brave
Who held the Southern battle line
  And fought their cherished cause to save;
I heard the bugler sound his call
  O'er those whose duty brave was done,
And blessed the hands which one and all
  Set up the Cross at Arlington.

No longer they who there repose,
  Robed in their moldering suits of gray,
Need fear the onsets of their foes
  As in the memorable day
When Mars strode maddened down the lines
  'Mid flash of sword and roar of gun,
For peace came from the somber pines
  To bless the Cross at Arlington.

It was in love that Cross was set,
  Love for the brave who round it sleep,
For there are hearts that can't forget
  And there are eyes that e'er will weep;
I know that from the skies of blue,
  When we life's feeble race have run,
Will fall the heaven-cherished dew
  Upon the Gray at Arlington.

How sweet it was that holy day
  To stand amid that silent camp
And know that to the dead in gray
  Will come no more the weary tramp!
Within the boundary of that wall,
  O'erhead the bright and beaming sun,
A benediction seemed to fall
  Upon the Cross at Arlington.

ANDERSONVILLE PRISONERS AND EXCHANGE.

James Calloway through the Macon (Ga.) Telegraph seeks information concerning the delegation of Federal prisoners who went to Washington on parole in behalf of an exchange of prisoners. He writes:

"It has been the understanding that this delegation returned and reported absolute failure. Mr. Ira E. Forbes, of Hartford, Conn., who was a prisoner at Andersonville and who is writing a history of the prison, in a letter to me says the delegation never returned. He writes: 'The information which you want about the delegation that was sent to Washington from Andersonville prison, together with a full report of the meeting of sergeants inside the stockade, will be found in the government reports of Civil War operations in Series I., Vol. VII., "Prisoners of War," page 615 *et al,* serial number 120. The officers signing the document in Charleston prison intended for the President were Gen. George Stoneman, Col. T. J. Harrison, 8th Indiana Cavalry, and Col. J. B. Dorr, 8th Iowa Cavalry. This document was received at Hilton Head, S. C., August 17, 1864, from the hands of Private Tracey, 82d New York. The names of the four delegates who made their way to Washington are Edward Bates, Company K, 42d New York, Chairman; H. C. Higginson, Company K, 19th Illinois; Prescott Tracey, Company G, 82d New York; and Sylvester Noirot, Company B, 5th New Jersey Infantry. There were two other men, William N. Johnson and F. Garland, who must have dropped out on the way. The four men who went to Washington did not return to Andersonville, but were declared exchanged September 22, 1864. They made use of their opportunities to misrepresent and malign the Confederate officers at Andersonville. I was a prisoner in the stockade from May 3, 1864, until the middle of September, when I was sent to Florence, S. C. My regiment was the 16th Connecticut, which was captured at Plymouth, N. C., April 20, 1864. A monument of more than common interest will be erected in the national cemetery at Andersonville by the State of Connecticut very soon in memory of the men from this State who died in the prison. The number who died from Connecticut regiments is three hundred and thirteen. Of that number, ninety-three were from my regiment, the 16th Connecticut. My history will be an impassioned study of the life at Andersonville at a distance of forty-three years. I am anxious to secure all the facts I can, especially in regard to the experiences of Confederates outside of the prison.'

"Mr. Forbes is anxious to get the dates of the marching of the different batches of prisoners from Andersonville to Jacksonville. They were moved at different times—perhaps February, March, and the last in April, 1865."

Mr. Calloway inquires: "Were there two delegations? Did not one return and report their failure before the Lincoln Cabinet? Who remembers about the different removals of prisoners—*i. e.,* marches from Andersonville to Jacksonville in 1865?"

REMARKABLE SLAVE HISTORY IN TENNESSEE.

BY HON. C. W. HEISKELL, MEMPHIS, TENN.

The old-time Presbyterian mother was a great Bible student. She was a Bible oracle. These mothers in Israel exerted great influence not only in their own families but in the community. Almost without exception they detested slavery, and to them, perhaps more than to any other cause, is to be attributed the advanced position of Tennessee in early days on emancipation. Under the Constitution of 1796 free negroes voted. In 1801 Tennessee enacted a law favoring voluntary emancipation. In 1824 there was formed at Columbia "The Moral and Religious Manumission Society of West Tennessee;" and in 1827, of the one hundred and thirty-five antislavery societies in America, one hundred and six were in the South and twenty-five of these were in Tennessee. Three-fifths of her people were in favor of slave emancipation before it was thought of in Boston.

Shortly after the Tennessee Manumission Society memorialized Congress to prohibit internal slave trade the citizens of Ohio, after selling land to three hundred negroes, freed by the will of John Randolph, of Roanoke, raised an armed force and refused to let them take possession.

When the liberty-loving Tennesseeans were striving for the freeing of Southern slaves, Illinois was passing her law fining any free negro fifty dollars who stayed in that State ten days with the intention of remaining; and if the fine and costs were not paid immediately, the negro was to be sold to any one who would pay them. And Philadelphians were burning African churches, and in New York negroes were terrorized and slain by the vengeful mob. But for all this, when Tennessee saw the Constitution of our fathers denounced as a "league with hell and a covenant with death," and she to be dragooned into unconstitutional views of the government they had established, 115,000 of her sons leaped to arms. But that conflict is ended; and now, turning our backs upon the past, save its imperishable glories, fully realizing that old things have passed away, save the memory of knightly deeds and deathless fame, renewing loyal allegiance to the flag of the indissoluble Union of indestructible States, we earnestly address ourselves to the new conditions that confront us all and the new problems that press for solution; yet we must be allowed to rejoice in the conviction that those sorry historians who impugn the motives of gentlemen and traduce the deeds of soldiers will sink into forgetfulness, and that posterity will vindicate us as the only defenders of the Constitution of 1776, to establish which all our fathers fought, and to maintain which in its integrity ours taught us to fight, and we did.

[W. T. M. Dickson, of Milford, Tex., quotes the foregoing from "Pioneer Presbyterianism in Tennessee." The speaker was a member of the Confederate Congress.]

GALLANT COL. WILLIAM F. TAYLOR.

BY CAPT. W. A. POLK, CORSICANA, TEX.

Those of us who were in the service from 1861 to 1865 witnessed many daring deeds of our comrades, many of which bordered on recklessness. One that made a lasting impression through the forty-one years that have passed occurred near Franklin, Tenn., on Hood's retreat from Nashville, in December, 1864. Col. W. F. Taylor, of the 7th Tennessee Cavalry, Forrest's Corps, was the man referred to, and his conduct on the occasion which I am about to describe was in keeping with his usual course on the battlefield.

During the investment of Nashville Rucker's Brigade, of which the 7th Tennessee was a part, was stationed on the Charlotte Pike, near the Cumberland River, when the retreat began. It was among the last to abandon its position, and we became very badly mixed up with the Federals. In fact, we would have been happier if they had been kept at a more respectful distance. As a consequence of coming in frequent contact with the enemy during the night, we were

very badly scattered next morning when we arrived in the vicinity of Franklin, at which time we had sixty-four of the 7th Tennessee Cavalry together under the command of Colonel Taylor.

There were several brigades up to that time guarding the rear, and by request of our colonel they moved on to Franklin, and Taylor was given charge with his sixty-four men. We were then formed across the pike about one mile north of Franklin to await the arrival of the enemy, and we had not long to wait until three regiments of Wilder's Brigade of Indianians came in sight. As we were so inferior in point of numbers, they did not deem it necessary to form a line of battle; but came at us with drawn sabers by fours and sections of eight, one column keeping the pike and one regiment on either side, about fifty yards apart. Our artillery between us and Franklin was firing very rapidly at the advancing foe, and from the number of shells that exploded immediately over us we concluded that our gunners were cutting their fuses very short. We fought them until they were within about forty yards of us, with our gallant colonel riding up and down the line imploring his men to stand and whip them. Our line then broke, as nearly all the men had fired their last cartridge. About twenty-five loose horses, whose riders had been shot as they advanced on our line, continued the charge after their owners had been unhorsed, and they remained with us in the stampede to Franklin. As we filed into the pike we passed Colonel Taylor, who was fighting, still looking after the rear, though all alone, and it was thought that he killed three of the enemy before they were repulsed near the river by infantry and artillery.

UNION SOLDIER'S OPINION OF CAPTAIN GURLEY.

BY H. L. WOOD (CO. G, 189TH O. V. I.), ROCHESTER, MICH.

I have read in the VETERAN for February, 1907, what I believe to be quite an accurate account of the capture of Col. Bob Ingersoll. I became well acquainted during the latter part of the war with the father and brother of Capt. Frank Gurley, and only last September had the pleasure and the honor of being the guest of the gallant Captain at his pleasant home on his large plantation, near Gurley's, Ala. Captain Gurley is just the kind of man I expected to find—brave, broad-gauged, liberal, honored and beloved by his fellow-citizens.

Captain Gurley and I were brought up in altogether different environments. He believed slavery was a divine institution and that the war between the States was inevitable, and he fought valiantly and to the last in defense of the South and his honest convictions. My father was not only a Republican but an abolitionist, and I was taught that slavery was a crime and must be abolished. At the age of fifty-six years my father responded to the first call to arms, and at the age of sixteen I responded to the last call, and it took brave boys to enlist then, as we had long before given up the idea of a "before breakfast" job in ending the war. It was while stationed at Gurley's Tanks, near the good town of Gurley, that I became well acquainted with the father and brother of Captain Gurley; and I well remember the father as an honest, clean-cut old gentleman and a man who would carefully train his family to become only good citizens. I found Captain Gurley the son of his father.

The killing of Gen. R. L. McCook caused Captain Gurley's imprisonment and death sentence. His release through the orders of Mr. Lincoln, his election to the office of sheriff of Madison County, Ala., at the close of the war, his rearrest by the carpetbag government and confinement of five months in the Huntsville jail, and all without the scintilla of a charge against him, simply to get him out of the way, showed his loyalty, his forgiveness; and the utter lack of enmity after all these wrongs is what would make any clean Northern man love and admire him. If any such will spend a few days with this brave citizen of the South, he will never more doubt the truthfulness of this story. Having served six years in the Legislature of my own State, it has been my good fortune to meet many prominent men from all over the country, among them your gallant Joe Wheeler; but I have never met a man whose personality struck me more forcibly than that of Capt. Frank B. Gurley. I admired him as a soldier and I sympathized with him for his sufferings. The imprisonment, the death sentence had no terrors to his indomitable spirit. But the cruel charges of "cowardice" and "assassin" which he had to face were enough to break the spirit of any brave man. He would rather die than suffer dishonor. While the killing of General McCook was unfortunate, it was only the fate of war, and was more of an accident than otherwise. It was done in a fair running fight. General McCook was not in an ambulance, as has been claimed. As long as I live I shall stand ready to defend the honor and good name of Capt. Frank B. Gurley.

Now just a word in praise of the Confederate monuments I saw during my visit in the South. I certainly should have had less respect for the Southern people had they failed to honor the memory of those brave boys who fell in defense of a cause they believed to be right, and out of respect to their memory I always lifted my hat upon seeing one of these beautiful monuments.

There is a French proverb which says: "A coward never forgives. It is not his nature." We of the North, you of the South all did our best. To-day we are brothers. Our interests are one, and, like a brave people, while we do not forget, let us forgive. The South has her great blight, and from my observations I have come to the conclusion that the South must be let alone in handling the race question; and should it ever come to a race war, ninety per cent of the North will be with our white brothers of the South.

GENERAL SHERMAN AND MAJOR BOYD.

In a letter to the Nashville Christian Advocate John W. Paulett writes:

"William Tecumseh Sherman was not loved in the South, but there was a time when he had good standing in Louisiana. When the War between the States was about to open, W. T. Sherman was in charge of the Louisiana State University, at Baton Rouge, and among those connected with him in the management of the school was David Fleming Boyd, a native of Wytheville, Va. These men, who had been good friends, were separated by the war, but the kindly feeling for each other was never entirely destroyed. Boyd joined the Confederates and rose to the rank of major; while Sherman, as we all know, rose much higher on the Federal side. During the war Boyd, with his command, was captured by Sherman, who treated him royally, or tried to do so; but Boyd declined to be treated except as a prisoner. 'I want to stay with my men who were captured with me,' was his reply to the entreaties by his captor. 'Don't be a fool, Dave,' said the General; 'and if you will not accept the best room at head-

quarters and the choice of servants, you must consent to dine with me often.' Boyd agreed to this arrangement. 'Make yourself perfectly at home,' said the General. 'I will not have you watched, as I know you will not leave until you are regularly exchanged.' It was not long before Sherman needed one of his officers who was held by the Confederates, and he sent Major Boyd through the lines to be exchanged for him.

"When the terrible war ended, Boyd was placed in charge of the school which had been presided over by Sherman. The old-time friendship caused him to invite the General to visit him at Baton Rouge. He accepted and spent several days at the school. He was advised by men who had not been in either army that he was risking his life in going to Baton Rouge, saying, 'They will kill you, General;' but he simply told them they had better keep away.

"When Sherman's wife died, Boyd wrote him a warm letter of sympathy, and received a reply filled with tenderness. The Sherman letter was shown to me by Boyd. Many men who are wide apart in their political and religious views are close personal friends. When Arthur was President and Vest Senator, they were close together in their friendship. Arthur, in planning a hunting or fishing trip, would always consult the convenience of Vest. He would postpone the trip until Vest was ready.

"In Tennessee two remarkable men frequently exchanged courtesies. These were Isham G. Harris and William G. Brownlow. Harris, as War Governor, was kind to Brownlow; and even after the war kept a son of the 'parson' in a good position for many years in Washington. This he did despite the strenuous work of Republicans and Democrats to displace Brownlow. Politically, Isham G. Harris and William G. Brownlow had nothing in common; but this did not interfere with their personal relations."

HUMOROUS FEATURES AS WELL AS TRAGEDIES.

BY JOHN T. GOODRICH, FAYETTEVILLE, TENN.

Your article in the VETERAN of December, 1907, in which you referred to the coolness of Lieut. Spencer Eakin on the skirmish line at Jackson, Miss., recalls vividly to my mind that I too was on that same skirmish line, from Company F, 3d Tennessee Regiment, and I have as a reminder a scar on my left arm, the result of about the tenth shot from a Federal sharpshooter in a tree top.

It was not a bit funny to me to have the said sharpshooter with his long-range gun popping away at me when my old Enfield fell far short of reaching him, though I distinctly saw the smoke from his gun each time he fired, and sheltered myself as best I could behind a six-inch fence post.

Lieut. John Hildreth, of the 3d Tennessee (who, by the way, was as brave as the bravest, and who now lives at Mt. Pleasant), was in command of the skirmish line; and when I told him the "Yank" had finally plugged me, he ordered me to the rear to have my wound dressed. I got back to the regiment somehow; but the zip, zip, zip of the Minie balls as I crossed that old field was anything but soothing music to me. I had been in the battles of Fort Donelson, Chickasaw Bayou, bombardment of Port Hudson, the battle of Raymond, Miss., and other minor affairs; but this was the only time I had a regular duel with odds all in favor of the other fellow.

I was also on outpost duty at Port Hudson, La., the 14th of March, 1863, at night, and while standing on the large embankment of one of the forts saw one of those large mortar shells coming right toward me, when I jumped about twenty feet to get out of the way, to learn later that the old screeching shell fell something like a fourth of a mile from me

Another big scare I received, as did also the editor of the VETERAN as well as most of Gregg's Brigade, was on the night before we reached Jackson, after the noted battle of Raymond, Miss., where on the 12th of May, 1863, Gregg's Brigade fought for three hours or more Logan's Corps, the advance of Grant's army. We had bivouacked for the night on each side of the road leading into Jackson and paralleling the same. About 11 P.M. an awful commotion was caused by a terrible noise as if a thousand Federal cavalry had suddenly dashed into our camp with their sabers clanking and their horses at full speed. To our great relief as well as chagrin, we discovered that the unearthly noise was occasioned by a yoke of oxen, with a big chain dangling after them, coming down the road in a long trot. Many were the "cuss words," expressions, and ludicrous remarks of the worn-out veterans of Gregg's Brigade.

Another incident, probably not in print: Col. C. C. McKinney, of the 8th Tennessee Infantry, had as a body servant during our retreat from Dalton, Ga., to Atlanta a negro named Sam. Sam was apt in catching on to phrases often used by Colonel McKinney, one of which was: "I casually remarked." On a certain occasion in that campaign Colonel McKinney furnished Sam his horse and sent him out foraging. The Federals were on our flanks, and Sam got too close to them before discovering the enemy. Sam wheeled his horse and made for tall timber, with a Federal cavalryman right after him; but Sam finally reached camp with eyes protruding like young moons, and proceeded to narrate his adventure. A man of the 8th asked him what the Yank said to him, and Sam replied: "He said, 'Halt, halt,' but I casually remarked, 'I never halt.'" "But, Sam, didn't he shoot at you?" "No, sah; he was a very bold-looking man; but I don't think he had anything to shoot with."

ABOUT GEN. G. H. THOMAS'S SIDE IN THE WAR.

BY WILLIAM E. REPPERT, CULPEPER, VA.

Referring to DeRosset's letter in the January VETERAN, he says: "So far as Thomas is concerned, Dr. J. William Jones has testified to having a letter in his possession acknowledging that he had applied to Mr. Davis for service." I presume this meant in the Confederate army. General Thomas in his lifetime always defied any one to produce any testimony, written or oral, to sustain such an allegation. I quote the following from Donn Piatt's biography of Gen. George H. Thomas: "This question of loyalty and purpose, if any remain, is settled by the great man himself. Col. A. L. Hough after the death of General Thomas gave to the press a statement brought out by a printed assertion over the name of Fitzhugh Lee to the effect that Thomas had sought a position in the Southern army."

We quote from Colonel Hough's letter as follows: "As a confidential staff officer and one of his aids-de-camp I had the privilege of having many conversations with General Thomas upon matters relating to the war. The most important of these conversations I made notes of at the time with his knowledge and consent. Among them is one on the subject of Fitzhugh Lee's letter, which I copy from my notebook. A slander upon the General was often repeated in

Southern papers during and immediately subsequent to the rebellion."

It was given upon the authority of prominent Rebel officers, and not denied by them. It was to the effect that he was disappointed in not getting a high command in the Rebel army that he had sought for, hence his refusal to join the rebellion. In a conversation with him on the subject the General said: "This is an entire fabrication not having an atom of foundation; not a line ever passed between me and the Rebel authorities. They had no genuine letter of mine, nor was a word spoken by me to any one that could even lead to such an inference. I defy any one to produce any testimony, written or oral, to sustain such an allegation. I never entertained such an idea, for my duty was clear from the beginning."

Now here is a challenge for DeRosset to produce his letter. It will take something more than a mere assertion to make the people believe the great Virginian, George H. Thomas, would betray a trust or tell a lie.

In printing the foregoing it is not intended by any means to commend the expressions. There would have been no "slander" if General Thomas had served in the Confederate army from first to last, even as a private soldier.

SOUTHERN WOMEN OF THE WAR PERIOD.

WRITTEN FOR A WOMAN'S CLUB IN RALEIGH, N. C.

History gives many instances of woman's devotion, yet has none been found to equal the courage and sacrifice of the women of the Southern Confederacy. These noble women who "trod the pages of a nation's history" are to us a precious memory. They have left us a heritage which with passing years gathers an ever-brightening halo of glory.

When our theme is the four years of war, thought turns easily to our late lamented Mrs. Varina Jefferson Davis, who, born and reared in Mississippi, always loved her native sunny South. Mrs. Davis, having educational advantages beyond the ordinary—she spent in Washington social circles the two terms of Mr. Davis's Senatorship and the four years he was Secretary of War—was well fitted to grace the White House of the Confederate capital. And here was gathered an assemblage of women gifted and fair enough to grace any court. Of our Southerners Lord Wolseley said: "There is an unspeakable charm about them rarely found in the women of any other country."

Richmond, in addition to its own brilliant coterie, included at this time a large circle composed of wives and daughters of government and army officers. And these were not butterflies of fashion, but courageous women as devoted to duty as they were attractive.

Mrs. Davis had remarkable powers of conversation, and was as well able to discuss themes interesting to the President and Cabinet members as the lighter ones of social interest.

In later years she and her daughters, Margaret and Winnie, were spoken of as a "trio of gifted women rarely equaled."

Winnie Davis, born at the Capitol, was fittingly called "The Daughter of the Confederacy." Possessed of winning graces both of mind and manner, she was much loved, was honored by the war veterans, and eagerly cheered when she appeared before them.

Mrs. Davis followed the changing fortunes of her illustrious husband with loyal devotion, sharing even his prison life when permitted, assisting in his later labors with pen, cheering and soothing his declining years.

Another "lady of the land" was the wife of our noble chieftain, Robert E. Lee. She was spoken of as "the light of Arlington," their beautiful, historic home. Mrs. Lee was Mary Custis, an only daughter, whose mother was the stepchild of General Washington. She possessed, like her husband, all the graces to be gained by education, cultivation, and a long line of distinguished ancestry. An invalid, Mrs. Lee was debarred from any active part in the social life in Richmond during the war, though she was much visited in her home. Her circle of friends whether seeking counsel or comfort ever found it, and always found her busily knitting for the "boys in gray." She drew others to join in her labor of love; so made and gathered up great numbers of socks and gloves for the soldiers, which General Lee himself distributed, being careful to give them where most needed. His letters showed due appreciation of Mrs. Lee's work. With all the great interests which absorbed him, still time was found for these little things, proving "the bravest are the tenderest."

Southern women gave lavishly of their best, whether in means or service. Conspicuous among these was Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, a native of Virginia. She had been reared in affluence, knowing only the pleasant walks in life, and was in full enjoyment of Washington social life when the war clouds gathered. The Pryors came home and warmly espoused the cause of their native State. Mr. Pryor was made a general in the Southern army, while Mrs. Pryor gave her hands and heart to her country, ever ready to share, to cheer, to nurse, spending her strength for those who needed. She was capable and ready, whether called to grace a reception, to nurse a wounded soldier, or to comfort one whose hero had fallen. She dismantled her home of all that could be used in camp or hospital. After the surrender, taking up the broken threads of life, she began with undaunted courage the making of another home. This case was typical of thousands all over our Southland.

In Richmond in 1862 a "Ladies' Defense Association" was formed, and under the leadership of Mrs. Clopton, Mrs. Hensington, Mrs. Maury, and others they had a gunboat built, naming it the "Richmond." For this they gave their money, jewels, and household articles of brass and iron, receiving contributions from New Orleans and other cities. The gunboat was approved by President Davis, used in defense of the capital city, and sunk when Richmond was evacuated.

Each State cherishes the memory of some who were courageous and helpful in the dark days of war. North Carolina treasures the thought of her who was the wife of our Gen. D. H. Hill. It is to us a hallowed memory.

It is our privilege to have with us the beautiful example of unselfish kindness and the gracious presence of Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, who is a native North Carolinian.

During the war a number of women of large means established private hospitals. One of these was Miss Sally Tompkins. After a time some irregularities made it necessary to bring all hospitals under government control or close them; so General Lee gave orders to close all private hospitals except Miss Sally's, which could not be spared, being so efficiently managed. In order to save this one, General Lee gave Miss Tompkins a regular commission as captain in the Confederate army. "Captain Sally" was much loved by the soldiers in gray and ever after honored by the veterans. [A

more complete account of "Captain Sally" and her work appears on page 72 of VETERAN for February.]

Mrs. John S. Law, a native of North Carolina, living in Memphis, Tenn., during the war, devoted herself to nursing and caring for the soldiers both in hospital and field during the entire four years. In appreciation of her acceptable service Gen. Joseph E. Johnston had thirty thousand soldiers pass in review before her—a great compliment which has not been paid to many women. [This was the beloved Sarah C. Law. —ED.]

In Mississippi stands Annandale, the historic home of the Johnstone family. This for years had been the scene of festivity and lavish hospitality, yet quickly was all changed when the tocsin of war sounded over our fair Southland. In 1861 there remained of this family only Mrs. Johnstone and her daughter, Helen, who turned their elegant home into a factory for making soldiers' clothes. They clothed one entire company during the four years and two hundred others belonging to different commands. They gave their carpets for blankets in camp, their fine linen for use in hospitals, their bronze and brass ornaments to the foundry to be made into cannon.

The emergencies of war developed other types of women also, some brave to dare and do, as was Belle Boyd, of Virginia, who, acting as a spy, would go disguised into the enemy's camp and bring valuable news to the Confederates. She received a letter of thanks from General Jackson for bringing valuable information. Belle Boyd and other Southern girls devised many ways of secreting the messages they carried from camp to camp, sometimes hiding notes in the coils of their hair.

Down in Florida occurred the thrilling incident of Lola Sanchez's night ride. Three Yankee officers came to her father's house for supper. The sisters heard them discussing a plan to "surprise and capture the Rebels" next day. Lola stole softly out in the darkness, took her horse from the stable, rode swiftly to the St. John's River, rowed the boat across alone, and carried the news to the Confederates, returning as hastily, and entertained the guests at her home until a late hour. "Forewarned is forearmed." Next day the Confederates won a victory, capturing a transport and a number of prisoners. A pontoon was named the "Three Sisters" for Lola and her sisters.

The Daughters of the Confederacy in Alabama are preparing to erect a statue of General Forrest and Emma Sansom to keep in memory the brave act of this young girl, who rode behind Forrest under fire of shot and shell to show him a ford where Black Creek could be crossed, the enemy having burned the bridge in order to prevent their passage. The General led his men safely across the point to which he had been guided by this tender girl's hand and rode on to win a complete victory, capturing the entire Federal command.

Time fails for telling of the hundreds of brave Southern women, their courage to dare, their patient endurance, and, more than all, their loving sacrifice for the Southland.

What wonder men were brave when women labored, loved, and sacrificed so much! What wonder women would struggle and endure for an army of such valor!

HEROIC TENNESSEE WOMEN.—This instance of heroic bravery is recorded: At the end of the first day's battle of Nashville, when the division of Gen. Ed Johnston were driven back by the overpowering numbers of the enemy from their last stand on the hills, two heroic daughters of Tennessee rushed out of their home, facing the death-dealing fire of the enemy, and bravely endeavored to stem the tide of defeat. Their heroism was superb; they esteemed their lives as nothing, and risked all, facing death, to aid their beloved cause. The gallant Major ——, who was desperately wounded in Franklin and whose wife made her way through the enemy's lines to nurse him, was told by the Federal surgeon that his only chance for life was to be nursed at home, to accomplish which he must take the oath of allegiance. The wife, rising to the heights of patriotism, said: "No, never, so long as the Confederate flag flies!"

THREE DESERTERS SHOT AT SHELBYVILLE.

One of the saddest sights ever witnessed near Shelbyville was the execution of three alleged deserters from the Confederate army during the war by order of General Bragg while his army was stationed there, soon after the bloody battle of Murfreesboro. These men had been tried before and found guilty by a court-martial. After their conviction, they were placed in a guardhouse at Shelbyville. On the day of the execution they were handcuffed, placed in an ambulance, and taken to the place where they were to be shot. Strong appeals were made to General Bragg to pardon them, but he sternly refused. He had been greatly troubled by desertions from the army, and he had determined to stop them by the execution of all captured deserters. Two of the three were mere boys, the other a middle-aged man. Arriving at the spot of execution, they faced death bravely. They refused to be blindfolded, and one of the younger men held a photograph of his mother, which he kissed and handed to a soldier with the request that it be forwarded to the address given. The other young man held a photo of a lovely young girl, said to be his sister, which was also sent to General Bragg with the request that it be forwarded. These requests General Bragg complied with.

The condemned soldiers were taken out on the Fairfield Pike to where the command from which they were deserted was encamped, and all three were shot by a platoon of soldiers. They all fell dead at the first discharge. They were wrapped in their blankets and buried. The execution cast a shadow of gloom over the army as well as over the citizens. The bodies were never removed, and W. F. McAdams is perhaps the only man living who could point out the spot of their execution and burial. There are but few now living who remember the sad occurrence. The men shot were not Tennesseeans.

COMRADES IN TENNESSEE FAVOR A PENSION.

At a regular meeting of Dibrell Bivouac, No. 12, and Camp No. 55, held in Lewisburg, Tenn., on January 18, 1908, resolutions introduced by Scott D. Davis were unanimously adopted in favor of accepting a proposed pension from the United States. The Camp sets forth its reasons as follows:

"Whereas the Hon. Richmond P. Hobson, Congressman from the State of Alabama, contemplates the introduction of a bill to grant pensions to ex-Confederate soldiers by the Federal government; and whereas the ex-Confederate soldiers were regularly and honorably paroled by the Federal government at the close of the War between the States and have faithfully kept their paroles; and whereas they have made good and loyal citizens to the government of the United States since the close of that war; and whereas since that surrender they and their sons have stood ready and willing

to shed their blood in the defense of our common country, as was shown in the Spanish-American War; and whereas since this is the ex-Confederate soldiers' government and country, who recognize none other under the sun, but swear allegiance to this alone, and are willing to die in defense of it; and whereas they willingly pay their part of the taxes to sustain the government and pay liberal pensions to ex-Federal soldiers without begrudging the same to them; and whereas since the ex-Confederate soldier by his bravery, gallantry, and endurance shed much luster and glory on American arms; and whereas since it is believed that a pension to the deserving ex-Confederate soldiers would do much to break down any lingering sectional animosities still existing between the sections; and whereas since we heartily indorsed the magnanimous offer of the lamented President McKinley 'that the government of the United States take charge of and care for all Confederate prison cemeteries of the country,' and since that war was only a family and honorable contest over a principle; therefore be it

"*Resolved,* That we by unanimous vote heartily indorse the effort to be made by our young Congressman from our sister State of Alabama to have a pension allowed to all deserving ex-Confederate soldiers by our common government."

FORREST CHAPTER IN MUSKOGEE, OKLA.

BY MRS. A. W. ROBB, MUSKOGEE.

(Paper Read to the Chapter—Its Achievements.)

The General Forrest Chapter, U. D. C., was organized March 4, 1904, at the home of Mrs. T. W. Gulick. The Chapter numbers sixty loyal women, whose cherished object is to preserve as far as possible a truthful record of Southern valor, and to this end it encourages interesting and instructive papers read at their monthly meetings.

In the words of the Right Rev. William H. Moreland, Bishop of Sacramento: "The Daughters of the Confederacy are banded together to keep alive the memories of the heroic deeds of our fathers, to honor their names and their glorious achievements, to minister to the survivors, the widows, and the orphans." We as an order have undertaken to embalm the memory of the Confederate soldier, private as well as officer, and we mean to do it lovingly and well. We cannot fail to remember that soon the lips of the last veteran will be stilled, the last story of camp fire and charge will have been heard, and the green turf will wave over hearts that once thrilled to fife and bugle. Let us, therefore, gather up the treasures that belong to our history, and let us make an earnest protest against that ignoble conception of patriotism that would have us forget the grandeur of those who fought for the Confederacy.

The Daughters of the General Forrest Chapter have found much to do in Muskogee in the way of charity; more, indeed, than they could accomplish. We have responded to several calls from outside Chapters for aid, but for the most part our charity work has been done here at home. During the first year of the Chapter's existence we were notified of the death of a destitute veteran in a dilapidated house several miles from town. Our charity committee of five women went out in company with two old Confederate veterans, and they found conditions sad indeed. The old man had died in abject poverty. It was a sad little company that followed him to his grave, and the prayer uttered over his grave was by one of our own Daughters, as no minister had been called. This is the only case where we were notified too late. In several instances we have relieved veterans in sickness, have provided work for widows of veterans, and it is our endeavor to neglect no Confederate, man or woman. We have assisted two of these old men in the past year to the Old Soldiers' Home in Austin, Tex. We have spent over one hundred dollars in charity. The amount is indeed small, but it has been placed in each instance where it seemed most needed and most worthy.

We have not yet erected any monuments; but a little over a year ago we commenced our drinking fountain fund, and have now in the treasury over two hundred dollars for this purpose. It will take much more; but we will raise it, for our hearts are in the work and it is a laudable undertaking. It is our purpose to erect a monument over this fountain of a Confederate soldier in uniform.

By the organization of a Chapter of U. D. C. in Muskogee we find a better appreciation of the South among our Northern friends who have come among us. As Southern women, we preserve the anniversaries of our beloved Southern heroes. We do what we can for the battle-scarred veterans who are spared to us, and we feel that we are thereby handing down a principle to the rising sons and daughters that is worthy of acceptance. We hope they may be so deeply impressed by our work that they too may fulfill the duties of sacred charity to the Confederate veterans and their descendants.

All through this great country, in the North as well as in the South, wherever is gathered together a little band of Southern women are Chapters of the U. D. C., all reaching out to do their bit of good in their section. And the influence is far-reaching. Chapters are paying for the education of sons and daughters of Confederate veterans, homes are erected and maintained for the feeble and aged, libraries are organized and equipped, truthful and impartial text-books are placed in public schools. Everywhere we find with gratification that each subject for which the U. D. C. was organized—historical, educational, memorial, benevolent, and social—is being prosecuted with enthusiasm by the Chapters of the U. D. C.

The women of the South are striving so earnestly to perpetuate the memory of our heroes who fought for the Confederacy. While we are building monuments to our dead and beautifying their graves, we are also stretching out helping hands to the living and nursing the dying.

There should be no prejudice toward this noble work of loyal Southern women, for they are laying the foundation for loyal citizens of our united country by teaching the sons of the South the truth; for it would be impossible to make patriots of boys who are taught by false histories to feel ashamed of the bravery and glorious deeds of their fathers.

The world is watching our organization, and it behooves the members to be diligent in worthy deeds. What the women have accomplished has been done by zealous, hard labor with heart and hand.

Greeting to Faithful Confederates.

In a New Year's greeting "to Confederate soldiers and their wives, their daughters and their sons," Thomas C. Hindman, son of Gen. Thomas C. Hindman, states:

"Here's for 366 ideal days unto you and those you hold dear,
Rich in health and wealth, and followed by many more;
And may God's munificent blessings for each succeeding year
Make it brighter and happier far than the one before!"



"Sleeping, but glorious;
Dead in Fame's portal;
Dead, but victorious;
Dead, but immortal!
They gave us great glory;
What more could they give?
They left us a story,
A story to live!"

Deaths of Veterans Reported from Anderson, S. C.

The Dixie Chapter, U. D. C., of Anderson, S. C., reports the passing of the following veterans of that section in the past four months: Iva Dodd, Pendleton, over ninety years old; John Allen Emerson, Belton, sixty-seven years, member of Company I, 4th Infantry Regiment; J. W. Fowler, Piedmont, aged seventy-two years, Orr's Rifles; J. C. C. Featherston, Anderson, Orr's Rifles, 2d Regiment; also R. J. Pool, Anderson, aged sixty-seven, Company D, Orr's Rifles.

Deaths among Comrades at Glasgow, Ky.

William Wood reports from Glasgow, Ky., the death of several veterans there recently:

Lauderdale.—John M. Lauderdale died at the home of his son-in-law, Horace Combs, in the seventy-third year of his age. He enlisted in May, 1861, in Capt. D. L. Goodall's company, 2d Regiment Tennessee Volunteers. The regiment was ordered to Virginia, and served one year, when it was sent to Bragg's army and enlisted for the war. With a thirty days' furlough in his pocket, Comrade Lauderdale went into the Chickamauga fight with his regiment. He was a Christian gentleman, and did well his part in the duties of life. Besides his wife, he leaves two daughters.

Cox.—M. A. Cox died in December at his home, in Glasgow. He was in his sixty-sixth year. He was a faithful soldier, and no less faithful to the demands of life as a citizen, and was laid to rest by his comrades.

Dr. Thomas D. Wooten.

Dr. Thomas Dudley Wooten was born in Barren County, Ky., on March 6, 1829. His parents were from Virginia. At the age of fifteen his father died, and he was left in charge of the plantation and slaves. He began the study of medicine, and entered the medical department of the University of Louisville in the fall of 1851. Graduating in 1853, Dr. Wooten located at Tompkinsville, where he practiced until the fall of 1856, when he moved to Springfield, Mo., where he engaged in a general practice of medicine, though excelling in surgery.

In June, 1861, Dr. Wooten enlisted as a private under Col. Richard Campbell. Later he was commissioned surgeon of Foster's Regiment, 2d Regiment of Missouri State Troops.

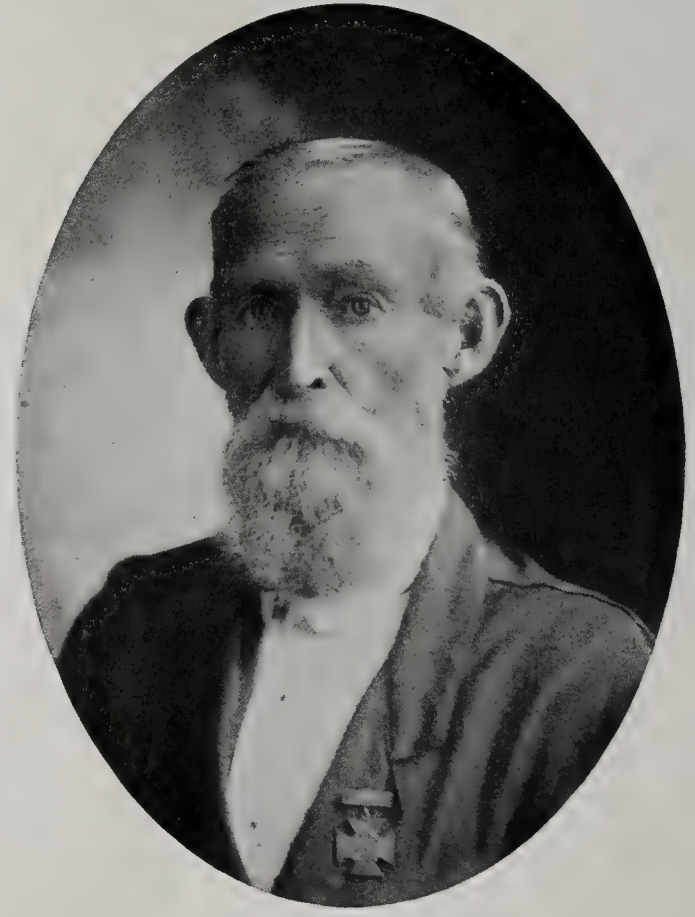
After the battle of Oak Hills, on August 10, 1861, he was appointed chief surgeon of McBride's Division. Following the battle of Pea Ridge, he was appointed surgeon general of all the Missouri forces, vice Dr. Snodgrass, resigned. When the Missouri army was turned over to the Confederacy, he was appointed medical director of the corps of Maj. Gen. Sterling Price.

Upon the transfer of the command east of the Mississippi, and when General Price was placed in command of the District of Tennessee, embracing Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, and part of Alabama, Dr. Wooten was made medical director of the district. When General Price was ordered to the West again, Dr. Wooten retained his position on his staff, and served as medical director of the District of Arkansas, which position he retained to the end of the war.

Dr. Wooten's rapid rise and sustained success in the army were remarkable. Only thirty-two years old at the outbreak of hostilities, with but four years' residence and acquaintance in Missouri, with no previous military experience, no political prestige nor professional affiliations, enlisting as a private, after a few months he rose to the highest medical rank in the service of the State and to the medical directorship of the Western Army Corps, retaining to the close his position on the staff and his place in the confidence and affection of Missouri's greatest warrior and chieftain.

After the war ended, Dr. Wooten was broken in fortune and health. He settled in Lamar County, Tex., in 1865, and soon acquired an extensive practice. In January, 1876, he removed to Austin, where he soon became a leading surgeon and prominent, public-spirited citizen.

He was a prominent member of the Texas State Medical Association, of the American Medical Association, and of the American Public Health Association, and was a delegate to the International Medical Congress.



Capt. William Kinney.

William Kinney was a son of the "Emerald Isle," born in Dublin August 17, 1836. He came to the United States when

seventeen years of age, and in 1856 removed to Shreveport, La., which had since been his home. His death occurred there on the 29th of October, 1907.

In May, 1861, Kinney volunteered in the Louisiana Rangers, which became Company F, 3d Louisiana Regiment; and upon the reorganization of that regiment, in 1862, he was elected captain of his company, promoted from orderly sergeant. He was in the battles of Oak Hill and Elkhorn, Ark., Iuka, Miss., and in a number of skirmishes preceding the siege of Vicksburg, where he distinguished himself signally. He returned to Shreveport after being paroled at Vicksburg; and when exchanged at Alexandria was assigned to duty in the Trans-Mississippi Department, under command of Gen. E. Kirby Smith.

In 1870 he was married to Miss Clara Geiss, who, with five children, survives him.

G. Ferd Farrow.

On October 29, 1907, at Whitehaven, Tenn., died G. Ferd Farrow, one of the noblest survivors of Forrest's Cavalry.

Comrade Farrow was born in Marshall County, Miss., of an old and respected family; but was brought to Tennessee



G. FERD FARROW.

when four years of age by his parents, who settled at Germantown, near Memphis. On April 20, 1861, he enlisted in Company C, 13th Tennessee Regiment. While a member of this command he participated in the battle of Belmont, in which his brother, John P. Farrow, was killed in the first volley fired by the enemy. The noble character of John Farrow, his great gallantry, the prominence of his family, and the fact that he was the first of the sons of the Confederacy to offer up his life upon the altar of his country in the Department of the West created a profound impression. His remains were sent home and buried with the greatest possible civic and military honors.

The death of this brother under such melancholy circumstances gave Ferd Farrow deeper reason than ever to render the very best possible account of himself in battle, which he did throughout four years of bloody strife. Soon after this he was transferred to McDonald's Battalion of Forrest's old regiment, with which he was connected until the end of the war. He was in all the important engagements which immortalized the "Wizard of the Saddle" and his heroic men. He was captured at Britton's Lane; but was exchanged ten days later and returned to his command, where he remained until he was surrendered, at Gainesville, Ala., in May, 1865.

He was in active service of the Confederate army for more than four years, enlisting when less than nineteen and surrendering at twenty-three years of age.

Having been trained in such a strenuous school, he met every test of civil life after peace had returned. His record in peace was indeed typical of the career of thousands of others who had received the same stern discipline in war. Their splendid and successful struggle to build up the waste places of the South, which had been devastated by the contending armies, entitles them to a still higher niche in the temple of fame than their matchless deeds in battle.

He engaged in planting, and made a gratifying success. He always kept up an active interest in his old comrades, and in every effort made to preserve the annals of the Confederate soldiers from oblivion. He was a member of the Confederate Historical Society, and was ever zealous in its purposes.

He was a member of the Whitehaven Baptist Church and a consistent Christian, passing to his future reward with an unfaltering trust. He fought a good fight.

[The foregoing tribute is by R. H. Vance, of Memphis.]

George W. Watkins.

George W. Watkins, of Rhome, Tex., died on the 15th of December. He was born in Trigg County, Ky., in 1842. He volunteered in August, 1861, in Company B, 8th Kentucky Infantry, and was wounded twice at Baker's Creek, Miss. He was present and saw General Tilghman killed in that battle. He was under General Forrest in mounted infantry at the battle of Harrisburg and Tupelo, Miss., where he was severely wounded. He was carried to the hospital at Lauderdale, Miss., thence to Gainesville, Ala., where he was discharged from the service on account of his wounds.

Emerson.—In the city of Mineral Wells, Tex., on October 30 occurred the death of A. D. Emerson, who served in the Confederate army as a member of Company B (Biffles), 9th Tennessee Regiment, having enlisted in November, 1861. Part of the time he was attached to a battery of artillery, and went through many severe engagements with the enemy. He was Quartermaster of the Stonewall Jackson Camp, U. C. V., at Mineral Wells.

Chaplain Peter Tinsley.

Peter Tinsley was a native of Powhatan County, Va., born August 26, 1833. He was a graduate of Hampden-Sidney College. He was of a most genial, gentle nature, always courteous and considerate of others, and wherever he went won friends who became deeply attached to him. He was rector of the Episcopal Church at Big Lick (now Roanoke) from 1855 to June, 1861.

When war was declared, Dr. Tinsley offered his services to his State, and was enrolled as a chaplain. Whenever his command was ordered to the front, he marched in the ranks;

and however great the danger in its midst, he would be found ministering to the men spiritually and bodily, cheering them on to duty and encouraging them by his presence. He was greatly beloved by his comrades. He was chaplain of the famous 28th Virginia Infantry, Pickett's Division.

Some time after the war Dr. Tinsley accepted the rectorship of the Church of the Advent in Cincinnati, where for more than a quarter of a century he served, gaining the confidence and affection of the congregation and the public.

His strength had been failing for a year or so, and he realized that he was no longer able to continue the onerous duties as rector of so large a Church and tendered his resignation; but he had become so much attached to his home there that he continued to reside in Cincinnati. He returned every year, however, to Virginia to visit his sister, other relatives, and friends.

Before going to Cincinnati Dr. Tinsley served as chaplain of the University of Virginia for two years.

His death occurred early in January, and his remains were buried in Virginia.

Elizabeth Metcalfe Haldeman.

With the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Metcalfe Haldeman many lives that came in contact with hers and knew its worth and loveliness are saddened. Married to Walter N. Haldeman in 1844, in the early days of Louisville, she was in every sense a helpmeet to her husband, and shares with him in no small degree the credit for notable achievement in the great properties which he built up.

Although lacking but a few weeks of being eighty-one years of age when she died, she was interested to the last in the welfare of the community of which she was so long a member; and before her declining health disqualified her for activity in promoting the objects of her sympathy and following out her convictions of duty she zealously participated in many good works. Her efforts were especially enlisted in behalf of the Confederate monument in this city, a movement which she did much to bring to success. Centered in her home, devoted to her family, beloved of her friends, who grew in numbers and in tender reverence as she grew in years, she leaves in their hearts that benediction which is no less a blessing because so real a sorrow—the benediction of the memory of a life that was beautiful and good and true.





ELIZABETH METCALFE HALDEMAN. WALTER N. HALDEMAN.

[The foregoing is from an editorial in the Courier-Journal.]

The editor of the Veteran adds a single paragraph. On a lovely Saturday afternoon in May some years ago, when the multitude who had attended the memorial service at the Confederate lot in Cave Hill Cemetery had dispersed, he saw the pleasantest picture of old age and the content of lives well spent that he has yet had to remember. Mr. and Mrs. Haldeman had tarried to see that every feature had been properly concluded, and they were driving quietly along an avenue to the exit in a splendid little phaëton drawn by a gentle, small, beautiful horse, relieved of checkrein, and the two seemed to be as happy in each other's presence as if the Creator's design in the "well done" to faithful servants had been audibly spoken to them. In the Christian's faith they are again united.

The following acrostic on the death of Mr. Walter N. Haldeman was written and published in a neat little memorial booklet by Mrs. Fanny Lloyd Smith, of Louisville:

W—aiting at God's golden gateway
A—re the choristers, robed in white,
L—ooking down from the Holy City,
T—rilling their songs with sweet delight;
E—rstwhile came the grim death angel,
R—eaching out his ruthless hand,

N—ear and nearer, hovering o'er him,

H—eeding not the sorrowing band
A—s they kneel beside their loved one
L—isping forth their prayers to God.
D—ost thou hear them, Saviour, listen
E—re you measure death's cold rod,
"M—ay we keep our loved one, Father?"
A—nd the Saviour answered softly,
"N—o, a starry crown awaits him here."

Dorothea Sothora Odenheimer.

A multitude of people have been saddened by the death of the fair young girl, Dorothea Odenheimer, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Odenheimer, of Jessups, Md. The mother, Mrs. Cordelia Powell Odenheimer, is President of the Maryland Division, U. D. C., and is beloved throughout the great organization. She is a native of Leesburg, Va., and her family have for generations been an honor to the Old Dominion. Dorothea, the brilliant girl, was injured in a wreck on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad early in December; but was well on the way to recovery, when an attack of pneumonia, complicated with acute appendicitis, proved too severe for her enfeebled condition to withstand.

Dorothea was remarkably gifted; and though but a child, her writings had attracted attention for two years (since she was thirteen), and she gave promise of a brilliant future. Among some beautiful verses written in her memory one is:

"Among the redeemed, angelic throng
Her gentle spirit moves, a happy child!
Forever sheltered from all grief and wrong,
Forever holy, pure, and undefiled!"

The Baltimore Sun states: "She had sufficiently recovered from her illness to move about the institution to see the less fortunate patients who could not leave their rooms. Her coming to the sick was like that of an angel, for she had a cheerful disposition. She had a good word for all, and especially was her presence felt during Yuletide. Christmas day she had a prettily decorated tree in her room, and each one of the patients that she could reach received some sort

of a Christmas souvenir from her. She was a member of the Daughters of the Confederacy, her mother being President of the Maryland Division; and on January 19 (Gen. Robert E. Lee's birthday), as on previous occasions, she was to have acted as sponsor for the Confederate Veterans and present the crosses of honor donated by the Daughters of the Con-



DOROTHEA ODENHEIMER.

federacy. She was an ardent admirer of General Lee, and on the morning of the wreck was taking to school a poem and composition on the Confederate General which was to be read in a contest on Southern heroes. Her contributions to newspapers received marked recognition, and she often won first prizes in the News' Contest Page. Her ambition was to become an author. She was a member of the St. Nicholas League. Her favorite outdoor pastime was horseback-riding and gathering wild flowers, which she brought regularly to school for botanical study."

Col. George Jackson.

Maj. Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, commanding the Texas Division, United Confederate Veterans, has issued the following:

"Fort Worth, Tex., January 6.

"General Order No. 72.

"It is with sincere regret and profound grief that the Major General commanding the Texas Division, U. C. V., announces the death of Col. George Jackson, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff of the Division, which occurred at his residence, in Fort Worth, Sunday, January 5, at 8 A.M.

"Colonel Jackson was born February 9, 1831, at Maidstone, England, removing with his parents to the United States at about one year of age, locating first in New York and later in Baltimore, Md., from which city he entered the service of the C. S. A. at Richmond, Va., August 10, 1861.

"In 1862 he was assigned to the medical purveyor's department under command of E. W. Johns. In 1864 he was transferred to Charlotte, N. C., under James Johnson. He surrendered May 3, 1865, to Maj. Admond Walcott, United States Special Commissioner. While it was not his lot to be called upon to occupy a place on the firing line, his whole life as a correct and painstaking business man, coupled with his efficient and unselfish services to the U. C. V. organization in the later years of his life, leaves no doubt in the minds of his comrades that the services he rendered to his beloved Confederacy were as faithful and patriotic as any ever rendered to that fleeting republic.

"His record in all the relations of life stands out as a synonym for the strictest accuracy in his dealings and unquestioned integrity of character. These high qualities exercised in the faithful discharge of every duty of his responsible position has added much to the strength and perpetuity of the Texas Division. Exchanges are requested to copy."

The news of Adjutant General Jackson's death recalled a pathetic memory of the last Texas State Reunion and his hard effort to have delinquent Camps dropped from the roll. After failure to carry his point, he yielded beautifully, and said he would continue to serve his comrades to the best of his ability. Later he wrote the Veteran, lest his contention be misunderstood, quoting from the record of previous meet-



DR. GEORGE JACKSON.

ings; and when his explanation was given to the public, his gratitude compensated for many hardships that are now and then encountered in the work of the Veteran.

Samuel Morris Hickok.

One of the oldest residents of Christiansburg, Va., Samuel M. Hickok, died on January 29, 1908. He was born at Fincastle, Va., August 9, 1828. In 1852 he removed to Christiansburg to build the Presbyterian church there. He was

married in 1854 to Miss Emeline A. Gardner, of that place, of which union there were three sons and three daughters. His second wife was Mrs. Isabel Blount, of Fincastle, who died some years ago, leaving three daughters and two sons.

Comrade Hickok served as a Confederate soldier during the four years of the war, joining the Montgomery Fencibles under Col. Robert Trigg, which afterwards belonged to the Stonewall Brigade. It was his pride to recall the memorable charge at Manassas and Jackson's word and voice when he gave the charge. After the war he was diligent in business, strong in his Christian character, with an influence always for good. He had been in failing health for some time.

Hon. J. C. Madden.

Jesse C. Madden was born in Harris County, Ga., in 1837, but was of an old Laurens District (S. C.) family of Revolutionary fame. He spent his boyhood in Tallapoosa County, Ala., and then went to Scott County, Miss. In 1860 he was married to Miss Lydia Slaughter, of Mississippi; and at the breaking out of the Civil War he enlisted in Company I, 27th Mississippi Regiment, Walthall's Brigade. He was captured in the battle of Perryville and sent to Camp Douglas, but was soon exchanged. He was wounded at Chickamauga; and in the battle of Atlanta, July 28, 1864, he lost his left arm. Returning to Mississippi after the war was over, he served as tax collector in his county. He removed to Claiborne Parish, La., in 1880 and engaged in mercantile business, in which he prospered. For several years preceding his death he was Senator from the Twenty-Second Senatorial District in the Louisiana Legislature, in which he was very popular. He died at Homer, La., in March, 1907.

Annie L. Lester.

Death again invaded the home of Comrade John H. Lester and took from him the little daughter who had been his companion and solace since the passing of other dear ones.

Annie Lester was born in Grant County, N. Mex., March 12, 1893; and died at Rogersville, Ala., September 16, 1907. During the previous session she had been a student at the State Normal College, where she was known and loved for the spirit of gentleness, sweetness, and earnestness which marked her work as a student. Her mind was bright and active, and she displayed remarkable literary talent, writing poetry with great facility. She was very fond of hearing her father relate his war experiences, and she expressed her ambition to make the name of the Confederate soldier more and more famous.



ANNIE LESTER.

Few have been more sorely tried than has our good friend, Captain Lester, and the brave spirit which carried him through the trials and sufferings of war has been his dependence in the deeper suffering of a home made desolate.

Judge J. M. Lennard.

News comes from Columbus, Ga., that Judge J. M. Lennard was found dead in his bed on January 14, having passed away during the night. He had been magistrate there for fifteen years. He was a member of Alabama and Georgia bars. Judge Lennard was a veteran of the war, having lost a leg at Lookout Mountain with Wheeler's Cavalry. One son and four daughters survive him. Two sisters also survive.

Dr. W. D. Mims.

Dr. William D. Mims was born in Marshall County, Miss. He was in college in Lebanon, Tenn., at the outbreak of the war, and enlisted in the Confederate army, Company B, 17th Mississippi Infantry, under Col. W. S. Featherston, and served in the Army of Northern Virginia. He participated in nearly all the hard fighting by that army. He was wounded and captured at Gettysburg, and was in the hospital at David's



DR. WILLIAM D. MIMS.

Island, N. Y., for nearly four months. From there he was sent to Richmond. He rejoined his old command the following March, and was captured again on April 6, 1865, near Petersburg a few days before the surrender. He was taken to Point Lookout, Md. He was kept a prisoner until July, 1865; and after being released he returned to his old home, in Marshall County, Miss.

He engaged in farming for about five years; then undertook the study of medicine in 1871, graduating at the University of Louisiana (now Tulane University) in 1873. Dr. Mims began practicing the same year. For many years he was in partnership with Dr. J. W. Sharp, under the firm name of Sharp and Mims.

He was a member of the Methodist Church, South, and of the Masonic fraternity. He was greatly esteemed in Marshall, his native county.

Dr. Mims continued the practice of his profession until prevented by failing health and a stroke of paralysis in April, 1905, which resulted in his death, at Cockrum, Miss., November 10, 1907. The wife (Emma K.), three sons, and four daughters survive him. He was laid to rest in Cockrum Cemetery, all of the pallbearers being Confederate veterans.

Holcomb.—Camp Cabell, of Vernon, Tex., lost a member in the death of C. C. Holcomb, who was a member of Company D, 18th Texas Cavalry. He died September 7, 1907.

MAJ. F. G. BUCHANAN.

[Sketch by Capt. W. P. Tolley, of the same regiment.]

Maj. Felix Grundy Buchanan was born March 23, 1838; and died March 16, 1907. He was the youngest child of Andrew and Bethia Buchanan, pioneers of Lincoln County, Tenn. His father came from Virginia and settled on land granted to the grandfather, Mathew Buchanan, for Revolutionary War services. Major Buchanan owned this native place when he died, and had lived there most of his life.

He was educated in the schools of Fayetteville under Dickerson, a noted teacher of his day, and at Emory and Henry College, Virginia. He was well equipped for the varied life that was before him. With rare common sense and an unusual fund of information, he had comprehensive views on all subjects that came before him.

He was married May 19, 1874, to Miss Kate McClellan, of Athens, Ala. Two daughters and three sons were born to them.

He was a zealous member of the Methodist Church, South, and was active and prominent in its affairs.

He was one of the first to respond to the call for volunteers to make up the regiment which Col. Peter Turney had procured authority at Montgomery to raise immediately after the organization of the Confederate government at that place. He was elected second lieutenant of the Fayetteville company, which became Company F, Turney's 1st Tennessee Regiment, A. N. V. In the reorganization of the regiment, at the expiration of our first twelve months, he was elected captain of that company. In the battle of Gaines's Mill he was made major of the regiment, and perhaps commanded it more than any other field officer. He led the regiment in many of the most famous victories that made the Army of Northern Virginia renowned throughout the civilized world.

If some impartial arbiter could have been selected to make up a roll of honor of the exceptionally brave and true of Lee's army, when he had come to the famous Hatton-Archer Brigade of Tennesseeans, Felix G. Buchanan would have been among the first chosen. His absolute fearlessness, gallantry, and devotion to the cause for which he fought were remembered and appreciated by his comrades through all the succeeding years. It was fitting that all the members of his old regiment who could attend his funeral were his honorary pallbearers, and sons of his old friends and comrades the active ones.



MAJ. FELIX G. BUCHANAN.

The last years of his life were marked by suffering and affliction; yet he bore it all, as he did every adverse circumstance of his life, with unusual patience and fortitude. Always cheerful, he had a pleasant word for old and young. Gloom, doubt, and distrust were foreign to his nature. Submission to God's will and a clear, strong faith abided with him to the end.

[An omission from the foregoing should be supplied—viz., that the thin but vigorous body which sustained Major Buchanan's heroic soul was so perforated by missiles from the enemy that his prolonged life was miraculous.—EDITOR.]

HENRY C. DENTON.

Henry Denton was born in Effingham County, Ga., on August 8, 1841. His father, John B. Denton, moved with his family to Florida in 1850 and settled near Gainesville.

After Florida seceded, on January 10, 1861, one of the first commands organized was Capt. William Chambers's troop of cavalry. In this command Henry C. Denton enlisted. The troop was stationed for a while at Fernandina, Fla., and while there became very proficient in cavalry maneuvers, and was regarded as one of the best-drilled organizations in the State.

As there was very little activity in military operations there during the first year of the war, young Denton grew impatien and with a patriotic desire for active service in May, 186 he enlisted in Company D, 7th Florida Infantry, then com manded by Col. M. S. Perry.

This regiment, together with the 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th, i June, 1862, was sent to the West, going directly to Chatta nooga, Tenn.; thence to Knoxville, and from there into Kentucky, taking part in the Kentucky campaign. The command was engaged in many important battles, including that of Chickamauga in September, 1863, the battle of Missionary Ridge in November, 1863, Resaca, Ga., in 1864, and the many severe engagements extending beyond Atlanta to Jonesboro and Lovejoy. In the battle of July 22 near Atlanta he was captured and sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, where he remained until the close of the war.

Comrade Denton was elected collector of revenue for the county of Alachua, and held that office for a number of years. After remaining in private life for about a year, he was elected Clerk of the Circuit Court, and held that office until January 3, 1905, when he refused a reëlection.

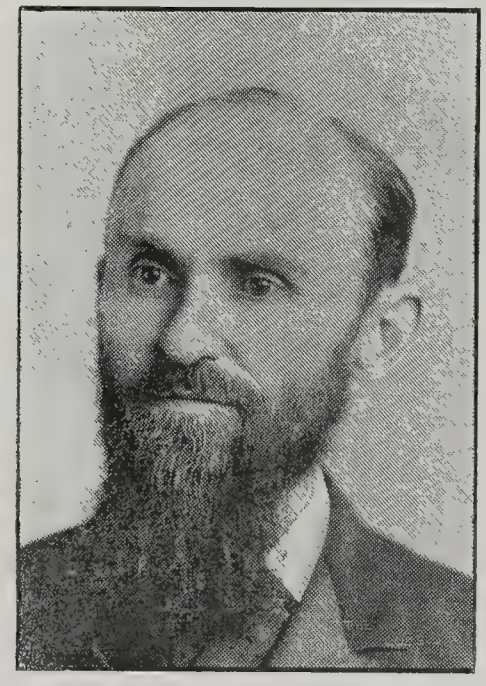
The few brave men who served with him bear uniform testimony as to his soldierly bearing, his bravery in battle, and gentlemanly conduct during those trying days of cruel and relentless war. He never shirked, and was ever willing to relieve a suffering comrade. His children cherish with pardonable pride the priceless legacy which he has transmitted to them.

On November 11, 1907, he died at his home, in Gainesville, Fla. The next day the funeral services were held in the First Presbyterian Church. The stores closed during the services, and the Circuit Court, being in session, adjourned out of respect to his memory.

JUDGE JOHN S. WILKES.

John Summerfield Wilkes was born in Culleoka, Maury County, Tenn., March 2, 1841; and died in Pulaski February 2, 1908. The father of Judge Wilkes, Hon. Richard A. L. Wilkes, was a prominent citizen of Maury County and reared a large family. He was public-spirited and aided in the erection of a church on one side of his farm and a schoolhouse on the other. He served four terms in his State Legislature. He taught his sons to be brave and patriotic, and six of them enlisted early in the Confederate army. The mother, who was Judith Harris, left home with her husband, going South because of the hardships and privations to which they were subjected at home.

Judge Wilkes was educated at the school established by his father, at Florence, Ala., and under a private teacher in Nashville. Upon the outbreak of the war he went to Pulaski, and on May 7, 1861, enlisted in the company raised by Hon. John C. Brown, which became the first company (A) of Brown's 3d Tennessee Infantry. That regiment was organized at Lynnville May 16, 1861. [Captain Brown was then chosen colonel, and speedily advanced to brigadier and then to major general. Subsequent to the war he was chosen to the State Constitutional Convention, was elected Governor of Tennessee, and became a useful and forceful man of affairs.]



JUDGE J. S. WILKES.

Comrade Wilkes was made commissary sergeant of the regiment under his brother, Capt. R. L. Wilkes, and in that capacity was developed his high efficiency as an accountant noted in his subsequent career. The regiment was in the surrender of Fort Donelson, and on being sent to prison the brothers were separated. Captain Wilkes, commissary, was sent to Camp Chase, where he died, and John S. was sent to Camp Douglas.

In the reorganization of the regiment, at Jackson, Miss., on September 26, John S. Wilkes was chosen to the position that had been held by his deceased brother. So efficient was Capt. John S. Wilkes in the position as commissary that he was retained in a more important relation; and to him was assigned the gathering of supplies over a large territory in Tennessee and Mississippi, a position that he filled efficiently to the close of the war, when he was paroled at Aberdeen. It was there that he met and wooed Miss Florence A. Barker, to whom he was soon married, and the union was a most happy one to the end.

Locating in Pulaski, Captain Wilkes read law, studying in the office of General Brown. He became a law partner with Judge A. J. Abernathy, and later with General Brown. When General Brown became Governor, he selected Captain Wilkes as his secretary and ex-officio attorney-general. There was much confusion in the order of things in those offices; but the painstaking Wilkes, by accuracy of plans and diligence in service, arranged them systematically. This service being done at a time when much legislation was had in regard to the State debts, he became so conspicuously familiar with its finances that he was ever afterwards considered the best authority on the subject. Afterwards Captain Wilkes was officially connected with banking interests in Pulaski, and later he and Governor Brown engaged in the practice of law together.

In 1875, when Governor Brown was called to the service of the Texas and Pacific Railroad Company by Tom Scott, of national reputation as builder and operator of railroads, Captain Wilkes acquired the law practice of the firm, and not only maintained but increased it. In 1886, however, Governor Brown, as receiver of the Texas and Pacific Railroad Company, secured the services of Captain Wilkes as treasurer, which took him from his State for the time and required the relinquishment of his law practice. In this position he handled millions of dollars, and was greatly helpful to his chief in restoring the road to the stockholders. On leaving Texas a magnificent testimonial was given to Captain Wilkes in appreciation of his services.

Captain Wilkes succeeded Governor Brown as President of the Board of Trust of Martin College, an institution founded by Mr. Martin, father of the late Mrs. O. M. Spofford, and to this Captain Wilkes devoted his best energies for its success. He returned to Pulaski in 1889 and resumed the practice of law.

In 1893, when Chief Justice Peter Turney became Governor of Tennessee, his first official act was to appoint Captain Wilkes to the vacancy in the Supreme Court. This appointment removed Judge Wilkes from the practice of law, for he was elected to succeed himself in 1894 and in 1902, which high office he held until his death. He soon became known and esteemed as indeed a judge "learned in the law." It is said that he almost knew the code from memory.

Judge Wilkes is survived by his wife, two daughters (Mrs. W. B. Romine and Mrs. Furman Hooper), two sons (John B. and Stewart), and three grandchildren; also by one brother (James H. Wilkes, of Nashville) and a sister (Mrs. John T. Steele, of Washington, D. C.).

The John H. Woodridge Camp, U. C. V., of Pulaski, officiated at his burial, designating that as a soldier he was "true and tried." The funeral was largely attended, all of his associates and other jurists being present.

[The foregoing is from a memorial by Hon. Z. W. Ewing, of Pulaski.]

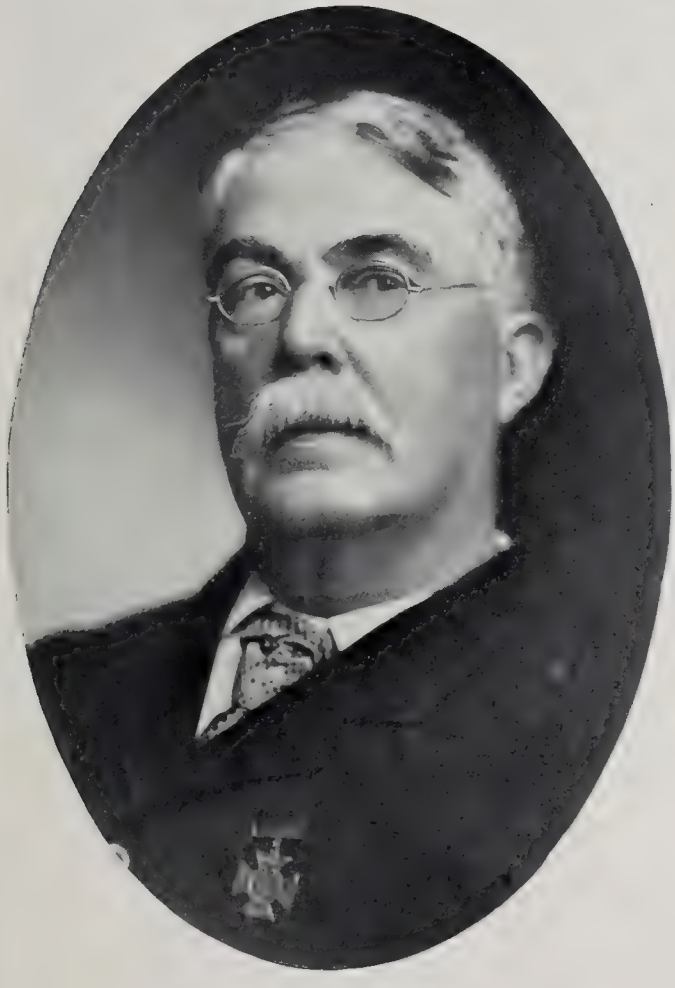
OAKLEY.—The passing of another loyal Confederate woman is announced in the death of Mrs. Timothy Oakley on January 3, at the age of sixty-eight years. The golden wedding with her husband was celebrated in July. Comrade Oakley was a member of Camp Henry Gray, of Timothy, La.

HARRIS.—John T. Harris was born in Troup County, Ga., sixty-seven years ago. He served in Company F, known as the Claiborne Guards, Captain Bly, of the 4th Louisiana Regiment, Hays's Brigade. He made a good soldier, and was ever a good citizen after his return from Appomattox. He died at Homer, La., in August, 1907, leaving his aged companion and grown children to mourn his death.

Joseph Warren Gilman.

A typical Confederate in every way was Comrade Joseph W. Gilman, who died at his home, in Nashville, February 7, 1908. Born in the same county (Davidson) January 22, 1842, he had lived in this city nearly two-thirds of a century, over half of which time he was connected with the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway Company. On May 11, 1861, he enlisted in Col. James E. Rains's regiment, the 11th Tennessee, and did valiant service during the entire war of the sixties. He was twice wounded—in the battles of Resaca and Jonesboro, Ga.—and was paroled May 13, 1865, thereby having served the Confederacy four years and two days.

A devoted husband and father—to the only child, Miss Nellie Gilman—and an earnest member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, he was widely known and esteemed



JOSEPH W. GILMAN.

The family were at nearly every Reunion held by the U. C. V. up to the last at Richmond, and are as delightfully remembered doubtless as any family group of Confederates. The joy of the mother and daughter and the pride of the father on such occasions will identify them to many. Widespread sympathy is felt for the wife and daughter.

McClinton.—Joseph H. McClinton died at the Confederate Home, near Little Rock, Ark., on January 29, 1908. He went to the Home from Bentonville about two years ago, having been a resident of Benton County for twenty-five years and had served two terms as sheriff of the county. He was married to Miss Sallie Bryant in 1881, who was a near relative of the great American poet, William Cullen Bryant. Bad health and other misfortunes had reduced him in his old days.

William James Rogers.

On the 9th of January William J. Rogers breathed his last at the home of his son, Charles P. Rogers, at DeLong Terrace, Lexington, Ky., aged sixty-five years. The interment was at Cave Hill Cemetery, Louisville, Ky. He is survived by two sons, Messrs. Charles P. and J. Will Rogers, of Lexington.

Comrade Rogers was a soldier of the Civil War, he and a younger brother, John (now Judge Rogers, of the Federal court in Arkansas), having enlisted in March, 1862, at Canton, Miss., in the Semmes Rifles, commanded by Capt. Hugh Love. This company soon after became Company H, 9th Mississippi Regiment Infantry, Chalmers's Brigade, Army of Tennessee. Both brothers were wounded at Munfordville, Ky., and W. J. Rogers was sent North to prison. After being exchanged, though disabled for infantry service and discharged, he immediately joined the 1st Mississippi Cavalry, in Armstrong's Brigade, was made orderly sergeant of his company, and served through the war under Wheeler and Forrest.

The romance of his life occurred near the spot where he was wounded and captured. The deadly missiles of battle passed over the country home of the "girl he left behind him," Miss Martha L. Lewis, who afterwards became his wife and the mother of his children. Though bereft of her by death for more than thirty years, his last thoughts were of this beloved companion of his early manhood, and her name was among the last on his lips.

The death of this good man is a loss deeply felt in his community, where, though known only in the quiet walks of life, he had endeared himself through his kind and lovable nature.

Maj. Robert Allen Allison.

"Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like Autumn fruit that mellowed long."
—*Dryden.*

At his home, at Winona, Miss., on January 9, passed to his reward Maj. Robert Allen Allison, aged seventy-one years, one month, and twelve days. Major Allison had had a severe spell of pneumonia during the fall of 1907, from which he had never fully recovered. On the day the summons of the grim reaper reached him he had expressed himself as feeling even better than usual and had spent some time in his office. After gently protesting to the anxious ministrations of his always devoted wife that he was "all right," he seated himself in a reclining chair, and almost immediately and without a struggle quietly passed away. It was truly a fitting end to his long, gentle, and unobtrusive life, evidencing even in his last hours the same earnest devotion to duty, the same courteous regard for those about him, the same gentle self-effacement and brave self-control that had characterized his whole life.

Robert Allen Allison, the second son of Andrew and Rebecca Allison, was born at the home of his maternal grandfather, Robert Allen (who was a distinguished officer of the War of 1812), in Carthage, Tenn., on November 28, 1836. He graduated at Cumberland University, in Lebanon, in the class of 1857, and soon thereafter became associated with his father and elder brother in the wholesale trade of Nashville. In early boyhood he became a member of the Presbyterian Church, and even at that early age manifested that piety of heart and purity of mind that distinguished him throughout his entire life. His faith was ever that of a child trusting a

good and tender father, an his service to his Church was faithful as member, deacon, and elder.

In February, 1861, he married Miss Belle Kelso, of Lincoln County, Tenn., a beautiful and noted belle, and entered upon that loving and tender companionship for which his loving heart and exquisitely refined nature so eminently fitted him and which was ended only with his death in her arms after almost a half century of ideal love and devotion.

In the very morning of his wedded life, with a brilliant and successful business career just opening before him, with the tender kiss of his firstborn upon his lips, he heard the call of his country to her sons, and, turning aside from all thought of personal pleasure, sternly set his face to duty, sprang to her defense, and enlisted in the Provisional Army of Tennessee in the early spring of 1861. When the State seceded and the State troops were transferred to the army of the Confederacy, he was made adjutant on the staff of that distinguished preacher-soldier, Col. Wyley M. Ried, in whose Church he had long been a devoted member, and remained with him until his chief fell, in the forefront at Shiloh.

Upon the reorganization of the army after Shiloh he went to Lincoln County, saw his girl wife with her baby, and assisted in the organization and equipment of a company for the mounted artillery service, and marched them one hundred and ten strong, on their own horses and furnished with their own uniforms, side arms, camp furniture, and rations, to Lavergne, where they were sworn into the service and offered themselves to that "Wizard of the Saddle," Gen. N. B. Forrest. But, alas for the poverty of the cause upon the altar of which they had offered themselves! there were no guns for them, and the only thing to be done was for officers and privates alike to take service in the ranks and, as the grim chieftain expressed it, "wait until they could capture a battery." This they manfully did, and thus became a part of that glorious troop

"Whose hoof beats die not on fame's crimsoned sod,
But will ring through her song and her story,
For they fought like Titans and struck like gods,
And their dust is our ashes of glory."

Nor was it long until the General's promise was made good, for in little more than two weeks they captured a full battery, and in this battery he served as sergeant until captured, in 1863. After his capture, he was carried to Nashville and placed in the penitentiary, where he found as fellow-prisoners his elder brother and an uncle, and that his mother and sisters were being held under guard in their home as prisoners.

From Nashville he was sent to Camp Chase, near Columbus, Ohio, and finally to Castle Thunder, near Baltimore, and thence to City Point, on the Potomac, from which place he was exchanged and sent South. The deprivations of prison life had so undermined his health that he was ordered to report to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston for staff duty, and was at once assigned as assistant to Maj. W. H. Warren, chief ordnance officer of the Army of Tennessee. But he had hardly assumed his duties when he was stricken with a most malignant attack of typhoid pneumonia and sent back to Marietta, Ga. It was then that his young wife, at her home in Fayetteville, learned of his whereabouts and condition, and at once set out in a buggy across the disorganized and lawless country, filled with roaming and desperate bands of bushwhackers, guerrillas, and stragglers from both armies, to his bedside. After four days and nights of almost continuous travel and through many dangers and hardships, she reached Rome, where she got a train for Marietta, where she found her husband on the very brink of the grave, and where through ten weeks of loving devotion she nursed him back to health.

Upon sufficiently recovering to be able to travel he was assigned to the staff of Gen. Leonidas Polk as assistant chief ordnance officer; but the very day after he reported for duty General Polk was killed, and Gen. Alexander P. Stewart,



MAJ. ROBERT A. ALLISON.

Major Allison's old and beloved preceptor at Cumberland University, was promoted to the command of the corps, and it was under him that he served in an unchanged position until the final surrender at Greensboro, N. C., his commission as major reaching him at Smithfield, N. C., only a few days before that sad event.

He was one of the founders and long the President of John Ingram Bivouac at Jackson, Tenn., his comrades in which, in pursuance of his often expressed wish, conducted the last sad rites over his grave.

In childhood and youth a devoted and dutiful son, a loving and tender brother, a genial and charming companion, he entered manhood rich in those high qualities that ripened with his years and gained for him the love and respect of all with whom he was brought in contact.

Returning to his home, in Nashville, after the surrender, he gathered the small remnants of his scattered and wasted resources, and with a smile upon his lips and resolution in his heart he set about the upbuilding of his fortune. Reentering business in Nashville, he was soon attracted by the development of the Southwest, and in 1867 moved to Mem-

phis, and in connection with his brothers established a large and successful business there. He subsequently moved to St. Louis, and from there to Jackson, Tenn., and thence to Winona, Miss., where he resided until the final settlement of his earthly accounts. In all these places and in all the relations of life he was always the same high-toned gentleman and consecrated Christian. Modest and retiring, he sought no prominence or public position; but his character and talents made him a leader in every field he entered and forced upon him many positions of trust and honor in his Church and in business affairs, the duties of which were always discharged with noted faithfulness. Broad and catholic in his convictions, he was always tolerant of the opinions of others, but firm and unalterable wherever a principle was involved. His home life was ideal in its beauty and purity; and when his gentle spirit winged its flight to its home in heaven, he left behind him a void not only in the hearts of his mourning family but in the community, and gave to all who come after him an example whose ennobling influence will be felt as long as honor, Christian virtue, and high character are known.

And when it is remembered how fully, even from his boyhood days, he had been consecrated to his Master's service and in every event of his life had faithfully heeded his voice, it is easy to understand how, when the summons fell upon his attentive ears, the things of this life receded from his view, and the great white light of that other world broke upon him. his soul rose within him and his lips sent forth the happy answer: "It is all right! It is all right!"

Joseph McAdam Broun.

Joseph McAdam Broun, one of the best-known and leading lawyers of West Virginia, died December 12, 1907, at his home, in Madison, Boone County, of paralysis, with which he was attacked a few days before. The remains were conveyed to Charleston, and the funeral services were held at St. John's Episcopal Church, conducted by Rev. Dr. Roller, the rector.

Captain Broun's death was a great surprise. Only the week previous he attended the Federal court and conducted the famous Boone County land case, and seemed in the best of health.

The deceased was born in Loudoun County, Va., December 23, 1835. He and his brother, Maj. T. L. Broun, of Charleston, W. Va., located in Kanawha County before the Civil War. After the war Captain Broun returned to this city, where for a number of years he practiced law and became one of the best-known attorneys in the State. He was educated at the University of Virginia. He was never married, and is survived by his brother, Maj. Thomas L. Broun, and one sister, Mrs. Susan J. Stevens, of Asheville, N. C.

Captain Broun was a member of the Kanawha Riflemen, a well-known company formed in Kanawha County that embarked for the war in May, 1861, and was composed chiefly of lawyers, doctors, and other prominent young men.

Joseph M. Broun in August, 1861, was made captain and quartermaster to the 3d Regiment in Wise Legion when stationed on Big Sewell Mountain, West Virginia (subsequently called the 6th Virginia Regiment), and ordered to the South Carolina coast. Captain Broun continued in the service of the Confederate army until the surrender at Appomattox, in April, 1865.

Many other "Last Roll" sketches are waiting. Contributors to this department must be brief.

THE TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. D. C.

BY MRS. JUDITH WINSTON PILCHER, PRESIDENT, NASHVILLE.

I am in receipt of a letter from Dr. T. C. DeLeon, of Mobile, celebrated as one of the South's great writers, in which he makes a suggestion that a movement be inaugurated among the Daughters of the Confederacy of the Tennessee Division looking to a practical memorial to James R. Randall, the loved author of some of the immortal war songs of the South. To mention no other, his "Maryland, My Maryland" will live in song and story as long as literature shall last and as long as hearts are stirred. It is indissolubly interwoven with the precious memories of the fateful days of the sixties; it fired the Southern heart to patriotic fervor and to deeds of valor as no other song of that dramatic period. Who can tell how many of our heroes went from the field of honor to their graves uplifted by the martial strains of this inspired melody?

It is wisely suggested that this memorial should be a practical one. The death of Mr. Randall, only a few weeks ago, has left his family absolutely without support, and it is proposed that the memorial shall take the form of substantial contributions to their aid. It would be a reproach to the South that the family of the author of "Maryland, My Maryland" should be in need and their needs unanswered. I cannot feel otherwise than that the suggestion is a timely and appropriate one, and I lay it before the U. D. C. of Tennessee, with the earnest hope that it will meet with a prompt and warm response from them. I would suggest that every Chapter in the State open at once its separate voluntary subscription list for sums of any size, and all sums with or without name of donor to be handed its Secretary.

If Tennessee opens heart and purse to this appeal, I feel sure that other States will join her and a memorial of practical value will have been accomplished by a grateful people.

[DeLeon's appeal is general to the South. He thinks Georgia should give most.—Editor Veteran.]

Governor Swanson, of Virginia, Favors Confederates.—Veterans from everywhere South who attended the Richmond Reunion in 1907 and heard the brilliant young Governor Swanson will not be surprised but pleased at his recommendations in behalf of the Confederates in his message to the Legislature. After setting forth a pleasing condition of finances in Virginia, he says: "I recommend that the pensions paid to the most disabled, dependent, and deserving classes be increased, and that a larger appropriation for this purpose be made. I also recommend that the work of collecting Confederate records, of collating and preserving the materials of our war history, be continued." He also urges that an appropriation be made to erect a suitable monument on the battlefield of Gettysburg "to commemorate the glory and the heroism of Virginia troops who participated in that engagement."

Comment upon "Lee and His Cause."—Mrs. M. C. Robinson writes from Harrodsburg, Ky., to Dr. Deering: "Your book, 'Lee and His Cause,' lies before me, and I can truthfully say that next to the Bible I prize it above all books. I have been enlightened, as will be all who read its pages, for it is the only true record of the 'great conflict.' If I could, I would place it on the shelf of every library, that succeeding generations might know the truth."

The writer in her enthusiasm is severe upon other authors.

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We have just published a work entitled "The American Government," edited by H. C. Gauss, Esq., a trained journalist, at present Private Secretary to Attorney-General Bonaparte.

This book gives a list of all offices of sufficient importance to be filled by presidential appointment subject to confirmation by the Senate and a complete statement of the powers and duties pertaining to each office and the salary attached.

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Americans who travel would gladly know the duties and powers of the American Ambassador and Minister, the Consul General and the American Consul, what their duties are not only to the government they represent but to American citizens who visit the countries to which they are accredited.

Recently a famous New Yorker lost a suit in the United States Circuit Court involving more than $100,000. He desired to appeal it to the Supreme Court of the United States; but was astounded at being told by his lawyers that they were not sure that he could appeal it, and to his astonishment the Supreme Court refused to hear the case. Now this book tells just what cases can be heard in United States courts and the jurisdiction of each court, and also covers all points likely to come up about the government and its officials in all their relations at home and abroad. It is a book of reference for American citizens and for foreigners who desire full and authentic information concerning the United States government.

The book contains nine hundred pages, bound in half morocco, and the price is $5. Address L. R. Hamersly & Co., 1 West 34th St., New York.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY GRADUATES.

Mr. Charles W. McAlpin, Secretary, writes the VETERAN from Princeton, N. J.:

"A new edition of the general catalogue of graduates, former students, and honorary graduates of Princeton Unisity is being prepared by the secretary. To aid him in completing the records already in his possession and in getting fresh material, graduates, former students, recipients of higher or honorary degrees, and all others who have in any way or at any time been connected with Princeton are requested to forward full biographical data. Friends and relatives of deceased graduates and former students are especially urged to assist in supplying data which the university cannot otherwise obtain. Of particular importance are dates of birth and death, degrees received, and public offices held, whether civil or military.

"Special effort is being made to complete and correct the military records of Princetonians who served in the Confederate army, with dates of enlistment, promotions, mustering out, death, etc. In this effort the help of Southern members and friends of the university is earnestly sought.

"Spanish War records are also requested, and any personal biographical details will be gratefully acknowledged."

All communications should be addressed to Mr. McAlpin.

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Mr. M. G. Vardell, Austin, Tex., requests that any survivors of Company B, 17th Alabama Regiment, who surrendered with him at the close of the war at Greensboro, N. C., will write to him. He says that, according to his best recollections, there were twelve of the company there.

Mrs. M. A. Robertson, Boyd, Tex., Box 3, wishes to hear from some comrade of her husband, N. P. Robertson, who can testify as to his service. He was commonly called Nat by his comrades. He enlisted from Cobb County, Ga., in Phillips's Legion, and served three years. His widow is old and needs a pension.

T. J. Wellons, Plant City, Fla., wishes to get in communication with any surviving comrades of E. W. Norwood, now dead, who was a member of a company commanded by Jim or Tom Tibbs, from Morton, Scott County, Miss., and belonging to one of the regiments of Armstrong's Cavalry Brigade. He wishes to secure a pension for Comrade Norwood's widow.

S. H. Trim, of Middleton, Tenn., was a member of Company B, 41st Alabama Regiment, and lost both legs at Bermuda Hundreds, near Richmond, Va. He would like to hear from any survivors of his own company or comrades generally.

Mrs. Josephine McLin, Tallahassee, Fla., is anxious to communicate with any surviving comrades of her father, William Jackson Glidewell; his discharge papers having been lost, she wishes to secure information that will establish his record. He was from Lynn County, Tex., and was enrolled at Arkadelphia, Ark., as a member of a company made up by detail under Captain Poleys, which company was ordered to Marshall, Tex. Later part of Poleys's company was sent to Tyler, Tex., with Colonel Hill in command. This company was made up of men detailed from different parts of the country for the purpose of manufacturing small arms, and was disbanded by Colonel Hill at Tyler after the general surrender. William Glidewell was crippled while fighting fire in the government shops at Arkadelphia; and after being in the hospital a long time, he was out on furlough from General P[illegible]able return

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H. D. Watts, Americus, Ga.: "In the list of Confederate dead buried on Johnson's Island as published in the February VETERAN appears the name of Capt. J. U. D. King, Company K, 9th Georgia Infantry, which should be J. M. D. King. I was a member of Captain King's company, which was organized in Americus, Ga., and left for the [illegible] of June, 1861, and be[illegible]orgia Regi-

An unfortunate error was made in the February number in giving the address of Mrs. E. L. Freer as Clinton, Tenn., when it should have been Clifton, Tenn. She is the worthy widow of a veteran, an invalid confined to her room, and seeks to make her support by securing subscriptions to different magazines, of which the VETERAN is one. Daughters of the Confederacy and others can help a worthy woman by sending their subscriptions to her to be forwarded to the [illegible]ions wanted.

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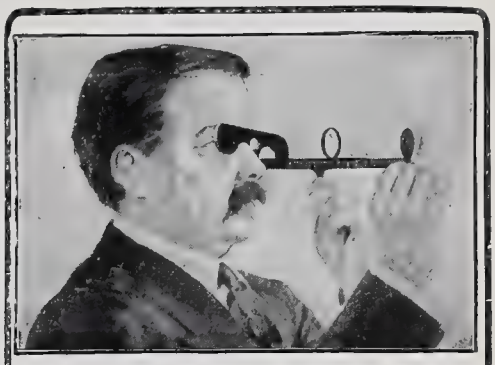
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VOL. XVI. APRIL, 1908. NO. 4.

BIRMINGHAM REUNION, JUNE 9, 10, 11.



CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER, BILOXI, MISS. "The South's Westminster Abbey."

(See pages 174-176.)

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With downcast eyes the matron stands,
With mien dejected, empty hands,
  She asks for bread.
Her child, her servant, hungry-eyed,
In mute appeal, stand by her side—
  Her hopes are dead.

A vision of a happy land
And a devoted patriot band
  To her appears,
Their cause triumphant in the right;
Then quickly fades upon her sight
  Through mists of tears.

She asks for bread; the price they name
Should bring the crimson blush of shame
  To brow and cheek,
And keep it burning just as long
As tyrants, brutalized and strong,
  Oppress the weak.

The almoner, dispensing food
With hand reluctant, selfish mood,
  Demands that she
Forswear allegiance to her land,
To him who holds her heart and hand,
  In simple fee.

"Renounce your birthright, aid no more
Your former friends, close thou the door
  Against thy kin;
Else go and suffer, die in need.
Rebellious ones we may not feed;
  'Twould be a sin."

Now wrong prevails, the deed is done;
The hungry children's tears have won,
  They now may live.
Will she be held to strict account?
Will God demand the full amount?
  Or absolution give?

Trust Him who dries the orphans' tears
And notes our sorrows, hopes, and fears,
  Our trials sore.
He'll pardon her, though she, still true
To motherland and kindred too,
  Should love them more.

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He drew it from its honored sheath
Where bullets fell like rain
And laid it down when all was o'er,
A sword without a stain.

For his beloved South he drew
That valiant battle blade,
And where it gleamed among the pines
Was seen his old brigade;
In tattered coats of cherished gray
The old ranks stood alone;
On many a field that's far away
The sword of Pickett shone.

Where roared the foemen's hundred guns
The ranks of death to fill,
That battle blade led bravely on
To Cemetery Hill;
And he whose hand bore it aloft
Amid the carnage wild,
Although a lion in battle, was
As gentle as a child.

Fate had decreed that bloody crest
Was not for him to hold.
He saw the crimson meadows strewn
With heroes young and bold;
And when the fateful night came down
And war's grim game was played,
The gallant chieftain yearned to lie
Among his old brigade.

Take from its laureled sheath to-day
The sword that Pickett drew;
'Tis cherished by the valorous Gray
And honored by the Blue.
Despite the vanished years of peace,
I seem to see it still
Amid the battle smoke that hung
O'er Cemetery Hill.

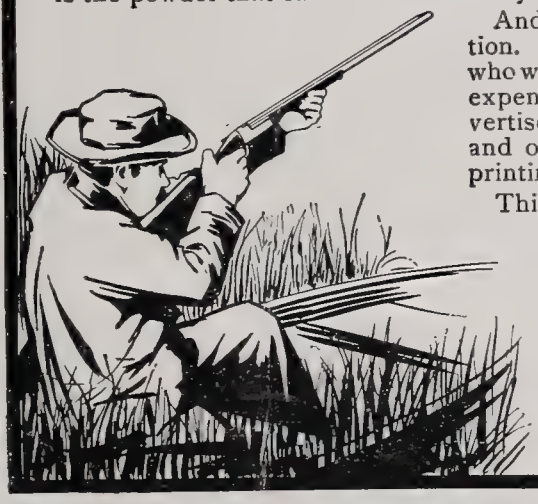
It led the greatest battle charge
That brightens Hist'ry's tome,
And loving hands wreathe it to-day
Within a Southern home;
While all the world its tribute pays
To Pickett's stainless blade
That led to glory, fame, and death
That famous old brigade.

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THE BELL BOOK & STATIONERY CO., 914 E. Main St., Richmond, Va.

Tom N. Shearer, Starkville, Miss., makes inquiry for John Rudder, who lived in or near Courtland, Ala., and with whom he served in a mixed regiment known as the 1st Alabama, Mississippi, and Tennessee, and commanded by Col. Alpheus Baker until he was promoted to brigadier general. Rudder was in Company F, Alabama Troops, while Shearer was a member of Company D, Mississippians. They were in prison for seven months, and after the exchange their regiment was known as the 54th Alabama. Both volunteered for picket duty at the battle of Peachtree Creek, Atlanta, becoming separated near the enemy's line. Mr. Shearer would also like to hear from other members of Company F.

George Jones, of Wisner, Nebr., R. F. D. No. 2, Box 41, would like to hear from some of his old comrades. He was sergeant of Company E, 12th Mississippi, and was wounded and taken prisoner near the end of the war and paroled from Elmira, N. Y. He reached Richmond during the evacuation, and was not allowed to stop and see his comrades, but sent on farther South, and went out West as soon as able to travel.

Miss Attie Moorman, 2114 Troost Avenue, Kansas City, Mo., makes inquiry for the company and regiment in which John Webb Moorman served during the war. He was first with General Price in Missouri, and later joined Bragg's army in Kentucky. He was a nephew of Mercer Moorman and cousin to the late Gen. George Moorman, of New Orleans, Adjutant General U. C. V. He was discharged on account of poor health before the close of the war.

Capt. John Kennedy, of Selma, Miss., will pay liberally for the following back volumes and numbers of the VETERAN: Volumes I., II., V., VI.; December, 1895; February, 1896; May, 1899; January, 1900.

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No matter what you want—street suit, wedding trousseau, reception or evening gown—INEXPENSIVE, or handsome and costly—send for my samples and estimates before placing your order. With my years' experience in shopping, my knowledge of styles—being in touch with the leading fashion centers—my conscientious handling of each and every order, whether large or small—I know I can please you.

MRS. CHARLES ELLISON, Louisville, Ky.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. } VOL. XVI. NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1908. No 4. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM. PROPRIETOR.

OFFICIAL NOTICE OF THE REUNION.

Gen. W. E. Mickle, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff to Gen. Stephen D. Lee, in his notice of the Reunion states:

"The General commanding announces that, according to the custom heretofore in force, which leaves to the General commanding and the Department Commanders the naming of the date of the Reunion, the eighteenth annual Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans will be held in the city of Birmingham, Ala., June 9-11, 1908, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, respectively, those days having been named by our host as satisfactory.

"No city in the South has shown since we laid down our arms at Appomattox such stupendous growth as the city of Birmingham, and she stands out alone among her sister cities, whether she is viewed as to the extent of territory covered by her corporate limits, the magnificence of her buildings, or the number and wealth of her industries.

"While there is nothing in and around the city to arouse the enthusiasm of the survivors of the Confederate armies, her patriotic men and beautiful women, with a fidelity to the principles of the Southland and a devotion to her traditions second to none, plead with their old-time friends and comrades to come to the hospitable homes of the Magic City, assuring them that a welcome will be given equal to any that has been shown in the past.

"The central location of the city and its numerous railroad connections place it within easy reach of all sections of the country, and the General commanding feels satisfied that the 'boys in gray' will be present in large numbers.

"The General commanding with much pleasure announces, at the request of its most energetic President, Mrs. W. J. Behan, that the Confederated Southern Memorial Association will hold its meeting at the same time."

PROGRESS FOR THE ARLINGTON MONUMENT.

BY MRS. CORNELIA BRANCH STONE, PRESIDENT U. D. C.

GALVESTON, TEX., March 14, 1908.

To the Daughters of the Confederacy: It will be pleasing news to you to know that the Arlington Confederate Monument Fund is already showing signs of vigorous growth. The Treasurer, Mr. Wallace Streator, of Washington, D. C., reports having received during the month of February the sum of $2,325.72, of which was $1,000 each from the R. E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson Chapters of the District of Columbia; Indian Territory Division, $20; Oklahoma Division, $20.72; Washington Camp, U. S. C. V., Washington, D. C., $75; Children's Auxiliary, District of Columbia, through Mrs. Arthur E. Johnson, $80; balance on pledge from Alabama Division, $18; survivors 23d New Jersey Regiment, $100. This fund was still further augmented by the proceeds of a lecture given by Senator Taylor, of Tennessee, under the auspices of the Executive Committee of the Arlington Confederate Monument Association, now under the direction of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and of which Col. Hilary A. Herbert, former Secretary of the Navy in the Cabinet of President Cleveland, is chairman. The net proceeds of this lecture was $400, and the Association is greatly indebted to Senator Taylor for contributing his service in his own inimitable style to this patriotic purpose. The Columbia Theater in Washington was filled with a large audience, among which were many prominent and distinguished men and women.

The most gratifying incident of this occasion was the magnanimous speech of Gen. E. Burd Grubb, of New Jersey, when presenting a donation to the monument fund of one hundred dollars from the "Survivors of the 23d Regiment New Jersey Volunteers." This testimonial of good will was received with deepest appreciation as an evidence of that fraternal sympathy in this memorial work, such interest as forms the foundation stones of a Union, that will endure and welds us into one people in all of those higher qualities that constitute a oneness of spirit and purpose.

The "Survivors of the 23d New Jersey Regiment" have gone on record with their noble Commander as the exponents of that brotherly love which shows the spark of divinity in the hearts of men; for when erecting a monument at Salem Church to their dead they placed thereon a tablet with this inscription: "To the brave Alabama boys, who were our opponents on this field, and whose memory we honor." Noble words from noble hearts!

Can we, the Daughters of the Confederacy, remain inactive in this work to erect a monument over our dead in the National Cemetery at Arlington, and can we show less interest than those who were once opposed to that heroic band now resting there? That you will give other and better report at our next annual Convention is the firm conviction of your President General.

SENATOR TAYLOR FOR ARLINGTON CIRCLE.

Hon. Hilary A. Herbert, chairman of the committee to raise funds for the Arlington Confederate monument in Washington, writes as follows:

"*My Dear Senator Taylor:* The echoes of the magnificent lecture you were kind enough to give for the benefit of our monument at Arlington are still ringing in the ear. 'The philosophy of it was wholesome, its eloquence was unsurpassable, its humor was delightful.' Such things as these I am hearing all the time.

"The Executive Committee of the Arlington Confederate Monument Association have deputed me to give you their most hearty thanks and to send therewith this 'loving cup' as a slight token of their appreciation.

"That the cup of happiness for you and yours may always be full to overflowing is the wish of us all."

MEMORIAL WINDOWS, BILOXI, MISS.

MRS. STONE'S REPORT TO THE UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

As our official organ, you will bear the message to the United Daughters of the Confederacy that the unveiling ceremonies of the window erected by them to the loving memory of Mrs. Varina Jefferson Davis were most successfully conducted at Biloxi, Miss., on February 28. Miss Decca Lamar West, chairman of the committee appointed by Mrs. Henderson, President General U. D. C., at the Gulfport Convention, with her associates on that committee, labored with untiring interest and loving thought, with the advice and counsel of the rector, Mr. C. B. Crawford, of the Church of the Redeemer, that this memorial should express in its design some of the noble and great characteristics of the heroic woman to whom this tribute was paid. Mrs. Hayes was consulted in all of the details of the design, and the result is so beautiful and satisfying that your President earnestly hopes that every member of this organization may see it. With an ideal day on the shores of the Mexican Gulf, the soft murmur of its waters whispering sweet memories of the loved one we were about to honor, the breath of spring upon leaf and tree, and the air sweet with its fragrance, the overflowing audience assembled in the beautiful ivy-crowned church, a gem within itself, and holding in its possession the richest treasures of art, the most valued offerings of the history of this beautiful Southland—the "Westminster of the South." Seated with the Confederate veterans from the Soldiers' Home of Mississippi, historic Beauvoir, was Mrs. Margaret Jefferson Davis Hayes, the last of the direct family of our great chieftain.

The windows to be unveiled and those erected by Mrs. Davis to the memory of President Davis and to "Winnie" Davis were decorated with wreaths of laurel, palm branches, and a wealth of flowers; these were offerings from the Chapters in New Orleans and all neighboring towns, and beautiful wreaths were sent by the General Association and the Memorial Window Committee. Dr. Crawford, the rector, opened the programme after the processional and appropriate prayer and song service with a short address, giving the history of all of the memorial windows, which are beautiful and artistic, having been manufactured in Munich, where the very best work of this kind is done.

Mrs. Hayes had placed a window in memory of her three brothers and her infant son, which is beautiful in design and coloring, and was unveiled by her youngest son, William Hayes. Following Dr. Crawford's address, Mrs. Hayes unveiled the window to her mother, and then your President presented it in a short speech formally to the church and parish on behalf of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. The eloquent and appropriate address of Bishop Bratton, of Mississippi, was listened to with profound interest. The ceremonies closed with the *Te Deum* beautifully rendered by the vested choir and in which is embodied the last words of Mrs. Jefferson Davis: "O Lord, in thee have I trusted: let me never be confounded."

Dr. Crawford had invited Mrs. Weatherby, of Biloxi (who was a member of the committee for selecting the design and purchasing the window), to assume the duties of hostess at the rectory and receive and entertain the guests invited there, and these can each bear loving testimony to the delightful and charming hospitality extended.

At the close of the cermonies all were entertained at the rectory at a buffet luncheon, and later Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught, of New Orleans, gave an invitation to Mrs. Hayes, Miss McGrath, President of the Louisiana Division, and your President General, with about sixty other guests, to a luncheon provided by her sister, Mrs. George Denegre, at her summer cottage at Biloxi—all arranged and served by the custodian of the place by telephone communication from New Orleans, but as elegant as though the presiding genius had been present. A visit to Beauvoir to see the soldiers of the Confederacy in this attractive, well-ordered Home, where the wives of soldiers are admitted, brought this day to a fitting close; but its beautiful memories will linger long in the hearts of those who participated. Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught gave a complimentary reception at her home, on Louisiana Avenue, to your President, who was her guest for the closing days of the carnival, and receptions and luncheons were given to Mrs. Hayes and myself jointly during our stay in the city.

It is gratifying to tell you of these courtesies, as it is a tribute to the office you have conferred upon me, and as such are accepted as honors to our organization. The Confederate Memorial Society, New Orleans Chapter, and individual members of the U. D. C. sent beautiful flowers from day to day, which were greatly appreciated. Mrs. Hayes was received by the veterans at Memorial Hall, and together with your President was a guest of the New Orleans Chapter in an automobile ride to the Confederate Home of Louisiana, where, comfortably lodged and with all needs provided, these dear old men are quietly and happily passing their days in the midst of attractive surroundings and the ministrations of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

MUSTER ROLL OF COMPANY C, 43D ALABAMA REGIMENT.—E. E. Estes, of Mooresville, Miss., sends the muster roll of the company stated above—of officers and men—numbering ninety-seven. This list was procured through the joint labors of Comrades Estes, R. E. Mobley, of Eutaw, Ala., and D. E. Burton, of Rosser, Tex. The company was organized in June, 1862, and served in campaigns through Tennessee and Kentucky. It was in the siege of Knoxville and in the battle of Chickamauga, after which it was sent to Virginia. After reorganization, the following Alabama troops served under Gen. Archibald Gracie: 41st, 43d, 59th, and 60th Regiments, and the 23d Alabama Battalion of Sharpshooters. Comrade Estes would be pleased to hear from his comrades.

It is expected that all members of Gracie's Brigade who can attend the Birmingham Reunion will assemble at such time and place as may be arranged. Mr. Archibald Gracie, son of the General, is anxious to confer with as many members as he can for historic purposes.

MOTHERS, WIVES, WIDOWS OF CONFEDERATES.

Splendid Consideration Shown for Them in Arkansas.

On pages 180-182 of this Veteran there is an account of the Arkansas Confederate Home, and now supplemental to it Col. Dan W. Jones, who commanded the 20th Arkansas Infantry, and is President of the Board of Directors of the Arkansas Confederate Home, gives an interesting report of an addition to it—the "Annex" and its purposes:

"Our Confederate Home was established some years ago by patriotic Confederate soldiers and their friends as a private incorporated institution for the care and maintenance of veterans who were unable to maintain themselves. Subsequently in 1891 a proposition was made to the Legislature to donate the property to the State upon condition that it should thereafter be maintained by the State as a public institution. This was accepted, and appropriate legislation was adopted.

"Under the terms of the act of the Legislature, however, only Confederate soldiers and sailors could be admitted to the Home. The old wives, who had borne the severest part of the struggle, must take care of themselves as best they could while the State took care of their husbands in the Home.



MRS. R. J. LEA.

This went on until the Legislature of 1905 met, when Mrs. R. J. Lea (wife of our much-esteemed circuit judge, Hon. R. J. Lea, both of whom are the children of Confederate soldiers) asked me to draft a bill for an act to be submitted to the Legislature to appropriate the sum of $15,000 for the purpose of building and furnishing an annex to the Home to be used for the care and maintenance of the wives, widows, and mothers of Confederate soldiers, so that these old people should not be separated in their old age. I prepared the bill, and it was introduced into the Legislature; but I seriously doubt whether it would ever have been passed but for the untiring, indefatigable, and intelligent efforts of that heroic Daughter of the Confederacy who prompted me to prepare it.

"The bill was passed, the annex has been built, and now we have Confederate women, as well as men, enjoying the gratitude of the present generation for their unselfish devotion to duty when their country called in its hour of danger and trouble.

"I have taken the liberty of stating this fact without consulting Mrs. Lea; but I am sure she will not object to this use of her name, because her action in the matter was prompted by the loftiest patriotism and love of the grand and glorious mothers of the Confederacy."

As evidence of the distinctive merit to the consideration shown Mrs. Lea in the foregoing an extract from an old Gazette, signed by the trustees, John G. Fletcher (Chairman), Charles F. Martin, R. J. Polk, E. A. Ramsey, and E. A. Darr, states: "It is with great pleasure that we as members of the Board of Trustees for the Confederate Home announce that a bill providing for the erection of an annex to the Confederate Home and appropriating $15,000 for that purpose passed both Houses of the General Assembly without one dissenting vote, and has been signed by Governor Davis. This annex as provided will be a refuge for the aged and indigent wives of Confederate veterans who have in the past been maintained by the charity of their neighbors and a pittance called a pension given them by the State. Too great credit cannot be given to Mrs. R. J. Lea, who originated the idea. But for her work and that of a coterie of her friends, who never grew tired till the bill was passed, the annex would have remained a thing to be talked about. And we particularly desire to thank George R. Mann, the architect of our new State Capitol, for generously proposing to make the plans and superintend its construction without other compensation save that of an approving conscience."

SIXTEEN SOLDIERS OF TWO FAMILIES.

Comrade J. E. Ray, of Asheville, N. C., writes of two families from the mother of the Volunteer State that are perhaps unequaled by either side from any State in the Union:

"There lived about six miles north of the city of Asheville, Buncombe County, N. C., in 1861 Mr. Black and his seven sons, farmers. All of them, father and sons, eight in number, came to Asheville and all enlisted as soldiers for the Confederate service. What fate befell them as soldiers during the four years following, I am not prepared to state, they being in the Army of Northern Virginia and I in the Army of Tennessee.

"Five miles south of Asheville, Buncombe County, there lived a Widow Stephens who had eight sons, all farmers. This family ardently desired to vindicate the honor of their country, and the eight sons came to Asheville and were enrolled as Confederate soldiers.

"Having served four years on the advanced lines of the Confederate army, I had opportunity to know much of both Confederate and Federal, and feel warranted in believing that no army at any time or in any country can furnish a parallel to this voluntary enlistment of sixteen soldiers from two families.

"But the strangest feature of the matter is that not one of these Stephens soldiers during their term of service was so disabled by wound or sickness as to be compelled to leave his post of duty as a soldier. All of them returned to their homes, and seven of the eight are living to-day, forty-three years after their soldier life. Thirty-six years after the war all the eight were living."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

GOOD NEWS ABOUT THE VETERAN.

Gratitude and greeting go with this issue of the VETERAN. Never in its history has the publication had so strong evidence of interest by its patrons in receipts largely augmented over any similar period. There have been fewer discontinuances except by death, with much more praise and much less blame than at any prevous time. There have been a smaller number who refuse to pay because they "didn't subscribe" and a smaller number who charged that they had ordered it discontinued—the VETERAN is never sent without authority having been given, and is always discontinued on notice.

The new post office ruling against sending publications beyond the time paid for has had to do with the large increase of renewals; but the sentiment is so manifestly good throughout the country that acknowledgment is made in sincerest gratitude. There are several thousand in arrears still whose names must be dropped unless renewals are sent in before time to mail the May issue. Statements will be sent to such, and postmasters are requested to report promptly in cases of death or removal.

Railroad regulations whereby traveling agents cannot be used as formerly and the unavoidable cutting down of the list are considerations for earnest appeal for local agents, and the coöperation of friends in securing local agents is earnestly sought. Will YOU, therefore, if a zealous friend, consider the subject and see what you can do within the month of April in procuring agents? There is no other publication in existence, doubtless, with such a high class of persons as agents—judges, bankers, lawyers, farmers. Men who never solicited for any other publication have made it a personal matter to help build up and sustain the VETERAN. Subscription blanks and other stationery will be sent to those who will help.

Notwithstanding the lack of transportation, the VETERAN has again sent out its traveling agent, Miss F. E. Bligh, who will be in Texas and adjoining territory for the next several months. The kindly assistance of friends where opportunity presents in advancing her work will be highly appreciated. Miss Bligh is an efficient agent, and has done much fine work for the VETERAN, and the hardship of it can be considerably lessened by the cheerful coöperation of those the VETERAN counts as friends.

Note that in this April number, as in the January, there are sixteen pages more than the usual number—sixty-four pages instead of forty-eight. The fact is noted in this connection as evidence that every possible effort is being made to promote the cause for which the VETERAN is published. These enlargements cost hundreds of dollars and affirm that the management is indeed doing all that is possible while the survivors live to make record of their deeds. Consider whether YOU can advance its interests; and if so, you need not fear regret for having done so.

Contributors must be more concise, especially as to Last Roll matter. Those who send these sketches should rewrite and condense with care. Many people seem to feel that space is of no consequence. Where it is practicable, sketches should be typewritten. Many contributors surely do not realize that the actual expense of every page in the VETERAN is about $15, and it is not encouraging to have notice from the writer of an article occupying a half page or so that he wants a half dozen copies, for which he remits fifty cents. All contributors are urged to realize the magnitude of the work in hand and to write as concisely as practicable.

The VETERAN office is not on the Public Square, but in the handsome new Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South, near the Customhouse and the Union Railway Station. Friends continue going to the old place on the Public Square, a half mile away. The editor lives at the Maxwell House, where he has resided for over twenty-three years.

Only a word about the Birmingham Reunion for June 9-11 is given in this issue. All who are interested may have the comfort of assurance that patriotism and pride are the motives impelling wealthy men of that marvelous city of productive power, and that they are resolved first upon looking after the veterans and then doing what is practicable for all other guests. The May issue will contain information as to locations of various headquarters, railroad rates, etc.

The Jefferson Davis Home Association is not idle. Certain preliminary matters are causing delay, but it is expected that the May VETERAN will give a clear outline of its plans.

The VETERAN makes an appeal now, however, for every Southerner who can spare one dollar to contribute to the proposed park on June 3, 1908, the hundredth anniversary of his birth. When we contemplate the very large sum of money that is being contributed to honor the memory of President Lincoln next year in the same State, let us resolve to procure the birthplace and to honor President Davis, who was equal from every point of life. There is pathos in the appeal to honor the memory of a great man, the representative of all for which the South contended, and who lived consistently with the South's most exalted ideals to the end. Discuss this hundredth birthday anniversary of our beloved President and be ready to conform to the plans which will be set forth in the VETERAN for May.

SINGULAR CRITICISM OF "JEB" STUART.

Our good friend, Sidney Herbert, charges that Gen. J. E. B. Stuart bombarded Carlisle, Pa., at night while on the Gettysburg campaign. Comrade Herbert followed Stuart in that section, and writes: "General Lee may have been responsible for Stuart's raid, but he was not responsible for the cruel night bombardment of Carlisle, a place filled with defenseless women and children. Stuart was formerly on duty at the Cavalry School in Carlisle, and had many old friends there, and yet he did not hesitate to bombard their homes, in which their families in the absence of male protectors felt themselves safe. I would not believe this of Stuart, so highly have I heard him commended, had I not been there and examined the battered houses as soon as Stuart retreated."

Such conduct is so inconsistent with the reputation of General Stuart and with General Lee's policy on that campaign that Comrade Herbert should have required other evidence than bullet marks reported to have been made by Stuart's men, and, moreover, that they were fired by his orders. It is singular that he would have remained there to examine such evidence of "making war on women and children."

THE ARMORY BATTALION AT GREEN'S FARM.

BY JOSEPH R. HAW, HAMPTON, VA.

I have read with a good deal of interest in the December VETERAN Private Miles Cary's account of "How Richmond Was Defended," and I have no doubt whatever that his account of his personal experience in the fight called the fight of Green's Farm and his encounter with a cavalryman is correct; but the article is incorrect in several very important particulars: mainly the time, the place, and the disposition of the troops of the enemy and of the 1st or Armory Battalion, C. S. A. He gives the date as March 4.

General Kilpatrick, who was in command of the expedition, attacked Richmond on the morning of March 1, 1864, on the Brook Turnpike with nearly three thousand picked cavalrymen and a battery of six pieces of artillery, and was repulsed. Colonel Dahlgren, who had been detached with nearly five hundred mounted men to cross James River and approach Richmond on the south side so as to capture Belle Isle, a prison in the river, failing to cross, marched down the north side of the river, stopped to rest and feed about 3:30 P.M. the same day, March 1, near Short Pump, and marched down the Three Chop road, which enters the Westham Plank road at a point called then Westham, now called Westhampton. The dwelling of Mr. Ben Green is situated on the Three Chop road some distance from Westhampton, and the 1st Battalion, local defense (called the Armory Battalion), met Dahlgren just at Green's farm and fought there. Henley's Battalion met them about two miles nearer town on the Westham Plank road, or pike, fired one volley, and the enemy went back.

I was a boy of eighteen years, military age, detailed at the C. S. A. Armory; was a private in Company A, 1st Battalion, 1st Brigade, local defense; was in the fight at Green's farm; and although I have read with interest everything I could gather from history and the many personal narratives written about the raid, even searching the war records, I have never seen a correct account of the fight on Green's Farm by the Armory Battalion. I have never seen a line from a member of the battalion in its defense. This sketch is not to applaud or excuse, but to state facts as I saw them and leave the verdict to readers of your very interesting and impartial magazine.

As stated, the 1st Brigade, local defense, was made up of the 1st (or Armory) Battalion, the Arsenal Battalion, the Tredegar Battalion, Henley's Battalion, and the Navy Battalion.

Early in the war the machinery from the United States Armory at Harper's Ferry had been moved to Richmond and set up in the Virginia Armory, at the foot of Fifth Street, between the canal and James River. Many of the workmen from Harper's Ferry had followed the machinery to Richmond and cast their lot with the Confederacy. Three companies, A, B, and C, of the Armory Battalion, were made up from the employees of the armory, the fourth company (D), from the carbine factory on Seventh Street, and another company came from the harness shop.

Gen. Josiah Gorges, chief of ordnance, in his reports and correspondence, speaks in the highest terms of these Harper's Ferry employees, both of their bravery and patriotism in removing the machinery from Harper's Ferry under fire; and later of this fight he says that when called upon they fought, and fought well, and that of one battalion of, say, two hundred workmen from the armory four were killed or died of their wounds and some eight or ten others were wounded in a skirmish.

Col. William LeRoy Brown, commanding the Richmond Arsenal, also wrote in the highest praise of the men under him, their ingenuity and their bravery, saying, "They literally worked with their muskets at their sides; and so valuable were the lives of the skilled artisans that it was said if three iron workers in the regiment were killed the manufacture of cannon would stop," referring, no doubt, to the employees of the Tredegar Iron Works.

Besides the men from Harper's Ferry, there were a number of soldiers detailed from the army, some of them having been previously wounded in battle. Before the battalion was formed several of these men joined their regiments when fighting around Richmond and fought with them, returning to the armory when the emergency was over. The battalion was drilled very little—only twice, I think—after I joined it, in 1863.

On the morning of March 1, 1864, about ten o'clock the old bell in the Capitol Square tolled out the call to arms. The starter at the armory took hold of the hand wheel and ran down the gates to the turbine water wheels. The hundreds of machines, the noisy trip hammers, and the rolls that were turning out the red-hot rifle barrels came to a standstill. Messengers hurried through the department, telling the men that the enemy was in sight; that they must hurry home, get into their uniforms, fill haversacks with cooked rations, and report for duty at the armory. On getting out on the street we learned that a cavalry force had ridden in on the Brook Road to a point inside the main line of defense, and had been repulsed by a small force of heavy artillery, and that another attack was expected at any time. There was a drizzling rain to further depress conditions. The men lived in various parts of the city, on Sheep, Union, Church, and Oregon Hills, and some across the river in Manchester. Many of them had risen at five o'clock, walked several miles, and been on their feet at work up to the time of the call to arms. They had now to walk home, don their uniforms, pack haversacks, take blankets from their beds, and report for duty. It was some hours before a sufficient number of men assembled to form a very small battalion, and the afternoon was well advanced before the order to march was given.

Major Ford was the commander of the battalion. He was an Englishman, over six feet high, straight as an arrow, and said to be an ex-cavalry officer of the English army. Captain Epps, a resident of Richmond, was the adjutant. There were two horses employed at the armory—one a fine chestnut stallion, the other a stout bay. Major Ford rode the stallion and Adjutant Epps bestrode the bay. Led by these two martial soldiers, we marched out the Cary Street, or Westham Plank road, far ahead of any other troops. The road was in a miserable condition, the freezing and thawing of the winter, assisted by the rains, having made it almost impassable with clay mud.

We had marched but a short distance beyond the tollgate when we began to meet refugees fleeing from the Yankees, wagons loaded with negro women and children, men riding horses with the harness on, all declaring that the Yankees were right behind them. When near Westham, the ammunition wagon having overtaken us, the battalion was halted to draw ammunition. Here Captain Fitzgerald volunteered to take his company (D) ahead to meet the enemy, as they had ammunition, to which the Major consented. After drawing

ammunition we marched up to Westham and took the road to the right, running about north, called the Three Chop road. About the time we turned into the road we heard Captain Fitzgerald hotly engaged with the enemy, and were hurried forward to support him. Just before getting under fire we turned to the right through a gap in a fence, moving close by the road through a field for some distance to avoid the deep mud, then back across the road to the left into a grove of young oaks, which was situated just across the road from the residence of Mr. Ben Green, where we found Company D. The battalion went in and commenced firing as fast as muzzle-loading rifles would allow. It was now past sunset, and raining. The enemy, being cavalry and armed with five-shooting revolvers and breech-loading carbines, fired very rapidly, the smoke of battle settling down on the grove and obscuring the enemy in front save for the flash of his guns.

I was standing on our right, firing over the fence right down the road. The Major was in about twelve feet of me, sitting erect on his stallion in the middle of the road. The Adjutant had been sent back to hurry up reënforcements. The battalion was holding its ground well, with no idea of retreating that I could see, when some one cried: "Look out there; they are flanking us!" On looking to our right we discovered the cavalry charging through the field almost past us, there being no troops on that side of the road. The Major, seeing this, gave in loud tones the order, "Cease firing and fall back," repeating the command twice, and I am confident the Yankees in the field heard him. The enemy had evidently deployed his men across the road on both sides and advanced. His right, meeting resistance, had been held in check; but his left, finding no force in front, pushed past our right flank unmolested, and from the position we occupied he would soon have cut us off from Richmond, as the town lay off to the right of our right flank.

When the retreat was begun, the men came out of the wood by the same gap in the fence through which they had entered, recrossed the road, and entered the field right in front of mounted cavalry advancing at a charge. Whether the officers attempted to form a line to resist this advance or the men pushed across the enemy's front to get to a wood which lay nearer Richmond, I do not know; but anyhow, instead of retreating directly to the rear by the road, the men pushed straight across the field in the enemy's front in a disorganized condition. The officers called on them to rally, but all continued to fall back rapidly across the field. By the Major's orders the firing on our side had almost entirely ceased; but the enemy were firing rapidly, the air being filled with whiz of Minie balls flying thick and fast.

Major Ford, still sitting on his horse near the road facing the enemy, called on the men to rally to him, and a few of us joined him there. After a pause, he remarked, "We can do nothing here," and began to retreat by the road. The Yankees were now right among the men in the field, and I could hear their oaths as they cried: "Shoot the d— scoundrels." Some of the men turned and fired right up in the faces of the enemy, showing pluck to the last. A brief time elapsed before the enemy's right and center came up with his left. The writer, being thoroughly broken down, found it impossible to keep up with the rapid walk of the Major's horse; but escaped capture with two others, who were the last to leave the field by bearing to the enemy's right and allowing his whole line to pass, his right passing within a few feet of us. It was too dark for them to see us.

They had advanced past Westham and down the Westham road perhaps a mile or more when we heard a beautiful volley ring out on the night air, and then all was quiet. They had come up with Henley's Battalion of our brigade, been handsomely (?) received, and concluded very wisely to retreat.

Mr. George Watt, Secretary and Treasurer of the Randolph Paper Box Factory, of Richmond, Va., a member of Henley's Battalion and one of the skirmishers mentioned by Miles Cary, has written the following as his recollection of the fight: "We marched nearly to the fork of the road (Westham) and halted; pickets were sent out, and I was put on duty as the sentinel in the middle of the road, while the rest of the picket was posted on the side of the road. I had been there only a short time when a man came dashing down the road; and being halted, he gave his name as Major Ford, of the Armory Battalion. 'Let me pass,' he said sharply. Shortly after a batch of prisoners were brought in under guard of some cavalry. The prisoners had not been disarmed, and I made them give up their arms before I would let them pass. Then Major Ford went to the front again, and in a very short time he came back at full speed and went to the rear. I saw him no more. Our picket was now withdrawn to the battalion which had deployed to the right of the road. When we got to our several companies, the men were all lying down awaiting the oncoming enemy, whom we could then hear. The picket was again advanced as skirmishers, but falling back as the enemy advanced and moving to the right of the battalion to cover that flank. In that position I took to a ditch to protect myself. Just as I got into the ditch the battalion fired one volley, which was so perfectly delivered it sounded like the report of a piece of artillery. No more firing was done. Just as the volley was fired something struck me on the side of the head, and I heard some one fall from his horse. I soon found that what had struck me was a horse's tail, he having been killed as he jumped over me and his rider thrown. I took the rider prisoner and took him to Libby Prison that night. Henley's Battalion was commanded that night by Col. John A. McEnerny. Only one of the battalion, Captain Elsie, was killed and only one, I think, wounded, Gray Doswell. There were several men and some horses on the other side killed. The enemy left and told people in King William County they thought they had met regulars instead of local troops. As the ground sloped down in our front, the men were ordered to fire on a level plain. There were not many killed, and these were shot above the breast and the horses in the head, the most of the bullets going too high."

Mr. Watt, who was only seventeen years old, afterwards joined the Rockbridge Artillery, and served until the end of the war.

Just after the repulse of Dahlgren we saw a rocket go streaming through the air over in Hanover and heard distant firing of artillery. Gen. Wade Hampton, with a very small cavalry force, had surprised Kilpatrick in camp, put him on the run, and captured nearly a hundred prisoners and prevented a third attack on Richmond by way of the Mechanicsville road. Lieutenant Sweeney, of Company C, Armory Battalion, was killed in the grove, Private Blunt, of the same company, in the field, and Private Jones was mortally wounded, and others were seriously wounded.

Capt. John F. B. Mitchell, 2d New York Cavalry, the Federal officer of highest rank, who survived this part of the ex-

pedition, in his official report says: "About five miles from the city we were met by a volley from the wood, the 5th Michigan in advance. It was now growing dark, but we pushed on. At first there was some wavering. Every now and then a volley was poured into our ranks, and it grew rapidly darker and darker, and soon you could see nothing but the flash of the enemy's muskets. They were dismounted, and the only way we had of advancing was to charge over their lines of skirmishers. This was done time and again. We took over two hundred prisoners, but we lost heavily in killed and wounded. Finally from the increased fire it appeared that the enemy had received reënforcements, and the Colonel (Dahlgren) gave the order to retire after we had driven the enemy two and a half miles."

Confederate war histories have given the "Clerks," as the men of Henley's Battalion were called, unstinted praise for saving the city from the "ruthless hand of Dahlgren," Pollard going so far as to say: "It seems their one volley did all the damage that was done to the enemy."

Impartial judges must agree that the 1st or Armory Battalion did its full share in stopping the enemy. That it was routed and many of its men captured was due to mismanagement by its officers. It was the first of five battalions to meet the enemy far in advance of any support, the nearest battalion being over two miles behind when the retreat was ordered. It checked the enemy's advance, and did not retreat until ordered to do so, and then under circumstances that would have tried thoroughly disciplined troops. That it killed and wounded its share of the enemy, there can be little doubt. Had they been supported by reënforcements, they would never have retreated; or had the officers encouraged the men to remain in the wood and continue firing, they might have held the enemy in check until help arrived.

When we consider that we were armed with Austrian muzzle-loading rifles, inferior guns, and opposed by more than double our number of seasoned soldiers who could fire at least ten shots to our one, it is not surprising that we gave way.

Private Cary says that his battalion got near enough to hear the men of the 1st Battalion running and that Henley's Battalion fought on the same ground that the Armory Battalion had been driven from, Dahlgren having fallen back and dismounted. This is not true, though I do not think he intended to err in his statements. Had Henley's Battalion been so near, no retreat would have been ordered. The fact is, each battalion did its own fighting at least two miles apart. I was near Green's farm when I heard the volley from Henley's Battalion, and know that what Private George Watt says as to their position is correct. I think Captain Mitchell exaggerates when he says they captured two hundred prisoners. We could not have had many more than two hundred men in line, and many escaped capture, some reaching a body of timber on our right and remaining all night, suffering a good deal in the rain and sleet.

The prisoners were all released that night, and the battalion assembled on the 2d of March at the armory in the afternoon, marched to the residence of Lieutenant Sweeney on Union Hill, and escorted his body to the church, while Company C attended the funeral of Private Blount. From the church we marched again out of Richmond on the Broad Street road and took our place in the line of defense until the danger from the raid was over, when we returned to our work. The men took their severe experiences very cheerfully, joking one another about incidents in the retreat, some of which were very amusing and, if space would permit, would bring smiles to the faces of many readers.

After this the brigade was in the field frequently—first to defend the city from the big Sheridan raid, when J. E. B. Stuart was killed, then below Richmond when Grant changed his base from the north to the south side of the James, and again on the 29th of September in front of Fort Harrison. Here we stayed close under the enemy's guns in a sodden slush for some time under artillery fire and doing heavy picket duty until the 29th of January, 1865. When reduced by details back to the city, our battalion was ordered to Richmond to remove and ship the machinery of the armory to Danville. Our last field duty was in March, 1865, to meet Sheridan's last big raid.

On the 2d of April Richmond was evacuated. The men of the Armory Battalion were ordered to Danville. A few of us, after waiting at the depot nearly all night, took a train and reached that city the next night, remaining until General Lee surrendered, when some went to Salisbury, N. C., where the final collapse found them.

While this is not a story of my personal experience, I will say that two of us (Albert Cuthbert, of Jeff Davis Legion, Georgia, and myself) walked to Greensboro, N. C., then to High Point to join General Johnston's army. Here Cuthbert decided to go on to his home, in Augusta; while I joined Company A, 4th Tennessee (Shaw's) Battalion of Cavalry, Dibrell's Brigade, Dibrell's Division, detailed to escort Jefferson Davis, and marched with them to Washington, Ga., where I surrendered, and was paroled on the 10th of May. In going south I saw some of the armory boys at Salisbury, and one of them guarding the Confederate wagon train near the Georgia line.

I received nearly twenty-six dollars in silver and gold from the C. S. A. treasury, some of which I have now.

Old soldiers in the field had little regard for men around government departments, and are still disinclined to give them credit for anything heroic. But the local defense service was very trying in many respects. Each raid was like going into service the first time; and then to sleep in a comfortable bed for a month at home and exchange it for a wet slush, without tent or fire, was anything but conducive to health.

While I hold in the highest esteem the regulars in the field, with whom I count four older brothers, I think it but right we should have credit for what we did in defense of the cause we loved so well. There were as true and brave hearts in our battalion as ever shouldered a gun in the service of the Confederacy.

General Gorgas, chief of ordnance, in an article on Confederate ordnance, already referred to, says of one of the Harper's Ferry master armorers: "Frederick Ball was a most competent mechanic and a man of decided administrative ability. He was almost the only one who succeeded in producing a good service arm." Then he pays him the highest eulogy a soldier can hope to deserve when he says: "He was finally killed in the trenches at Savannah, fighting with a command composed of his own operatives." So say we of Jones, Sweeney, and Blount:

"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late;
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods?"

TYPICAL LETTER OF WAR TIMES.

BY GEORGE HAMPTON MORGAN.

[L. K. Smith, Carrollton, Ga., sends the following and writes of the author: "Soon after the war this boy soldier was elected Attorney General and served eight years. He afterwards held many important positions of honor and trust, being State Senator, Speaker of the Senate, several times Judge of the Circuit Court and Chancellor, and one of the most eminent lawyers of Tennessee. At the time of his death, in 1890, he was Superintendent of Census for the Fourth Congressional District. He was Grand Master of Masons, and afterwards Chairman of the Committee of Correspondence in the Grand Lodge for years, in whose records many of the most excellent literary gems produced by him are enshrined."]

WARTRACE, TENN., January 12, 1863.

Dear Ones at Home: I now give you an account of my recent visit to the National Capital (Richmond), together with other events which have transpired since my return.

Monday morning, December 22, 1862, I mounted the train at Murfreesboro after it had started, having been detained getting the baggage of a very nice young lady aboard, who was just out from Nashville and going to Chattanooga in my charge.

Full of buoyant hope, I confidently expected to take my Christmas dinner in Richmond; but owing to the great confusion on the railroad, we were all day coming to this place, only twenty miles from the starting point. Having gotten off the schedule, the conductor announced that we would have to "lie over" until morning to avoid a collision; so, after procuring "supper for two" and arranging for my lady friend to sleep in the car as comfortably as possible and finding no room for myself indoors, I put up at Dame Nature's spacious hotel, the walls of which are composed of air, bounded only by space, the diamond-studded roof consisting of the cerulean vault of heaven, the floor being Mother Earth. I built a large, blazing fire at the stump of a fallen tree, made my bed down, and retired to rest, my princely couch being a broad plank taken from a neighboring yard (where a large dog warned me not to come back). My pillow was a hickory stick of wood; my covering, the starry firmament above.

I gazed long into the blue ethereal realms of immensity, my thoughts wandering to other scenes, reverting back to childhood's happy days, to boyhood's frolicsome hours, to youth's bright opening morn, to the blessed associations of home—yes, "home, sweet home." I watched and thought until I could think no more, the golden diadems that sparkled o'erhead like ocean gems being to my vision no longer able to maintain their separate unity. They seemed to mix, coagulate, and disappear one by one, and I sank quietly into the arms of gentle Morpheus and sweetly slept until the phosphorescent rays of the returning god of day flashed along the eastern sky and the shrill whistle of the locomotive sounded long and loud on the still morning air, warning all to "get aboard." Again we were off for Chattanooga; and after another day of short runs and long stops, just as the rosy tints of departing day were gilding the Cumberland Mountains, our long soldier train, pulled by one mighty engine and pushed by another, dashed gallantly up the steep grades, through the deep gorges, round the long curves, and finally in at one side of the mountain and out at the other, then on over frightful chasms, through narrow defiles, down steep grades, and over rocky glens toward Bridgeport, Ala., which place we reached after dark; and we were carried triumphantly across the Tennessee River, over the splendid new bridge, far above the dashing waves that splashed and rippled at the bases of the massive stone pillars that support the gigantic structure. Midnight—and the wild, weird shriek of the whistle conveyed to our ears the welcome tidings that Chattanooga was reached at last, having been forty-two hours traveling a distance that required only eleven by regular schedule. [The schedule is now three hours and thirty minutes.—EDITOR VETERAN.]

Two o'clock on the morning of the 24th, having seen my traveling companion safely housed, I again mounted the iron horse. Ten o'clock found me in Knoxville, took supper at Jonesboro, and arrived at Bristol before midnight. I immediately changed cars for Lynchburg, which place we reached late on the evening of the 25th, minus, however, my Christmas dinner except a small piece of cold corn bread and two morsels of something, said to be chicken, which frugal meal was purchased from a "snack boy." It would no doubt have been relished better eaten in the dark.

I remained in Lynchburg only a half hour, when I was then off for Burksville, where we changed cars about ten o'clock for Richmond, then fifty-three miles off.

Sleep now took possession of me, and I knew no more until, being aroused from a very unsatisfactory snooze at two o'clock on the morning of the 26th, I found our train had stopped in front of the depot in Richmond. I jumped into a hack, and as we were whirled away over the rocky streets toward the Ballard House I was forcibly reminded of Nashville by the scores of brilliant gaslights that shed their glimmering rays from every corner as far as the eye could reach. I slept that morning till eight o'clock; then rose, took breakfast, and immediately set out to transact my business, which was with several different departments of the government.

Owing to the difficulty of getting immediate admittance to the War Department, I feared delay; but fortunately I found the Hon. H. S. Foote, member of Congress from the Nashville District, who cheerfully volunteered to assist me. By appointment we met at noon at the quartermaster general's office, where the Governor introduced me to Capt. A. C. Myers, Quartermaster General. After getting through with him, I could do no more until next day; so I spent the evening "looking round."

On the 27th by appointment I met Governor Foote at the office of the Secretary of War precisely at 10 A.M., and was ushered into the august presence of that slim-visaged, sallow-complexioned individual, the Hon. James A. Seddon, whose duties are said to be more complicated and important than any other official except the President. Only five minutes being allowed each visitor, I dispatched my business and got out of there in quick time. Next we repaired to the office of Gen. S. Cooper, Adjutant and Inspector General, where there was a multitude of clerks—old men and boys. Here you can stay as long as you please, but must ask no questions except they pertain to your business. Having gotten through there, my business with the departments was finished. Governor Foote now very kindly asked me to walk with him through the Capitol grounds. The principal object of attraction there is the famous bronze equestrian statue of Washington, of which you have often read.

This great work of world-wide renown stands in the yard of the Capitol of Virginia. It strikes one with wonder and awe to behold such a lifelike representation of man and horse in bronze. It consists of a massive pedestal perhaps twenty

feet high, on the top of which stands a colossal figure. The horse is represented in the attitude of rapid motion. * * * The Capitol building is old and shabby. It seemed hard to realize the fact that this rough city of the hills is the object of all others for which the Yankee nation has been struggling for the last two years. Yet it is so. Richmond has been the prime object, the Alpha and Omega of all their desires in the East. For its capture they have fitted out the grandest armies the world ever saw, have spent hundreds of millions of dollars, have exhausted their catalogue of generals, have stained the soil of Virginia with the blood of at least a hundred thousand of the citizens of the North, and yet it is "On to Richmond," with the object of their heart's desires no nearer than at first.

[The article concludes with his return and a description of the battle of Murfreesboro.]

INTERESTING AND PLEASING REMINISCENCES.

BY DR. J. B. HODGKIN, OF VIRGINIA.

Sometime in the seventies a man emigrated from Virginia to Texas, settling near the town of Waco. He had been, as had almost every Virginian of that day, a Confederate soldier. The custom of working the public roads prevailed in Texas at that time, the usual method being to call out the neighbors and repair the roads. The Virginian was at work with others when he noticed a man eying him curiously, and at last the stranger said to him, "Are you from Virginia?" and receiving an affirmative reply, the next question was, "Were you in the Confederate army?" and "Were you in the battle of Brandy Station?" Upon getting yes in reply to both, he then said: "Well, you saved my life there." "Why, I never saw you before!" replied the Virginian. "No doubt you think so," said the other; "but in the battle of Brandy Station I was of the Union army, was made prisoner, and put under you as guard. A drunken soldier came along and swore that he would kill me for some fancied insult, striking me over the head with his saber (here is the scar), when you stepped between us and said that he should kill you first. Yes, you are the man, for I never forget a face."

"If Thine Enemy Thirst, Give Him Drink."

When Pickett made the charge at Gettysburg, the Confederates who were lucky enough to get near the fortifications of the Union troops were unlucky enough not to get back—being captured, if not killed or wounded, at the very foot of the breastworks they had so bravely but fruitlessly assaulted. Among those was Jack ———, of Virginia, who fell with a broken leg just outside the breastworks. He lay there groaning with pain and calling for water. During a lull in the firing a soldier of the Union ranks, hearing the cries of the Virginian and pitying his sufferings, sprang over the breastworks, ran to the wounded man, straightened out his broken limb, placed him in a more comfortable position, gave him a drink from his canteen, and sprang back to his place of shelter as the firing was resumed. The wounded Virginian was cared for at the end of the day's fight by the enemy, and was taken to a hospital. He recovered from his wound, was in due time exchanged, and after the war closed went into business in his native State. Years after his business called him to the Pacific Coast; and one day while in the town of Seattle, Wash., eating his dinner at a restaurant a big, burly man with a great beard came in, stared at him in a curious manner, went out, came back, and stared again. After the third repetition of this, he planted himself squarely before the Virginian and said: "Mister, were you in the Confederate army and in the battle of Gettysburg?" "I was," he replied. "Were you shot in front of the fortifications and had your leg shattered?" Again was the reply: "Yes." "Did a man jump over the breastworks and give you a drink from his canteen and straighten out your broken leg?" Looking up, the Virginian sprang to his feet, exclaiming, "Yes, and by George you are the man!" embracing him as if he had found a long-lost brother. It is needless to add that so long as the Virginian remained in Seattle he had no lack of friends, for his former enemy and friend made him as much at home as though they had fought side by side instead of in opposing ranks. But war is a curious anomaly, and it was often the case, as this writer can testify, that we pickets were as friendly during a truce as if we were old neighbors, albeit the next half hour we were shooting at each other as spitefully as though each man had a personal grudge to satisfy.

Old Friendships Revived.

The following story will illustrate how old friendship may prevail even against duty. It is told of a Confederate command on duty at Chambersburg, Pa., during the Gettysburg campaign. As an introduction, I should state that about the year 1853 a young man named Wolfe, from Maryland, was engaged as tutor in the family of an Englishman named Holland, then residing in Virginia. In those days Virginia had no public school system, and a number of boys and girls from the neighborhood of the Hollands shared in the benefits of the school conducted by the Maryland teacher, who at the end of his term returned to his native State and afterwards studied medicine. He really had been teaching in order to secure sufficient money to pay for his medical tuition. Some years passed, and, the Civil War being on, some of the boys taught by Dr. Wolfe enlisted in the — Virginia Cavalry, and participated in the campaign which ended at Gettysburg, and were at that time camped at Chambersburg, Pa. Those Virginia cavalryman were assigned the duty of picketing the roads leading from Chambersburg, and one morning there came riding out of the town a citizen, who was, of course, stopped by the pickets and informed that he could not pass. "Gentlemen," said the citizen, "I am a physician and have sick folks out here in the country, and it is very important that I see them." They were very sorry, but their orders were imperative to allow no one to pass out of the city. While talking to the pickets the Doctor casually asked one of them from what part of the South they came, and he replied that they were from Virginia. "Indeed," said the Doctor. "I lived in Virginia at one time myself." "In what part of Virginia?" asked one of the pickets. "I taught school one season at the home of a Mr. Holland, in the county of ———," he replied. "Doctor," interrupted the man to whom he spoke, "give me your hand. I am Henry Holland, the boy you taught!" and such a handshake as only old teacher and old pupil could give was made on the spot. "And do you see the fellow on that horse yonyer?" said Holland to his former teacher. "That's John ——, and that is William ——," and he pointed out half a dozen of Wolfe's former pupils, and such greeting may be imagined. A hurried council was held, the result of which was that Dr. Wolfe was told they would take the risk of disobeying orders and let him pass, thus proving that old friendships were stronger than present animosities. Indeed, it is true that no tie seems stronger than that binding teacher and pupil if the teacher has won the esteem of the pupil.

THE GEORGIA SECESSION CONVENTION.

The Georgia Division, U. D. C., sends out a programme for study and discussion a month in advance. The plan is admirable. In a circular giving a late programme there is an interesting and thrilling story under the caption to this article.

[From address by Hon. Hiram P. Bell December 3, 1901.]

I call your attention now to the personnel of the convention of 1861. It was composed of two hundred and ninety-five men, representing every interest of the State, representing every department of industrial endeavor, representing every type and class of ability in Georgia. There was a constellation of Georgia's most brilliant stars at the head of that memorable and historic body—Ex-Secretary of War George W. Crawford; Ex-Governors of Georgia Crawford and Johnson; Ex-United States Senators Toombs and Johnson; Ex-Justices of the Supreme Court Benning, Nisbet, Stephens, and Warner; Ex-Congressmen Stephens, Toombs, Colquitt, Poe, Barley, Nisbet, Chastain, and Murphey (Murphey died the day the convention assembled); and Ex-judges of the Superior Court almost innumerable, Hansell, Tripp, Rice, Reese, Harris, and Fleming—all men of the highest ability and the purest patriotism, who held the highest offices of the government, save that of the President of the United States. In addition to these able statesmen, three lawyers were in that convention who stood in the forefront of the bar in all the South—Benjamin H. Hill, Thomas R. R. Cobb, and Francis S. Bartow. Divinity and scholarship were represented by Nathan M. Crawford, President of Mercer University, and Alexander Means, ex-President of Emory College. The bar, the pulpit, the farm, the counter, the doctor shop, the office—everywhere everybody had the very best specimens of the race for representatives in that convention.

When we met, Asbury Hull moved that George W. Crawford should be elected president by acclamation. The significance of that selection lay in the fact that Hull was the embodiment of conservatism, purity of character, and the absence of madcap passion. He was a type of magnificent moral, conservative, and intellectual manhood. The next proposition was to select a secretary, and Muskogee, always in evidence when a good officer is needed, came to the front with Albert Lamar, with a blue cockade on his hat, and he was elected.

When the convention met on the 19th, Mr. Hull moved to go into secret session, and as soon as the doors were closed one of the finest historical characters that I ever knew arose; small, elegant, he looked as if he had just been withdrawn from a bandbox in his wife's boudoir. Cold as a Siberian icicle, clear as a tropical sunbeam, pure as the down of a seraph's wing—such was Eugenius A. Nisbet. Mr. Nisbet offered the following resolutions, which were taken up and read:

"*Resolved,* That in the opinion of this convention it is the right and duty of Georgia to secede from the present Union and to coöperate with such of the other States as have or shall do the same for the purpose of forming a Southern Confederacy upon the basis of the Constitution of the United States.

"*Resolved,* That a committee of —— be appointed by the Chair to report an ordinance to assert the right and fulfill the obligation of the State of Georgia to secede from the Union."

History has recorded the consequences that followed from that resolution, and you will be surprised to hear that that pure, clear, and able man in about a twenty minutes' speech argued in favor of the adoption of that resolution, and based his argument solely upon the ground that it was the only way to prevent war! The argument was that if we did not secede we would fight among ourselves. There was no sort of idea of any war with the United States if we did secede! When he took his seat, Governor Johnson arose and presented a very remarkable paper—a substitute. He made a fifteen or twenty minutes' speech in its defense.

When he had finished, Thomas R. R. Cobb arose, free from passion, earnest, calm, pure, patriotic, and made a short speech, taking it for granted that of course we were going to secede, and down he sat. When he took his seat, Alexander H. Stephens arose under a high tide of excitement. He went on to picture the cost and suffering and sacrifice that the Union involved. He spoke of the benediction it had been to the people. He spoke of the glory and grandeur that it was destined, undissolved, to accomplish. "But," said he, "if you ever intend to secede, the sooner you do so, the better," which was a confession of judgment in open court. Mr. Toombs then arose, that combination of Cato, Agamemnon, and Mirabeau, and for about ten minutes with the skill of a master he told of the persecution in legislation and of the aggressions of the North upon the rights of the South. He closed with this remark: "Mr. President and gentlemen, these are facts. South Carolina has withdrawn. It remains for you to grasp in fraternity the bloody hand of Massachusetts or align yourselves with gallant South Carolina!"

When he concluded, Dr. Means arose and made a star-spangled banner speech, such as only he could make. Judge Reese, of Madison, made a strong, sturdy little talk. Just as the convention was about to adjourn Benjamin H. Hill took the floor, and by common consent he was recognized. Said he: "Mr. President and gentlemen of the convention, we now witness the dying throes of the grandest government God Almighty ever vouchsafed to man. Let us not be in haste to wrap around its corpse the winding sheet." And for thirty or forty minutes, with a power of speech and with a thrilling eloquence and with a logic characteristic of Benjamin H. Hill alone, he addressed that convention; and yet that speech, which ordinarily would have stirred multitudes to madness, fell upon that convention like the arrows aimed at the heart of Priam, bloodless to the ground. Francis S. Bartow, far back in the representative hall, arose, all on fire, and with decided power and energy and vim made a telling speech. The vote was taken: ayes, 166; noes, 130. The ordinance carrying the resolution into effect was adopted. George W. Crawford, the President, announced: "Gentlemen of the convention, I have the pleasure to announce that the State of Georgia is free, sovereign, and independent!"

On the 28th of January the convention appointed to the several Southern States the following commissioners charged with the duty of presenting to the authorities of said States the ordinance of secession with the reasons which induced its adoption. The commissioners were: Virginia, Henry L. Benning; Maryland, Ambrose R. Wright; Kentucky, Henry R. Jackson; Tennessee, Hiram P. Bell; Missouri, Luther J. Glenn; Arkansas, D. P. Hill; Delaware, D. C. Campbell; North Carolina, Samuel Hall; Texas, J. W. A. Sanford.

The grandest congressional delegation, in my opinion, in history was the delegation of Georgia to the Provisional Congress. Think of it! Bartow, Crawford, Kennan, Stephens, Toombs, Howell Cobb, Thomas R. R. Cobb, Benjamin Harvey Hill, and Augustus R. Wright! The trouble was that the world was against us! The grandest army that ever trod the planet was the Confederate army. It grasped the sparkling

gem of victory from the cannon's smoking mouth on a hundred bloody fields and spangled the milky way of glory with its gorgeous jewelry of stars!

Programme Committee: Mrs. Herbert M. Franklin, Tennille, Chairman; Mrs. J. W. Lee, Covington; Mrs. E. A. Pound, Waycross; Mrs. H. C. Carroll, Tennille.

Some Federal officers, after the capture of Wilmington, urged one of the belles to sing for them. She hesitated, but they urged, and then she said: "If I do, you will never ask me again." Her words to the "Southern Maiden's Lament for Her Country" were:

"Mute, mute are the harp strings—all music is hushed;
Our heart sighs, our longings, our hopes are all crushed!
(The bird from its nestlings torn fluttering away
Lives but to die prisoned—the forester's prey.)
O blest native land! O dear Southland mine!
How long for thy freedom in vain shall I pine?

Where, where are thy proud sons, so lordly in might?
They're mown down and fallen in blood-curdling fight;
Thy cities are ruin, thy valleys lie waste;
Their sunny enchantment the foe hath erased.
O Fatherland sweet! O Fatherland mine!
When, when will the Lord cry, 'Revenge, it is mine?'

The clank of the fetter falls fearful and loud
From the arm of thy chained sons, so brave and so proud!
The day draggeth long—long, longer the night;
Captivity withers the South with its blight.
O Fatherland dear! O dear Southland mine!
Our stricken hearts pray: 'May sweet peace yet be thine!'"

CONCERNING BATTLE OF THE CRATER.

BY N. J. FLOYD, 2117 N. CALVERT ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

I see that Comrade R. W. Jones, of Laurel, Miss., undertakes in the present number of the VETERAN to controvert some statements of Comrade B. F. Phillips in the November VETERAN concerning the battle of the Crater and the important part which Mahone's Brigade took in it. The fact that Mahone had recently been made a major general and was then in command of Anderson's old division, comprising in part Mahone's old brigade, has led many careless readers of history into the erroneous belief that Mahone's Brigade captured the Crater.

While in front of Petersburg Mahone's command, Anderson's old division (embracing Mahone's Brigade), was the supporting division; and as soon as the explosion occurred General Lee, perhaps not fully realizing at the moment the extent of the disaster, sent a courier to General Mahone directing that two of his brigades be withdrawn from the line and hurried to Elliot's Salient to drive out the enemy, who had captured it and a portion of the battle line at that point. Not many minutes elapsed before Mahone's Brigade, commanded by Brigadier General Weisiger, and Wright's Georgia Brigade, under Colonel Hall, were on the ground and forming for a charge. General Weisiger, thinking the enemy were also preparing for a charge, did not wait to perfect his formation, but ordered his brigade to charge at a double-quick; and with wild yells they rushed forward, mixed with the enemy, and sent them scurrying from the field. The gallant Georgians, though a little slower in grasping the situation, were fully up to the Virginians in dash and enthusiasm, and forced their way with ball and bayonet until they touched elbows with the Virginians, and had retaken the remaining portion of the battle line up to the south margin of the Crater, which was crowded with the enemy and smoking from the fusillade which they kept up.

General Mahone quickly saw that the gap was too big to be filled by the men thrown into it, for the Crater and the small portion of the battle line to the north of it remained yet to be retaken. He immediately ordered Wilcox's old Alabama brigade, now commanded by Brig. Gen. J. C. C. Sanders, to withdraw from its position and finish the work so gallantly begun and prosecuted by the other two brigades.

It was generally known that the situation was a critical one, and the Alabamians moved with celerity and enthusiasm until they were in position to charge the Crater. As I was a member of that brigade, though a native-born Virginian, I shall not speak in detail of their exploits; but with bayonets and clubbed muskets they captured the Crater, and about noon the next day they had the honor of receiving from the foe a request that they be permitted to remove their wounded and bury their dead. And during the truce, which of course General Lee granted, they had the pleasure of snubbing General Ferrero, the dandified commander of the negro troops, and leaving him to infer that the ragged Rebels did not consider him quite up to their class.

When the white flag was raised in the Federal line, General Sanders ordered the sharpshooters to cease firing and anxiously started an inquiry for a white handkerchief with which to respond to the flag of truce. There was not one that showed enough white in the whole brigade! As the truce bearer, flanked by two handsomely uniformed officers with glossy white collars and cuffs, mounted their breastworks and started across the field, a wag in Company F, 9th Alabama, said in a subdued voice to those around him: "Boys, why can't one of us take off his shirt and offer it to the general to be used as a flag of truce?" Captain Featherston, who commanded the company, chanced to overhear the remark, and quickly replied: "That would never do; those white-collared fellows might think we have raised the black flag!"

The writer went into the war as a lieutenant in the regiment to which Comrade Phillips belonged, and knew him personally. He was a good soldier and stood well with his officers. His account of the capture of the Crater is absolutely correct excepting a few inaccuracies of details. The Georgia Brigade was not "driven back with heavy loss." The loss was very heavy, but the brigade was only temporarily checked. And while, as he states, only the Alabama Brigade struggled with the foe in the Crater proper, each of the others helped to capture it, and by their desperate and stubborn fighting they added new luster to the fame which they had already won in many other hotly contested battles.

GRAVE OF MAJ. GEN. JOHN S. BOWEN.—There has been controversy in Vicksburg in regard to the grave of General Bowen which has called forth publication in the press. The Herald prints a letter from Mr. Albert Arnold, undertaker, who writes: "In June, 1887, I was acting sexton of the City Cemetery and buried the remains of General Bowen (shipped here from Edwards, Miss.) in the Confederate Cemetery at Vicksburg in the spot selected for the same by the late Mrs. Wright, at that time President of the Ladies' Confederate Cemetery Association. At no time since has the grave of General Bowen been 'lost.' I am familiar with every fact pertaining to his burial here, and so are also both Judge F. Speed and Capt. William Chamberlain."

WHY SHARPSBURG WAS "A DRAWN BATTLE."

BY R. T. MOCKBEE.

I have read with great interest the "pen picture" of the battle of Sharpsburg as drawn so vividly by Comrades W. R. Hamby and C. A. Richardson, and from what I know I don't think the picture overdrawn. But from my view the picture is incomplete. I will try to show that others took a part on that famous field that changed the aspect of affairs.

In James D. McCabe's life of General Lee we are told that Burnside's Corps, fifteen thousand strong, made a rush for the bridge across the Antietam River on McClellan's left and drove back Toombs's Brigade of four hundred. Pressing on, he reached the crest held by D. R. Jones's Division, of Longstreet's Corps. Jones's troops were beaten back, and Burnside seemed about to seize the victory even at this late hour (4 P.M., September 17, 1862). Just as this time the old "Light Division," led by that prince of soldiers, A. P. Hill, came on the field after a forced march of eighteen miles from Harper's Ferry.

The writer will ever remember the scenes that met our view as we came on the field. The men of Jones and Toombs were in full retreat before Burnside's overwhelming force, who already had possession of the road from Sharpsburg to Shepherdstown, and we were greeted by the "Hip! hip! hurrahs!" of Burnside's men over the capture of a battery of four of our guns. Their rejoicing was short-lived, though, for the men who led the advance at Mechanicsville and Gaines's Mill and who reached Frazier's Farm at that critical moment aided the gallant South Carolinians under Jenkins to drive back Fitz John Porter from that hotly fought field. These men on the 9th of August had reached Cedar Run just in time to snatch victory for Jackson from the grasp of the "braggart pope," and at Second Manassas they held the railroad for three days against the combined assaults of Hooker's Corps, Heintzelman's Corps, and Kearney's Division.

A. P. Hill's Division mustered, according to his official report, about two thousand men, but was under the immediate orders of General Lee. He moved to the assistance of General Jones, and drove Burnside's forces from the Ridge, cleared the Shepherdstown road, recaptured the battery, and followed the Federals across an open field of freshly plowed fallow land to a stone fence. Behind this fence we could see a strong force of infantry posted; but on went the men of the old "Light Division" (A. P. Hill's), the brigades led by Branch, Archer, Pender, Field, Thomas, and Gregg over the stone fence on through a field of waving corn and back to the sheltering banks of the Antietam River.

It is evident, from the condition of affairs at the time of A. P. Hill's arrival on the field, that General Lee's position would have been untenable in a very short time in view of Burnside's victorious advance, cutting Lee's line of communication by the Shepherdstown road, and by which he would have been enabled to have, with every prospect of success, continued his advance, and completely turning Lee's right, compelling him to yield the position he had with such obstinacy held in the face of more than double his own army, with a loss unprecedented in any battle of the same duration. Lee had no men to spare from his already hard-pressed and thin lines of his left and center to meet and check Burnside's advance; and I believe that but for the timely arrival of A. P. Hill's Division and the promptness with which he, his subordinates, and the brave men under them hurled back Burnside's hosts on Lee's right Sharpsburg could not be called a drawn battle, and I believe that if McClellan had renewed the attack on the 18th he could never have claimed a drawn battle at Sharpsburg. A. P. Hill's Division lay behind that stone fence all day, at first expecting a renewal of the contest, and then praying that Burnside would try to do for us what we had done for them—to drive us from behind that stone fence.

When it comes to erecting monuments to commemorate the valor of Confederate soldiers at Sharpsburg, one should be placed on the spot where stood the big straw rick about the center of the fallow field, and from the top of which Gen. A. P. Hill surveyed the field and directed the movements of the old "Light Division" as it advanced to charge the stone fence, the last and strongest position held by the enemy on General Lee's right. Near that point fell the brave L. O. B. Branch, leading his brigade in the charge, and all over that field lay the dead of the "Light Division." Some of the best blood of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, and Alabama mingled with that fallow field as an oblation on the altar of their sunny Southland. And the survivors of the "Light Division" will ever cherish the memory of their comrades and our peerless commander, whose character as a true, brave leader was illustrated by the last words uttered by his dying commanders, Jackson and Lee.



MRS. W. R. DICKERSON, BUFORD, TENN.

The above represents this venerable lady, eighty-two years of age. It is quite as she appears now. Mrs. Dickerson passed through the thrilling period of war and reconstruction at her present country home, ever self-possessed amidst the most crucial tests. At one time she rushed between her husband and a Federal, who seemed determined to kill him.

PRIVATE SOLDIER LIFE—HUMOROUS FEATURES.

BY JAMES REESE (OF THE EDNEY GRAYS), ASHEVILLE, N. C.

In April, 1861, at Edneyville, Henderson County, N. C., a company of volunteers was organized, taking the name of Edney Greys. Their commission was dated May 15. Their officers were: Captain, Balas M. Edney; Lieutenants, Mathew N. Love, Joseph H. Freeman, and John C. Edward; Sergeants, James P. Sawyer, John S. Plumblee, James Maxwell, Isaac M. Lyda, and Ambrose A. Featherstone.

Soon after this date we left Edneyville for Asheville, N. C., where they were to drill and be trained for the war that was coming. We camped the first night in a meadow near Cane Creek, on Mr. Alexander Robinson's farm, where our first sentinel, Reuben D. Ballard, was posted. We did not have any guns, so Reuben armed himself with a stick. His greatest trouble was caused by "Uncle" Jim Lyda, who would set cats to fighting near his beat.

In due time we moved on for Asheville, arriving there in the afternoon. With much pomp and patriotic pride we marched up Main Street. George Davis beat the drum, Allan Robertson played the fife, and John Brock, the giant of the crowd, displayed the flag. Having marched through the town, we went into camp with the Haywood Invincibles, a company made up in Haywood County and commanded by Capt. (afterwards Lieut. Col.) Sam C. Bryson, on College Street and established Camp Patton.

Sam Sumner became the barber, and cut our hair so short that our heads resembled freshly hulled walnuts. This duty exempted Sam from drill. Joe King 'lowed his foot was too big for the business, anyhow. Jim Sawyer got a hatchet, staked off guard lines around the camp, and posted sentinels.

Rules, regulations, and army discipline were established with strict injunctions that were to be complied with. For being absent from roll call without leave, we were required to dig and bury a stump. The first victim was "Crooked Arm" Jim Sumner.

Soon other troops joined our camp, and a regiment was organized, with T. L. Clingman, Colonel; Saint Clair Dearing, Lieutenant Colonel; and Henry M. Rutledge, Major. It was numbered 25, with the Edney Grays as Company A. Soon after this we moved to a new camp, west of the town, named Camp Clingman, after our colonel. The boys became restless, fearing the war would be over before they could get a chance to do any active service.

The time finally came, however, for us to leave Asheville for Raleigh, where we halted for a few days, and then moved on to Wilmington, where we arrived about midnight and camped seven miles below the city, on Mitchels Sound.

The next morning a fusillade of words and oaths was exchanged between two messmates, Drake Nelson and John Bell, about the coffee. Each accused the other of putting salt in his cup. They had taken the water for making the coffee out of the sound, which they thought was a river! They were very soberly informed by Carey Payne that the Atlantic Ocean was salty. We had scarcely gotten through breakfast when an old "sager" (so called by the mountaineers) came with fish to sell, and among the lot was one that to us appeared to be deformed. One side was white, the other black, and both eyes were on one side of its head. When we called the old man's attention to this, he said: "O, that fish is a flounder." Lump Freeman asked him where in the world he had been floundering to get himself in such a shape as that.

Some of the boys were inclined to "speculate"—to steal and then sell—on "goobers." For this purpose Barzilla Cross waded the sound one night, as he thought the opposite side would afford a better field for the enterprise; but on his return he missed his way and was caught by the guard. This gave Barzilla another kind of guard work.

About this time the regiment was ordered to Wilmington on general review. While marching along the street Lee Wright (his attention having been attracted by a sign displayed from an upper window) ran against a signpost and skinned his head. Lee did not like it, and promptly expressed his opinion of people who were so ignorant as to place such obstacles in a civil man's way.

The militia of the surrounding country turned out on this occasion. They were a motley-looking crowd, and the men from the mountains gave them the name of the "Flintlock Gang," many of them being armed with flintlock muskets.

After our return to camp, Bill G. Conner concluded to give Jonathan Nix a whipping, but Jonathan was (as Bill afterwards expressed it) "too contrary." Bill changed his mind, and called on Pose Conner and Anderson Head to help him make "Johnce" behave himself. Here the captain had a gymnastic pole put up for the boys to act upon by skinning the cat and hanging by their heels—as the captain termed it, "to develop their muscle." Obe Conner tried to hang by his heels and fell. Lum Maxwell said: "Obe developed a good-sized muscle on his head." Uncle Cal Edney offered to bet five dollars that the captain could hang longer by his chin than any man in the regiment. Captain Edney, thinking that Cal meant to cast a reflection on his long jaw, got mad, cursed Cal, and had the pole torn down.

When we left this place, we went south to Charleston. Arriving there in the morning, we quartered at a hotel for dinner and supper. It was quite a display of backwoods modesty that the rural mountaineers exhibited. In the evening Captain Edney thought it would be a treat to show the Grays the city. While marching along the street Joe Edney asked Burgan Whitaker to hold his gun and he would slap the taste out of the mouth of a negro that was standing on the sidewalk with a bunch of cigars in his hand. Joe hit the negro, but failed to make him bat his eyes, as he proved to be a tobacco sign. Joe licked his fingers, took back his gun, cursed the iron negro and the tobacco dealer, and inquired for the nearest saloon. When we left Charleston, we moved toward Savannah and stopped between the Coosawhatchie and Pocataligo Rivers near a village called Grahamville.

Here we drew our first pay of Confederate money. This led quite a number of the boys to see the importance of possessing a timepiece; so they sent by Lieutenant Edney to Charleston for a lot of watches. In a week's time it would have been impossible to find out the correct time, as every man claimed his watch was right, and no two of them were the same!

Bob Featherstone's stopped one day, and he got out his tube wrench and screw-driver (and Ambrose says he borrowed Uncle Cal Edney's hatchet) and gave the thing an overhauling. It did not take him long to find what he supposed to be a hair wound around one of the wheels. He succeeded in getting the "hair" out, but the watch wouldn't run afterwards; so Bob concluded to sell it and look at the sun when he wanted to know the time of day.

Here the regiment became infested with malaria, and Dr. Satchel, the regimental surgeon, recommended a little whisky, which he had issued from the hospital tent in the mornings.

It wasn't long before the malady became chronic. The Doctor soon cured this, however, for he gave them something with the whisky; and as Uncle Jim Lyda expressed it, "They had the pleasure of tasting their licker twice—going and coming."

Sam Wheeling said that as he was going for his dram one morning he met Brock coming back. All at once Brock began to scrape and bow, heave and hump, and he lost all his whisky, all the ginger cakes he had eaten the day before, as well as the taste for Dr. Satchel's whisky. Sam said that Brock's calamity cured him (Sam), and he did not trouble the Doctor for his drink that morning.

Our captain, fearing that he would have an attack of malaria, secured a jug of his own, and hid it beneath his bunk. Uncle Cal Edney, Ambrose Featherstone, Mark Williams, and Jule Poor, fearing to let a jug be so near headquarters, thought the best thing to do was to confiscate it. The captain seemed to think their action too small a thing to take any official notice of.

Jim Sawyer, John B. Edney, Isaac Lyda, and Milt Fortune, to prevent malaria, took a few doses of the stolen "booze," which seemed to make them feel rich. At the same time it enraged Captain Edney, and he threatened to have the "Rogue's Roll" played after them! Sawyer told him he would have to play it himself, as he appeared to be the only one who knew it. Soon we left Grahamville for North Carolina again. While waiting at Wilmington for transportation across the river George Bennyfield, Bill Wheeling, and several others went aboard a steamboat to inspect it, and the captain of the boat swore at them and promptly ordered them off. Jake Case drew a butcher knife, and the captain had immediate and important business in his cabin.

While crossing the river some of the boys threw Brock's cooking stove overboard. This put an end to his ginger cake business, and he promptly reported it to the captain, who told Brock that, as he was the tallest man in the regiment, he (the captain) would detail him to wade in and get it out. This Brock declined to do, but declared that the Confederacy should pay him for it. While waiting for the train to take us to Goldsboro the captain put us in the freight depot and placed guards at the doors to keep us out of mischief. There were several bags of peanuts in the depot, and it wasn't long before quite a number of haversacks were filled with them. From Goldsboro we went to Kinston, where we scouted and did picket duty up and down the Nuse River.

In April, 1862, the first conscript act was passed. All men between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five were required to remain in the service two years longer, or until the end of the war. This caused a general reorganization and election in our regiment. Captain Edney resigned, and Lieut. M. N. Love was elected to fill his place. The new lieutenants were John S. Plumblee, Julius A. Poor, and Andrew Cooper. Clingman remained colonel. Lieutenant Colonel Dearing resigned, and Maj. H. M. Rutledge became lieutenant colonel. Sam C. Bryson, being the oldest captain, became major. In a short time Colonel Clingman was promoted to brigadier general, Rutledge to colonel, Bryson to lieutenant colonel, and Capt. John W. Francis, of Company D, to major. Among recruits were Larkin, Spencer, and Clayburn Freeman, who joined us at that time.

From Kinston we moved to Mosley Hall, a village about halfway between Kinston and Goldsboro. On the way Harvey Souther dropped his knapsack off the train, and in jumping off for it came near breaking his neck.

Our next move was for Virginia, and while waiting for the train at Weldon, N. C., Hamp Owenby got on what he called "too big a mess of whisky." He declared that he saw the cars run over the top of the depot; and if the railroad people were not more careful, he would not ride with them. He said if General Ransom would tell him where to stop and wait he would rather walk on, anyhow.

We moved to Petersburg, where we arrived early on Sunday morning. Some of us soon paid a visit to the snuff factory, and got supplies which caused much sneezing.

We went into camp on Swift Creek on the 20th of June, 1862, where we stayed for four days, and then moved to Richmond. There we camped around and in the capitol building. The next morning early we were moved out in the direction of the White Oak Swamps, where we met Seagles's Division; and as Obe Conner said, "This was something else."

Prose Conner was shot through both legs and both arms at the same time. (I will not write of the killed and wounded, but only of the peculiar incidents.)

While Cary Payne was going to the rear to have his wound dressed he was stopped by General Ransom, who asked him if he was badly hurt. Cary said: "No; it's nothing but a scratch; just enough to fool the doctor." The General then asked: "How do you like fighting?" "O, General, it's fine sport, but a leetle dangerous."

A squad of the Grays, having been sent out to skirmish, were caught between two fires. It goes without saying that they hugged the ground very closely, and realized for the first time what it was to be scared. John Lyda will tell you to this day that his legs did him a greater service that day than ever before or since. Sam Wheeling said it was the first genuine surprise he had ever had, and he did not want to repeat it. We were relieved when night came, but were ordered out early next moning. The fighting amounted to nothing more than a general skirmish, for the Yankees soon, as John Hutching said, "got on a hump for the shelter of their gunboats."

We were the victors in every battle and skirmish until we got to Malvern Hill, and John Summy said: "It would have been better if we had left that Malvern Hill business alone."

We moved back again to Richmond and Drury's Bluff. Here the regiment put on quite a different appearance. Company A numbered something over a hundred when they left North Carolina; now not twenty answered to roll call.

We stayed around Richmond and Petersburg until the latter part of August, until we got some more recruits; then we moved to Northern Virginia. Here we halted for a short time at Rapidan Station, by the Rapidan River. From here we moved on to Culpeper C. H., then on to Warrenton, Manassas Junction, Shepherdstown, and Frederick, Md.

After pulling, hauling, and skirmishing around there, our regiment was ordered back to the Monocacy River, where we made a short halt; and while some of the boys were skinning a beef, there was a ruse made and we were ordered to move at once. We hated to leave that beef. George Edney said it was a shame, as it was the first time we had had anything worth fighting for, and now had to run and leave it!

We moved on down to the Aqueduct (this was a structure of masonry by which the canal crossed the river), which we were ordered to destroy; but as it was built of heavy stones, it proved a hard job; and as the Yankees got to crowding us, we had to get out. To do this we had to cross on the walls of the Aqueduct; and as the night was dark and the

walls narrow, it was a slow business, and we felt quite uncomfortable. Suddenly it was reported that a regiment of cavalry was coming, and some one gave the command to get out of the road. This almost caused a stampede. Some tried to climb the bluff, some jumped into the muddy canal. Claibe Freeman tried to get under a small hut on the banks of the canal. Next day Colonel Bryson jokingly asked him why he did it. Claibe said he did it to keep the colonel and other big fellows from running over him.

We got back across the river, moved back on the hill, took up our position, and stayed there all day. When night came, we started for Harper's Ferry. We marched all night, and crossed the Potomac just at daylight at a village called "Point of Rocks." It was sometime the next day that we landed in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry.

After the place surrendered, we moved out near the Shenandoah River and camped. We thought we would get a rest here, but about sundown the "long roll" told us something else. We were each given an extra hundred cartridges, and started on the march. After marching all night, we crossed at daylight again to the Maryland shore. We were now nearing Sharpsburg, and we knew by the noise in front of us that times were lively. We were ordered to sling knapsacks, and that was the last we ever saw of our regalia! We double-quicked about two miles from right to left, and charged up a hill near the old Duncan church and routed the enemy.

While one of the sharpshooters was in front of the regiment he found his ammunition was getting low, and this caused him to plunder a dead Federal. He took off cartridge box, haversack, and canteen. The canteen is preserved by its captor to the present day. The haversack was well loaded with hardtack and bacon, which of course were very acceptable at that time.

It was here that Ben Enloe discharged his gun with the muzzle near George Edney's ear. This so enraged George that he reached for a rock to throw at Ben, who jumped behind a tree on the side next to the enemy. It seemed that he had rather risk a Yankee bullet than a rock thrown by one of his own men!

When night came and all was quiet, Claibe Freeman thought it a good time to get himself a better pair of shoes by slipping them from a dead man near by. As he attempted to take them the "corpse" told him to "Hold on there!" Claibe said he was sorry, but he had mistaken him for a dead Yankee. The man said he was not a dead Yankee, and that if Claibe tried that game again he would find him to be one of the liveliest Rebels he ever met.

We lay on the field all that night and next day, and when night came again General Jackson marched us across to Virginia near Martinsburg. Here we rested all day, but when night came we were on the move again. We marched all night, and went into camp just before daybreak. When morning came, we found ourselves at the same place that we had left the night before. We did not understand this at the time, but found out later that General Jackson had marched us between the Yankees and a drove of cattle that had been brought out of Maryland. The next night we did the same thing, and marched out the second drove. Here a number of the Grays washed their shirts in the Opequan Creek. General Ransom remonstrated with us for standing in the sun. He was afraid we would get "sunburnt."

From here we moved back to Upperville. We had no blankets; and when one night a hard storm came up and rained out our fires, it really was one of the gloomiest times of the war.

Joe Lyda dressed and cooked a beef tripe. Joe could cook a pot of hominy or a pumpkin to perfection. He declared that he did not mean to starve, if all the citizens' hogs in the country suffered for it. Joe was not a thief, but he was not going to go hungry if he could help it. His brother Jack was somewhat different in such things. In time of battle he was as cool and deliberate as he is to-day preaching in his pulpit to a quiet congregation.

It was now October. The nights were getting cool; and as we had lost our blankets, we "kinder doubled up an' slept in piles" like so many pigs. In such situations the tall ones did not fare as well as the shorter ones. Such fellows as Jesse Maxwell and Wesley Love were bound to suffer with the cold, but they were handy to look over high places. The shorter ones did not envy them their high places unless it was when we struck persimmon trees.

Our next move was to Madison C. H. Here several of the Grays ate a lot of green persimmons. The fruit made the boys sick, and Curtis said: "The loss was greater than the gain." John B. Edney said that he could make his "licker" stick by greasing it, but the same rule would not hold good with green persimmons.

Jim Maxwell "allowed" it might have done if we had had enough grease; but that commodity could not be had every day, even for medical purposes.

When we moved again, it was in the direction of Fredericksburg. It was a hard, muddy march, and rain fell on us nearly all the way. It was almost impossible to do any cooking, especially baking of bread. Cary Payne tried to eat his dough raw, but finally he declared that he could not be a hog and a soldier too. So he haversacked it and carried it on.

It was now late in November, and we stopped in the neighborhood of Fredericksburg, where we went into temporary winter quarters.

On the morning of the 11th we were awakened by two blank cannon shots, which was the signal that the enemy were to cross the Rappahannock. We were hurried out and down to the town, where we were held in readiness until the morning of the 13th. A regiment was wanted to cross Marye's Heights behind the stone wall in front of the town, and ours was the one chosen by General Longstreet. [History has it that it was the 24th, but this is a mistake.] The 25th was the only one to cross the Heights. We were led by Col. Sam C. Bryson. We got in position with the Georgians behind a stone wall at the foot of the hill. It did not take more than two minutes to make the run, but during this time more than one hundred of the 25th fell. The first one of the Grays to get wounded was the captain—M. M. Love—and the third was the first lieutenant. The enemy made several attempts to take the works, but were defeated with great loss. When night came, we were relieved and sent back. There was no more fighting that night, and but little shelling and sharpshooting the next day.

The enemy recrossed the river and gave up the fight at that point. Burnside was relieved of the command. Two days later we moved back to our old camp for some days. General Ransom's Brigade was ordered back to Richmond. While we were passing through Richmond the General had us to double-quick to keep us out of mischief. There were crowds of well-dressed free negroes who had come out to look at the ragged "Rebs." Occasionally the troops would make an

awkward maneuver, the darkies would get mixed in with the rank, and were almost run over. Often they would come out bareheaded. A few days afterwards many dirty Rebs were seen wearing good hats that they claimed to have captured in some previous skirmish.

We camped near what was called the Richmond Bone Yard. The next morning John Huchinson looked around and declared he was insulted, as President Davis had had us taken to the wrong place. He wanted it understood that our bones were not to be left there yet.

Our next camp was near Petersburg. Here we all, except John Tyler, Freeman, and Ben Enloe, had the itch. Spencer Freeman said John Tyler did not have it because he was too lazy to scratch, and no man could have it successfully and not scratch. Ben was too contrary to have anything that any one else had.

We were next ordered to Goldsboro, N. C., and from there to Warsaw, a station on the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, and from this place to Kimmonsville. We (the Grays) were sent on picket duty one night with Lieutenant Plumblee in command. While Bob Whitaker was roasting potatoes a hog came around. Bob took a piece of rail and hit the hog in the head, and we had pork. Of course he wouldn't let the hog bite him. Several of the boys went on picket duty that night. They did not see many signs of the enemy, and they took advantage of being between the Yankee and Rebel lines. Their chances were good, and they got several geese, a turkey, and a lot of sweet potatoes. The boys claimed that the geese were old and tough. Obe Conner said that his goose might have done better if he had cleaned it better; but when he scalded it to pick the feathers, the water was too hot and the goose got "kinder sot," and he had to cook it with a good many feathers on it. When we returned to camp, we were well supplied with sweet potatoes and other products.

We went back to Wilmington. This time we were troubled with the provost guards, a thing new to us. We could not visit without a pass, and the greatest trouble was that so few could imitate General Ransom's signature.

From Wilmington we moved to Topsail Sound. One morning we were aroused and ordered to march. We tramped all day on a circuitous route, and returned to the camp we left that morning. Pink Johnson carried a rabbit all the way. He said if he had known that we were coming back he would have "treed" it before he started.

Our next move was to North East River. Here some of the boys got a possum, and it was so thin that Jasper Williams proposed to throw in a piece of bacon for a share of the possum. Still, it was too thin to be good; and if the Confederacy had not been in narrow straits for supplies, we would never have eaten that possum.

We returned to Goldsboro, where we met the captain and several of the boys, whose wounds had healed sufficiently to enable them to return to service.

From here we went to a little place called Trenton, not far from Newbern. When we halted, Colonel Bryson rode ahead and came upon our pickets. The Colonel failed to answer when challenged, and the picket fired upon him, whereupon the Colonel returned to the regiment in a hurry. Major Grady laughed at him and at once proceeded to teach him the countersign.

After remaining here in Trenton a short time, we returned to Kinston; but only to stay until we were detached to General Daniel's Brigade at Washington, N. C., on the Tar River. Our commissary wagons failed to get up to us, and we tried to borrow rations from Daniel's commissary; but they would not loan to us. It was plain that something would have to be done, so some of the Grays arranged what they called a "Raiding Party." That night a hogpen was raided, and the next day a search was made for pork. Major Grady was called on to assist in the investigation. The Major was a good officer, and one of the best men in the army; but he did not understand how to hunt for pork. A part of it was under the captain's bunk, but the captain did not know that. In a short time it was made known that two men had deserted during the night. That ended the search, for it was taken for granted that Lum Wright and Bob Stepp had the five hogs.

We shelled and skirmished around Washington for several days. The right wing of the regiment was sent out one night to recapture a caisson that had been disabled during the day. A squad was detailed to reconnoiter with instructions from Colonel Bryson to step three hundred and seventy paces down the road. The leader was told to step it. He had gone but a short distance when Henry Edney very soberly said: "A horse does not step as far when pacing as he does when walking." Before we had gone the three hundred and seventy paces we encountered the enemy. Things were pretty lively for a little while, but none of us were hurt. When the firing ceased, we could hear canteens rattle in front of us. When we got back and the colonel found that we had not gone the three hundred and seventy paces, he at once demanded an explanation. Henry Edney told him that the reason we did not go the whole distance was because the Yankees objected to it. In a few days we returned to our brigade at Kinston, where we camped near Jackson's Mill, below Kinston.

While we were at this camp one of the Grays concluded to go courting. After due preparation he entered the parlor, and was having a good time with the girls. Several of the boys donned their equipments, walked in and arrested him, and escorted him back to camp. It was all a joke, but it made him mad. He swore that it was an outrage, and that if it ever occurred again he would go to the Yankees, if the Confederacy sank by it!

From here we moved to Gum Swamp, a few miles below Kinston, where the enemy came very near getting the regiment surrounded. Not many were hurt, but we got one of the worst scares of the war. Some of the boys wanted to fight, some prayed, some swore, and nearly all wanted to run if they could get a chance. John Summy said that when the Yankees saw that we were about to get down to business they made a gap in their lines and let us out.

Our next move was back to Drury's Bluff, where we met Burnside. Both lines extended across the Richmond and Petersburg Turnpike and railroad. During the battle the Grays were thrown out to skirmish in front, and the division was moved to the left. This threw the Grays in front of Clingman's Brigade. Clingman ordered a charge, and Company A went into it with them and carried the works. It was one of the battles where the two lines came together and clubbed each other with their guns. Some of the enemy surrendered and some ran, but the ones that ran fared the worst.

After quiet was restored, General Clingman sent us back to our own (Ransom's) brigade.

General Ransom had been wounded, and Colonel Rutledge commanded the brigade until the battle was over. It was here that Company A discarded the Mississippi rifles for new Enfields, which we had captured from the enemy.

From Drury's Bluff we went back to Garysburg, where we camped for a while. It was at Garysburg that Wylie Hensley and Arthur Laughter had a fight. It was a draw for quite a while, but finally Arthur had to call for help. He said afterwards that he didn't mind the whipping, as he had the honor of making the laziest man in the regiment tired.

Bird Laughter waded the Roanoke River one night for the purpose of foraging. He divested himself of his clothing, which, with the other essential to the business, was placed on his head. He then proceeded to wade; but the water proved deeper than he thought for, and by some means his clothes and other articles were carried off by the current. He returned to camp, but there had to be requisition for clothing made out before he could pass dress parade.

We moved from here to Tarboro, and then on to Plymouth by the Roanoke. We captured the town and about 2,800 prisoners. During the fight General Ransom asked a squad of the Grays to dislodge some of the enemy's sharpshooters that were annoying us from the upstairs windows of some of the buildings. To do this, we entered the upper story of a large brick building, but did not find the enemy. From this position we were in plain sight of the fort that had not surrendered, and we thought it would be a good idea to fire into it. We accordingly broke the windows and opened fire. The enemy soon discovered our position, and turned several pieces of artillery on the building. Immediately the room was filled with flying brickbats, red dust, and cannon balls. We had business on the ground, and delayed not in attending to it.

The battle began about five o'clock in the morning, and at three in the afternoon the flag on the last fort went down. As soon as we got into town we began to hunt for something to eat. Cheese, crackers, bacon, canned goods, and everything else that could be eaten were devoured by the hungry Rebs. Those Grays who were living or not too badly wounded got one square meal. After the inner man was satisfied, we began to hunt for something to wear. Quite a number went in for fine footwear. Although a paper collar and a fine shoe would hardly harmonize with a dingy, faded gray uniform, yet such combination became quite common.

From here we moved back to Greenville, on the Tar River. Our commissary wagons failed to get up with us, and we were compelled to make what Henry Edney called a "conscript pork speculation." We arrived there on Sunday, and it was not startling to hear a navy pistol fire, and sometimes when handled by the unskilled a hog would squeal. Hosey Ruff was accidentally wounded by a stray pistol bullet. Some one said the man that fired the shot was a poor judge of good pork to take Hosey for a hog.

When we moved again, it was by way of Kinston to Newbern. It was a long, sandy march of five days, and the boys that wore fine boots (captured at Plymouth) got tenderfooted, as the thin bottoms caused blisters. Stark Simms said pride was a great sin, and he was bound to acknowledge the corn. John B. Edney offered three dollars for a peck of dried beans to "founder" his boots with, as he had found that that was the best thing he had ever tried to cure a tight. We arrived in the vicinity of Newbern, and had the place about captured when we received orders from General Lee to return to Virginia. We started at night; the road was through a swampy country, with ditches cut on each side. Tom Case fell into a ditch on an old abandoned artillery horse, and he said that at first he thought he had fallen on an alligator and that it was going to attack him. Wesley Love suggested that a horse might have thought that he was in contact with an alligator.

We had several wagons loaded with corn; and as our rations were short, we helped ourselves to raw corn. Pink Johnson declared that ten ears of corn were not enough to feed a horse at a meal, for he had eaten fourteen ears himself and was still hungry. Next morning we stopped in the ruins of a small town which had been burned. We started fires in the fireplaces, and parched and ate corn with a relish.

In due time we were back in Virginia, and we met Butler's forces at Bermuda Hundred, near a church below Richmond, and between the James and Appomattox Rivers. We fought, skirmished, and shelled here for three weeks. It was here that some of the men got blind at night, and had to be led by those who could see. It fell to Burgin Whitaker to lead Joe Mitchell one night; and to make sure Joe was not putting on, Burgin led him into a ditch. After Joe had fallen, Burgin told him to "Look out! There is a hole!" Joe said it was a "dadburned scamp that would treat a blind man that way." It was here also that the Federal pickets and ours exchanged tobacco for coffee. They would get up a hot firing, and Minie balls would fly thick for a while; then some Yankee would say in an undertone: "Johnnie, if you will meet me halfway, I will give you some good coffee for some good Dixie tobacco." We always found Mr. Yankee as good as his word; and when the exchange was completed and future arrangements had been made, he would say: "Now, Johnnie, we had better get back to our places before an officer comes." The officers would quarrel with us and threaten punishment when they found out we had been trading with the Yankees; but they would drink the cup of real coffee with great enjoyment and read the Yankee newspapers with interest.

We fought and skirmished until June 15, 1864, when we were put on a forced march to meet Grant's army in front of Petersburg. This was the beginning of the siege, which was one continuous battle until March, 1865.

Here we had our first experience with the never-to-be-forgotten mortar shells. At first it was almost impossible for us to see the shells; but soon we learned to look for them, and then the bombproof was invented, which was a cave dug in the ground and covered with logs and sod and earth.

While here the company was given one day out of every ten to go back to the Appomattox River and do their washing. On one of these occasions some of the boys got on a "razee," as they called it. Jess Maxwell made an attempt to knock a basket of pies off a negro's head. He missed the basket, but he knocked the negro into a cellar. Jess got the basket, and ran and left the unfortunate darky without either pies or basket.

There were many more incidents of this nature; but the writer was taken prisoner here, and was not able to note those that occurred between that time and the 9th of April, 1865. Suffice it to say that on that day we realized that our "cause" had failed, and that we were conquered subjects; but we were not yet convinced that State rights were not right.

It was then that the Confederate soldier laid down his gun, took leave of his chief, rolled his dingy blanket for the last time, swung on his empty haversack and canteen, and started through the wastes of desolation for his home to meet his wife or his mother, sister, and father, and go to work to regain what he had lost.

He holds no ill will against the foe who overcame him; but he detests the freed negro and the Northern carpetbag-

ger, the latter the most atrocious brute of the human kind. Yes, he can shake the hand of the old Union soldier; but for the carpetbagger he has contempt.

But we are rapidly passing away, nearing the end of the long march. Soon the sultry suns and the dust of time will have done with us forever. As we near the Rubicon let us hope that the last battle may be victorious; then we will cross the river and, in the language of the immortal Jackson, "Rest in the shade."

THE DEATH OF JACKSON.

BY MRS. C. J. M. JORDAN, ELK HILL, BEDFORD, VA.

(Published during the war.)

Brightly the moon o'er pallid corpses streaming,
Mingled her soft rays with the cannon's breath,
Where Southern braves, their noble columns leading,
Marched through the leafy avenues of death,
And where, with dauntless heart and hopes elate,
Virginia's idol met a hero's fate.

O, quiet stars! from your serene dominion
Look down in pity on our human woe;
Weep, weep with us, the great, strong arm is stricken.
The form so dearly loved is prostrate now;
And he who lately cheered his legions on
Must from the crimsoned field himself be borne.

Winds of the night, waft higher balm and healing,
Stop with your cooling breath the fevered tide;
Comrades, draw near, and through the shadows bear him
Where gentle forms may gather by his side.
O God! in mercy raise the drooping head
And send thine angels to attend his bed.

Lo! 'round that couch how many fond hopes hover,
As day by day the prostrate chieftain lies
Cheerful and calm, while thousand hearts are swelling
With tears that stain an anxious nation's eyes,
And he whose laurels blood and carnage won
Breathes the meek Christian's prayer: "Thy will be done."

And shall we, Father, 'spite the proud example,
Still strive to wrestle with thy wise design,
And on frail arms of flesh, too sure relying,
Forget in human aid the source divine?
No; thou wouldst teach us in thy mystic plan
That man's best expectation is not man.

Hark! from the hero's couch a voice of wailing
Goes with the lightning's speed from shore to shore.
His task is done—behold the death dews gathering—
The warrior's mission is forever o'er.
Hope lingers still and Love still clasps his head,
But Love nor Hope may wake the unconscious dead.

And thou couldst perish, thou whose lightest warning
With terror filled the invader's trembling files,
Whose name was music to the countless thousands
Who hung with fervor on thy word or smiles.
Ah, wise monition, who may now deny,
How frail is life since such as thou couldst die!

But what though faltering lips, the story telling,
Link the dread "dust to dust" with thy dear name;
What though a nation's voice, in tones of wailing,
From shore to shore the painful truth proclaim;
What though the grave thy noble form shall hide—
Thy dauntless spirit brave shall still abide.

Yes, be thy requiem still the battle chorus
Of clashing bayonet and rolling drum,
Meet that the gladdening shouts of victory swelling
Should waft thy great soul to its final home.
What though no light relume that faded eye—
Minions! he lives; the brave can never die.

Immortal Jackson, from thine ashes springing,
The deathless form of Liberty shall rise,
Blessed with the baptism of thy blood all holy,
To rear her gore-washed altar to the skies.
And who that scorns the tyrant's yoke to wear
Will not delight to render homage there?

Rest from the strife, brave spirit nobly yielded
To free thy country from the oppressor's curse;
Hence through the lapse of years thy memory, cherished,
That country's grateful heart shall proudly nurse.
And all high thoughts that purest worth may claim
Will glow and kindle at thy glorious name.

Martyr to freedom, o'er thy grave now bending,
A mourning nation droops her noble head,
While Love with trembling hand the bright wreath turneth
Of summer flowers to deck thy lowly bed.
Wear now the fadeless crown so nobly won,
Hear from the Master's lips: "Well done, well done."

Rest from the strife—aye, rest thee now forever—
Where mortal footsteps shall no more invade;
Rest on the bosom of thy God, reposing
Beneath the heavenly palm tree's mystic shade.
Thy country's heart thy mausoleum be,
O fallen champion of the brave and free!

JONES'S WEST VIRGINIA RAID.—T. J. Young, Austin, Ark., writes that several comrades have requested correction of accounts in the VETERAN of Turner Ashby's Brigade of Cavalry, commanded by Gen. W. E. Jones, in the spring of 1863 on the raid through West Virginia. He states: "These errors were committed by Comrade Moffett and myself and were published in the VETERAN on page 171 of the number for April, 1901, where I omitted the 6th Regiment of Virginia Cavalry and the 35th Virginia Battalion, commanded by Col. E. V. White. Comrade Moffett erred in his account by omitting to mention V. A. Witcher's (34th) and E. V. White's Battalions of Virginia Cavalry, both of which were with us. The brigade was composed at that time of the following regiments and battalions: 7th Virginia Cavalry, Turner Ashby's old cavalry regiment, and the 6th, 11th, and 12th Regiments, and White's and Witcher's Battalions of Virginia Cavalry, and Brown's Maryland Battalion of Cavalry. This correction is due the brave men who composed the commands. Our artillery was left at the Potomac River, it being too high to ford."

POCKET ATLAS OF THE WORLD.—The VETERAN has on hand quite a number of the above-named books. The edition contains an offer of free copy for two new subscriptions. Whenever this compact volume of four hundred and sixty pages is examined, the impulse is to urge its procurement, especially by young people. In order to encourage its circulation, the offer is now made to send it free for the asking to any one who will send a new subscription to the VETERAN.

TRIBUTE TO STONEWALL JACKSON.

The history of the following poem will add to the interest of its readers, while the sentiment makes it richly worthy a place in the VETERAN. Reddin Andrews, of Tyler, Tex., writes that it was found by Mrs. Gay after the author's death, which occurred March 3, 1900, at the age of eighty-four years, in Waco, Tex. Some notes about the poem are made public. They were written at Round Rock, Tex., May 13, 1882:

"I have recently read with delight Charles B. Lewis's beautiful tribute to the character of the lamented Jackson, and was moved by its broad spirit, especially since it came from the pen of a gallant Federal soldier. Such a sentiment from each section, North and South, flowing and mingling together, would soon cicatrize all sectional animosities. The tribute referred to awakened the memories of 'long ago' and called into mind an impromptu memorial which I wrote immediately on hearing the sad news of General Jackson's death, in May, 1863. In that memorial I know that I expressed the sentiments which I felt then, feel now, and shall feel through life.

"I have no ill will and no vindictive feeling toward the people of the North. They and the people of the South had each a different environment. Neither section, from a philosophical view, was culpable; both were honest and patriotic. Customs, habits, manners—yea, society, government, and religion—all tend as universal nature toward a common center. Except through the spirit of Christ, finite men never can harmonize the centrifugal and centripetal forces of humanity so as to voice a melody similar to the music of the spheres. I should like to see my grand country a land of brothers, where all could conform to the golden rule. I desire that both sections should live in fraternal relations.

"I am not literary, and I do not desire notoriety. My unbounded admiration for General Jackson's grand character induced me to write the memorial as I wrote it. The pictures as drawn, representing life action of the battlefields, I got from the oral and written testimony of parties who fought under Jackson. I endeavored to use only the colorings of truth in showing how battles were lost and won and how the hero-patriot Jackson bore himself amid the bloody tempests which raged about him. * * *

"This impromptu memorial has never been published. If it should ever be given to the world, I wish a copy of the paper sent to Mrs. Jackson, if alive. I wish also to dedicate the poem to her as a memorial of her noble husband and as an expression of my gratitude for his sublime character."

STONEWALL JACKSON.

Gen. Thomas Jonathan Jackson, born January 21, 1824; died May 10, 1863.

[Written two or three days after that mournful occurrence and dedicated to Mrs. Jackson, the hero's widow.]

A towering wall has fallen down!
  Its jarring sounds already shake,
Like thunder peals, the Southern heart;
  Their wailing echoes will awake
    A grief profound.
No words can soothe, no tears remove
    The nation's wound,
But Fame will nurse it with her love.

In days of gloomy fear and doubt,
  When lowering clouds of combat dread
Came o'er our loved and sunny land,
  When war's relentless missiles spread
    Destruction round,
The hero brave stood at his post
    Where duty's found,
And there his precious life he lost.

The battle of Manassas Gap
  Awhile hangs in the scale of doubt;
He comes, the hero in the strife;
  His bristling columns raise a shout—
    On, on they go,
A wall of valor, driving back
    Invading foe
Till Victory smiles upon their track.

In Shenandoah's peaceful vale
  Assembled are his country's foes;
His valiant troops against them dash;
  Fast, fierce, terrific fall their blows
    With carnage dread;
His forces rush, his squadrons cleave
    O'er heaps of dead,
Their ranks all bleeding as they leave.

But "On to Richmond!" still they cry;
  In massive strength they onward dash
Toward the Chickahominy,
  When, lo, as quick as lightning's flash
    He hurls his darts,
And far along from rank to rank
    Death's havoc starts,
And hard he smites the fleeing flanks.

Again Manassas, rebaptized
  In patriot blood, sees battle's strife,
In front, in rear, on swinging flanks
  He strikes his foes, beats out their life
    With crushing blows
Till shelter hides their routed ranks
    'Mid quivering throes
Behind their gun-protected banks.

On Sharpsburg's wide, ensanguined plain
  And on Potomac's sacred stream
He guides the battle's raging storm
  As it displays his fiery gleam
    The foe among,
Where wounded and the silent dead
    Lie stretched along
The gory way his famed feet tread.

On Rappahannock's charming shore
  He moves like mighty avalanche;
The metal hail mows down the hosts,
  As corps, divisions fast advance
    To conflict dire;
They halt, they waver, turn and flee,
    Or there expire
As valor gives him victory.

O Chancellorsville! Hallowed place!
  All patriots will love thy name;
There, there, the Hero-Patriot died
  For liberty, and not for fame.

A Mecca, thou,
To all who for the right contend
Hereafter, now,
Forever—even to the end.

A Monolith, he grandly towers
Among the nobly great of earth;
A Christian's faith with all its love
Gave to his deeds immortal birth.
We humbly bow,
O God, to thee; thou knowest best;
But could we now,
We'd call him hither from his rest.

On history's brightest, living page,
In our fond country's heart enshrined,
Great Jackson and great Washington
Will live with their bright names entwined.
Then calmly rest;
No pen can dim, no speech can mar
Thy memory blest;
'Twill shine on earth a heavenly star.

—*J. L. Gay.*

La Grange, Tex., May, 1863.

FROM CHANCELLORSVILLE TO FORT DELAWARE.

BY Z. I. WILLIAMS, 23D GEORGIA REGIMENT, OZONA, TEX.

I enjoy reading the VETERAN. I give you an incident that occurred in the battle of Chancellorsville, Va. The 23d Georgia Regiment (of which I was a member), in Colquitt's Brigade, Stonewall Jackson's Corps, was thrown out for two purposes—to drive out the Yankees and to protect our wagons and artillery. Our regiment was deployed as skirmishers to cover as much ground as possible while Jackson was getting in their rear. General Lee's right rested on the river below Jackson's. His left went to the river above. General Sickel's Corps came against us, and we fought them, falling back slowly, our artillery and wagons ascending a long hill. We saved all except one caisson, which was disabled. By this time the Yankees found out our strength, and captured us in a railroad cut near an old foundry; so after we were captured, Jackson got to his position and fired a signal gun, when Lee charged, and they came together so near that their Minie balls fell in our midst, wounding some of our men.

I never saw such a stampede with the Yankees. They ran off and left beeves half skinned. Several funny incidents occurred. As they were crowding us to the rear, a Yankee fell into our ranks, thinking that he could get out of the fight. He was discovered by one of our guards, who called on us to knock him out. One of our stout men knocked him down, and said that he never let a chance like that pass to flay a Yankee. Then they double-quicked us across the Rappahannock River. We lay under guard all night as they were crossing their wagons back. About sunrise the next morning Jackson had got on a height and fired on their wagons, when another stampede occurred.

We were held in plain view of the battle. The Yankees took our breastworks on the height. There were some Yankee sight-seers with us, and they remarked that it was a brilliant scene. Our men were reënforced by Longstreet, and retook the works, the Yankees leaving their dead.

After the battle, we were sent to Washington City, where we found a great many sympathizers. One day a man agreed to take the oath. We boys found it out. We swore that we would throw him over a high fence if they did not take him out from among us. We would pitch him as high as we could reach and yell. They ran a cannon on a hill by the White House, and said that they would fire on us if we did not hush. We told them to turn loose, that we would take in their little town if they did not take the rascal out. They came for him, and the boys wanted to kick him and hold him until they could kick him, and finally they pulled him out after he had been kicked a number of times. They formed a double line open file to the depot, and we were marched to the depot and carried to Fort Delaware. We went through Baltimore about nine o'clock in the evening. A Confederate flag was furled out of a window, and the Rebel yell went up in Baltimore, and then they rushed us with bayonets to the depot; and when we got to Philadelphia, the women came out to see the Rebels. They made fun of our tattered and dirty clothes. One of our men told them that they did not understand that we did not wear our best clothes down South when we kill hogs. We had been killing hogs about two years then. They wanted us hanged. The guards drove the women away. We landed at Fort Delaware, and were exchanged in six weeks, and were the last that were exchanged.

As to the prison treatment: we got only two meals a day, and they were scant, barely enough to sustain life. When we got there, they marched us out on a lawn and searched us, taking all of our valuables from us. One Texan in our party had several pieces of gold, and they took all of it. If any one that reads this was there with me, I would be glad to hear from him. Address me at Ozona, Crockett County, Texas, Z. I. Williams, 23d Georgia Regiment, Company E.

JOHNSON'S ISLAND REMINISCENCES.

BY L. H. KEMP, CAPTAIN CO. F, 11TH ARKANSAS INFANTRY.

In the VETERAN for February I note the list of Confederates buried on Johnson's Island. I was a prisoner there from April till some time in September, 1862, at which time there was a general exchange. The death rate was very small in 1862, but among the number was Lieut. E. Gibson, a most excellent young man about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age. I loved and admired him. It was a bright moonlight night, and Friend Gibson was at my room for a few hours; he was in perfect health. Starting to his own quarters, nearly opposite mine, the sentinel on a near beat ordered him back, at the same time drawing his gun and shooting him dead on the spot, as cold-blooded a murder as was ever committed.

There were officers at Johnson's Island from almost every Southern State, as it was for officers. Our regiment was surrendered at Island No. 10 just after the battle of Shiloh. The Fort Donelson prisoners had preceded us. Many officers from Nashville were there, and among the names I remember General Battle—a fine, portly-looking old gentleman he was. I should be glad to know how many are yet living who were exchanged in September, 1862. Nearly all my comrade officers are dead. I also saw in the February number that my old friend, Maj. Thomas J. Reid, of the 12th Arkansas Regiment, has gone to his reward. He was a gallant soldier.

The VETERAN has been, during the last year or so, requested to solicit from the railroads free transportation to the Reunions on the ground that they cause the patronage of many thousands of others. They have not yet concurred in the view; but it seems now as if such would not be a heavy tax to the railroads, as the diminution of numbers is sadly rapid.

THE SHILOH MONUMENT TO CONFEDERATES.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER B. WHITE, CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEE.

Where the Tennessee flows and sings a requiem to the noble dead sleeping upon its banks is the Shiloh National Military Park, commemorating the great battle of Shiloh, a bloody two days of carnage, where the Confederates lost more than ten thousand men and the Federals more than thirteen thousand, a battle that sent a thrill of awe and consternation through North and South—so fearful a battle and so bravely fought that to-day "Shiloh" is a synonym for all that is fearful in war and all that is brave and true and constant.

There the North has placed more than one hundred marble sentinels to guard the long sleep of her heroes; there poets' lines and sculptors' chisels record Federal valor; glowing beds of flowers shed their fragrance there; memorial days find every Federal monument covered with flowers and tokens of love and remembrance. Where are the monuments to the Confederate soldiers? Where are the flowers for them?

"Southern valor never rose to greater heights than there," and on that fatal field sleep many thousands of the bravest and best of the South's young manhood; but in trenches and crowded graves they lie forgotten and neglected. No stone is there to tell their numbers; no word is there to tell how bravely and how proudly they wore the Confederate gray. None loved their country more; no truer hearts gave better service, none more noble colors bore; but no marble or bronze speaks for them; only the wind sighing through the pines whispers of their glorious deeds, their noble death. No flowers bloom for them; their graves are unwatched, neglected, forgotten (?). This condition should not exist. The many visitors to this park inquire for Southern monuments, and, finding none, ask why the South has placed none there.

Years ago the South in her poverty was not able to build handsome memorials; but now, when it has again become the most prosperous part of our great country, surely, surely this reproach will be lifted from the South by her people. If those who have little will give a mite, if those who have much will give of their abundance, it will be but a short time before a handsome shaft will be placed at Shiloh, proudly telling to all comers that some of the greatest of earth's soldiers wore the gray at Shiloh and that the South loves and honors their memory. Is there one who would not help?

The U. D. C. Shiloh Committee was created by the U. D. C. Convention at Gulfport, with authority to collect funds for this monument. Every State having an organization of the U. D. C. has a State director for Shiloh, and all over the country are Daughters of the Confederacy holding out their hands for Shiloh and devising ways and means for increasing this fund. Won't you help us? I ask the aid and help of all Camps of Veterans and of Sons of Veterans everywhere, that every State vie with one another in what can be done for Shiloh this year, and that all Chapters of the U. D. C. help their State director in making liberal donations.

The directors are named below, and funds collected in each State are to be sent to the director of that State, who will forward same to the Treasurer of the Shiloh Monument Committee, Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, Paducah, Ky., who will report the fund from each State separately.

Alabama: Mrs. Harvey E. Jones, Montgomery.
Arkansas: Mrs. L. C. Hall, Dardanelle.
California: Mrs. Alexander R. Jones, San Francisco.
District of Columbia: Mrs. William Berney, Washington.
Florida: Mrs. B. G. Abernathy, Orlando.
Georgia: Mrs. John Ottley, Atlanta.
Illinois: Mrs. John A. Lee, Evanston.
Indiana: Mrs. Eleanor Upchurch, Evansville.
Kentucky: Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, Paducah.
Louisiana: Miss Kate Tyler Childress, New Orleans.
Maryland: Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer, Jessups.
Mexico: Mrs. T. R. Crump, City of Mexico.
Mississippi: Mrs. Jennie G. Henderson, Corinth.
Missouri: Mrs. W. L. Kline, St. Louis.
Nebraska: Miss Grace L. Conklin, Omaha.
New York: Mrs. L. D. Alexander, New York.
North Carolina: Mrs. F. M. Williams, Newton.
Ohio: Mrs. James C. Hosea, Cincinnati.
Oklahoma Territory: Mrs. W. T. Culbertson, Kiowa.
Oregon: Mrs. Harrison H. Duff, Portland.
Pennsylvania: Mrs. Louis Lewis, Philadelphia.
South Carolina: Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, Charleston.
Tennessee: Mrs. Alexander B. White, Paris.
Texas: Mrs. Valery Edward Austin, Galveston.
Virginia: Mrs. A. Cornelius Wyckoff, Alexandria.
Washington: Mrs. Bushrod W. Bell, Seattle.
West Virginia: Mrs. George Donaldson, Charleston.
In Montana and Utah directors are not named.

LAY THEM AWAY IN COATS OF GRAY.

The Macon (Ga.) Telegraph records an incident at the funeral of the late Mrs. C. B. Chapman in Macon which seems to have struck a tender chord in the hearts of the veterans. It was the enfolding of the casket in a Confederate flag, Mrs. Chapman being a member of the Daughters of the Confederacy. Capt. J. W. Wilcox and Adjutant J. G. Postell took the leading part in it.

W. E. Mickle, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff of the U. C. V., writes from New Orleans in regard to it: "I have found that the boys, sons of Confederates, seem to care very little for the principles for which we fought. It is possible that if they feel that they are to be buried with such honors they may show deeper interest. Let your Camp pass a resolution asking the Birmingham Convention to adopt such a resolution. I shall see that it is put in the hands of the committee on resolutions."

James L. Fleming, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff of the Georgia Division, U. C. V., writes on the subject: "It has been the custom of the local Camps for years to place small battle flags on the caskets or the graves of the deceased veterans, and I think it a beautiful tribute to the Daughters and the members of Confederate organizations to honor them as was done in the instance of Mrs. Chapman. I trust Commander Wilcox will present this to the Division Reunion, and I predict that it will be enthusiastically adopted."

The use of the Confederate flag at the burial of Confederates is not by any means new. It has been the custom in many sections for many years. Before the ill health that caused the death of Mrs. Harriet Overton, of Nashville, who was enthusiastic and beloved second to no Southern woman, she expressed the wish that she be buried in a noted and magnificent Confederate flag captured (stolen) after the battle of Fort Donelson and rescued from a pawnbroker in Ohio by the editor of the VETERAN many years after the war. While the wish was not complied with, a piece of that flag was contributed in her burial. Just as well use the flag as the coat of gray in the burial of a veteran, and many Southern women deserve as much honor as the best of the men who fought in battle.

VIVID ACCOUNT OF THE PANAMA CANAL WORK.

FROM THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Representative Washington Gardner, of the Third Michigan District, having visited the Isthmus of Panama as a member of the Appropriation Committee of the House, is full of interest and enthusiasm over the work that is being accomplished there.

Comrade Gardner, who was only sixteen years of age when he entered the Union army in the 65th Ohio, and who was severely wounded at Resaca, is still young enough and vigorous enough to take a human interest in everything that is going on. He has served four terms in Congress, and is just entering on his fifth, and in those eight years' service has demonstrated his natural fitness for work on the Appropriations Committee, which is of course the great committee of Congress. Comrade Gardner served on three committees in his first term, and laughingly says that in the two years on those three committees he probably did about six hours' committee work. In his second term he was placed upon the Appropriations Committee, and declares that he has had to work day and night ever since.

[The VETERAN accepts any report of Mr. Gardner as absolutely correct. He has been a subscriber to the VETERAN for over fifteen years, and is more diligent than any Congressman of either House, even the members from the South, to have his address changed on going to Michigan for the summer, so there will be no delay in its receipt.]

There is no other committee in the House that takes such a survey of the whole government in all its ramifications as the Committee on Appropriations. It is a working committee. This committee passes literally on hundreds of millions of dollars every year. The Naval Committee makes its request for so many millions, the Rivers and Harbors for so many millions, the Committee on Military Affairs for so many millions; but after those bills pass, any supplemental appropriations relating to the dealing out of the money must pass before this committee. * * *

The Appropriations Committee went to Panama for the purpose of studying the situation there and learning on the ground exactly the need for the great appropriations of money which they knew would be asked for in the Sixtieth Congress.

Comrade Gardner gave a National Tribune representative a comprehensive interview on the situation there, which must be of great interest to everybody.

"What is the condition of the work?"

"Before answering that question I would like to say that the determination of the Panama as against the Nicaragua or the Darien routes for a canal connecting the waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans seems to have been a wise one. The payment of $40,000,000 to the French company for all their rights and appurtenances, as well as for the work done by them, is believed by those in position to know to have been a good bargain. The equipment used by the French had greatly deteriorated during the twenty years of nonuse and exposure to the excessive rains and heat of the tropics. The Panama Railroad, which was included in the purchase, was humorously described as 'two streaks of rust extending across the Isthmus.'

"You will recall that Wallace, Shonts, and Stevens, each and all among the great constructive minds of the country, were successively employed as supervising engineers. Each left his impress upon the work. Particularly is this true of Mr. Stevens. But each and all, for one reason or another, resigned and returned to the States.

"The engineers now in charge of the work are detailed from the army and the navy—three from the former and one from the latter. They are all in the prime of life, of approved ability in similar work, and they have put their 'hands to the plow' with no intention of looking back. The subordinate, though important, positions are filled by well-selected men, adapted to the work to which they are assigned. So there is now at work on the Isthmus a well-trained, well-organized, and effective force operating as good machinery as money can buy. Proof of this is seen in what is accomplished from month to month. In the first eleven months of this year the total excavations amounted to 13,336,710 cubic yards, out of a total of 20,547,929 cubic yards since the Americans began operations, in May, 1904. In October and November of last year the excavations averaged over 1,800,000 cubic yards per month."

"What obstacles are to be surmounted?"

"The greatest of all the obstacles has been overcome—viz., the sanitation of the Zone. Yellow fever, which has been the scourge of the tropics, has been driven from the Canal Zone. Not for over two years has there been a case of yellow fever along the line of the canal, whereas the French suffered in Ancon Hospital alone a loss of twelve hundred by this dreaded disease. Danger from other diseases has been reduced to the minimum; so that, barring the excessive humidity and the continuous heat, both of which reduce the vitality and hence the physical power of resistance, the Canal Zone is to-day as healthy a place in which to live as is Washington City. * * * This great sanitary triumph, which is attracting the attention of all Europe as well as America, is primarily due to Col. W. C. Gorgas, United States Army, chief sanitary officer.

"The physical features of the enterprise present some serious obstacles, chief among which is the construction of a permanent dam at Gatun, about seven miles inland from the Atlantic Ocean. The difficulty is to find a secure foundation upon which to rest a structure over 7,000 feet long, 2,700 feet wide at the bottom, and 135 feet high. This dam is designed to hold back the waters of the Chagres River, forming an artificial lake covering an area of considerably over one hundred square miles, and furnish a water course for ships for a distance of thirty-two miles, to the first lock on the Pacific side of the divide.

"Another difficulty in the practical construction of the canal is the liability to immense landslides along the excavated slopes into the prism or bed of the canal. It was one of these (in the great Culebra Cut, across the backbone of the continent) that is said to have been the 'last feather' that broke the already overloaded back of the discouraged French Canal Company. One of these, known as the Cucaracha slide, has caused Major Gaillard, engineer in charge of the excavation and dredging, a good deal of trouble. A huge mass of earth and rock began to move from the side of the mountain toward the edge of the canal, at first at a pace of about fourteen feet in twenty-four hours, but which had gradually slackened to four feet in twenty-four hours at the time we were there. It was estimated that there were 500,000 cubic yards in the slide, which at one time effectually blocked the work at the point of contact with the bottom of the present excavation. These slides are liable to recur.

"Right here is one of the strong arguments in favor of the lock as against the sea level canal. When it is known that on the present plan the maximum vertical elevation from the center of the canal is three hundred and twelve feet, it will

readily be seen that to increase this by eighty-five feet, as would be necessary in order to have a sea level canal, would greatly increase the danger of slides and imperil the operation of the canal when completed. Indeed, this danger is not unworthy of consideration even under the present plan of construction."

"What are the prospects of completion?"

"Barring some unforeseen calamity—as, for example, an earthquake or a volcanic eruption—the undertaking is certain to be completed within a reasonable time. Just how soon no one, not even the engineers in charge, can predict with any degree of certainty."

"What is the working force?"

"In the month of October, the one just preceding our visit, there were employed by the Canal Commission and by the Panama Railroad, which is owned and operated by the government, a total of 32,054 men. This is the largest force ever worked on the Isthmus either by the French or by the Americans. It is believed the working force has reached its maximum. Nearly all of those engaged in common labor have been secured either from Spain or from various islands in the West Indies. These constitute about five-sixths of the whole number; the other sixth represent nearly every State in the Union."

"What are the physical and social conditions?"

"The physical conditions have been greatly improved, and, considering that it is pioneer work and two thousand miles from the source of supply, could hardly be bettered. Indeed, it is doubtful if there is a great engineering project being carried on anywhere, except in or near the large cities, where the employees are as well provided for as in the Canal Zone. As a rule, the buildings are excellent in quality, thoroughly screened, supplied with good, substantial furniture, with electric light, water, and bath, also with fuel. These are all furnished free. Unmarried men or married men without their wives are furnished with bachelor's quarters in buildings by themselves. Married men having their families with them have excellent accommodations either in single or in four-family cottages. The best of food brought from the United States is sold to employees at actual cost plus the cost of transportation. A fine bakery at Colon supplies the Zone with as good bread as one can get anywhere and cheaper than in Washington. An immense modern steam laundry, which, like the bakery, is under the control of the Commission, does as fine work as you get here, and certainly at no greater cost.

"The social conditions are constantly improving. There is an increasing number of women, wives of officers and employees, going there, and they add much to the social status. The Young Men's Christian Association is doing an excellent work in furnishing wholesome social recreation for large numbers of the employees. Religious services are held in various parts of the Zone by chaplains under pay of the government. Social functions are frequently given in the different towns along the line of the canal. We attended one of these at the Hotel Tivoli, at which there were several hundred men and women from Colon to Panama, and in all its appointments it was a most creditable affair. But after all, to many, perhaps to most, it is a life of self-exile. In many a heart there is a secret longing for home and 'for the girl I left behind me.' A vacation or leave of absence for six weeks with pay is allowed every employee once a year. This is conditional on his going North with a view of recruiting and building up his physical system.

"The number leaving the work, both American and foreign employees, and going home is less and less each year. In one of the departments only about two per cent resigned and returned to the United States last year."

"What particularly impressed you, Mr. Gardner?"

"First of all, the magnitude of the enterprise (no one can have a proper conception of it without going there and seeing it); secondly, the vast amount of equipment that is required to carry on such an undertaking; thirdly, the thorough organization and system that are everywhere apparent and all working with the one great object in view—viz., the completion of the canal—and also the confidence of everybody from the States in the wisdom and devotion of the present Commission.

Confederates on the Panama Canal Work.

"Another thing impressed me over and over again, and that was what a mighty good thing we 'Yanks' did in keeping the South in the Union, and again, judging from their sons, what a splendid lot of fellows the 'Johnnies' must have been. Five of the seven members of the Commission intrusted with the work of constructing the canal were either directly or by inheritance connected with the late Southern Confederacy. Maj. D. D. Gaillard, U. S. A., a graduate of the Military Academy, is from the South. His father and all his male relatives old enough to go were in the Confederate army. Major Gaillard has charge of all the dredging and excavating for the canal. Maj. William L. Sibert, U. S. A., also a graduate of the Academy, has charge of the Department of Lock and Dam Construction. He is a native of Alabama and the son of an officer in the Confederate army. Colonel Gorgas, to whom I have before referred at length, is a native of South Carolina. His mother was the daughter of a former Governor of that State. His father was the Chief of Ordnance of the Southern Confederacy during the entire war. Colonel Gorgas, as a child of eleven when the war closed, was a playmate of the children of Jefferson Davis. He often sat upon the knee of General Lee while his father and the great Confederate chieftain were in consultation. He says General Lee was as fond of kissing the pretty girls as was the Federal General, Sherman. Commissioner Jackson Smith, in charge of Labor Quarters and Subsistence, is also a native of South Carolina. His father was a practical railroad man, and as such had charge of the transportation for the Confederate government in the States of North and South Carolina. Mr. Smith's male relatives were all in the Confederate army.

"The Hon. J. C. S. Blackburn, a native of Kentucky and who rose to the rank of lieutenant colonel in the Confederate army and later was ten years a member of the National House of Representatives and still later for eighteen years a United States Senator, is now at the head of the civil administration of the Zone, and is known there as Governor Blackburn, having succeeded Governor Magoon.

"By the way, Blackburn gave a very elaborate reception to the committee soon after their arrival at Panama, at which were present the Vice President and members of the Cabinet of the Panama government, all the Representatives, Ministers, and Consul Generals of foreign governments, together with the leading professional and business men and their ladies in Panama, as well as the foremost officials connected with the canal. In addition to the above, Mr. Richard Reed Rogers, General Counsel for the Isthmian Canal Commission and Panama Railroad, is also a native of the State of Kentucky, and his relatives were likewise all in the Confederate service. It is proper to say that not one of these men, occupying the important positions they do, was a self-seeker. Each one was sought out as especially fitted for the work given him to do.

But it is a little singular that so large a proportion of the juicy plums should have fallen into the lap of the Southerners.

"I must say in passing that Lieut. Col. George W. Goethals, United States Army, who is Chairman and Chief Engineer of the Commission, is a native of the State of New York, as is also Mr. M. H. Russell, a graduate of the United States Naval Academy, who is in charge of the Department of Municipal Engineering, Motive Power and Machinery and Building and Construction. These engineers know no such word as fail. Whatever may have been the differences of opinion as to the part played by the engineers from civil life in the beginning of the enterprise, there is no question in the minds of those who have been on the ground and carefully looked into the situation that the enterprise is in the right hands at this time. It is a great compliment to our army and navy that they can furnish such resolute and competent men.

"On our return North we stopped a day in Santiago, Cuba. While visiting our army post, located near Morro Castle, I was greatly impressed with an observation made by an intelligent officer of our army when, in discussing the Isthmian Canal, he said: 'Every officer of the army and navy will breathe easier when the Isthmian Canal is finished. It will add at least eighty per cent to the efficiency of the American navy. It would enable our fleet, this day sailing from Hampton Roads for San Francisco (and which will probably require in the neighborhood of two months), to go by the way of the Isthmian Canal in about ten or twelve days, or about the same length of time as it would take a Japanese fleet of war ships to pass from Japan to San Francisco.'

"It is due the committee, as well as the Commission, to say that they found absolutely no semblance of graft on the Isthmus; but there is extravagance that will add much to the sum total of the cost of the canal for which the present Commission is in no way responsible. This has grown naturally out of conditions prevalent when the enterprise was first undertaken. But men went there at the peril of their lives. In such fear were some of them that one high official ordered his coffin and it was there on the Zone with him; but when he resigned and came home, the coffin that he had for himself was on the same boat, but occupied by another man. Yellow fever was prevalent, and at one time it looked as though there would be a regular exodus back to the States by the employees. It was under these conditions that inducements were thrown out that many feel border on the extravagant.

"For example, the quarters for the men are not only as stated in the body of the article, but there was at one time a strike among the steam shovel men after the visit of the President, and a compromise was arrived at by which they were to receive longevity pay at the rate of five per cent for the first year and three per cent for every succeeding year until the total amount was twenty-five per cent of the whole. Naturally other employees demanded the same conditions, and it could not be withheld without creating friction and disturbance. While there is no graft, there is a species of extravagance that must be corrected, and the visit of the committee will undoubtedly result in that. It is safe to say that its visit will save to the government from a million to a million and a half in this year alone and more later on."

WHITWORTH RIFLE SHARPSHOOTERS.

There is ever a fascinating interest in the story of the sharpshooters. They did marvelous work in the latter part of the war. The Whitworth men on the Confederate side were of a class quite to themselves. A long personal friendship has existed with the writer toward one of these, A. G. Hill, who was with Bate's Division.

He enlisted on May 27, 1861 (being sworn into the Confederate service at College Grove, Tenn., by Capt. J. L. Scudder, of Shelbyville), and was paroled at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865.

Although so well preserved and active that many would not suppose Comrade Hill had served in the war, he has recently become too feeble to write, as was expected, of his branch of service in the war.

Aside from the purpose to furnish historic data for the VETERAN, he was hopeful of hearing from such of his old associates of his "squad" as may be living, if indeed there are



A. G. HILL, NASHVILLE (FORMERLY OF MURFREESBORO).

any. He knows only of Capt. A. B. Shell, of Gallatin, Tenn., his immediate commander, to whom he has long been devoted. Many survivors of the army recall the persistence of sharpshooters and how accurate their aim. One of them would keep a thousand soldiers on watch day after day at times and would kill many.

In this connection there is recalled the late Comrade Jackson, of Ashland City, Tenn., who happened to see a puff of smoke from a tree of the Yankee sharpshooter whose gun killed General Starnes near Tullahoma. He picked his we cautiously, of course, until he had a safe range upon the Federal, and at the crack of his gun the man fell from the tree like a squirrel before the rifle of a trained hunter.

JEROBOAM AND REHOBOAM—THE FATTED CALF.

BY JUDGE C. C. CUMMINGS, HISTORIAN TEX. DIV., U. C. V.

Miss Mary H. Stephenson, of Petersburg, Ill., is quoted in the March VETERAN, page 102, under the heading "Killing the Fatted Calf," as chiding the South for its going away from the parental roof like the prodigal son and returning to the house of the father, "after a very wicked life." This is the way she passes judgment on us, in the usual style of her ilk.

But she seems to be conscience-stirred, and begins to question "Ephraim," as she addresses her brethren up there, and puts the query to Ephraim thus: "O, Ephraim, ask yourself if when your brother made that grave mistake of seceding from the mother . . . you did not treat the stricken brother with too much harshness and too little consideration," etc. Then she asks if any banquet of love has ever been spread, and if he has ever had any share in the fatted calf after it has been killed, and if the ring has been put on his finger and if music and dancing have been furnished. Yes, we had any amount of love talk dealt out to us by Ephraim, such as "after a very wicked life" as sampled above. We have had commiserating talks dealt us, such as when she says a little farther down: "That, too, when this son had never done anything probably for his father or family in his life." We have had music, too, such as "Marching through Georgia," *ad nauseam.*

The fourteenth amendment makes every American citizen equal before the law except the Confederate soldier. In the face of this, while the fatted calf has been killed, for forty years or more the fat has all gone into the larder of the soldier on the other side in the way of pensions and largesses of all kinds galore; while the Confederate soldier has not got a smell. This amendment was built, they say, for the man in black; but he and the corporations and the criminal classes alone have access to the courts under it, and the brother that she ascribes as one of "a very wicked life" must feed on the husks of such love as is thus dealt out to us. I feel like the Georgia soldier who saw his comrade monopolizing a window on a train in passing through his native State and raking in all the "pies and things" while he got none, when he said: "See here, stranger, them's my folks a-feedin' you; it's my time to git to the winder."

It will make the reader snicker when I begin at 1 Kings ii. 28 and on and rehearse the secession—the first secession in history—of Jeroboam, who took with him the ten tribes, leaving Judah and Benjamin the capital at Jerusalem as the remnant. By a close reading it will be seen that the ten seceding tribes embraced Ephraim as one of the seceders. If there was wicked life in this action, as she says, then Ephraim and the first seceders are to blame, and not us of the South.

Jereboam with the ten tribes took up their abode in the North at Samaria, and built another temple at Shechem in Mount Ephraim and dwelt therein, and to prevent the people from going to Jerusalem to worship in the house of the Lord Jeroboam made two calves of gold ("pensions and tariff") and said: "Behold thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt." This was done to prevent them from returning unto their Lord, even unto Rehoboam, King of Judah, the sovereign son of Solomon, now dead.

The text reads that the seceding King Jeroboam ordained a feast like unto the feast that was in Judah and offered sacrifices unto these two golden calves. "And he [Jeroboam] made a house of high places, and made priests of the lowest of the people, which were not of the sons of Levi." (1 Kings xii. 31.) In the beginning of this chapter we find the ten tribes under Jeroboam complaining of too heavy taxation as the cause of secession; and Rehoboam, after taking counsel, refused to lighten these burdens. Then Jeroboam said, "What portion have we in David? * * * to your tents, O Israel;" and to the tents of secession they resorted.

After this we read that Rehoboam got ready for war with his hosts of Judah and Benjamin to coerce the seceding tribes back into the union. But in 1 Kings xii. 24 we read: "Thus saith the Lord, Ye shall not go up, nor fight against your brethren the children of Israel: return every man to his house; for this thing is from me. They hearkened therefore to the word of the Lord, and returned to depart, according to the word of the Lord." It will be seen that the Northern tribes are called Israel all the way through the text.

By reading the voice of the fathers who fashioned our ark of the covenant after that of the covenant of the tribes we see that no coercion of a State was ever intended. This is the way Jefferson construed it in 1803, during his first term, when New England threatened secession because of the Louisiana purchase. During his second term, in 1808, the Ephraimites of the North again threatened secession because of the embargo by Judah and Benjamin on her ships and shops; for they dwelt by the sea, and it was necessary to stop traffic with the enemy to enforce good behavior to all the tribes from an insolent foe. But Jefferson knew it was not the best to go to war with one's own brethren, for they were but asserting the rights of the States, which they never gave up on entering the compact. In 1812-14, when the sons of Ephraim gathered at Hartford and prepared again to secede from heavy taxation falling upon them in our war with the Philistines, Madison, chief of all the tribes and father of the Constitution, let them alone because he knew the Lord would not look with favor on such a war against the kindred. This is the true rendering of Ephraim and the original seceders, and yet they say it is Judah and Benjamin that have done this sin. She admits in the second paragraph, in casting the burden on us of the South, that even this mistake was noble, for in making it we upheld that principle of State rights which will probably be the means of saving our country. Old Jacob, the father of the tribes, when he came to die gathered them about him in the land of Egypt and declared: "The scepter shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and unto him shall the gathering of the people be."

On the same page of the VETERAN as this "Killing of the Fatted Calf" is "Incidents and Inquiries about Shiloh," the great battle of April, 1862, which was the beginning of the end of the scepter of Judah—The South. Judah P. Benjamin was the lawgiver of the Southern Confederacy as its Attorney-General, and he was a Jew, the first that ever graced a cabinet of any power of the Western world. Christ came out of the tribe of Judah and was crucified on the cross that men everywhere might be free. The South suffered a like crucifixion for home rule and State rights and constitutional government as opposed to absolute power by centralization, which sacrifice will yet be the means of saving our great republic, the last hope of mankind. Christ rose again; and so will the South, after her rehabilitation, rise again and lead the hosts of States to the government of the people, by the people, and for the people. And Texas will wear the diadem because she first suffered crucifixion at the Alamo and Goliad as the forerunner—the John the Baptist of man's political redemption from the rule of the few over the many.

DAVIS MEMORIAL WINDOWS IN BILOXI.

On Friday, February 28, 1908, there were dedicated two memorial windows in the Church of the Redeemer (Episcopal), Biloxi, Miss. One was by the United Daughters of the Confederacy to Mrs. Varina Howell Davis, and the other by Mrs. Margaret Howell Davis Hayes to her four brothers, Samuel Emory Davis (born July 30, 1852; died January 30, 1854), Jefferson Davis, Jr. (born January 16, 1857; died October 16, 1876), Joseph Evan Davis (born April 18, 1859; died April 30, 1864), and William Howell Davis (born December 16, 1861; died October 16, 1873). This window by Mrs. Hayes is also a memorial to her firstborn, Jefferson Davis Hayes (born March 22, 1877; died June 24, 1877). (The next son to this family bore the same name, but by legislative enactment his name was changed to Jefferson Hayes Davis, a change that gratifies the Southern people.)

The Church of the Redeemer occupies a large corner lot facing the open sea, and is decorated by magnificent live oaks. It is of stone and brick and exquisitely finished, a memorial gift by Mr. Howard, of New Orleans, who was unstinted in making it worthy the distinguished memorials in its every window. It was in this church that memorial windows were dedicated by the United Daughters of the Confederacy to President Jefferson Davis and to Winnie Davis, the "Daughter of the Confederacy," during the Convention of that great body at Gulfport, Miss., in November, 1906—a memorable event.

It was a perfectly ideal day, and the attendance was greater than could be accommodated, and in all respects the service was not only pleasing but delightful. Addresses were made by Rev. C. B. Crawford, rector of the Church, who gave an account of the building and the other memorial windows, which on being designated as the "South's Westminster Abbey" was manifestly approved by the audience. Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, President of the United Daughters, had come from Galveston, Tex., to make the presentation. It was done in that clear, delightful manner and tone of voice which shows her at her best.

MRS. CORNELIA BRANCH STONE'S ADDRESS.

We are assembled here to-day, dear friends, to pay tribute to a woman, one set apart for great honor and success, together with greater sorrow and suffering, and all borne with a sublimity of faith and trust that embraces the highest and broadest heroism. Her young life was linked with a son of the South, who had already won distinction on the battlefields of Mexico, and later attained the position of a great statesman, with full recognition from the people of Mississippi, the State of his adoption, which he ably represented in Congressional halls, from whence his worth and ability called him to a Cabinet appointment as Secretary of War, followed by senatorial honors in the highest legislative body of his country.

Little children gathered about her knee, and her life was



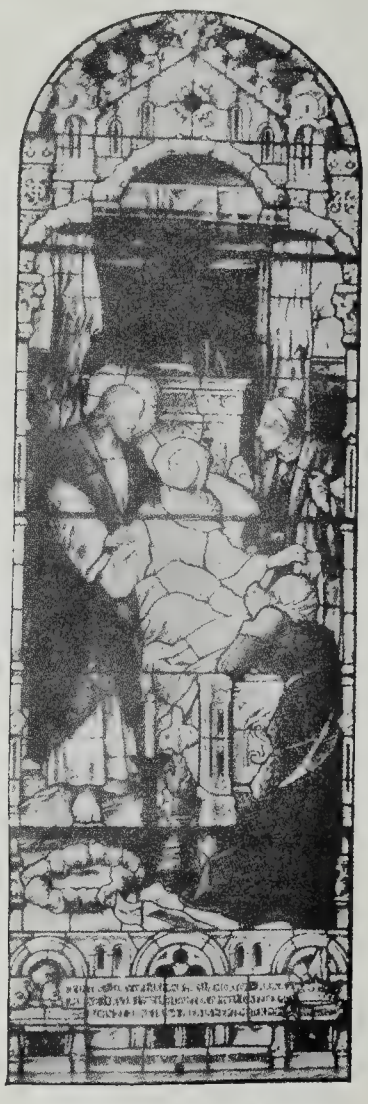
TO VARINA HOWELL DAVIS. BY THE U. D. C.



TO THE FOUR SONS OF MR. DAVIS. BY MRS. HAYES.



TO PRESIDENT JEFFERSON DAVIS. BY HIS WIFE.



TO VARINA ANNE DAVIS. BY MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

full and complete with the happiness that comes from association with a scholarly, chivalrous man, pure, stainless, and upright in character.

But the scene was changed. The dark clouds of wrong and resistance, followed by war, with all of its attendant horrors, spread over our fair Southern land, and she saw her hero called by his people to the office of Chief Executive of a young nation—a nation born of a determination to preserve the principles of individual rights and constitutional government.

Through the brief and stormy life of that glorious nation that rose so fair and maintained itself through sacrifice and bloodshed for four long years she shared his responsibilities and cares, and suffered the death of two of her sons. When overpowered by superior numbers and limitless resources, she followed him through captivity to prison doors, and wept for the relentless humiliations heaped upon him. Her cup of sorrow seemed full to overflowing, yet her trust and faith were unfaltering, even though she saw the homes of her people in ruin and desolation, with poverty and misery their common heritage. After a long, sad time, no charge could be sustained against her beloved husband, the martyr to the cause of his people, and he was restored to her for a few brief years at beautiful Beauvoir, where budded and bloomed into rare womanhood the "Daughter of the Confederacy," Winnie Davis, the gifted and beloved of the parents who had so cruelly "passed under the rod."

Then he left her side "to rest under the trees" with a host of those who had served him so faithfully through the varying fortunes of victory and defeat in the troublous days of the Confederacy. She still took up the broken threads of life, and with her sole companion, the beloved Winnie (for another home had claimed her daughter, Mrs. Hayes), together they labored in literary fields, where both won distinction and maintained that independence which is one of the noblest attributes of human character. It seemed that no greater sorrow could assail her; but again she stood the test when Winnie Davis, the pride of the Confederates, the beloved of the Southern people, left her alone in her Northern home, and still she kept the faith until her "course was finished," her life work done, and all of the brightness, the sorrow and suffering were closed in that last dreamless sleep.

A Daughter of Texas, Miss Decca Lamar West, conceived the idea of placing a memorial window beside the two that Mrs. Davis had erected to her husband, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, and to Winnie Davis, by birthright the "Daughter of the Confederacy," and so baptized by the immortal Gordon.

This thought of a memorial window to Mrs. Varina Jefferson Davis was adopted with loving enthusiasm by the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Convention at Gulfport, Miss., in November, 1906, and Miss West, of Texas, was made chairman of a committee, with Mrs. C. J. Weatherby, of Mississippi, and Mrs. John J. Crawford, of New York, to select a design and purchase the window. In this the committee had the advice and counsel of Mrs. Hayes, the beloved daughter of Mrs. Davis, and the rector, Mr. C. B. Crawford, of the Church of the Redeemer at Biloxi. On the consummation of these plans for this testimonial of our appreciation of the great character and virtues of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, and the expression as well of the love and loyalty of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, it now becomes my honor and privilege as their President and representative to present to you, reverend father and rector of this Church and parish, this window in loving memory of one who has left to us and to all generations of women a matchless example of faith, courage, fortitude, and devotion to duty, and who will be ever enshrined in the hearts of her devoted people. Here by the Mexican Sea this little church, dedicated to the worship of God, will stand for many years, bearing its memory message of the people of our land—of the love and reverence of the women of the South for Varina Jefferson Davis, the sharer of the trials of our great chieftain, who gave himself a living sacrifice to our service.

To Margaret Jefferson Davis Hayes, the sole surviving daughter and firstborn of that illustrious house, who has honored us here to-day by taking part in this ceremony, and to her children we extend assurance of unswerving loyalty and devotion, with the earnest hope that her descendants may ever live up to the high standard and great responsibilities of their distinguished lineage.

The windows were received in the same gracious manner in which they were presented by the rector, the Rev. Charles B Crawford. He paid a beautiful tribute to Mrs. Davis and to noble womanhood everywhere.

The window erected in memory of Mrs. Davis was unveiled by her daughter, Mrs. Margaret Howell Davis Hayes, and the window to her brother and son were unveiled by her son, William Davis Hayes. Bishop Bratton blessed the windows and accepted them, after which he advanced inside the chancel and paid, as he said, "a tribute of love from his own memories to the Mother of the Confederacy." During his address he spoke of the inspiring influence of women in the home, where they are the caretakers and the mothers. Speaking of the church, he said this was the Westminster Abbey of the South because of the sacred and historic memories connected with it.

After singing a hymn, the audience was dismissed with the benediction by the Bishop.

Many who could not see the windows during the services thronged the church to view all the beautiful windows.

Luncheon was served at the rectory by the ladies of the Guild of the Church to the visiting U. D. C. and the veterans from Beauvoir.

The windows are artistic and beautiful, and are very satisfactory to the United Daughters of the Confederacy. The one erected to Varina Howell Jefferson Davis is a picture of Jesus in the home of Mary and Martha. The inscription is: "To the glory of God and in loving memory of Varina Howell Davis, wife of Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy, born 7th of May, 1826; departed this life the 16th of October, 1906. 'O Lord, thee have I trusted. Let me never be confounded.' Erected by the United Daughters of the Confederacy in 1907. Deo Vindici."

The part of the inscription, "O Lord, thee have I trusted. Let me never be confounded," are the concluding words of the "Te Deum Laudamus," and were the last words of Mrs. Davis. The window bears the Howell and the Davis coat of arms.

The window erected by Mrs. Hayes, the only surviving daughter of Jefferson Davis, in memory of her brothers and son is a very appropriate one. The subject of the window is: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven." The inscription is as follows: "Erected by Margaret Howell Davis Hayes in the year of our Lord 1907." Then follows each name, with birth and death, as set forth in the introductory paragraph to this article.

This window has the Davis coat of arms on the right and

the Hayes on the left. As the subject would indicate, the figures represent Christ blessing little children when he uttered the words quoted. The design was one much admired by Mrs. Davis, and hence was chosen by her daughter.

Every window in the historic church is a memorial, and more beautiful windows may not be found in any church.

Thursday night Mrs. C. J. Weatherby, of Biloxi, was the hostess at the rectory of the Church of the Redeemer, where the Rev. Charles B. Crawford is the rector, and entertained the distinguished visiting ladies. She was assisted in entertaining by Miss Ada Wallace.

Mrs. Eggleston, Honorary President, and Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, President Mississippi Division, were active in the general welcome to Mississippi.

Sixty members of Beauvoir Home, under the command of Dr. W. T. Price, Superintendent, were present. Mrs. Wallace, the Home mother, met them at the church door.

Exquisite floral offerings were brought and sent for the occasion. Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson sent a large bunch of callas for the altar, and to Mrs. Stone an exquisite bouquet of red and white carnations. The Window Committee sent a wreath of laurel for Mrs. Davis's window. It bore long streamers of red and white properly inscribed. The New Orleans Chapter sent a laurel wreath, which bore red, white, and red streamers, bearing the name of the Chapter. Fitzhugh Lee Chapter sent a wreath of red and white roses. Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught sent palm branches and carnations for Mr. Davis's window. Beauvoir Chapter, of Biloxi, had banked the windows and the altar with beautiful flowers.

MASTER W. F. LUBBOCK.

A Picayune letter from Beauvoir, Miss., gives an interesting account of a patriotic lad, Master Winans Fowler Lubbock, in his relation to the veterans in the Soldiers' Home there. Mrs. Lubbock, of St. Louis, spent the winter at Biloxi. Her young son, Winans, ten years old, accompanied her to Beauvoir frequently, and became much interested in the old soldiers.

On the occasion of the celebration of his tenth birthday he persisted in having his usual birthday presents used for the pleasure and comfort of the Confederate veterans at Beauvoir. His fond mother acceded to his request, and an oyster supper was provided for the ninety inmates of the Home with the proceeds of his birthday presents. His mother and twenty or thirty of the guests of the hotel where they are boarding went on the electric car in the afternoon, taking with them sufficient oysters to satisfy every one in the Home, as well as a large basket of oranges and fruits for the inmates of the hospital. Of course Winans Fowler Lubbock became a general favorite. A vote of thanks, accompanied by the "Rebel yell," was tendered him in the dining room.

Mrs. Lubbock is a native of Louisiana. She was born on July 4, and Winans on February 22. He is of good Southern lineage on both sides. His maternal grandfather, Col. Wesley P. Winans, was a Mississippian, and gave his life for the Confederacy. As commander of the 19th Louisiana Infantry he fell at the head of his regiment on Missionary Ridge. His great-grandfather was Dr. Winans, of Woodville, Miss., a noted Methodist divine.

Winans had three great-uncles on the paternal side who were prominent soldiers of the South, one of whom was Governor Lubbock, of Texas, aid-de-camp on the staff of President Jefferson Davis, and who shared his imprisonment at Fortress Monroe. Another great-uncle, Colonel Lubbock, was a "Texas Ranger," and was killed in battle. Winans has heard much of the deeds of valor and bravery of his ancestors, hence his great admiration of the "old men in gray." The blood of soldiers and of patriots is leaping and bounding in his young veins, and he is of such material as warriors are made.

ACHIEVEMENTS BY TEXAS DAUGHTERS.

EXTRACTS FROM AN ADDRESS ISSUED BY MISS KATIE DAFFAN, PRESIDENT OF THE DIVISION.

President Jefferson Davis, of the Confederate States of America, was born in Christian County, Ky., on June 3, 1808; and died in New Orleans, La., on December 6, 1889.

This good year, 1908, marks the centenary anniversary of the birth of President Jefferson Davis, of the Confederate States of America. With one voice, in enthusiastic accord, let the members of our noble State organization give praise and honor to our own beloved chieftain, who loved our cause, its principles, its truth, and its deep-seated rights and privileges better than he loved his life. Let gratitude for his life and his service mark the trend of our work throughout the year, and let us so observe his birthday—the 3d of June—that the occasion will be remembered by every citizen in our commonwealth.

There are many reasons why the women of the South should at this time honor the President of the Confederacy. "The Rise and Fall of the Confederacy," a matchless piece of literature as well as our standard history of a misunderstood epoch, is dedicated with beautiful encomium "to the women of the South."

Upon the passing of one hundred years in all nations and in all times honor, praise, and adoring love are shown to the heroes and martyrs.

In sending to you the official message your President does so in full assurance of your coöperation and sympathy and your enthusiastic love for all that our cause represents.

It is an inspiration to note the businesslike manner with which our great work is being accomplished by the Texas Division, and our recent convention held in Austin goes on record as one of the most fruitful of our State meetings. The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter of Austin entertained the large Texas Division with true Southern hospitality.

The Confederate Woman's Home is to be opened June 3. Your President has appointed a committee to draft rules governing applications for admission into the Confederate Woman's Home, with Mrs. D. A. Nunn, our Past President, as chairman.

Your President, in order to systematize and simplify this department, has divided our Division roster into four parts, giving one-fourth of our Chapters to each of our Vice Presidents, Mesdames Beatty, Elgin, Westbrook, and Throop. These efficient officers will receive funds from their respective Chapters, the President of the Chapter acting as the committee member. * * * Many eligible women are waiting to spend their last feeble days under the loving care of the Daughters of Texas.

The Business Men's League of Austin desire to assist in every way, and are now taking steps to make the 3d of June one long to be remembered. So, with the splendid Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, the citizens of Austin, and the Confederate Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy of Texas, we will open wide the doors of our Home on the 3d of June, 1908.

At the meeting of the Board of Directors of the Texas Division held in Austin January 11 the Trustees of our Confederate Woman's Home were elected. Mrs. A. R. Howard, the former efficient Chairman of the Board, was reëlected, as were many of the members. Strong indorsement was given to Mrs. Val C. Giles for her earnest work as Superintendent of the Home. Mrs. W. P. Baugh, whose enthusiastic and valuable services as Treasurer have placed our entire Division under lasting gratitude, for the present gives up the office of Treasurer of the Home fund. Mrs. J. D. Roberdeau, of Austin, will take her place.

Our several State officers have taken charge of and are going forward with their respective departments; Chapter Presidents are requested to be prompt in making acknowledgment of all communications sent out by our Vice Presidents in regard to amounts for the Home. All Chapters who hold funds pledged to the Home will please remit at an early day. Send such amount promptly, and let not any delinquency prevent the completion of our glorious work. Answer promptly all communications sent out by the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. W. A. Hassell, of Dallas, and send all reports, notices, files, etc., due the Recording Secretary, Mrs. C. L. Hamil, of Longview, promptly, thus assisting her with her many duties.

Let no Chapter be delinquent in the paying of annual dues October 1 or in meeting any expense which may come, for our Treasurer, Mrs. M. Wheeler, of Victoria, endeavors to keep our work upon a firm business basis, and we must render to her our loyal assistance.

Our Historian, Mrs. Margaret L. Watson, sends out regularly excellent programmes of historical work for Chapter use and also programmes for children's auxiliaries. Let each Chapter in the Texas Division study Southern history and biography and teach these important subjects to the children.

Our Registrar, Mrs. R. C. Shindler, of Nacogdoches, in her concise arrangement of the names of every member of every Chapter in alphabetical order, giving the date of their membership, is gathering thoroughly the history of the membership of our Division, and this department should receive our constant attention.

Our Custodian, Miss Mamie Wilson, of Austin, safely keeps the important registration papers in our archives. From such systematic arrangement reference may be made at any time upon short notice. She should receive our assistance in her endeavor to secure the rosters of Texas regiments which enlisted in the service of the Confederacy, and let us see to it that all documents, important papers, manuscripts, and important data are given to her for safe-keeping. [Also copies of the VETERAN.—ED.]

Let the Daughters of Texas never cease their efforts until every eligible Confederate soldier is provided with the cross of honor. All information in regard to the bestowal of the cross of honor will be cheerfully and promptly forwarded by our Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. J. Y. Hazlett, of Hearne. All applications should be sent to her thirty days prior to the day selected for the bestowal of the cross. All assistance will be given by our Recorder of Crosses.

The Chapters of our Division are urged to observe each of our anniversary days, as directed by our Anniversary Committee. This is a vastly important phase of our patriotic work.

Our Committee on Chapter Extension should receive the coöperation of each Chapter and each individual member in the important duty of organizing new Chapters and reviving inactive ones.

Let each of us this year do something for the soldiers in the State Confederate Home. Let us visit the Home when possible, send literature, and do all within our power to assure the occupants of our remembrance and appreciation.

Our Text-Book Committee will continue their efforts to place proper histories in the hands of the public school children of this State and to endeavor to secure recognition for Southern authors.

The Library Committee will endeavor to secure the establishment of libraries in Texas and to place such histories and literature as are true and impartial to the part taken by the people of the South in their effort to maintain constitutional government and to request that books by Southern authors of merit have place in them.

Many Texas soldiers were buried upon distant battlefields. The Committee on "Soldiers' Graves on Battlefields" shall have supervision of them wherever found and try to secure lists of them wherever possible.

"The children of to-day are the mothers and fathers of to-morrow." The duty of the Committee on Children's Auxiliaries shall be to interest the children descended from Confederate soldiers in the auxiliary work.

The Texas Regent for the Confederate Museum, Richmond, Va., should receive the earnest support of the Texas Division. The Richmond Confederate Museum Committee shall directly assist the Regent in securing funds for maintenance, memorials, and relics.

Your President has endeavored to place all active and special work under the direction of special committees.

The Winkler Portrait Committee will continue their well-directed labor of love in collecting a fund to procure a portrait of our esteemed Mrs. A. V. Winkler, who has so efficiently served as the Texas Regent for the Confederate Museum, Richmond.

The Gen. Tom Green Monument Committee will direct our efforts toward the erection of a monument to the memory of Gen. Tom Green.

The Col. William P. Rogers Monument Committee will direct our efforts toward the erection of a monument in honor of Col. William P. Rogers.

The Arlington Monument Committee will assist the Director of the Arlington Monument Association for Texas in securing a fund to be used in the erection of a Confederate monument at Arlington.

The Legislative Committee will direct the important matter of legislation, and when needed be ready with information upon legislative matters.

The Jefferson Davis Centenary Committee will direct the Chapters of the Texas Division in the appropriate observance of the centenary anniversary of the birth of President Davis. The State Teachers' Association of Texas at its convention in Houston in December, 1907, adopted resolutions pledging hearty and enthusiastic support to the Daughters of the Confederacy in their effort to give due praise to this just man.

The Texas Division will offer a scholarship in the State University in the Department of History to a Texas boy. A Board of Examiners selected from the faculties of the university, Texas schools and colleges, and the legal profession will assist this committee in selecting a worthy student for this honor.

It is the desire of the Texas Division that the pictures of President Davis, Generals Lee, Albert Sidney Johnston, Stonewall Jackson, Judge John H. Reagan, and other famous Confederates be placed in our public schools.

The Daughters of the Confederacy of Texas, under the direction of a committee, are to place a memorial tablet to Hood's Texas Brigade upon the battlefield of Gettysburg.

The committee to select and recommend standard old songs are procuring the beautiful songs sung during the war and providing them for Chapter use; also recommending the organization of choirs. Many of these old songs are poetic gems set to the sweetest old melodies, and beautiful patriotic songs are a part of patriotic teaching. "Let me make the songs of my country, I care not who makes its laws," was uttered by one who knew and felt the holy, magical spell of patriotic music.

Every Daughter of the Confederacy should possess herself of a certificate of membership. Each Chapter President should take this matter up with her Chapter, certificates to be obtained through the Secretary General, Mrs. Andrew L. Dowdell, Opelika, Ala.

The Texas room in the Confederate Museum, Richmond, Va., is controlled by the Texas Regent, Mrs. A. V. Winkler, who is appointed by the Virginia Regent. The entire Texas Division should assist Mrs. Winkler with her duties in the Texas room.

The Texas Confederate Museum is a beautiful room in the State Capitol at Austin under the direction of Mrs. L. J. Storey, Regent, appointed by the President of the Texas Division.

The Texas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, has a reputation to sustain in the annals of the United Daughters of the Confederacy; and now that one of our beloved members, Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, our former President, author of our constitution, has been elevated to the highest office within the gift of this magnificent organization, let the Texas Division rally to her and come right up to every obligation.

Let all Presidents of Chapters realize the important fact that Texas should have her full quota of representation at our Convention to be held in Atlanta in November. In case Chapters are not represented by a delegate, see to it that proxies are sent in promptly.

Our annual (general) dues should be sent in October to the Treasurer General. With the amount should be sent a list of the Chapter officers and the number of active members.

The Convention held in Norfolk in November, 1907, directed that each State composing the body give energy and thought to the proper remembrance of the life, character, suffering, and achievement of President Jefferson Davis, and that June 3, 1908, be a day of loving rejoicing, thanksgiving, and praise for our great leader. Texas will do her best.

The Texas Division will assist the general organization in the erection of monuments to our Confederate dead upon the battlefields of Chickamauga and Shiloh and in the Confederate circle at Arlington, near Washington, D. C., formerly the home of Gen. R. E. Lee.

The Texas Director of the Arlington Monument Association and committee will endeavor to secure an appropriate contribution from Texas. The Texas Division will coöperate with the general organization in the beautiful memorial work of remembering the Confederate dead who fell at Chickamauga and Shiloh.

In accord with a resolution adopted by our recent Convention, the Daughters of the Texas Division are pledged to do all in their power to place the "Memoirs of John H. Reagan" before the people and to promote its sale. This will be a pleasure rather than a duty. These "Memoirs" are a glorious heritage to the South.

Each Chapter of our Division, as per resolution of the Convention, is pledged to purchase two or more volumes of Mrs. Kate Alma Orgain's book on "Southern Literature." Let us assist each other.

The Confederate Woman's Home at Austin, Tex., be it said of the unselfishness of the women of our organization, is a superb memorial of our unity and our strength. We will maintain it, of course, by the same courage, patience, and concentration which made it possible for us to build it. Not only as Chapters but as individuals does the responsibility of the Home rest upon us; so let each descendant of a Confederate veteran who is honored with membership in this Division do her full part in this work.

On January 19 of this year, in honor of the birthday of Gen. Robert E. Lee, the Confederate monument, "The Spirit of the Confederacy," with special credit to the Robert E. Lee Chapter of Houston, was unveiled at that place.

The monument at Corsicana, "The Call to Arms," the completed work of the Navarro Chapter, was unveiled.

Such occasions of patriotism are a prophetic beginning for the new year. Other Chapters ere this year closes will unveil their monuments.

Let us strive for unity, for breadth, and for service removed far from all littleness. Let us cleave one unto the other, giving strength to every link in the chain which binds us, and our work will be remembered by the Great Commander of armies, who with his own hands will crown the faithful, and who guides and guards our interests, ever ready when we deserve it to award his blessing.

Gens. George B. McClellan and A. P. Hill.—William Wert Harness, of McNeill's Rangers, Moorefield, W. Va.: "I see in the January Veteran a report of a base calumny as to General McClellan's offering his services to the Confederacy. In the fall of 1861 Gen. A. P. Hill (then colonel) was camped a short distance west of Winchester, Va. I visited his camp one evening, where I met an old friend, a former native of my county, a Mr. Levi Cline, who was a member of Colonel Hill's Regiment. He took me to Colonel Hill's tent and introduced me to him. While lying on the grass, talking of the war and prospects, Colonel Hill, in discussing the merit of the Federal officers, said he considered McClellan the ablest officer in the Union army. Hill had been in the United States army with him and was an intimate friend of his. Colonel Hill also said that he had met General McClellan in Cincinnati when he (Hill) was on his way to Washington to resign his commission, and that General McClellan expressed his regrets that he had decided to quit the army. They exchanged their views on the most friendly terms, and Hill said he told McClellan he could not engage in a war against Virginia, but would defend her to the death. The next morning, when Hill was about to leave for Washington, McClellan said to him: 'Hill, I am truly sorry you are going to leave us; but, to be frank, I cannot blame you. If I were in your place, I would do as you are about to do; but I am an Ohioan, and will stand by my State too.' They separated cordially and with sincere regrets. When General McClellan was superseded after his defeat before Richmond, General Hill threw up his hat and said: 'Good! good!' Such was A. P. Hill's opinion of the generalship of his old friend. McClellan's treatment of the citizens and noncombatants and prisoners, however, made him hundreds of friends among the Southern people, and his removal was a calamity."

MONTANA DIVISION, U. D. C.

BY MISS EVIE MORRIS, DIVISION HISTORIAN, HELENA.

Failure of report from the Montana Division, U. D. C., in the proceedings of the National Convention at Norfolk is regretted. Our State President, Mrs. J. L. Patterson, sent a full report. Our State Treasurer, Mrs. C. R. Stranahan, sent national dues for our five Chapters; so we are in good standing.

The M. A. E. McLure Chapter at Bozeman is the oldest in the State, and deserves much credit for the work it has done. Our State President lives in Bozeman, and to her is due the credit of organizing the Division. Together with the veterans the Chapter entertained royally the annual Reunion of the U. C. V. of the Northwest Division last October. A Southerner always feels at home at Bozeman, for Gallatin Valley is called the home of the "left wing of Price's army."

The Winnie Davis Chapter of Helena was the next organized, and we have a membership of forty-two loyal women, representing nearly every Southern State. We have monthly meetings, which are delightful social gatherings. We are also studying "the true cause of the Civil War," for we desire to be able to vindicate our cause with our antagonistic neighbors. We are working to perpetuate the memory of the heroic deeds of our fathers and grandfathers.

For the first time in years we did not have a large reception on January 19, but instead observed the day as a Chapter, and were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hampton. Mr. Hampton is a son of Gen. Wade Hampton. Appropriate papers were read, and General Lee's farewell address was read by Miss Evie Morris from a copy made by her father, a member of the 17th Tennessee Regiment, at Appomattox the day of the surrender.

We are planning to observe appropriately the birthday of President Davis, and had hoped to dedicate our memorial fountain on that day; but we have not yet secured a good site. We have $1,000 in the bank, and all in readiness as soon as we can secure the site we want. Then we will erect a monument that will be an honor to the brave Confederate soldiers buried in Montana and an ornament to the city.

The Chapters at Missoula, Boulder, and Townsend are prosperous. They are composed of enthusiastic women.

An indescribable bond links Confederates together here.

CONFUSION AS TO THE HEISKELLS OF MEMPHIS.

Comrade James P. Coffin, of Batesville, Ark., corrects an error on page 124 of the VETERAN for March: "How did you happen to make such a mistake as in the footnote to the extract in the March VETERAN from the address of Judge C. W. Heiskell in regard to slavery and emancipation before the war? Joseph B. Heiskell was the member of the Confederate Congress from the First Tennessee District. After the war, he was Attorney-General of Tennessee and Reporter of the Supreme Court. C. W. Heiskell was the last colonel of the 19th Tennessee Infantry, filled every position from private to colonel in the army from first to last, and was Judge of the Circuit Court in Memphis after the war."

Col. C. W. Heiskell writes a correction of the footnote: "I was a private, lieutenant, captain, major, lieutenant colonel, and colonel of the 19th Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A., but never a member of the Confederate Congress. My brother, Hon. J. B. Heiskell, living near Memphis, was a member of the Confederate Congress. Ordinarily I would not notice the mistake, but your magazine will be looked to for historical truth."

PRIZES FOR ESSAYS ON PRESIDENT DAVIS.

This being the centennial year of the birth of Jefferson Davis, the U. D. C. are especially active in celebrating it by emphasizing the beautiful life of the first and only President of the Confederacy. The Neely Chapter at Bolivar recently offered a gold medal for the best essay by a pupil in the schools of Hardeman County on the life and character of the illustrious Confederate chieftain. Supplementary to all this, Mrs. M. B. Pilcher, President of the Tennessee Division, offers a gold medal for the best essay on Jefferson Davis, the contest to be open to all school boys and girls in the State with age limit of seventeen years.

The one hundredth birthday of President Davis (June 3, 1908) has been selected for the presentation of the medal. Details will be given later. Mrs. M. B. Pilcher, President of the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., has appointed Mrs. John C. Sweeney, of Paris, Tenn., State Chairman of the Jefferson Davis Centenary Committee with the following ladies: Mrs. Carrington Mason, of Memphis; Mrs. W. G. Oehmig, of Chattanooga; Mrs. Henry Curtis, of Knoxville; and Mrs. Charles Ridley, Jr., of Nashville.

CONFEDERATE DAUGHTERS IN PHILADELPHIA.—A Philadelphia paper reports a splendid social gathering of the Philadelphia Chapter, U. D. C. Evidently this is the Dabney H. Maury Chapter. The report says: "More than two hundred enthusiastic members, with some of their husbands, enjoyed a luncheon yesterday afternoon in a veritable bower of red hearts in honor of the day. Each member received a small flag of the Confederacy and a small red heart, while American flags were draped on the walls of the room. A delightful musical programme followed the luncheon, and several addresses were made." The paper enumerates quite a list of distinguished women who participated in the addresses and music. Members of the committee on arrangements were Mrs. William K. Beard (Chairman), Mrs. George Franklin Brown, Mrs. Henry R. Robins, Mrs. T. Ashby Blythe, Mrs. George R. Currie, Mrs. Julian Taylor, Mrs. William Douglas Mason, and Miss Lucy T. Mayo. Founded more than two years ago, the Philadelphia Chapter has been very successful, and has aided in many ways the poor Southern families who have come North and also many of the South.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENTS FOR TENNESSEE.—Mrs. A. J. Emerson, 3631 West 30th Avenue, Denver, Colo., gives the following list: Bolivar, Clarksville, Chattanooga, Chattanooga Cemetery Arch, Covington, Columbia, Dyersburg, Franklin, Fayetteville, Gallatin, Jackson, Knoxville, Lebanon, Lewisburg, Memphis, Memphis (Forrest), Murfreesboro, Nashville, Pulaski (Sam Davis), Ripley, Paris, Sewanee, Shiloh, Shelbyville, J. W. Thomas (Nashville), Trenton, Union City, Winchester, Va., Chickamauga (artillery, cavalry, infantry, Carnes's Battery). Mrs. Emerson inquires: "Are there others? If so, information about them will be greatly appreciated." She desires to know where others are located, in whose honor erected, by whom, and the cost. There is a Federal cavalry monument at Chickamauga.

CIVIL WAR PENSIONERS.—According to statistics in the National Tribune, there were on the pension roll of the United States government in January, 1908, 959,561 persons; and of this large number, 633,386 are Civil War survivors. This number decreased by death during the month of January, 1908, 2,950.

THE FLAG-RAISING AT ARKANSAS HOME.

At the recent Convention of the Arkansas Division, U. D. C., one of the most impressive ceremonies ever witnessed in our Southland was enacted. It was the flag-raising over the Confederate Home. Arrangements for the occasion and the day's programme had been placed in the capable hands of Mrs. J. Lawson Reid, and wisely and well did she perform her patriotic duties even to the minutest details. Carriages were supplied for all delegates and guests, and the visitors were driven over the beautiful Granite Mountain to the Home, five miles from the City of Roses.

On arriving at the Home the guests were received by Captain Watkins, Superintendent, and Gov. Dan Jones, President of the Board of Directors. Mrs. Reid, with several chosen assistants, received in the parlors of the Home. After an elaborate luncheon was served, the flag-raising services were begun. Particularly impressive was this ceremony, for the reason that it was a double flag-raising, the United States flag and the Confederate flags going up together. And it was indeed a never-to-be-forgotten sight, the stars and bars and the stars and stripes floating from one flag pole. In all that vast assembly of the aged and brave and strong not a dry eye was visible. Nothing more touching could be conceived. All voices present joined in the opening hymn. An original poem, "Our Flag," was then read by the author, Mrs. Josie Frazee Cappleman.

The orator of the occasion, Gov. Dan W. Jones, made an eloquent address, followed by the men of the gray and the men of the blue alternately. Capt. W. G. Akers, of the G. A. R. Post, and Hon. H. L. Remmel each made a brief and interesting address. Never in the history of Arkansas was there such manifold evidence of united feeling and sentiment as on this happy occasion, and to Mrs. J. L. Reid, to whose untiring zeal and fine judgment the success was greatly due, all have joined in expressing earnest and sincere gratitude.

Comrades in Arkansas have been conspicuous for years by their zeal in every good word and work for their cause.

VISITING CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' HOMES.

The Arkansas Superintendent Makes a Tour.

The authorities of the Arkansas Confederate Soldiers' Home did a wise thing in appropriating funds and sending Col. W. M. Watkins, Superintendent of the Home, to visit other like institutions in the South. He had completed visits to the Tennessee, Alabama, and Louisiana Homes. He spent a day or so at the Tennessee Home, located on the Hermitage property, eleven miles from Nashville. This property is owned by the State, and was the home of General and President Andrew Jackson. He expressed himself as much pleased with the Tennessee Home and wrote of it:

Tennessee Confederate Soldiers' Home.

"The Tennessee Home is a large two-story brick containing fifty-four dormitories, above and below. On the first floor are the reception rooms, parlor, library, dining hall, kitchen, etc.; engine rooms and laundry are located in the basement. There are also four cottages. The hospital is a separate building of ten rooms, kitchen and dining room. A special cook prepares the meals, and they have trained nurses. The hospital is maintained and looked after by the U. D. C. Chapters at Nashville, committees visiting the Home weekly. Captain Lee, the Superintendent, and Captain Hill, the Commandant, are indefatigable in their efforts to do their whole duty, and have the esteem and confidence of the inmates. There are one hundred and thirty inmates. The premises are scrupulously clean and the comrades there are contented.

Alabama Home, at Mountain Creek.

"I am delighted with all the Homes visited; they are well kept, clean, and healthy. At Mountain Creek they have a most beautiful location; and when Captain Simpson has means sufficient, Alabama will have a lovely Home. It is new.

"Mountain Creek, the Alabama Home, is an ideal spot for a Soldiers' Home, twenty-eight miles above Montgomery. They have the cottage system—a main central building, large and



LOUISIANA CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' HOME, NEW ORLEANS.

commodious, containing the Superintendent's office, the library, Quartermaster's rooms, with an auditorium overhead with a seating capacity of one thousand. From this main building right and left is a row of cottages, eight in each row, forming a semicircle inclosing the park. These cottages have five rooms each. One cottage in each row is used as a dining hall, each having its own cook and being in charge of an inmate, who issues rations and superintends the building in all details. This Home has sixty-seven inmates. The hospital is at the lower end of the buildings. The late Col. J. M. Faulkner first established this Home, and gave freely of his time and means for its welfare and improvement.



GLIMPSES OF BEAUTIFUL BEAUVOIR.

Capt. J. N. Simpson, the Superintendent, has a separate cottage for himself and family, and they all join in extending a generous hospitaity to visitors. This I very much appreciated. Captain Simpson, a gallant old soldier himself, fully appreciates the work in hand, and is making the Home a lovely place.

MISSISSIPPI HOME, AT BEAUVOIR.

"No location is more beautiful than Beauvoir. It is lovely by nature, and the association connected with it makes it sacred to the Confederate soldier. Dr. Price, the Superintendent, is an Arkansan by brevet, but an old-timer and not one of the new issue variety. The Home is to be congratulated in having such an efficient Superintendent. He is ably seconded by Mrs. Wallace, who is the Matron, a typical Southern woman of the old school, efficient, affable. She dispenses old-time hospitality with that grace that characterizes our Southern women and makes them so charming.

"Beauvoir has ninety-seven inmates.

LOUISIANA HOME, AT NEW ORLEANS.

"Camp Nichols, New Orleans. Capt. H. H. Ward, Superintendent, is a typical old Confederate soldier, and looks as if he were able to go on another campaign. They have one hundred and fifteen inmates.

"I couldn't begin to describe so many beauties at each turn as at Camp Nichols. It is an ideal place for a Home. An air of cleanliness is found everywhere, the grounds are well kept and shaded by large water oaks with moss hanging from each branch, magnolias, and all varieties of flowers and shrubbery. A man who would 'kick' here would not be satisfied in paradise—if he should get there.

"I met old comrades at each Home, and at each Home I found the inmates comfortable, well and bountifully fed, well clothed, and contented. True, there are those who are exacting and who have imaginary ills to endure and who will talk and find fault, yet when you sift their complaints you find nothing in them. The good and true soldier on the firing line can readily be distinguished wherever found.

"These old men are all facing to the west, and in a few years more will have joined their comrades across the great divide. We should try to make their last days bright and cheerful, for the world will never see another Confederate army (there was never but the one), and they should be real soldiers to the end, obey the rules and regulations, be cheerful and bright. I would advise: Cheer your old comrade, show your appreciation of what your State is doing for you. It is too late now to sully your record. The end is almost in sight. By all means cultivate comradeship with your associates. It will not only be good for them but for you also.



MAIN BUILDING OF THE TENNESSEE CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' HOME.



THE ARKANSAS CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' HOME, LITTLE ROCK.

"The Arkansas Home was established in 1890. A number of gentlemen who wore the gray bought the land (fifty-five acres) situated on the Sweet Home Pike four and a half miles from Little Rock. There were several frame buildings on the place, and these were filled up; and at first a party was placed in charge who boarded the inmates at so much per head. Later it was turned over to the State, and the present buildings were erected. An ample appropriation is made for its maintenance. In 1905 Mrs. R. J. Lea, an active worker in the interest of the Home, secured from the Legislature an appropriation of $15,000 to build and furnish an annex to the Home for the reception of the wives and widows of old soldiers. The building was completed, and is being furnished by the present Board. It contains twenty rooms. Our hospital, to the left of the main building, is a neat brick cottage of five rooms and wide hall, bath room, etc. We have steam heat, electric lights, and fire plugs with hose attached in case of fire. We have eighty-three inmates, with twenty-three applications for admission. Seven inmates have died in the past year."

Colonel Watkins was intimate in the old days with "Johnnie" Jones, one of the three who captured the J. H. Miller, the others being Bennie Briggs and Church Price. (See page 73, VETERAN for February, 1907.) In writing from New Orleans, he states:

"I am laying over to-day because I found my old friend and comrade, 'Johnnie' Jones, here. We had not met for twenty-seven years, yet I recognized him instantly, and we have spent two delightful days together talking over old times. He is full of interesting and thrilling reminiscences, and will write them all up for the VETERAN.

"I will always remember your kindness to me when in Nashville. * * * When you come West, you will find our latchstring will be in your reach as soon as you arrive at the Arkansas end of the bridge from Memphis."

Every State maintaining a Confederate Home honors itself.

REAL SOLDIER GUARD TO PRESIDENT DAVIS.

A. C. Van Dusen was a sergeant of artillery. He is now retired. He served in the United States army for nearly half a century in the artillery branch. Throughout the Civil War he was a sergeant. Toward the close of the war he served at Fort Monroe. He lives near New Glatz, in Prince George County, Md. He says:

"I was on duty at Fort Monroe when Jefferson Davis was brought there as a prisoner and was sergeant of the guard over him. I remember how we all felt toward the prisoner. Most of us were seasoned soldiers, had seen four years of real service, had swapped coffee and sugar for tobacco with the Johnnies, and we were all long past feeling any personal ill will toward anybody on the other side. But here we were face to face with the man we had for four years regarded as the head and front of the secession business. We knew that Lee and Jackson, the Johnstons and Beauregard, the Hills, and a score of others were big men; but we Yanks thought that Jeff Davis was the biggest of them all. Of course we regarded him with a great deal of curiosity.

"The guard soon got to like him because he was very gentlemanly, and there was no attempt at haughtiness in his manner toward the men detailed to guard him. The order to iron him was a great surprise to us. We saw no reason for it, because there was not a ghost of a chance for him to escape. Even if there had been no guard over him, he could not have gotten out of that fort or even out of his own cell. He never made any sign that he would try to escape. We were all glad when, under the surgeon's advice, the shackles were taken off.

"Mr. Davis always smoked a meerschaum pipe, which he had brought with him. I never saw him smoke a cigar, and late along in his imprisonment he used to give me cigars. I think they were given him by officers in the fort."

[It is gratifying to note testimony from real soldiers in their regard for the Confederate President.—ED. VETERAN.]

GEN. JOHN DUNOVANT, HOUSTON, TEX.

FROM SKETCH BY MISS ADELIA A. DUNOVANT, EX-PRESIDENT TEXAS DIVISION, U. D. C.

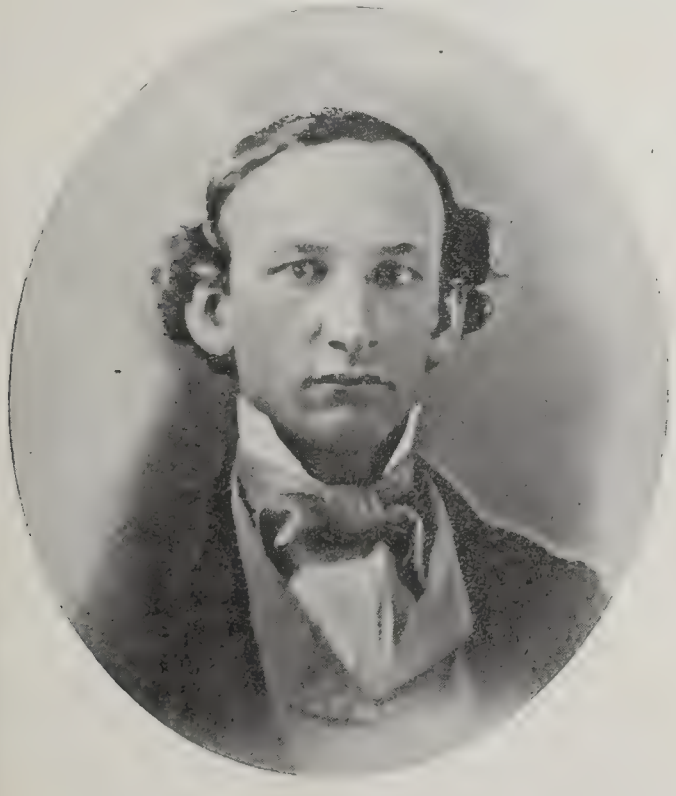
In a list of the Confederate generals published in the January (1908) issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN the name of one who was conspicuous for courage, brilliant in achievement, and exceptional in discipline and command of troops was not given—Brig. Gen. John Dunovant, of South Carolina.

In the "Confederate Military History" there is a record of the services of this truly distinguished soldier. In the Confederate Museum at Richmond his commission is preserved.

At a Confederate Reunion held in Columbia, S. C., in 1895 the eminent Maj. Gen. M. C. Butler, of South Carolina, on being requested to deliver an address, "occupied the time allotted," to use his language, "by relating the incidents attending the death of one of the most gallant and accomplished soldiers with whom I was associated during our Civil War—Brig. Gen. John Dunovant, of Chester—with a brief and imperfect sketch of his life."

Col. U. R. Brooks's book, "Butler and His Cavalry in the War of Secession," contains a vivid narrative of the battle of McDowell's Farm and the death of General Dunovant by one of the bravest of Confederate couriers, Charles Montague, Company B, 6th South Carolina Cavalry, Dunovant's Brigade, now living at Bandera, Tex.

A circumstance following the death of General Dunovant reveals the awe in which General Dunovant was held by the enemy. The circumstance referred to in the book is as follows: "The United States Congress gave a medal to the Yankee soldier who claimed to have killed General Dunovant. A



GEN. JOHN DUNOVANT.

member of the 1st New Jersey Cavalry petitioned Congress for a medal, claiming that he had killed General Dunovant, and he got the medal. Colonel Kester commanded this regiment. I don't understand how a man could claim that he had killed the General when at least a thousand guns were fired at him about the same time."

TRIBUTE FROM GENERAL BUTLER.

In his address General Butler, above referred to, said:

"Gen. John Dunovant succeeded me in the command of the brigade composed of the 4th, 5th, and 6th South Carolina Cavalry, which joined the Army of Northern Virginia in April, 1864, at the opening of that desperate and trying campaign which Grant inaugurated against Richmond. General Dunovant was in command of the 5th South Carolina when the regiment reached Virginia; and, as I have remarked, was made brigadier general when I was promoted to the command of Hampton's Division, in September, 1864.

"He was the beau ideal of a soldier, a knightly, chivalric gentleman, thorough in the details of discipline and order, exacting, but always just, guarding with care and solicitude the interests of his soldiers, demanding of all alike the full measure of their duty. The result was, his command was always ready to respond promptly to his orders. He was in himself a model of promptness and precision, both in obeying and executing orders.

"To say that General Dunovant was able in the organization, discipline, and command of troops in battle would be no higher commendation than could be bestowed on hundreds of others. He was exceptional in those respects, and deserved higher rank than he reached. Two things conspired to prevent his advancement: First, the hostility and, I am inclined to think, jealousy of a superior officer in the early years of the war had blocked his way to promotion; and, secondly, this post of duty did not afford the opportunity for active field service, for the full exercise of his military talents. His experience in the regular army of the United States, which he left to cast his fortune with the Confederacy, prepared and qualified him for organization and putting volunteer troops in the field.

"His first service in the Confederate army was as a field officer in the 1st Regiment of South Carolina Regulars, performing garrison duty in front of Charleston. This duty was of course arduous and important, and I don't think has been properly appreciated. I have always insisted that the defense of that historic city, so full of unexampled deeds of heroism, fortitude, and gallantry, was without a parallel in military annals. The defense of Forts Moultrie and Sumter and the Morris Island Batteries against the combined attacks of the land and naval forces of the United States, when considered in all of its details, is the most remarkable in history.

"But I am straying from my subject. Dunovant was for a time one of the actors in that great drama; but it was when he was transferred to the broader fields of Virginia that his talents became more conspicuous and he received the promotion to which they entitled him.

"Soon after his arrival in Virginia, in 1864, he was detached with his regiment on temporary duty under command of Gen. Fitz Lee, and while so detached received a painful wound in the hand in an engagement with the enemy on the James River. Before his wound was healed he reported for duty with his hand in a sling, and never again left it until his death.

"He was killed on October 1, 1864, near McDowell's farm, below Petersburg, leading his brigade, fighting as infantry, against the breastworks of the enemy. He was mounted on his favorite chestnut horse, and it was my fortune to be at his side when he received his mortal wound. General Hampton had directed me to hold a certain position on the Squirrel Level road until I heard the guns of Gen. W. H. F. Lee on my left, and then to move forward and attack all along our

front. It was a cold, rainy, disagreeable day. We were dismounted, and had thrown up temporary breastworks of rails, logs, etc., and had been engaging the enemy almost the entire day, resisting repeated and determined assaults on our lines until about 3 P.M., when I ordered forward the whole line, and they went at a run down the hill, leaving the two batteries on the ridge engaged over our heads in a sharp artillery duel with the enemy's guns. Dunovant's and Young's Brigades had reached the base of the hill, where they were subjected to such a murderous fire from the enemy on the other side of a narrow swamp that I ordered the whole line to halt and lie down. I had directed Colonel Phillips to conduct his mounted regiment across a strip of woods and re-form it in an open field to our right. While the dismounted men were thus partially protected from the enemy's fire I had sent scouts to the right to ascertain if we could not find a position from which to move on the left flank of the enemy, and thus avoid a direct front attack across the swamp.

"There was but one point at which a horseman could cross—a narrow causeway about the center of our lines. I had ridden through the woods, a short distance to the right of the causeway, to reconnoiter the ground, and on returning met Dunovant, who remarked to me that he thought 'if we would make one more forward movement we could drive the enemy from this last line of works.' It was then getting late in the afternoon, and I replied, 'If that is your opinion, move your brigade forward,' and then extended the order to Young.

"Dunovant gave the command, 'Attention, men,' in a loud voice. They had been subjected to such a terrible fire a short time before that they were a little tardy in heeding the order. He called out a second time in tones that could not be mistaken, and every man jumped to his feet and moved forward, firing across the swamp. Dunovant's horse was fretting and careering, and mine was not behaving much better; and as we reached the causeway to cross with the line on our right and left, with an open road to the enemy's works on the other side, we were greeted with a deadly volley. Dunovant was shot, and tumbled forward from his horse on the causeway. The horse dashed forward and ran into the enemy's lines. His command, 'Forward!' to his gallant soldiers was the last word he ever uttered. When the body was taken up, under the direction of his faithful and gallant adjutant general, Jeffords, I discovered an ugly indentation on his forehead, and concluded that it was there he received his mortal wound; but on examination it was found that he was shot in the breast, and the wound on the forehead must have been made by a root or log when he fell forward on the causeway.

"We at once summoned Dr. Fontaine, medical director of the corps; and as he was making his way through our batteries on the hill in our rear, he was struck in the neck by the fragment of a shell from the enemy's guns, and he too paid the penalty of a faithful, fearless discharge of duty—a splendid gentleman and an accomplished officer passed to his last account. He could, however, have rendered Dunovant no service, as his gallant life went out almost in the twinkling of an eye.

"This country has never had a more devoted son or gallant defender. He was one of the few men I have met in my life who seemed absolutely indifferent to the dangers and perils of battle. He was always sedate, self-composed, fearless, and ready. He died as I know he would have liked to die—with his face to the enemy and every throb of his manly, brave heart pulsating for the glory and welfare of his country."

Brief History of the Family.

Gen. John Dunovant was born at Chester, S. C., on the 5th of March, 1825; and therefore was in his thirty-ninth year at the time of his death. He was the third son of Dr. John Dunovant, of Chester, S. C., a graduate of the Philadelphia Medical College and subsequently a State Senator. His mother, Margaret Quay, was the daughter of Alexander Quay and Catherine Leslie, both of Chester, S. C. His grandfather, William Dunovant, a planter, moved from Amelia County, Va., to Chester District, S. C., the latter part of the eighteenth century. Two elder brothers of General Dunovant, Col. A. Q. Dunovant and Gen. R. G. M. Dunovant (the former of Chester, the latter of Edgefield), signed South Carolina's ordinance of secession. Gen. R. G. M. Dunovant was an officer in the Mexican War. He entered the service as captain of Company B, Palmetto Regiment, and was promoted to lieutenant colonel. Some years later he was elected Adjutant and Inspector General of the State of South Carolina, in which capacity he was in command of Fort Moultrie when the "Star of the West" was fired into, and was also in command when Fort Sumter surrendered to the arms of the State.

Gen. John Dunovant served in the Mexican War as third sergeant of Company B, Palmetto Regiment; he received a severe wound at Chapultepec. He was subsequently appointed captain of Company A, 10th Infantry, United States Army, and resigned his commission upon the secession of his native State, South Carolina, giving to her the allegiance of a devoted son.

General Lee in a letter to General Hampton: "I grieve with you at the loss of General Dunovant and Dr. Fontaine, two officers whom it will be difficult to replace."

From Col. U. R. Brooks's book: "The greatest loss that day was General Dunovant, a brave, gallant soldier. He died leading a charge that, I believe, would have been preëminently successful had he not fallen. I have heard him since styled as rash for urging this charge; but the cool and impassive Butler gave him permission, and we subsequently succeeded in carrying with the same men the position that we then were charging when he fell, and from the increase in the enemy's fire I have always believed that subsequent to Dunovant's death and prior to our last successful charge they had been heavily reënforced. The next day General Butler started me for Chester, S. C., with the General's body, where it lies to-day at the home of his birth. No braver man ever filled a soldier's grave.

'The world shall yet decide
In truth's clear, far-off light
That the soldiers who wore the gray and died
With Lee were in the right.'"

Gen. John Dunovant was never married. The late Capt. William Dunovant, of Texas, brother of Miss Dunovant, author of this sketch, though scarcely eighteen years of age, was appointed captain of Company C, 17th Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers, "for skill and valor." His commission is now in the Museum at Richmond. He was intellectually developed far beyond most of his years, and was the favorite nephew of General Dunovant—a character sublime for morality, chivalry, and courage.

Through the United Daughters of the Confederacy there is distinctly a merging of the generations. These women and their successors may be expected to survive all the veterans and be perpetuated on and on for many generations.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

Carpetbag and Negro Rule in Montgomery County, Ala.

BY JAMES W. POWELL, MONTGOMERY.

A history of the stirring times of the city of Montgomery and of the State of Alabama has never been written. It is the purpose to write it now, while there are yet living witnesses to verify every statement. It is written too that it may be preserved for the education of our coming generations and for the vindication of Southern honor before the civilized world.

In tears and the agony of disappointment because of surrender and that the stars and bars had gone down in defeat to rise no more the Confederate veteran made his way from North Carolina and Virginia afoot, riding when he could, inspired by the hope of being soon at home with his loved ones. He thought surrender was the end of the long years of his griefs and sorrows and a renewal of his allegiance to the stars and stripes. He could not believe that free America would employ any policy or measure that did not promise sweet peace and the harmony and prosperity of a reunited country.

At the gate of his home, in smiles and gladness, he greeted wife and children with kisses and embraces. All along his way home were standing armies at every turn. Fortunately and pleasingly the United States regimental forces, both officers and privates, were polite, affable, and disposed to do anything comporting with the health, happiness, or prosperity of his fallen foe. Busy with his home interests, his energies were concentrated in his best efforts to make it what it was before grim-visaged war had defaced or destroyed its beauty and peace. He stopped the holes in his roof, filled up crevices through which the chilly winds of winter came, repaired his barns, remade his fences, and was in utter ignorance of the infernal fires being kindled at the National Capital.

When it was made known to him that Mr. Davis was held a prisoner, bound with chains and fetters, his blood grew warm with the spirit of resentment.

Not content with the cowardly cruelty of incarcerating Mr. Davis and others, their venom rankled against even Gen. Robert E. Lee, who would have been their fellow-prisoner and fellow-sufferer had not General Grant stood an impassable barrier, a wall of fire between them and him.

Jealousy, envy, malice, and the direst poison of hate gathered in the halls of Congress, growing into a mighty and consuming fire until our constitutional compact became only ashes, and the accursed spirit of reconstruction had so altered free America as to make it the foremost province of his Satanic Majesty. Then came swarms of locusts, clouds of vultures, and countless beasts of prey, each commissioned with authority to invade the sanctity of home, to look into all places, and to appropriate jewels, plate, gold or silver coin, cotton, or other things of value.

When that fire of Inferno had grown into its utmost proportions, all governments of Dixie, State, county, and municipal, were dissolved and an election ordered. Negroes in their ignorance, the contemptible scalawag who had turned his back on his country in her hour of need, and the carpetbagger glorying in freedom and singing of the "bottom rail on top" migrated from county to county, town to town, and wherever there was a ballot box deposited a handful of illegal votes, unable to understand what their votes meant. "They obeyed the word that was saunt." Great haste was made in the inauguration of State, county, and municipal governments and the installment of officers. Stealage became their order of procedure, and so continued until there was no money to defray daily needs and darkness overspread their skies. In this emergency, on the suggestion of their white pilots, resort was had to the issuance of State, county, and city bonds, which were divided among those in power and by them bartered at any price in the markets of the North.

Alabama was bankrupt, being hopelessly involved in a bonded debt of nearly $35,000,000, and having neither money nor bonds in her treasury. Negroes became insolent and rapacious, with tendencies toward riot and disposition to appropriate the little left by the war upon which the wives and children of the old soldiers were subsisting.

Such was the aspect of our political horizon when our people, without regard to gender or age, firmly resolved to resist the yoke of oppression at any cost. In conference it was proposed and agreed to outvote them in the ensuing city election, and so wrest from the dirty hordes the power they had usurped.

Organizations were perfected, fellow-soldiers and their sons were called from our own and adjacent counties, and they came unbidden from other States; so that when the auspicious day came, in 1872, we were all at the polling places and in force, equipped with carefully correct lists of citizens who were legally entitled to suffrage.

That day the sun rose upon the heavens in beauty and splendor. Negroes were in swarms and militant, coming from other counties and towns to exercise their American freedom; nor were the hungry carpetbaggers or scalawags wanting.

Balloting was both rapid and continuous amidst imprecations and uncivil expressions of speech as some negro belonging anywhere outsite of Montgomery City was challenged.

The writer found it necessary on that day to absent himself from the polls of Ward 2, going to Dexter Avenue. On his speedy return he was accosted by Col. H. C. Semple, who informed him that he was just from an investigating trip to the capitol; that he had found recorded in the House Journal a bill which had become a law prohibiting the punishment of repeating or other illegal voting. This information was manna falling to us from heaven. The efficient, good work of Colonel Semple was utilized at once, being conveyed to other polls, where our good people saw the dire necessity of driving the negro and his white friends from all the voting places, of which they had taken possession, and permitting only Democratic ballots to go into the box.

A negro came to the writer wanting to vote with the white people, the Democratic ticket. He was pursued to the very polls by a pack of howling devils, yelling: "Kill him! Kill him! This 'nigger' is here to vote the Democratic ticket."

The fury and noise was so great as to be deafening, so that it was next to impossible to understand anything said to each other. Sticks, clubs, knives, and pistols were ready in hand for use, when Mr. "Billy" Ray, then an old man, jerked off his coat, threw it on the ground, and exhorted the boys, saying: "Now is as good a time to die as any. Let the fight begin."

Stonewall Jackson's invincibles never obeyed order to charge with more alacrity. The fight did begin in earnest. The Metcalfs in one place, the Caffeys in another, the Westcotts close by—all around old soldiers and boys who were too young for service when our country needed them were battling with great, burly negroes to drive them from the voting place. This determined effort was not without fruit.

Messages were quickly sent to the other polls of what we had accomplished. Before the hour of 12 M. the enemy were routed, head, neck, and heels, and the polls were ours without dispute; but continuous and industrious work had to be kept up that we should have a majority of votes in the count at 8 P.M. Counting the ballot was enormous work, but its footings were honest and a righteous vindication of the good people of Montgomery.

Our good people rejoiced, and congratulations seemed to come from the civilized world. This signal triumph was quickly followed by a new city government and the speedy removal of the debased herd of vultures from every place of trust or honor.

Holding the polls for ourselves only, voting thirty, fifty, one hundred times each, and cramming the boxes, was an invincible process; but it was inaugurated and made law by the Mongrel Legislature for its perpetuation, and without our knowledge Colonel Semple brought us the information necessary to our great triumph.

This election was an education to our county and State; so that when elections came later, Alabama's fetters were broken and she was herself again. Negro, scalawag, and carpetbag politicians ceased to be a menace to our city or an offense to our people.

Governor Houston was elected in 1874, and each county chose its own members of the General Assembly and its own county officers. But when attempt was made to oust the culprits from their usurpations, it looked again like bloody war. But the carpetbagger, scalawag, and ignorant, impudent negro gave way to the inevitable, and sweet peace came to Alabama. The dust of battle was dissipated.

Our Governor was inaugurated, the Legislature met, and at once began looking into the unclean work of reconstruction. A true state of facts was presented to them in an empty treasury and evidence recorded in treasury books of $35,000,000 bonds sold or divided between such of them as had footing in or access to power.

Bankruptcy! repudiation! was heard in all our realm. Our stanch old Governor and his wise men applied themselves to the task of scaling or compromising for less than $8,000,000. They utterly refused to allow that Alabama was responsible for one dollar; but rather than have our State's good name dishonored by such association, this compromise was agreed to.

All of Dixie came into line with Alabama. Thus were broken the shackles riveted upon our homes by that unrighteous convention of Satanic spirits calling themselves "The Congress and Senate of Free America." So did Heaven thwart and bring to naught their wicked designs and cause the sun of liberty to roll in glory as it came to us from our Revolutionary fathers.

The writer assures the Christian world that every statement in this history is the truth and calls the living participants of that fearful, uncertain time as witness.

The above manuscript having been in hand for more than a decade, inquiry was made of Dr. Thomas M. Owen, who replied: "Capt. James Powell can be reached at Lake Charles, La. He is now there on a visit to one of his sons, but will soon go to Texas." This vivid picture of reconstruction days hardly seems credible now because of changed conditions. Yet in truth it is hardly possible to exaggerate the true conditions of that period.

VIVID REMINISCENCE OF A SCOUT.

BY DR. CHARLES HARRIS, MUSKOGEE, IND. T.

With the events at one end of forty years and more and the narrator at the other end, there is a chance for the facts to get a little bit tangled. To avoid this, however, the minutiæ will be omitted, and a few well-remembered facts stated.

As the armies of Generals Johnston and Sherman faced each other at Dalton, Ga., General Wheeler wrote to Gen. P. M. B. Young to send him twelve picked scouts from Virginia. Lieutenant Payne, of Ringgold, Ga., and of Cobb's Legion, was ordered to pick twelve men and report to General Wheeler at Dalton. We reached Dalton in due time, and found General Wheeler just before sundown out near a heavy skirmish line. When Lieutenant Payne reported, General Wheeler remarked: "I am glad you are here; you will go through the enemy's line to-night." Just before dark General Wheeler informed Lieutenant Payne that he had just received orders from General Johnston for the army to fall back immediately. Our orders were to fall back with the army and to wait for further orders.

On the eventful withdrawal to Atlanta our experiences were varied. As we stood on Peach Tree Hill and witnessed the once beautiful city go up in smoke, we learned from a woman peddler who came out of the burning city that Sherman's army was leaving. Our scout was divided and sent down several streets with orders to meet at the Union Depot. Among the prisoners in the drag net was Jimmie Robinson, of world-wide fame as a bareback rider. Twenty miles north of Atlanta was the beautiful little city of Roswell, once the home of President Roosevelt's mother. Located there were a number of extensive cotton and woolen factories. Roswell was occupied by the enemy just before the fall of Atlanta. I was ordered to go and ascertain the number and position of the enemy. Knowing that Tom Brown, who was raised at Warsaw, was well acquainted at Roswell, I asked that a man go with me, and secured Brown. In a few hours Tom and I were on the banks of the Chattahoochee, where we lashed a few rails together to keep our munitions dry while crossing the river. After dark we went into Roswell and to the home of Tom's sweetheart. We were soon dressed like washerwomen. Soon after midnight we were on our way out. Next day the factories were burned, and the cloth and thread given to the poor. A number of officers in boasting of their liberality to a group of young ladies of the "blood-red and sky-blue type" were told that they had but little to boast of, as two of their scouts were there dressed in women's clothes and drew thread and cloth.

One day our scout rode up to a farmhouse where Captain Smith's Texas Scouts had engaged the enemy but a few hours before. We found a Mr. Zimmerman, of Captain Smith's Scouts, and who was also a former sheriff of Austin County, Tex., as we thought, mortally wounded. He fell among good Samaritans, however; the oil and wine were applied, and Zimmerman was nursed back to health. Our scouts bivouacked in the vicinity, and some ten or fifteen miles away was a brigade of the enemy's cavalry in camp. Zimmerman came to our camp to get a volunteer to go with him to the enemy's camp for a horse. Dick Haynes, who was raised near Alpharetta, Milton County, Ga., and who knew every pig trail to and from the enemy's camp, volunteered to go with Zimmerman for the needed horse; and I doubt if two men in the Confederate army could have been found who were better fitted for the work. It was warm weather. Dick led

the way under cover of night right into the midst of the sleeping soldiers and tethered horses. Their desire to get the pick of the horses led to their capture. They were hailed as they went from horse to horse by a soldier who had just awoke. He was told, as they had told others, to lie down and go to sleep; but he refused to down, gave the alarm, and that part of the camp arose as one man, and Dick and Zimmerman were made prisoners.

Comrades, let us put on the whole armor of God and come up as one man against the great enemy of souls; and by and by, when the "silver cord be loosed; or the golden bowl be broken," we will cross over and rest with Jackson and Lee, and all comrades gone before, "under the shade of the trees."

LOUISIANA SONS OF VETERANS.

In a circular letter issued by Edmund Maurin, Commander of the Louisiana Division, U. S. C. V., he announces his headquarters at Donaldsonville and his staff as follows:

Clem J. Estopinal, Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Estopinal.

A. E. Shaw, Assistant Division Adjutant, New Orleans.

J. B. Rosser, Jr., Division Inspector, New Orleans.

Hugh C. Smith, Division Quartermaster, New Orleans.

E. A. Fowler, Division Commissary, New Orleans.

Victor Ganel, Asst. Division Commissary, Donaldsonville.

Edward Rightor, Division Judge Advocate, New Orleans.

Dr. E. K. Sims, Division Surgeon, Donaldsonville.

Rev. Louis Tucker, Division Chaplain, Baton Rouge.

Aids-de-Camp: Theodore Atchinson and H. S. Armstrong, New Orleans; L. A. Landry, Jr., S. H. St. Martin, and James E. Ayraud, Donaldsonville; P. H. Gilbert, Napoleonville.

Advisory Committee: J. Y. Sanders, Monument; Charles Maurin, Finance; W. O. Hart, Historical; R. G. Pleasant; A. A. Bursley; Dr. Sidney Vega.

Division Historian General, R. F. Green, and Division Keeper of Archives, George K. Renaud, New Orleans.

Brigade Commanders: W. W. Kemp, Amite City, First Brigade; David Israel, Jr., Donaldsonville, Second Brigade; A. V. Coco, Marksville, Third Brigade; Joseph Renwick, Monroe, Fourth Brigade; Henry Hunsicker, Shreveport, Fifth Brigade.

The Commander appeals to his associates as follows:

"Sons of Veterans, for four long years our fathers fought with the courage and endurance of Spartans for our Southland, for their rights under the Constitution. The record of those years shows a devotion to country that stands unequaled in the history of the world.

"The Confederate soldier has carved the name of the South high upon the walls of the temple of fame, and it will shine there as a brilliant gem for future millions to admire. Fighting for home and fireside, they were the grandest soldiers the world has ever known. Their only wage was glory, and they fought only for principle.

"We reaffirm our declarations that the Confederate soldier was right, knew that he was right, and is right. His motives were as pure as ever illumined the patriot's breast, and we will labor with unceasing energy to see that the history of the Confederacy is truly written and taught."

He then quotes from Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Commander in Chief of the U. C. V., who says, "To you, Sons, we will commit the vindication of the cause for which we fought," and then adds: "Therefore let us stand up and discharge the duty that lies before us. Let us show the world that the courage, the energy, the devotion that animated the fathers live and nourish in the sons."

EXPERIENCES ON THE HOOD CAMPAIGN.

BY SAM B. DUNLAP, DEKALB, MO.

I have seen in the January VETERAN the lengthy account of "Hood's Failure at Spring Hill, Tenn," by Judge J. P. Young, of Memphis. I was a private in the 1st Missouri Artillery, with General Polk's command, which formed a junction with Johnston's army at Adairsville, Ga., May 17, 1864. Just one year from that day I, with others, took refuge behind the intrenchments of Vicksburg, Miss. I was with that army all through the Georgia and Tennessee campaigns, and surrendered under Johnston at Greensboro, N. C.

When Johnston was superseded by Hood, the soldiers were very much depressed at losing their noble commander, in whom they had implicit confidence. This was one of the most crushing blows the Army of Tennessee ever suffered. Hood's movements from that on were a series of failures.

I was very much surprised when I read the account by Judge Young. Although I was with Stewart's Corps, I was unaware of such maneuvering north of Duck River. If his description is correct, Hood certainly did make a great failure.

On November 29 our battery received orders to select the best horses of the company and report to General Stewart with four guns, one ordnance wagon, and no caissons—we were the only artillery company with the corps. We joined the infantry and crossed Duck River four miles east of Columbia at Davis's Ferry on a pontoon and reported to Brigadier General Brant to bring up the rear. We were requested to make as little noise as possible, for fear of detection by the enemy. During our circuitous march we were interrupted by the whistle of Minies several times. The road (if any) over which we passed was very rough and rocky, and when night came it was very dark. We had to feel our way through the timber; and when crossing one of the huge bowlders every spoke in one of the rear wheels on the gun to which I belonged was smashed, and to our surprise the extra wheel on the ordnance wagon would not fit. We appropriated the hind wheel of a near-by farmer's wagon and moved on. After a circuitous march of what seemed about twenty miles, we stopped at midnight for a short rest. Owing to having to replace our broken wheel and short rest, the infantry were considerably in our advance, and we were ordered to push forward as rapidly as possible and overtake them, in which we succeeded just as day was breaking on the morning of the 30th a short distance from the Nashville Pike, to find that the Federals had passed on in the direction of Franklin.

Next came the battle of Franklin, about which I will only say it was the hardest-fought battle in which I was ever engaged. I always thought Hood could have avoided so much bloodshed by flanking and accomplished as much or more good. Next morning after the battle we replaced our broken wheel from the rear wheel of a caisson left by the Federals on one of the streets of Franklin. In the evening of December 2 we arrived within three or four miles of Nashville.

On December 5 our battery was ordered to report to Brigadier General Sears's Mississippi Brigade, and with several other infantry brigades and Forrest's Cavalry we marched to Murfreesboro, but failed to capture it; and when our lines were broken at Nashville, we were compelled to retreat over a very rough and seldom traveled road. Our horses soon became so greatly fatigued from pulling through the mud that we had to double teams, frequently hitching as many as twelve horses to one gun. Our intention was to ford Duck River about three miles from Chapel Hill; but continued rains

had made it impossible, and in making our way back to the Nashville Pike we passed over some of the same territory when endeavoring to cut off the Federals on our northern march. Many of the troops were barefooted. I was the same as barefooted for about ten days, and entirely so two days previous to recrossing Duck River. The wind shifted to the north, turning the rain to sleet, and then a light snow.

The crossing of the river was very slow, as the whole army had to use the same pontoon; and by permission of our first lieutenant, Sam Kennard, a comrade, Taylor, and I crossed in advance of the company. My intention was to get some shoes if possible. We entered an unused livery stable, at that time filled with soldiers trying to dry and warm themselves around some smoldering fires. I inquired for shoes of a boy about fifteen years old standing in the office door. He invited me in and handed me a pair of half-worn cloth shoes about two sizes too large for me. He said they were worth fifteen dollars. I handed him a twenty-dollar bill, and while he was out for change I spied under his bunk, secreted under a blue Federal overcoat, a pair of half-worn leather shoes, and upon his return had them secure under the folds of a coat of the same color worn by myself. Failing to get the proper change, I got the cloth shoes for ten dollars. My comrade and I left the barn, making tracks in the snow tinged with blood. We then had shoes, but for fear of detection did not stop to put them on until we reached camp, one mile distant. I was just a boy then myself, and mention this incident, hoping that I may hear from that "other fellow." Haven't paid for those shoes yet.

The remainder of this retreat was attended with many more hardships. Although we marched many miles to do so, we felt secure when we were again placed under the command of that noble old general, Joseph E. Johnston.

Would Cremate the Confederate Flag.—The Ohio Sun, at Columbus, states: "Patriotic Instructor T. T. Smith tells what his first act in Congress would be: 'If I am ever sent to Congress, the first bill I will introduce will provide for the cremation of every flag in this country but the stars and stripes.' With these words T. T. Smith, Patriotic Instructor of the Ohio Division of the Grand Army of the Republic, launched his candidacy for Congress at the Washington birthday celebration of the Patriotic Order Sons of America." It would be difficult for Mr. T. T. Smith to get possession of all these flags. There are blood stains on many of them which are valued above the currency of the government or all of the gold which declares that "In God we trust."

New Camp of Sons of Veterans in Florida.—Young men of Apalachicola, Fla., are coming to the rescue in Confederate matters. Comrade Fred G. Wilhelm has taken an active interest among them and submitted the name of Capt. Robert Knickmeyer, deceased, as a suitable name, which was unanimously adopted. Various committees were appointed for the organization. Meetings will be held at the Armory the first Wednesday of each month at 8:30 P.M. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: T. J. Moore, Commander; W. G. Sharit and J. L. Sims, Lieutenant Commanders; Charles H. Lovett, Adjutant; J. S. Murrow, Surgeon; Veto Sangaree, Quartermaster; M. H. Norton, Chaplain; A. F. Whiteside, Treasurer; Latinus Boylston, Color Sergeant; W. P. Dodd, Historian. The roster consists of seventy-six members.

GEN. FITZHUGH LEE IN HAVANA.

Some facts too good to be lost were brought out in an address by Maj. R. W. Hunter, a prominent staff officer in the sixties, on Fitz Lee Day at the Tercentennial Exposition. He said:

"Passing over minor matters, we come now to the time in the career of Fitz Lee when the eyes of the world were focused upon him. He was appointed Consul General at Havana by President Cleveland. Yellow fever was prevailing there and the prospect uninviting. Some of his friends and family were apprehensive, and to satisfy them he called a council of those closest to him. When it met, it was known at once that his mind was already made up. With that quick apprehension—the genius of far discernment, characteristic alike of prophet, poet, and great soldier—he had mentally reconnoitered the situation, and saw the exposed flank of a rare opportunity. We wished him Godspeed, and drank with him a 'stirrup cup.'

"So clear had he been in his great office, with such consummate tact, wisdom, and firmness had he discharged the delicate diplomatic functions devolved upon him in the then highly inflamed state of the Spanish mind, that President McKinley, recognizing the eternal fitness of things and the unanimous sentiment of the country, kept him at the post of duty. His position at that time, when treachery and conspiracy not only did their dark deeds in the nighttime, but brazenly stalked abroad at noonday, was emphatically the post of danger.

"As he stood there, calm and resolute, 'as far from rashness as from fear,' with the fate of nations in his hand for the time, and the world's gaze upon him, he was indeed 'a sight for gods and men.' Gloriously did he rise to the height of the great argument and meet the full demands of the crisis.

"I never felt so glad and so proud in all my life that 'the right man was in the right place,' to uphold the country's highest ideals and most sacred traditions and that that man was a Virginian and Confederate soldier.

"At length a point was reached when forbearance ceased to be a virtue. Treaty obligations were scornfully violated, and our country's honor was at stake. The circumstances were these: Consul General Lee called on Governor General Weyler to ask the release of an American citizen who had been thrown into jail on some trivial charge. Lee was courteous, and then, as always, the gentleman. Weyler was the braggart, arrogant, contemptuous in tone and manner, and said to Lee: 'You must understand, sir, that Cuba is now under martial law, and my word is the supreme law of the land.' The lion heart of Lee was aroused by his insolence; and looking him straight in the eyes, he said: 'I want you to understand, sir, that, martial law or no martial law, the rights of American citizens must be and shall be respected, and I demand the immediate release of this American citizen, whom you have no right to hold.'

"Lee immediately returned to his office, put his demand in writing, cabled the situation to Washington, and asked for a war vessel to enforce it, if necessary. Our State Department cabled him to know 'why he had changed his policy.' Lee replied: 'I have made no change of policy. I am simply demanding that the rights of American citizens shall be respected. If you approve of my course, send me a war vessel. If you do not, accept my resignation, which goes by to-day's mail.'

"Weyler reconsidered, released the prisoner, and Lee cabled that the vessel was not needed.

"Sometime afterwards the Department informed him that the Maine would be ordered to make a friendly visit to Havana. Lee remonstrated, his common sense convincing him that the visit of a war vessel to Havana in its then excited state would probably be disastrous. Unfortunately, the war vessel had sailed, and was beyond the reach of recall. You know the result. What was left of the Maine after it was blown up lies undisturbed in the harbor of Havana, but still remains a vivid memory. I recall this matter because of the erroneous, popular belief at the time, and to some extent since, that the Maine was sent at the request of General Lee.

"The war soon came on, and Gen. Fitz Lee returned to headquarters at Washington, where upon arrival he received the most genuinely spontaneous and heartfelt ovation ever accorded, I believe, to an American citizen by the residents of our capital city.

"He had fairly won the hearts of the country, and from that time became its most popular citizen, and so remained until death cut short his brilliant career; to which, I firmly believe, fresh laurels would have been added if he had been spared to gather them.

"So manfully and triumphantly had he maintained the rights and interests of American citizens on foreign soil as the representative of the United States that all prejudice against him as a Confederate had vanished. And if a primary election could have been held or there had been an initiative and referendum, Fitz Lee would have been chosen the commanding general for the Spanish war. As it was, he was made major general of volunteers, and commanded the 7th Corps, which was made up of regiments from North and South and East and West and blue and gray—all of whom in mutual, well-beseeming ranks marched proudly all one way to the music of the Union under the old flag and Fitz Lee.

"Applications poured in upon him from all parts of the country for places upon his staff. One of them, I have heard, came from the then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Theodore Roosevelt, who thought General Fitz would certainly be where the fighting would be fiercest and most glory would be won.

"President McKinley had promised General Fitz that if Havana was attacked he should lead the forces; but the politicians feared that if such a chance were given him the presidency would follow in the wake of the glory he would gain as the hero of the war, and he was sidetracked in Florida.

"Shafter was chosen for the chief command because it was thought perhaps he would probably be even less formidable in peace than in war.

"The scene shifted to Santiago, which became the chief seat of war. Mr. Roosevelt, we remark in passing, with that quick penetration for which he is so noted, foresaw the plans of the politicians, and sought glory with the Rough Riders from the ranches of the West. If these same politicians had known all that there was in that young man, they would have switched him off long before he ever reached the famous hill of San Juan. As it was, he got there, as a smart paragrapher told us at the time, only by swimming his horse from Key West to Cuba with his sword in his mouth."

Error in Report of the New York Camp.—In some unaccountable way errors crept into the report of New York Camp, U. C. V., in the statement (page xv.) concerning the annual election of officers and that the present incumbent had been elected continuously for fourteen years. There seems to be dissatisfaction in the Camp not being in regular connection with the organization, and the statement is made that there are more than twice as many Confederates in New York as there are members of the Camp.

ARLINGTON, THE HOME OF LEE.

BY MRS. E. C. T. LONGMIRE.

With reverent heart I stood within the halls
Of Arlington, the home of Robert Lee.
Upon Virginia's heights it rears its walls
Majestically grand, as in its prime
A monument of olden days and times
When chivalry led men to deeds of fame,
And death was preferable to dishonored name.

'Twas afternoon. The clear October sky,
Refulgent with the light of western sun,
Was flecked with clouds; like white doves flitting by
Or phantom sails upon an azure sea,
They seemed to linger o'er proud Arlington,
Ere drifting toward the purple horizon,
Heaven's flags of truce above the home of Lee.

O, home of Custis! Home of Robert Lee!
Where beauteous women reigned with matchless grace
And val'rous hearts beat high in years agone.
Now strangers loiter through the empty rooms,
Which of the old life hold no sign nor trace;
And barren walls reëcho back my tread,
Which sounds like ghostly footsteps overhead.

Beneath the yellowing trees upon the lawn,
In shady dells, and on the sunny slopes
Of hills which rise and fall like mortal hopes
White marble shafts and headstones mark the graves
Of those who wore the blue and died to save
The Union and the flag which now floats o'er
The home of Lee upon Potomac's shore.

In lonely spot far down the sloping bank
Our Southern heroes lie rank after rank;
No monument yet marks their place of rest,
Though all the world their prowess doth attest.
Yet sleep they sweetly, for the sun and dew
Fall equally upon the gray and blue,
Cradled alike upon Virginia's breast.

Above the graves the grass is turning brown;
Bright leaves of gold and crimson rustle down
And whirl and twirl with every passing breeze
Or lie in shining heaps beneath the trees
Which e'er keep guard. Now, touched by autumn's wand,
In gold and scarlet livery they stand
Like sentinels above the mounds below,
Crowned with the splendor of the sunset's glow.

In copse and dell long shadows creep apace
And silence reigns supreme o'er all the place;
While overhead the flag of peace, unfurled,
Floats on the breeze, proclaiming to the world
The greatness of our reunited land,
Where side by side the blue and gray now stand
To guard that peace beneath whose gentle sway
All former bitterness hath passed away.
But ne'er forgot shall Southern valor be
While lives the name of gallant Robert Lee.

WITNESS TO THE BATTLE OF BELMONT.

BY J. M. CARTMELL, JACKSON, TENN.

As a witness to the battle of Belmont, I was in good position to see the battle as it was fought. On that morning our regiment (6th Tennessee, Stevens's Brigade) was formed into line of battle about a mile from the river on the Columbus side. I had been sick for several days and was still ill, but got up and went in line. My captain, Penn, told me that we would be ordered over the river to Belmont in a little while, that they would double-quick to the river, and that I could not keep up; so he wrote me a pass that I could go ahead and wait for the regiment at the river. While I was there Gen. B. F. Cheatham came up with the 154th Regiment (Preston Smith's) and crossed over. I asked him to let me go over with that regiment; but he declined, and said for me to stand there and help the wounded up on the bank from the boats and wait on them and give them some whisky when they got over. The crossing was by an old flatboat.

It was from this place that I saw the battle. General Cheatham carried Smith's Regiment up the river. The Federals had forced Colonel Tappan's regiment down into their camps and set fire to the tents. Seeing what Cheatham was doing, the Federals retreated and went up the river to avoid being flanked by Cheatham's command. They were out much of the night, or he would have captured them. He came near getting General Grant; but a plank was run out to the bank, and he and his horse were taken on board.

Our men fell back after their ammunition had given out, but we whipped the Federals badly. It was reported at Cairo that they had lost eighteen hundred men. I went over the next morning and saw their dead and wounded back of Tappan's camp in an old cornfield. There must have been eight hundred in that old field. The fight was badly managed on both sides. Grant should have captured the troops that were over there; then Polk and Pillow should have captured Grant and his whole command, and they would have done so had they sent their troops over a half hour sooner, as they were not looking for an attack on that side. If our scouts had done their duty, they would have ascertained that the troops coming down the Columbus side were to keep us from reenforcing the force across the river. After the "Lady Polk" fired two or three shots at them, they retreated, and our men landed. I saw "Marse Frank" and the 154th Regiment when it landed. He stuck spurs in his horse and jumped him out of the boat before it had landed, and told his men to follow him and he would lead them to victory. The fore feet of his horse struck the bank, but his hind feet went into the water.

WITNESSED ALSO BY WILLIAM HUME, SPRING HILL, TENN.

I was stationed at Redan Fort, Island No. 10, on the Mississippi River, serving in Lieut. Stewart's battery of the Tennessee Artillery Corps. The night before the battle of Belmont I was ordered to carry a prisoner to Columbus, Ky., accompanied by Sergeant Beauchamp, now physician in charge of the Tennessee Central Insane Hospital. We arrived at Columbus on the morning of November 7, 1861, and on the way up town we heard the first cannon from the Federal side.

After having delivered our prisoner and being unattached, we went at once to the bluffs, where our heavy artillery was planted, and had a full view of the battle.

The enemy's gunboats were in sight up the river at its bend. They fired a few shots, but our artillery soon drove them back. The enemy at that time were driving the few men that we had on the Missouri side to the river bank, setting fire to the tents, and I also saw them come to the bank of the river and shoot at our men, who were running to the water's edge. I next saw reënforcements rapidly leaving in boats from the Kentucky side, and with the assistance of our heavy artillery on the bluffs we soon drove the Federals back and had them in full retreat to their transports.

Long projectiles were used, and the Yankees said that we shot "lamp posts" at them. These were shot from our big gun, the "Lady Polk," which a few days later exploded in firing a charge that had been left in the piece the day of the battle. That night I went over the field with a squad of our men and saw a large number of dead on the battle ground. The next morning I again went over and saw a great many Federal officers and soldiers under a flag of truce caring for their dead comrades. I took particular notice of a very handsome officer, whom I understood was Col. John A. Logan, afterwards General Logan, and that he at first proposed to raise a regiment in Southern Illinois to assist the seceded States. An old Missouri farmer, whose slaves had gone back with the Federals in their retreat to Cairo, met Colonel Logan and abused him in the most vehement and bitter language I ever heard, calling him "a d— nigger thief," etc. Being under a flag of truce and unarmed, all the Colonel could do was to take it; but his eyes flashed, and I felt sure that if he ever met that old farmer again under different conditions he would repay him with interest for the abuse.

R. H. HAYES, 434 HILLARY STREET, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

In reply to your request for a statement (December VETERAN) as to whether it was true, as stated in General Grant's telegram to Washington, that he had "killed many, driving some into the river and the balance across the river to Columbus," I as a member of the 154th Sr. Regiment Tennessee Volunteers participated in that which we then called a battle, but which in 1863 to 1865 would have been termed a skirmish. I am sure that not a soldier was returned to the Kentucky side of the river until Grant had made his race back to his transport under the protection of his gunboats.

His forces attacked Tappan's 13th Arkansas Regiment, they being poorly armed, and did drive some of them into the river. Tappan's Regiment and one battery were the only troops on the Missouri side; the 154th Senior Regiment and the 13th Tennessee, of Cheatham's command, were rushed to the Missouri side. I knew from the landing of the boats until Grant pulled out from the shore that there was nothing but a rout. We took many men, all that did not have legs long enough to get out of the way. Guns, blankets, and such other things as hampered them in their flight were thrown away. I have eaten from Grant's mess chest, which was one of the things he had to drop in his flight. It was plainly marked "U. S. G."

N. P. DAVIDSON, MILLETT, TEX.

In the VETERAN for December Comrade Don Singletary, of Clinton, Ky., gives what purports to be the official report of General Grant of the battle of Belmont, Mo., November 7, 1861. I was a participant, and write as well as I can remember it after nearly a half century.

Before the battle of Belmont the 13th Arkansas Infantry, Colonel Tappan, Beltzhoover's Battery of Light Artillery (Comrade Singletary says four guns; but my recollection is

that there were six, though after so many years either of us is liable to make mistakes), and Company A (Capt. F. A. Montgomery), 1st Mississippi Battalion of Cavalry, to which I belonged, were stationed at Belmont on the opposite side of the river from Columbus, Ky. On the morning of November 7 Tom Graham, of the cavalry company, left camp very early on a foraging expedition. A little after sunrise he rode into camp at full speed, hat in hand, and stated that the enemy were advancing on us with a heavy force. About the same time the little stern-wheel steamboat Grampus, which was used as a picket boat on the river between Columbus and Cairo and commanded by Capt. Marsh Miller, came down the river under full head of steam, the whistle blowing all the way as she came. Captain Montgomery, learning the facts from Graham, dispatched a courier to Colonel Tappan with the information, and he gave the order to saddle up.

We started immediately, and met the enemy a mile or less from our camp, firing on them, and slowly retiring until we got back to where our infantry and artillery were posted, near the river. By that time General Pillow had crossed the river with his brigade and was in line ready to receive them, the cavalry taking position on our right flank. The enemy made a very vigorous and determined attack; but were handsomely held in check until the ammunition of our infantry was exhausted, when they and the artillerymen were forced to retire, taking shelter under the bank of the river. Our cavalry filed to the left down the river to a skirt of woods, where we were protected by heavy timber. In the meantime transports had arrived from Memphis and were just then landing General Cheatham with his brigade and a supply of ammunition.

The "Lady Polk," the piece of heavy artillery (128-pounder) mounted on the heights just above the town of Columbus, opened a vigorous fire on the enemy, throwing shell into their ranks and causing consternation among them. This held them in check until our troops could form, when the attack was made with such vigor and desperation as to cause a complete rout in a very short time. The fleeing enemy was pursued by both infantry and cavalry and severely punished; in fact, the slaughter was terrible. Even as they embarked, and as their boats were out in the river, they were fired on and many must have been killed, for they were packed all over the boats like sardines in a can. I am confident that not a Confederate left the Belmont side of the river before General Grant was back at Cairo with the remnant of his army.

It seems to me that accounts of this battle have been neglected for so bloody an affair. I don't know the number engaged; but don't think there could have been over five thousand Confederates, and the Federals were variously estimated at from seven to ten thousand.

Concerning the severity of our ordeal before help and ammunition came, I give one incident of the battle as related to me afterwards by some of Beltzhoover's men. After they got some distance from their guns, a mere boy asked one of the gunners if he had spiked his gun. Receiving a negative answer, he went back, spiked the gun, and, being almost entirely surrounded by the enemy, shooting at him and ordering him to surrender, he ran and made his escape without a scratch.

Concise Points in the Life of Jefferson Davis.—Born in Kentucky June 3, 1808; at sixteen entered the West Point Military Academy; graduated in 1828, and was appointed lieutenant in the United States cavalry, Fort Crawford, Wis.; took part in the Black Hawk War, in which Abraham Lincoln was also engaged; at its close left the army and became a cotton planter in Mississippi; sent from there to Congress, 1845-46; left to take part as colonel in the Mexican War, through which he served with great gallantry and distinction; was straightway chosen to the United States Senate, where he served 1847-51 and 1857-61, and in the interim was Secretary of War under President Pierce, 1853-57; was elected Provisional President of the Confederate States of America February 9, 1861, and President in November of the same year. He was in 1865 indicted for treason, arrested, and imprisoned at Fortress Monroe, released on bail, and the trial dropped. He passed the remainder of his life at Beauvoir, and died in New Orleans, La., December 6, 1889, sincerely mourned by the whole South.

HEROINE NOW FIRST BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY A. H. M'ALLISTER, BLUE MOUNTAIN, MISS.

During the War between the States I belonged to Company E, 23d Mississippi Regiment, Colonel Ballentine, Armstrong's Brigade, Jackson's Division of Cavalry, which regiment had an engagement with the Federals in February, 1864, at Sharon, Miss., about seven miles northeast of Canton. We repulsed the enemy and drove them out of the village southward. A part of their line went through a large yard which had a well in front of the house, perhaps halfway to the front gate. As our men entered the yard a lady of the house ran out to the well (under fire of the enemy) and drew water and gave to the boys in gray, expressing thanks to the Lord that she was permitted to wait on the Southern boys while in battle. I thought then—though a mere boy—and still think that it was the most heroic deed I ever knew a woman to perform, and believe that she should be recorded in history as a Southern heroine; hence I have been trying for years by inquiry and correspondence to locate and ascertain beyond doubt who she was, and have just gotten the facts.

The lady was a Mrs. I. N. Holiday, of Sharon, Madison County, Miss., whose maiden name was Miss Elizabeth Allen Tisdale, a native of Virginia. She married Mr. Isaac N. Holiday, a Georgian, in 1846. He was a worthy Southern soldier, serving in the 18th Mississippi Cavalry, and I am informed that he was a courier on General Loring's staff.

The above is reminder of inquiries for any book on the part taken by Southern women in our war, by which has been revealed the fact that no book has been written with that as its theme, except "Our Women in the War," published at Charleston about twenty years ago. The Veteran will be glad to get articles on the subject, hoping in a measure to make up for this neglect on the part of Southern writers.

Officers of Eastern Georgia Brigade.—The following appointments on the staff of Brig. Gen. J. W. Wilcox, commanding the Eastern Brigade of the Georgia Division, United Confederate Veterans, have been made: Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Lieut. Col. Jehu G. Postell, Macon; Assistants, Maj. T. E. Young, Macon, and Maj. George W. Hollingsworth, Milledgeville; Inspector General, Maj. D. F. Jack, Augusta; Chief of Ordnance, Maj. Moses Murphy, Augusta; Chief of Artillery, Maj. Warren A. Mosely, Macon; Chief of Engineers, Maj. Ab F. Jones, Macon; Quartermaster, Maj. R. J. Anderson, Macon; Commissary, Maj. J. W. Pinkston, Sparta; Chaplain, Maj. George G. Smith, Vineville; Aid, Capt. Louis B. Wilcox, Macon.

CONCERNING HOOD'S TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN.

BY J. A. DOZIER, MOUNT VERNON, TEX.

In the November (1907) VETERAN, pages 508, 509, Comrade H. K. Nelson, of Adairsville, Ky., writes correctly that what is told by the veterans must be told now. I was in that campaign, and his article brought events so vividly to mind that I add my testimony to his article. The suffering of the winter of 1864-65 which was by these veterans encountered cannot be forgotten.

I was a private in Company B, 18th Alabama Infantry, Holtzclaw's Brigade, Clayton's Division, and S. D. Lee's Corps. Comrade Nelson did well in reporting this campaign, but he left out much that was indeed interesting.

The battle of Franklin, Tenn., was the bloodiest conflict I engaged in during the war, and I was in many hotly contested places. Comrade Nelson told but little of the battle at Nashville and the stampede that we encountered at that place. My command was on the left of the Franklin Pike, my regiment on one side and the 36th Alabama Infantry on the other. The enemy charged us with negro troops several times on the 16th of December. Our faces were behind a stone fence, and we had head logs for breastworks, and there was "tanglefoot" of brush in front about twenty-five paces from the works. There was no chance to see the enemy till they were within eighty or ninety yards of our works. They charged our works with one line of negro troops, which was repulsed. They charged us the second time, with the same result. They next came with two lines of these negro troops, and another repulse followed. Later they came with three lines, three stands of colors, six negroes deep, and they got to the tanglefoot and a few got over it; but they did not live long. Here I witnessed the most daring deed that I saw during the entire war. A lieutenant of the 36th Alabama Infantry (whose name I have forgotten) sprang over our works, ran into the negro troops, captured a stand of colors, and ran back into the works uninjured. I still remember the inscription on the flag, which was this: "19th Indiana Colored Infantry, presented by the colored ladies of Murfreesboro." The 36th Alabama had this stand of colors when we got back to Tupelo, Miss. If the lieutenant is still living who captured this flag, I would be pleased to hear from him. In this engagement we lost but few men. It was said these negroes were drunk. I don't know. They failed to charge us any more. The ground was almost covered with those dead negroes, and in other places they lay in heaps.

Late in the evening all were rejoicing at the victory won, when news came that our line was broken on the left and we were being surrounded. This news made a lot of sad faces. We were told to be quiet, that orders would be received. We finally saw our line breaking when orders came—"Every man take care of himself." Many surrendered at the works, but most of the men tried to escape. When soldiers are in a stampede, they are without control, and this was our condition. I succeeded in making my escape; my brother was captured. Many of our troops were captured by the Federal cavalry before they reached Franklin, and many were killed and wounded after leaving our works.

The distance from Nashville to Franklin is twenty miles; but after passing through fields, woods, and wading streams at night, I reached the town of Franklin about daylight on the morning of the 17th. There we reorganized as best we could, and that night we were attacked by the Federal cavalry. Our division formed a hollow square, and by so doing prevented our capture. This was the only time I saw this tactic used to any benefit during the war. When our troops arrived at Bainbridge, my brigade on the 24th of December was ordered to the Tennessee River to protect our pontoon bridge gang, who were preparing for us to cross as soon as possible. The Federal cavalry was trying to drive the bridge gang away from their position. Our brigade *en route* to the river had to cross Shoal Creek without delay; so we proceeded to ford this creek, about one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards wide, very swift, and rocky bottom, with some ledges of rock on the bottom. The depth was from knee-deep to the arm pits perhaps. It was bitter cold; and when we had gotten across, our clothes were frozen stiff. We halted long enough to build fires of cedar rails and thaw our clothing, and then proceeded to our destination. Our surgeon, in crossing this noted creek, was riding a small mule, and he made his way well enough till the donkey stepped into a hole or crevice, when the doctor fell headforemost into the creek. Rider and mule came up in different places. Of course we yelled, bad as it all was.

It was a touching scene to witness a thousand and more of our boys without shoes and leaving their bloody footprints on that cold and frozen ground as they trudged their weary way. Cut off from supplies, they could not get clothing. Many of the poor fellows got shoes after the battle at Franklin. At Tupelo, Miss., shoes were issued to the barefoot men. But many could not wear them because of their sore feet.

Gen. J. E. Johnston was the greatest general that commanded an army, North or South, during that war.

I still know that our cause was just, and desire to honor it as best I can. I would be much pleased to hear from any member of the 18th Alabama Infantry. I was wounded in the battle of Chickamauga, and again wounded at New Hope Church, Ga. I had three brothers in the same company; but when the surrender came, I was the only one.

MY FLAG.

BY ELEANOR DAMERON M'CLARAN, JACKSON, TENN.

'Tis a proud flag—dear old Glory! and we honor well the sight
Of the stars and stripes uplifted to the early morning light,
And our nation will uphold our banner wheresoe'er it wave,
As it is the stately emblem of a people true and brave.

But in memory there lingers yet a flag of long ago,
Born within the sunny Southland, where the softest breezes blow;
And although my country's banner is a noble flag to me,
Still, O stars and bars of Dixie, still my heart is true to thee!

Yea, thou art a little nearer than all other flags beside,
Symbol of the halcyon beauty of our nation in her pride!
And thou art a little dearer since that well-remembered day
When a loved one fell beside thee clad in uniform of gray!

Gone the cause my banner stood for, gone the glory of our land!
Going, too, the dear old veterans to obey the Lord's command!
And the flowers bloom in beauty over many a silent brave,
And, my flag, thy erstwhile honor lieth buried in its grave.

But because one noble champion, who so proudly lifted high
All thy bright and blazing colors, doth so cold and silent lie—
Just because of that, my banner—there are other flags, maybe,
But, O stars and bars of Dixie, thou art dearest still to me.

INTERESTING DATA ABOUT THE MERRIMAC.

Through his creditable modesty Col. H. A. Ramsay, of Baltimore, in response to a toast in his city, printed in the VETERAN for July, 1907, pages 310-313, did not tell some things in regard to his part in building the Merrimac-Virginia, which, together with the Alabama under Admiral Semmes, will continue more prominent in history than all other Confederate naval vessels. A writer in an old Christmas edition of the New Orleans Times-Democrat gives information that is copied herein as supplemental to that of Colonel Ramsay.

When the genius of structure produced the Merrimac, "the North trembled; but, strange to say, the South took very little stock in the experiment."

"This vessel was constructed on lines unheard of in naval warfare, ancient or modern. The engineer who built this remarkable and now historic craft is Col. H. Ashton Ramsay, a consulting engineer in Baltimore, formerly a chief engineer in the Confederate navy, and was an officer on the Merrimac when she was a United States war vessel back in the fifties. As an assistant engineer he converted her from a wreck, burned to the water's edge by the retreating Federals, into the most formidable war engine of modern times. He was aboard her when she rammed and sank the Cumberland, burned and sank the Congress, and engaged in her desperate six hours' fight with Ericsson's famous Monitor.

"For his services he was elevated to the rank of chief engineer in the Confederate navy, and received the thanks of Congress at the instance of Jefferson Davis. * * *

"'After our sanguinary encounter with the Monitor,' said Colonel Ramsay, 'Admiral Farragut was frank enough to tell Admiral Porter that the Merrimac was the most remarkable naval craft ever floated, and the results of her successful battle with the Cumberland and Congress would revolutionize the navies of the world and would be felt for centuries to come. The moment the Merrimac successfully rammed the Cumberland and sent her to the bottom with colors flying and guns firing the navies of all Europe, representing an investment of billions of money, were rendered valueless. To-day wooden vessels are used only for prison ships and training ships for cadets and our naval militia.

"'Great Britain watched the progress we were making in building the Merrimac; and after our first day's fight, when she was a proven success, the news was cabled to London instanter, and the Admiralty Office the very day the message was received began preparations for remodeling the English navy.

"'I was chosen by Secretary of the Navy Mallory to work on the Merrimac because I was one of her engineers when she was in the United States navy and had made a number of cruises on her prior to the war. I knew her every timber by heart. When the Federals evacuated Norfolk, they burned the Gosport Navy Yard, destroyed all supplies, and applied the torch to all the shipping they could not take away with them. One of these vessels was the Merrimac. She could not be moved on account of a defect in her machinery, so a detail of men from the navy yard was sent aboard of her to destroy her. Now in that detail were a number of men who were loyal to the South (this fact has never before been published); and while they set her afire, as ordered, they went a little farther and wisely bored a number of holes in her bottom. As a consequence, she sank just about as soon as her rigging, masts, and decks were burned; while her machinery and all that portion of her which lay below the water line were entirely uninjured by the flames.'

"The writer asked: 'As a matter of fact, Colonel Ramsay, who first thought of converting the Merrimac into an ironclad ram?'

"'I am very glad of this opportunity to clear up that matter. We should give credit where credit is due. That invention has been attributed to me time and time again. Her inventor is Col. John M. Brooke, a professor in the Virginia Military Institute. He was in the ordnance department of the navy, and was the very apple of Secretary Mallory's eye. Colonel Brooke invented a splendid piece of ordnance, was the author of our present system of deep-sea soundings, surveyed the bottom of the Atlantic for the Mackay-Bennett cable, and secured a patent from the Confederate government for the shield of the Merrimac, and that, I believe, was the only patent issued by the government.

"'President Davis took the greatest interest in the Merrimac venture, and had much confidence in her success. * * *

"'If I live a hundred years, I will never forget a single detail of those two days' fights. When we cast off our moorings at 11 A.M. on the first day and proceeded down the Elizabeth River, the Merrimac was absolutely untried. Naturally we watched her every move with intense interest. Soon after getting under way the boatswain piped to dinner. The meal had been prepared in the ward room, and a message was sent me by the caterer that I had better take a bite at once, as it might be my last chance to do so. He put it cheerfully. Passing along the guns' deck for that purpose, I was greatly struck by the countenances of the crew as they stood motionless at their posts with ramrod and sponge in hand. These men looked pale and determined, standing straight and stiff, their nerves wrought up to a high degree of tension, not knowing who was to fall first.

"'Diving down into the ward room, I found a number of officers around the table, daintily partaking of cold tongue and biscuit; but at one end of the table sat Dr. Garnett examining a case of surgical instruments, with lint and bandages lying around. The sight took away my appetite, and I returned to my post.

"'Mark you well the chances we ran. Here we were with an untried experiment, making a bee line to fight singlehanded a fleet of the best material in the United States navy, composed of the frigates Congress, Minnesota, Roanoke, St. Lawrence (each with batteries of fifty guns), and the Cumberland (with thirty guns). It was ten guns against three hundred, and three hundred men against three thousand, and at the same time exposed to the fire of the batteries at Newport News, manned by fifty guns and four thousand men. Surely the crew of the Merrimac were brave men.

"'In the meantime we were getting nearer and nearer the fleet. Glancing out the port, I read the signals from the bright-colored little flags running up and down the rigging. They read: "The Merrimac has come down, but of course she will not dare to attack our large force." They all thought she was going to escape up the James River and run away, but they were soon to be undeceived. Suddenly the Merrimac headed directly toward the Cumberland. This caused the scales to drop from their eyes. Topsails were shaken out and the clotheslines holding the sailors' clothes were pulled down unceremoniously. Just at this time Admiral Franklin Buchanan, one of the grandest men who ever drew a breath of salt air, assembled the ship's crew around him on the gun deck and addressed them as follows: "Sailors, in a few minutes you will have the long-expected opportunity to show your devotion to your country and our cause. Remember

that you are about to strike for your country and your homes, your wives and your children. Every man is expected to do his duty. Beat to quarters."

"'The surrounding shores for miles were lined with people. Norfolk and Portsmouth were emptied of their eighteen thousand troops. Nearly every one in the two cities rushed to the water's edge to witness the result of what many considered an ill-starred enterprise. No naval battle was ever witnessed by more people.

"'Suddenly there was a puff of smoke and a flash from the rifled pivot gun of the Cumberland, followed by a continuous flash of artillery from the Congress, the Newport News batteries, and the gunboats. The Merrimac churned her way grimly toward the Cumberland and reserved her fire. When we were much nearer, Lieut. Charles Simms, in charge of the forward seven-inch rifle, gave the order, and the Merrimac fired her first gun. She followed this with a starboard broadside, which was delivered with fearful effect, as we afterwards learned, against the black hull of the Congress, which vessel we were then passing. Now came the crucial test. Would the Merrimac's hide of iron protect her? Would our ironclad ram be a success? The Congress belched forth a most terrific broadside against our shield; tons of iron rained on our casement. Hurrah and hurrah! The iron hail glances off like pebbles. The crew give cheer after cheer.

"'We are exposed to a very hailstorm of iron projectiles of all descriptions from ashore and afloat. We are a target for three hundred guns. The balls strike, glance upward, fall back on our shield, and roll harmlessly into the water. In the meantime we are nearing the Cumberland. All on the ship are still as death. Not a sound is heard save the pulsations of the engines. Buchanan stands alone and exposed on the upper grating. He enters the pilot house and sends for me. I am ordered to reverse the engines immediately after ramming the Cumberland, and not to wait for orders to do so. I salute and return to the engine room. Now the signal is given to stop. The gong sounds two rings, quickly followed by three rings, the order to back. The throttle is opened and the engine starts again in the reverse direction. An awful pause, then the crash, starting us from our feet. The engines labor and groan, and the vessel strains in every fiber and joint.

"'Thud! thud! thud! comes the rain of shot on our shield from the double-banked battery of the Congress and a terrific crash in the boiler room but a few feet away. Have the boilers burst? No! thank God. It's the explosion of a shell in the stack, but no one is hurt.

"'After staggering, the ship, which has been depressed at the bow, rights herself, and we know that we have disengaged ourselves from the Cumberland. The crew on the gun deck cheer and cheer again. We have crushed in the side of our adversary as a knife goes through a cheese, and she is sinking rapidly. Her crew of gallant heroes fight her to the last.

"'How about Buchanan, who has been making a target of himself? All right! The men on deck tug away at their guns, training and righting them. "Steady! So! Fire!" as the officers give the word. "Quick! Sponge! Load! Fire!" —these are the exclamations heard on all sides as the men load and fire continuously. "The muzzle of my gun has been shot away." "No matter, do the best you can with her. Keep away from those open ports and don't lean against the shield." Some men have been stunned and bleed at the ears. Take them below to the cockpit. Simms has the bow rifled gun and Wood the stern gun, which they aim and fire with terrific effect. Captain Kevil with his United Artillerymen are doing good service with his gun. The marines under Capt. Ruben Thom are drawn up below where Buchanan stands, ready to board should the order be passed and also to fight one of the broadside guns. Was there ever a more fearless crew and gallant set of officers? The exertions of the men are superhuman. None flag. It's fire and cheer, cheer and fire, as with unbounded enthusiasm the men work away at their pieces.

"'This is a faint picture of what was going on aboard the Merrimac during the hottest of the fight. During this time we were a target for the entire fleet and the shore batteries. In the heat of the fight we had to look in every direction. One of our shells blew up a large transport steamer and another one sank a tug. We did most of this damage when we were winding the ship after ramming the Cumberland.

"'We had more difficulty in destroying the Congress than that experienced with the Cumberland. The havoc wrought by the Merrimac's shells on that vessel was fearful. The ship ran with blood. Her crew stood nobly by their guns and continued to fight until a majority of her officers and men were killed or wounded, the Merrimac getting closer and closer all the time, so as to ram her as we did the Cumberland. The heroism of her captain and crew was sublime.

"'When the Cumberland, after such a short engagement, was sent to the bottom, no one would have criticised Lieutenant Smith, in command, had he surrendered. Did he do so? No; but instead his crew leaped into the rigging, gave three defiant cheers, and continued to fight their vessel until poor Smith was killed, with a majority of his crew, his ship on fire in several places, every gun's crew broken up, and his ship in danger every moment of being sent to the bottom by the Merrimac's ram. Then, and only then, did she surrender. White flags were hoisted and her colors lowered. A gloriously fought ship, manned by a gallant crew, and how sad to reflect that so much heroism should have been wasted in literally a conflict between brother and brother instead of being concentrated on a common enemy! This Anglo-Saxon race when aroused is terrible in its wrath.

"'As the sailors were escaping, swimming ashore from the Cumberland and Congress, some one suggested to fire on them with shrapnel and canister; but Buchanan was indignant at the very suggestion. After the surrender of the Congress, a number of officers and men, taking advantage of the truce, went on deck to get a breath of fresh air and take a view of the situation. In the meantime we had sent a boat to the Congress to take off the prisoners. While in the act of doing this the two officers in command were shot down by a fusillade of Minie balls from the Newport News batteries, notwithstanding the flag of surrender flying at her masthead. The batteries then turned their attention to our party on the Merrimac's deck, and Admiral Buchanan was shot down. We were then flying a flag of truce. When he was being carried below, he gave orders to clear for action again and to fire hot shot into the Congress. This was done, and she was soon ablaze. This caused much delay; and though we turned our attention to the Minnesota and delivered several broadsides into her, it was growing so late that the pilots insisted upon our drawing off into deeper water. So we anchored in the Roads, near Sewall's Point, for the night.

"'During our first day's fight we lost two men in killed and seventeen wounded; two of our gun muzzles were carried away, but we never ceased firing them. The damage to the vessel was wholly immaterial. Barring the wounding of our intrepid commander, we felt well satisfied with the result. A more gallant commander never trod the deck of a ship. He was without a peer, and his name must go down to posterity coupled with that of Collingwood, Stuart, Nelson, Decatur, and Farragut. Had not Buchanan been wounded, the next day he would have forced the Minnesota to surrender before the Monitor came to the ground, and then run the Monitor down or forced her into deep water, where she could not have had the advantage of her light draught.

"'When we received the New York papers a few days after the battle, we found that the effect of this terrible defeat upon the people of the North was simply stunning. If we had only realized that night what a commotion we had kicked up in the North, night as it was, we would certainly have run by the forts and come back again just to show that it could be done, and met the Monitor before she could have cast her guns loose or got into fighting trim.

"'The South went wild with joy. At every station on his way to Richmond the bearer of the great news was surrounded by large crowds who insisted on hearing the story of the fight. The hopes of the Confederacy were as high as the despondency of the North was deep. But to the narrative:

"'The next morning while we were transferring our admiral to the shore and preparing for action we saw coming in from the sea the most remarkable-looking craft, which we were soon convinced was the Monitor. Now all was excitement. Greek was to meet Greek. For the first time in the history of the world ironclad was to battle with ironclad. The Monitor approached and opened fire, which we returned with spirit. For two hours we bombarded one another, with little or no effect, the two ships sailing in a circle, pass and repass, delivering broadsides at point-blank range. Lieutenant Jones, coming down from the upper grating and observing Lieutenant Eggleston's division standing at ease, said to him: "Why are you not firing, sir?" "Because our powder is precious, sir, and I find I can do the Monitor as much damage by snapping my finger at her every five minutes."

"'The combat between the two vessels was kept up for six mortal hours, and Lieutenant Jones decided to ram the Monitor. Now, in my opinion, here lay the error of the fight. After this decision, Lieutenant Jones sent for me and ordered me to reverse the engines as soon as I felt the collision, fearing that we would have difficulty in extricating ourselves after the contact, as we did with the Cumberland, although one was a wooden and the other an iron vessel. To that end he was afraid to strike her hard, and I was given the signal to reverse quite a while before we actually hit her. As a consequence, we just gave the Monitor a little tap and glanced off. We should have run her down with all our force and fairly forced her under with our superior weight. Circling around, after ramming her, we were enabled to plant one of our pointed shells right on the pilot house. It was this shot which damaged the pilot house and wounded Commodore Worden. The Monitor then stood directly toward Old Point and gave up the fight. We assumed that she was badly crippled—more so than she was. Lieutenant Jones then sent for me, and, calling attention to the fact that we had driven the Monitor off, said that he intended to draw off under the guns of Sewall Point and renew the attack later in the afternoon. I then went below and arranged for banking the fires under easy steam. In the meantime we started up full speed, and I soon heard great cheering on deck. I sent one of my assistants to learn the cause. He reported that we were passing the Confederate batteries at Craney Island on our way to Norfolk, and the cheers were from the soldiers on the fortifications. My heart sank at the intelligence. Were we to relinquish the fruits of our victory, leave the Minnesota hard aground, where she had been for twenty-four hours, and return to Norfolk? It was to run away, apparently, for that is the way it has since been regarded. I hastened at once on deck to interview Jones, and on my remonstrating with him for leaving without finishing the Minnesota and capturing the Monitor he said that on consulting with some of his lieutenants he thought it better to return to Norfolk and finish arming the vessel below the water line; that the Monitor had proven herself to be a formidable opponent, and now that she was badly crippled he thought it best to take advantage of that fact and put his ship in fighting trim. I begged him to force the Minnesota's surrender or to wait another day.

"'As the Merrimac steamed up the Elizabeth River, trailing the large and beautiful ensign of the Congress beneath the stars and bars, she was the recipient of a perfect ovation—cheering, waving of handkerchiefs and flags, people yelling themselves hoarse, hundreds of small boats following in our rear. As history records, the Monitor would never meet the Merrimac again, although we repeatedly went down to the Roads and dared her to fight.

"'When it was decided to evacuate Norfolk two months later, a plan was made to lighten the draft of the Merrimac and take her to new fields of usefulness. A signal was to have been given us to steam away; but the plans miscarried, and there was nothing left us but to blow her up. I may add that when her draft was reduced to eighteen feet, the point demanded by the pilots, they refused to steer her over the bar, claiming at that late hour that her draft was then too much. We contemplated shooting one of the pilots, thinking it would bring the other one to his senses. We also discussed the plan of sailing into the fleet and fighting until we went down with colors flying; but that was discarded, as we felt that the Confederacy could ill afford to lose the three hundred men aboard. There was nothing left for us to do but to blow her up, which we did that night with aching hearts.

"'I am confident that if Admiral Buchanan had not been wounded and had been in command on the second day when we met the Monitor the result would have been different. He would have rammed her with a full and terrific blow, and the very inertia of the Merrimac would have sent her to the bottom. In that event we would have compelled Fortress Monroe to evacuate, and then leisurely steamed up to Washington and compelled the capitulation of that city, just as Lincoln feared.'"

TO BUSINESS MEN OF THE COUNTRY.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is the most successful monthly, circulation and time considered, in the history of journalism in the South. It officially represents all of the great Confederate organizations, and is indorsed, over the signatures of chief officers of the organization, by every State Division of Veterans, by the President General United Daughters of the Confederacy, by the Commander in Chief of the Sons (also by many of their Division Commanders), and by the President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and veterans of the Union army are liberal patrons.

CONCERNING AMERICAN COMMERCE.

BY BISHOP WARREN A. CANDLER.

(Copied from the Atlanta Journal.)

Recently Mr. J. J. Hill, President of the Great Northern Railway, was reported as predicting the decline of New York City as the commercial metropolis of the United States. He pointed out as reasons for this prospective decline in comparative importance New York's restricted and inconvenient terminal facilities. He noted also a shifting of the center of gravity of American commerce in a westward and southward direction, and suggested that New Orleans would in the near future become the port through which the bulk of the exports and imports of the central portion of the country would pass. * * *

The international trade of the future is going to be largely on the Pacific Ocean; and when the Panama Canal is opened, not a little of that trade will find its way to the interior of our country through New Orleans and other South Atlantic and Gulf ports. These ports, with the States back of them, will rise rapidly in commercial importance, and their population will be greatly increased. The industrial development of the South will outrun all the present hopes of the most sanguine optimists.

Not only will the trade of the Orient be turned our way, but trade with the western coast of South America will also follow the same line. The phosphates of Chile and the products of Peru and Colombia will be drawn hither. Already the commerce of Central America and Mexico comes largely through southern channels, and the trade of the West Indies will be drawn more and more into the same current.

It is the natural route for the export of Southern cotton and Western grain, and by an inexorable law imports come in by the way through which exports pass out, especially when the bulk of exports exceeds the volume of imports; for international trade, like water, runs the way of least resistance.

From all these facts it follows that the South is at the beginning—and not more than the beginning—of an unprecedented development industrially and commercially. This result is as certain as any future event can be; for it will come to pass by the operation of laws as irresistible as the law of gravitation.

We shall not need to entice immigration by any advertising of advantages or offers of benefits; it will come without artificial stimulation as fast as it can be assimilated, if not faster. Our only concern about it should be to see that it is of as good a quality as possible.

It is not of supreme importance that our people should lay plans to get wealth out of this turning of the tide our way. They will get wealth beyond all their expectations or real needs and far beyond their capacity to use it wisely.

Our main concern should be to fix our moral convictions so deeply that our consciences will not drag anchor in the tidal wave of commerce that is impending. It will bring great dangers to moral life.

In the political life of our people will be discovered tendencies to subordinate principle to commercial expediency. "Practical statesmen" will cry, "Lo here and lo there!" proclaiming themselves the Messiahs of the golden age. Let us be forewarned in advance that we go not after them. Let us be prepared to resist all their seductions by firmly believing and declaring that "man shall not live by bread alone."

In matters social we shall see standards of life dictated by luxury and pleasing to effeminacy proclaimed as gospels of enlightenment and refinement. Settled principles of morality and righteousness will be derided as obsolete puritanism. Modish vice, attired in fine linen and faring sumptuously every day, will denounce virtue as bigotry and purity as narrowness.

Religion itself will not escape the dangers that will accompany this approaching era of material prosperity. Easy-going gospels, by which the offense of the cross will be eliminated from the Christian life, will be preached as the last word of "progress" so far advanced that it can look down with contempt on apostles and martyrs. The narrow way will be widened into a broad and smooth avenue in which no pilgrim feet will be required to walk, but along which an automobile self-indulgence will rush in hilarious frenzy, stopping not to inquire if its final destination will be where Lazarus rests in Abraham's bosom or Dives lifts up his eyes in torment.

Our people in their present state may say in response to such forebodings, as one did of old, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do such a thing?" Let them remember that he who thus indignantly replied to the prophet committed in a few brief days all the abominations against which the man of God warned him.

Our human nature is no better than that of other people, and others have been corrupted beyond all cleansing by coming suddenly and unexpectedly into great riches. We are capable of the same sin and folly by which other peoples have been undone.

A change of circumstances often revolutionizes the character of both individuals and communities. They surprise themselves by the extremes to which they run. The obstacle that lies between a man and the most horrible sins is often lack of means to commit them. He who has no deep-rooted aversion to wrong as wrong nor profound attachment to right as right is in the matter of moral character only a creature of circumstances; he is as incapable of suffering with unpopular righteousness as he is incapable of resisting successful wickedness. With such a man virtue and vice are no more than the equivalents of success and failure, that which is in the ascendant being virtuous and that which is down being wrong.

A man who does not regard the will of God as the final test of all courses of conduct will follow his own will wherever fleeting conditions invite or impel him. Let but his selfish prudence suggest that a given thing is not profitable or popular, and he will throw it overboard, though it be the ark of God with the table of testimony within it. Disagreeable duties are by the fact of their disagreeableness declared to be no duties at all by such a man, and agreeable wrong is reckoned to be right just because it is agreeable. Custom outranks the commandments, and usage sets aside the Sermon on the Mount as "an iridescent dream."

Now let us in time brace ourselves against an inevitable but perilous prosperity by firmly fixing in our hearts the great principles of truth and righteousness from which we will allow no appeal. Let us dig deep and found personal character and public life upon bed rock, so that when the floods beat upon it there shall not be a tremor in all its structure.

Let us not rush into the new era that is at hand with eager covetousness and frenzied greed, but with the fear and trembling becoming to them upon whom the heaviest responsibilities and the most solemn obligations have fallen. Duties,

not dollars, should bulk largest in our thought just now. It is not the foresight of commerce that we should exercise chiefly, but the prevision of conscience.

All these reflections will to many people seem to be no more than a bundle of insipid platitudes, but to those who shall thus think they are most necessary. He is a shallow man indeed who can get so much as a glimpse of what is before our section and not be deeply affected by a sense of responsibility. We are in the midst of a great but silent revolution, and not the less powerful because silent. In the end it may lift our people to higher levels of life or cast them down to the most degrading depths to which luxury and licentiousness ever lured any people.

God of our fathers, help us, lest we forget the things that belong to his honor and our peace.

GALLANT DEAD OF THE MURFREESBORO BATTLE.

BY P. G. SMITHSON.

[On the death of Sergeants Johnson W. Jordan, John M. Smith, and Privates J. W. P. Knott and J. H. Tucker, of Company D, 20th Tennessee Regiment, who fell in defense of their country's cause in the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn., December 31, 1862.]

O weep, (20th) Tennessee, for thy fallen sons;
For them, the brave, let tears of grief be shed;
The heroes sleep, their cause of life is run;
Their names are numbered with the gallant dead;
The star is set that hailed their rising day,
And darkness closes o'er their earthly way.

Fighting in a land that gave them birth,
Beloved land, on which they based their all,
To them there still was no such place on earth.
Their hope, her freedom from oppression's thrall;
Her cause, once theirs, they knew no task too great
To rend the shackles of their native State.

When once espoused the cause they loved so well,
They knew no bounds to their devotion's zeal.
Let Fishing Creek and Shiloh their acts of valor tell
As to our hearts their gallant deeds appeal;
Here side by side, with other heroes brave,
Their country's flag they bade in triumph wave.

Of all thy sons, Tennessee, true to thee
In the dark hour of peril to thy fate,
None sought to swell thy glory more than they,
Nor prouder bore the banner of their State;
Quick to respond when first they heard thy call,
For thee they gave ambition, hope, and all.

Gay spring will soon with buds and blossoms come
To deck thy graves with garniture of green;
The birds will sing, the busy bee will hum,
And flowers give fresh beauty to the scene;
Yet spring no more their presence here will hail;
Her birds of joy shall now thy loss bewail.

Adieu, brave spirits, to thy life adieu;
Fame, glory on thy cherished names attend.
The hearts that once their love and friendship knew
No more fond greetings with their own shall blend.
Their life they to their God and country gave;
Its memory be the beacon of the grave.

Comrade Smithson died at the Confederate Soldiers' Home, having gone there as commandant.

THE STORY OF A CANNONEER UNDER JACKSON.

Rarely are such flattering notices given a book on war times as have been accorded the "Story of a Cannoneer under Stonewall Jackson," by E. A. Moore, of Lexington, Va., the only book written by a man in the fighting line of the "Stonewall Brigade." Both North and South the press has shown remarkable appreciation of the work, as evinced by the many complimentary comments upon it. The Springfield (Mass.) Republican, after saying that this book is as necessary for a knowledge of the inside of that war as Henderson's "Life of Jackson" is for the strategic side, states: "It is a simply told tale without ornament of rhetoric; but the two covers of a single book have seldom held between them chronicles of more hard fighting or of more of war's heroism and tragedies."

The New Orleans States says: "He has given the story of his experiences in such graphic yet simple language, and there is so much spontaneity in the narrative, that one reads it with growing interest from the start. There are few more vivid pictures of the war from the standpoint of fighting men than he has set down in this volume."

The Virginian-Pilot concludes a lengthy review by Ex-Governor Cameron with this: "The Rockbridge Battery was known of the whole army, from the commanding general to the latest recruit. How it followed the fortunes of Jackson and afterwards of Early and of Lee, from First Manassas to Appomattox, always to the fore, always where the fire was hottest, winning laurels in every engagement and paying grievous tax in blood for all the glory won—this fills Mr. Moore's book with stirring chapters and endows it with absorbing interest. He has raised an enduring monument to his old command, giving each hero's name a place upon the tablet. He has done more: he has brought the evidence of daily witness to the manner of men who served without rank or title in the Confederate army. The roll call of the Rockbridge Battery during the four years of hostilities sounded a hundred of the most honored names in Virginia, beginning with a Lee. And the bearers did not disgrace their heritage."

From a two-column review in the London Athenæum the following is taken: "There must be a public in this country for fresh volumes on the American Civil War, although the literature of that contest is on a scale to vie with that of Bonaparte's campaigns."

In addition to the notice which has been given his book in England, Mr. Moore has appreciative letters from many individuals, some of high distinction, among them Lord Wolseley and Lord Roberts, field marshal of the British army.

To such commendation nothing can add more than the introduction to the book by Capt. Robert E. Lee, son of the great commander and a member of the Rockbridge Artillery, who says that "no more vivid picture has been presented of the private soldier in camp, on the march, or in action," concluding with heartily commending the volume as "a truthful picture of real war."

Nothing further can be said that will add to the merit of the book. "It is full of human interest of a very genuine kind."

(The Neale Company, Washington and New York. Nicely bound and illustrated. Price, $2.14, postpaid.)

Remember that Confederate veterans have no successors, and that others must take their places if our history is to be preserved. This is for their children to consider.



CAPT. A. C. IRVINE.

After several weeks of illness, Capt. A. C. Irvine passed away January 12, 1908, at his home, in Gainesville, Tex.

Adam Coleman Irvine came from a long line of distinguished citizens of Virginia and Kentucky. His grandfather was a hero of the early struggles in the "Dark and Bloody Ground." His uncle was a major in the War of 1812, and became a prisoner of the English when General Winchester was defeated at the battle of River Raisin, on January 22, 1813. After the war he served as a member of the Kentucky Legislature. Another uncle, David Irvine, was County Clerk of Madison County for forty years.

His father, Albert G. Irvine, removed to Missouri in 1835, and in 1837 married Mrs. Ann Howell Brown, who had returned from Texas as the widow of Capt. John Brown, who came to Texas in 1824. (Captain Brown was a prisoner among the Indians for eighteen months, and was afterwards a merchant in San Antonio.) The father of Captain Irvine was a pious man and filled a local Methodist pulpit in Kentucky; but he was game, and would brook no insult. He was once insulted in Cincinnati by a burly policeman; and quickly throwing off his ministerial coat, he administered a good thrashing to the minion of the law.

At the age of twenty Adam C. Irvine enlisted in Troop K, 3d Texas Cavalry, and served throughout the war without ever returning home. Of his Texas commanders were Whitfield and Ross. Later he was with W. H. Jackson, while in the latter part of the war he was with Forrest. His first battle was Oak Hills, Mo. In 1862 he was in the battle of Elkhorn, where Generals McCulloch and McIntosh fell. He crossed the Mississippi with Gen. Van Dorn. In the reorganization at Corinth he was elected lieutenant, and soon afterwards became first lieutenant. He was with Beauregard in the retreat from Tupelo, and was in the battle of Iuka. In Van Dorn's great raid on Holly Springs he commanded the scouts. In the fight at Middleburg he was highly complimented for his work and was promoted to a captaincy.

As captain of scouts at Yazoo and at Thompson's (?), his company faced such a terrible fire that three-fourths of his men were killed or wounded. On that field, it will be remembered, Gen. Van Dorn was shortly afterwards murdered, and on that field Captain Irvine met Miss Mary Moss, who now survives him as his widow.

As a captain in Ross's Brigade, he saw service day and night for four weeks on picket duty, as his command covered the retreat to Jackson. The hard service in sandy bottoms caused Captain Irvine to lose his sight, and he was in the hospital for some time; but recovered in time to lead the raid on Bolton Depot and the capture of the place with many prisoners. He next encountered seventy-four negroes while in a flanking party near Vicksburg, and it is stated that only two of them and one of their white officers escaped alive.

Under General Forrest Captain Irvine participated in the battles at Franklin and Murfreesboro. Later he went West with Ross, and his command surrendered at Clinton, La., on June 22, 1865.

After the war he returned to Texas, and in 1870 returned to Tennessee, where he again met Miss Moss; and on October 11, 1870, they were married. They lived for ten years in Pulaski, and then returned to Texas. He had been in Gainesville for many years, and was a man who was loved by all who knew him. At the time of his death he was Quartermaster General of the Third Division of Forrest's Cavalry, United Confederate Veterans.

Captain Irvine is survived by a widow and one daughter, Mrs. Oscar F. Scott, of Gainesville.

CHARLES T. INGRAM.

Charles Thomas Ingram was born in Prince Edward County, Va., November 16, 1838. In 1844 his father, John C. Ingram, moved with his family to Missouri and settled on a farm near Keytesville, Chariton County, and died in 1849. In 1859 "Tom," as he was generally known, moved with John P., an older brother, to Texas, and located at Bonham. In 1861 they went to Missouri and enlisted under Gen. Sterling Price, John P. as a member of the staff and Tom and Dick (a younger brother) as members of Company F, 3d Missouri Infantry, Cockrell's Brigade. They were in every engagement until their capture at Vicksburg. Soon after their exchange Tom was selected as a Whitworth sharpshooter, and served in that capacity. He was in every fight until the end of the war, in 1865. With the other few men who were intrusted with these fine guns they refused to surrender, and left the army in Tennessee the night before the rest gave up their arms and made their way West, crossing the Mississippi River in a canoe, to join Gen. Kirby Smith. But the war was over. So well did the men selected to use the Whitworth rifles discharge their duty that not one of these fine guns ever fell into the hands of a Federal soldier.

Tom Ingram was a private soldier. He was offered promotion more than once, but refused, saying he would rather be a Whitworth sharpshooter, where his trusted rifle carried him anywhere in our lines, under orders of no one except his sergeant and division commander, than to command the best regiment in the service.

He returned to Bonham, Tex., where he soon after engaged in the mercantile business, and continued in it at that place until eleven years ago, when he moved his family and business to Durant, Ind. T. He retired from this business five years ago. He assisted in organizing the Durant National Bank, and was vice president and a director up to his death, January 25, 1908. He was buried at Bonham, Tex., by the side of his wife, who died about ten years ago. At his request he was buried in his suit of Confederate gray. Surviving him are two sons, two daughters, two brothers, one sister, and seven grandchildren. He was a member of the Christian Church many years, assisted in organizing the Church at Durant, and was an elder at the time of his death. Tom Ingram was a modest, unassuming Christian gentleman, and had the respect and confidence of all who knew him.

ENSIGN J. ED HOPE.

Comrade Hope was suddenly stricken down by supposed heart failure on November 14, 1907. Thus, as quickly as if his heart had been pierced by a bullet, passed away as brave

a man as ever faced a foe. He was first a member of Company B, 30th Mississippi Infantry, in Walthall's gallant brigade. Soon afterwards he was made color bearer of his regiment. Never did a man carry his colors more proudly, and never was a man more trusted to carry them where men dared to go. When the 29th and 30th Mississippi Regiments were forced to fall back out of the "old field" at Murfreesboro, leaving thirty per cent of their number on the ground shot down in twenty minutes, Ensign Hope retired with them under a storm of protest; but, learning that his gallant brother, Lieut. Frank Hope, was lying in the field too desperately wounded to retreat, he hurried back to his brother's side, only to find him a corpse. Hearing the agonizing groans of a comrade with whom he had a difficulty a few days before, he hurried to his side, raised him in his manly arms, and bore him from the field. This was done amid a hail of bullets and the man weighing as much as himself. In the grand charge at Chickamauga, when Walthall's Mississippians and Liddell's Arkansas Brigade captured several batteries of artillery and drove two lines of battle more than five hundred yards to the rear, Ed Hope rushed to the front with his colors, waving them in reckless defiance of the foe and loudly calling on the men to follow.

In the awful carnage at Franklin he charged up to and on the enemy's works and struck to one side the muzzle of a gun presented to his breast, which, however, went off in time to tear a great ugly hole in his side. There for the first time he and his prized flag went down together.

Time fails me to tell of the gallant deeds done by this heroic Mississippian, and I will close by saying that when he died he was Color Bearer of Walthall's Brigade, U. C. V., and carried at the Reunions a banner presented to the Brigade by General Walthall's daughter, Mrs. Courtney Ross, decidedly one of the finest that has ever been seen in a parade. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and one of the best citizens in his county. He leaves a widow, three children, and many sorrowing friends.

[Data from his comrade, Rev. E. A. Smith.]

Capt. Joseph Rhea Crawford.

The death of Capt. Joseph R. Crawford at his home, in Bristol, Tenn., marks the passing of a most exemplary citizen of that community, one who in all the relations of life had met his duty in a cheerful spirit. As son, brother, husband, father, friend, citizen, and soldier a life is closed worthy of emulation.

He was born at the old Crawford homestead, in Sullivan County, Tenn., January 25, 1837, the third son of Thomas and Elizabeth Rhea Crawford, descended from a long line of distinguished ancestors who won honors both in the struggle for independence and the Civil War. He was among the first in that section to volunteer for the South, enlisting as a private in Company G, 19th Tennessee Regiment, then commanded by the late Col. A. Fulkerson, of Bristol. Serving in the battles of Fishing Creek, Bull's Gap, and Shiloh with distinction, he was early in 1863 detailed to assist in organizing the 60th Tennessee Regiment, and was elected first lieutenant of Company G. He was later promoted to captain of the company, taking the place of Rev. John W. Bachman, who was made chaplain of the regiment. He served as captain until the close of the war, serving in the lower Delta of Mississippi, including the siege of Vicksburg. At Shiloh he was shot in the shoulder. His company (one hundred and nineteen strong) so suffered in that engagement that only thirty-seven of them responded to the roll call afterwards.

Captain Crawford married Miss Cornelia Ellen Rogan, of Knoxville, and to them were born five sons and a daughter, one son having died several years ago. He removed to Bristol in 1877, and had resided there continuously since, engaging in various businesses. The war interfered with his plans for a thorough education; but he acquired a fund of general knowledge of much value to him in his business career. He was energetic and faithful, and his loyalty to duty and cheerfulness of disposition endeared him to a large circle of friends. His fatal illness was caused from a cold contracted at the Richmond (1907) Reunion.

John Franklin Fuqua.

On December 31, 1907, near Fountain Head, Tenn., occurred the death of John Fuqua, in his seventy-eighth year. He reared a family of eight sons and a daughter, three of whom were with him at the last. He was a consistent member of the Methodist Church, having joined with six of his sons about thirty years ago at Old Oak Grove. Death resulted from a stroke of paralysis in November. He and his brother, Joel Fuqua, whose death occurred seven months before, were both Confederate soldiers, joining in 1861 the company of Captain Lytle, Col. D. W. Holman's Regiment, 11th Tennessee Cavalry. He was afterwards in Company B, Forrest's Cavalry, and was released as a prisoner of war by Andrew Johnson at Nashville in 1865.

His life as patriot, soldier, citizen, and Christian was without blemish. His wife, two sons, and a daughter preceded him to the better land.

Dr. J. F. Beall.

Dr. James Franklin Beall was a native of North Carolina and was seventy years old last September. He died in December.

Dr. Beall was a major and physician in the Confederate army, being in the 21st Regiment, an especially famous body of troops, and his record as a soldier, like his record as a citizen, was that of a brave, high-minded Southern gentleman. In his death Davidson County lost one of her best men. Surviving are his wife, who was a Miss Harper, one daughter, two sons, one brother, and a sister, and numerous other relatives. Although having completed his education and prepared himself for a physician, when the War between the States came on he entered the Confederate army as a private. For gallantry and good conduct as a soldier he was promoted, however, to the rank of major of the 21st Regiment. He took part in all the principal battles of the Army of Northern Virginia from Manassas to Petersburg, often gallantly leading the regiment in battle in the absence of the colonel. He received five wounds, and carried to the grave these honorable marks of his devotion to a just cause. Some years ago he wrote a most interesting history of the 21st Regiment, and it has a prominent place in the war records of the North Carolina troops. After the war, he entered upon the practice of his profession as a physician, and pursued the same for years with great skill and success.

He was for years a member of the Presbyterian Church, leading a faithful and consistent Christian life, illustrating the sustaining power and blessedness of Christianity by bearing with patience and cheerfulness the pain of sickness which came upon him in his latter years.

Seth M. Timberlake.

"He has made his first surrender," remarked one who stood by the casket containing the body of his friend and comrade, S. M. Timberlake, of Fishersville, Va. Though in active service from the beginning to the end of the war, except when wounded or sick, he was never a prisoner and was not surrendered at Appomattox. He was then on his way to join General Johnston in the South, and had gotten well into North Carolina when he heard of Johnston's surrender, when he retraced his steps and went home, and thus was never paroled.

Courageous in battle during those four years of war, none the less was he brave in the years which followed in the upbuilding of his home and country, and especially in later life, under the increasing weight of years and infirmities. His health had not been good for some years, and life passed from him as suddenly and gently as a tired child falls asleep, while visiting his son, Charles E. Timberlake, of Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 18th of December. He was brought back to Virginia and interred in the cemetery of Tinkling Spring Church, at Fishersville, under a guard of honor from Stonewall Jackson Camp, of Staunton, of which he was a member.

At the beginning of the war Comrade Timberlake enlisted in the Confederate service in Company B, 2d Virginia Regiment, Stonewall Brigade. He was twice badly wounded—first at First Manassas; and though suffering much and needing the surgeon's care, he constituted himself a guard, and with gun in hand sat for two hours at the door of the field hospital, helping to preserve order that the doctors could do their work, and only after this self-imposed task would he allow his own wounds to be dressed. After this battle, he was transferred to cavalry service, entering Company B, 12th Virginia Cavalry, afterwards Rosser's, and known as the Laurel Brigade, and so continued to the close.

Mr. Timberlake went to New York in 1866, and for some years was in the mercantile business in Brooklyn and for some time connected with the house of Charles Broadway Rouss, whose sister, Miss Lizzie Rouss, was his first wife. He is survived by his second wife, who was Miss Evelyn Timberlake, of Frederick County, Va. After leaving New York, he was in business in Charlestown, W. Va., for some years, removing thence to Staunton, where he was Steward of the Western Hospital, and afterwards he bought a farm in Augusta County.

Another link that binds the present with the past is broken, and a brave and chivalrous comrade, a kind and loving friend, a Christian gentleman has entered into his reward.

Harry C. Reppard.

After months of suffering, H. C. Reppard passed away on the 8th of November at Flemington, Ga. He was born in 1847; and during the war he served in the siege artillery of Savannah in the battalion commanded by Maj. John Cunningham, and at one time was detailed in the Secret Service Department of the Confederate States. He was captured when Sherman entered Savannah, in 1864, being ill with fever and scurvy at the Savannah Hospital. He refused to take the oath of allegiance, and was therefore taken from the hospital to a transport. Being too weak to walk, he was loaded on board by sliding down the gang plank. He was taken as a prisoner to Hilton Head, Riprap, Va., and then to Fort Delaware, from which place he was released and pardoned by a special order from President Andrew Johnson, secured by influential friends of his father, Mr. Aaron Reppard.

He was married in 1869 to Miss Rosalie Norman, who survives him with four children. At the time of his death Comrade Reppard was Commander of the Camp of Liberty County, Ga., and had been since 1899. His pallbearers were members of his Camp and of the Liberty Independent Troop, of which he was also a member. In a beautiful gray casket draped with the Confederate flag and dressed in the gray uniform he loved so well, our comrade sleeps.

"Soldier, rest; thy warfare's o'er;
Sleep the sleep that knows no waking;
Dream of battlefields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking."

Tribute to Thomas J. Weaver.

"Our dear dead Confederacy had many loving, faithful, tireless, undaunted soldiers; but none of them excelled Tom Weaver in devotion, faithfulness, and bravery. Each comrade who yet lingers on "this side of the river" will cheerfully concur in this tribute. Newman Cayce writes of him:

"It was my privilege to have been closely associated with Tom Weaver from the early autumn of 1862 till the echo of the last gun died away, in May, 1865. We were together for eighteen months as brigade scouts, then as members of the same company; we scouted and fought side by side until the end. Tom was known among his comrades as the 'War Horse.' He was appropriately called a 'Two O'clock in the Morning Man'—always ready for a fight, dauntless, aggressive, laughing, daring.

"There never was any diminution of his loyal devotion or desire to serve, and he entered into his last fight, in 1865, with the same unshrinking bravery which had characterized his whole loving service to our dear country and its cause. With him there was 'neither variableness nor shadow of turning.' He joined Capt. P. D. Roddy's company in the latter part of 1861, and from that day until the folds of the starry cross ceased to wave he was faithful, with a courage equal to all emergencies. The writer cannot now recall a single expedition requiring the best of soldiers of which Tom did not become a member. He was always selected as one of the best and bravest. He was always at the front of the firing line.

"He was entitled to that highest encomium: 'He was a good Confederate soldier.'"

Lieut. A. D. Kent.

Ambrose D. Kent died on April 17, 1907, at Beaumont, Tex. He was born in Frankfort, Ky., in 1836, graduated from Transylvania University; and after a short residence in Louisville, removed to Texas in 1858. He entered the Confederate army in 1862, enlisting in Company E, Spaight's Battalion, serving therein as second lieutenant until the close of the war.

In 1866 he served in the State Legislature, and later in the year was married to Miss Drusilla McFadden, daughter of a wealthy stock raiser of the county. She died in 1872, and in 1874 he was married to Miss Lou Marble, who survives him with two children.

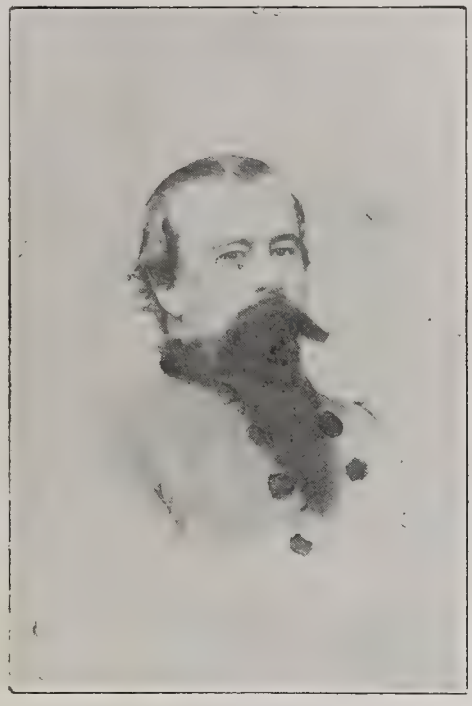
Weems.—Robert D. Weems, of Company F, 2d Mississippi Cavalry, Armstrong's Brigade, Forrest's Cavalry, died at Shubuta, Miss., on January 22, aged seventy-eight years. He served through the war and was paroled at Gainesville, Ala.

Maj. Joseph Vaulx.

[This brief tribute is by General Cheatham's chief of staff.]

On the evening of the 23d of February last Major Vaulx went out in a carriage to visit an old man slave, once his own servant, who had been reported to him to be in a state of destitution. Death came to him before finding the object of his search, but it will always comfort his friends to know that he died on a mission of mercy.

Major Vaulx was a native of Nashville, born in September, 1835; educated finally at the Western Military Institute. The son of one of Andrew Jackson's soldiers, he possessed a natural aptitude for military affairs; a Southern man, he early espoused the cause of his country, and was made captain of Company A, 1st Tennessee Regiment of Infantry. He shared the fortunes of that distinguished regiment until its reorganization, in 1862, when he was commissioned a major in the Inspect. General Departmen and assigned to the division of Maj. Gen. Frank Cheatham, and shared its fortunes to the end. He possessed the full confidence of his chief and of his associates and comrades of all ranks.



MAJOR VAULX.

Major Vaulx was always ready for duty—and no man was assigned to more delicate or perilous ones—and no man performed it with more cheerfulness or sagacity. When Cheatham's Division was in action, he could be found on the line of fire. The men were familiar with his person, and his presence was encouraging to officers and men. He was an active participant in the great battles fought by the Army of Tennessee—Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, the Georgia campaign, Franklin, and Nashville. In the most dramatic and spectacular battle of the war, Kennesaw Mountain, where General Harker and Dan McCook fell leading the Federal forces to the attack, Major Vaulx placed Cheatham's Division in position, and was on the line until the battle was won.

Major Vaulx was never married; but he had troops of friends, especially among his surviving comrades. To myself his death is a personal bereavement. He served in a large military family; I am its sole survivor. James D. Porter.

Capt. J. L. Adair.

[The following tribute to Captain Adair comes from the pen of his old commander, Gen. W. L. Cabell, so well known as Commander Trans-Mississippi Department, U. C. V.]

In the month of October, 1907, in Pittsburg, Tex., Capt. J. L. Adair, one of the brave Arkansas soldiers who followed the flag of the Confederacy until it was furled and laid away, died surrounded by his family and a number of his comrades.

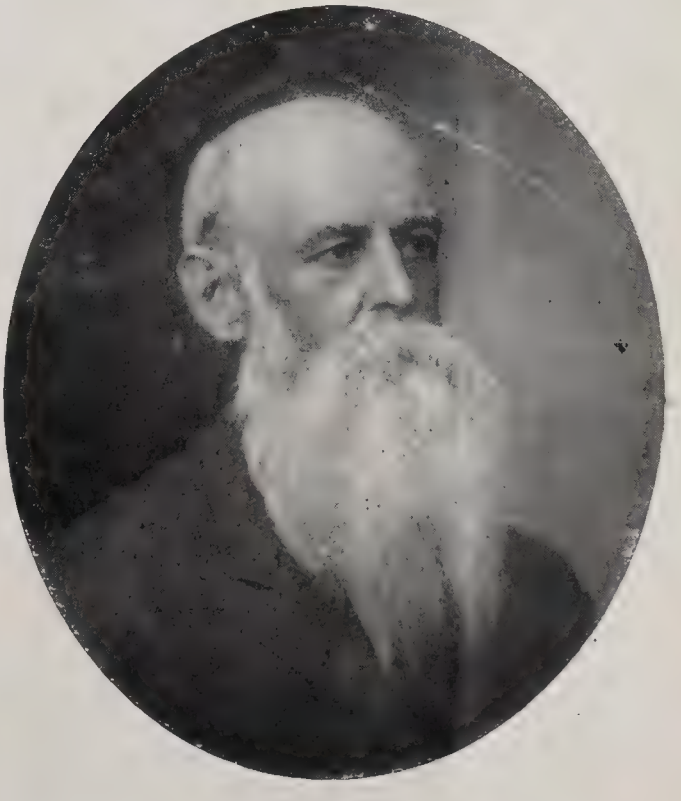
Capt. J. L. Adair enlisted in the 6th Regiment of Arkansas Infantry early in the war as a private. His regiment was in the battle of Shiloh, and was immediately in front of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston when he was mortally wounded in that memorable charge. He was promoted to first lieutenant, and was badly wounded the last day. Owing to his wounds, he was discharged and sent to his home, in Arkansas. As soon as he was able he organized a cavalry company and joined Monroe's Regiment in the fall of 1862, commanding Company K of that regiment. With his command he was in the battle of Prairie Grove, in December, 1862.

In February, 1863, Monroe's Regiment was assigned and made a part of Cabell's Brigade, Arkansas Cavalry, and Captain Adair was never absent, unless wounded, a single day until the close of the war. He was in all the battles of his regiment with Cabell's Brigade in North and Northwest Arkansas in 1863. In the spring of 1864 he was in all the engagements with the Federal General Steele, when with his whole army he attempted to form a junction with Banks's army, then invading Louisiana by way of Red River. Cabell, Marmaduke, and Shelby, however, by capturing all his supply trains and transportation forced him to return to Little Rock. Captain Adair was also with his company on Price's raid into Missouri. He was in eight battles in Arkansas, twenty in Missouri, and six in Kansas.

In the death of this gallant Confederate soldier his family mourns the loss of a good father and husband, his comrades a brave and true soldier and citizen. Peace to his ashes!

Deaths in Camp at LaGrange, Ga.

Commander J. L. Schaub, of Troup County Camp, LaGrange, Ga., reports loss of the following members, good soldiers and true: Dr. B. C. Cook, surgeon 9th Georgia; A. P. Robertson, Ferrel's Battery; R. G. Dix, Company B, 4th Georgia; L. B. Rowland, Company B, 4th Georgia; M. S. Simmons, Company F, 34th Alabama; A. F. Simmons, Company B, 60th Georgia; C. R. C. Ward, Company K, 13th Georgia; B. H. Whitfield, Company B, 4th Georgia; John R. Sterling, Company B, 4th Georgia; A. O'Neal, Company B, 60th Georgia.



CHARLES T. INGRAM.

(See sketch on page xxii, first of Last Roll.)

GROUP OF OFFICERS OF FORREST'S CAVALRY.

Maj. Charles W. Anderson is designated in the records as "Acting Assistant Adjutant and Inspector General of Staff of General Forrest," he having served in much of the latter part of the war as if the actual adjutant general to the Wizard of the Saddle.

Col. D. C. Kelley, who was nearly all of the war under General Forrest, furnishes the following:

"Writing from memory, it was about September, 1863, that General Forrest and Major Anderson met. Forrest, though writing but little himself, was very exacting as to what was written by his order. He was about to start on an expedition on one occasion, and while getting ready a few days before the meeting he had found some difficulty, in the absence of Major Strange, his adjutant general, in the procurement of a man who could write his orders in the exact form he desired. Turning to a soldier he had seen writing at another desk, he said: 'You try, will you?' When the order was written, he said: 'Well done. I need you. Will you consent to go with me?' This was Charles Anderson, of Murfreesboro, Tenn. When the writer was next in headquarters, a hundred miles or more southwest, he slept on Major Anderson's blanket and was his close friend and comrade until we separated at Gainesville, Ala., May 9, 1865.

"Forrest's surrender brought out some of Anderson's finest and wisest qualities. All was gloom, broken only by wild rumors, causing almost reckless despair. Again and again soldiers worn out with delay in camp and uncertainty were questioning superiors and threatening disbandment. Anderson stood nobly, kindly advising and with consummate skill answering every question as best he might, heart breaking, but with face and voice kindly. Two successive nights were spent in long rides with General Forrest, the first in helping the General to overcome his first thought of going to Mexico, the second in maturing his address to the troops. Since this noble address truly represents General Forrest, the great soldier, and his daily and often nightly companion, our Charlie, his adjutant and lifelong friend, it seems fitting now, since both have gone, that the address should represent both."

The extracts referred to in General Forrest's farewell address to his soldiers are as follows:

"I do not think it proper or necessary at this time to refer to the causes which have reduced us to this extremity; nor is it now a matter of material consequence as to how such results were brought about. That we are beaten is a self-evident fact, and any further resistance on our part would be justly regarded as the very height of folly and rashness.

"The cause for which you have so long and manfully struggled, and for which you have braved dangers, endured privations and sufferings, and made so many sacrifices, is to-day hopeless. Reason dictates and humanity demands that no more blood be shed. Fully realizing and feeling that such is the case, it is your duty and mine to lay down our arms, submit to the 'powers that be,' and aid in restoring peace and establishing law and order throughout the land.

"Civil war, such as you have just passed through, naturally engenders feelings of animosity, hatred, and revenge. It is our duty to divest ourselves of all such feelings, and as far as in our power to do so to cultivate friendly feelings toward those with whom we have so long contended and heretofore so widely but honestly differed. Neighborhood feuds, personal animosities, and private differences should be blotted out; and when you return home, a manly, straightforward course of conduct will secure the respect even of your enemies. Whatever your responsibilities may be to government, to society, or to individuals, meet them like men.

"I have never on the field of battle sent you where I was unwilling to go myself; nor would I now advise you to a course which I felt myself unwilling to pursue. You have been good soldiers; you can be good citizens. Obey the laws, preserve your honor, and the government to which you have surrendered can afford to be, and will be, magnanimous."

Major Anderson was buried from his Murfreesboro home, where he had lived from childhood, known, loved, and trusted by all. It was the privilege of the writer to participate in the burial service, as he had done for six members of the old Forrest staff before.

But a few weeks later Capt. William Forrest, son of Gen. N. B. Forrest, the youngest and gentlest of the above group,



CAPT. WILLIAM FORREST, CAPT. JOHN W. MORTON, COL. D. C. KELLEY, DR. J. B. COWAN, MAJ. C. W. ANDERSON.

we buried from the church of his mother in Memphis. He blended the cool courage and active service of his father with the modesty and gentleness of his refined and beautiful mother.

The writer was associated with General Forrest from a very early period in the war, first in the Forrest Cavalry Regiment, our regimental headquarters being one. We had one table and, for a while, one tent; family prayers in the evening and grace at meals. The son was a member with his mother of the First Cumberland Presbyterian Church in Memphis. By his father's consent he became my deacon and elder, performing both functions. Later, when General Forrest was commanding a division or corps, the son was still charged with conveying orders for religious services to be held at headquarters. With the genteel and devout bearing of his mother, commingled with the activities of his father, he conveyed the orders for headquarter services or cared for the preacher's comfort, so we came to know and love each other well.

It was not until since the close of the war that I was able to decipher one problem or connect it, especially with William. General Forrest made a visit to General Polk's headquarters, about two days' ride distant, and returned with two soldier youths who possessed the highest blood of our Southland—

one the son of Bishop Otey, of the Episcopal Church; the other a son of General Donelson, of Tennessee. For more than two years they had been under the care of Bishop-General Polk. Forrest never told us that it was for companions to Willie in that life, to meet the anxiety and Christian culture of the mother when her health would no longer allow her to keep near headquarters, watching over this boy. The General had for once forgotten battle and hardship that she might feel comfort in the knowledge that the companionship of the only son was with charming youths of the highest birth and truest courage. This is written that the fame of the father in battle may not obscure the higher and nobler characteristic of desire for Christian training and pure association for the son. Yet Willie was brave as pure. Many a night the writer shared his blanket.

We buried him from the old Memphis home, and were gratified to have this last Christian service to him in the Memphis church where the mother first, then Willie, and later General Forrest had held membership.

[This service was conducted by Rev. D. C. Kelley, D.D., LL.D., who was colonel of Forrest's old cavalry regiment, and who when called to Forrest's headquarters by courtesy was recognized as headquarters chaplain. Later the Confederate Veterans elected him to the rank of Lieutenant General of Forrest's Cavalry Corps.

The death of Major Anderson recalls to the editor of the Veteran a visit from General Forrest to his office in Nashville a short while before his death. He was on a brief visit to Nashville. His hair was white, and there was a gentleness of manner that conformed to his reformed life. His greatest manifest desire was to see Major Anderson, as if it were his last opportunity.]

COL. DAVID FRENCH BOYD.

BY R. J. HANCOCK, "ELLERSLIE," CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

In the March Veteran, page 125, there are some errors. I went to school to Col. David French Boyd (not Fleming) at Homer, La., during the session of 1858-59. I knew Colonel Boyd intimately. When he left Homer, he taught a half session at Rocky Mount, La., from which place he was appointed professor of Latin or mathematics in the Louisiana State Military Academy, at Pineville, three or four miles east of Alexandria on the Red River. It was here that he formed an acquaintance and friendship for General Sherman. Sherman never was superintendent of the Louisiana State University, at Baton Rouge. He was at Pineville when the war broke out, and he went North to fight the people who had contributed to him honor and money.

During the reconstruction days the buildings at Pineville were all burned by vandals, and then it was that Colonel Boyd went to Baton Rouge. He had only twelve cadets where he built up the Louisiana State University, one of the solid institutions of the South, and Colonel Boyd is buried there.

Colonel Boyd was made chief of engineers and assigned to duty with Dick Taylor's army west of the Mississippi River. He was acting in this capacity when captured by deserters and sent to Sherman's headquarters. I had this from Boyd.

In noticing the death of John T. Harris, Company F, 4th Louisiana Regiment, you state that he was a member of Hays's Louisiana Brigade, which is a mistake. Hays's Brigade was composed of the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th Louisiana Regiments and Wheat's Battalion. The 25th Louisiana Brigade was in the Army of Northern Virginia. I think it was composed of the 1st, 10th, 14th, and 15th Louisiana Regiments and Dreux's Battalion. I knew Comrade Harris and Captain Bly well, and it may be that Harris belonged to the 14th Louisiana Regiment. I never have been able to locate the 4th Louisiana Regiment. I rather think it was with Gen. Sterling Price in the Trans-Mississippi Department.

GENERALS BRAGG AND FORREST.

BY HON. JAMES D. PORTER (ADJT. GEN. TO GEN. B. F. CHEATHAM).

My attention has just been called to a publication made in Trotwood's Magazine for February of the current year entitled the "Storm Center of the Rebellion" and signed "Geo. T. Moffett," in which this paragraph appears: "And what of Bragg? Had he done that for which the fearless Forrest cursed him to his face so loud and deep and branded him as a coward for not doing?"

There is no foundation for this story. General Forrest was incapable of such conduct. He had the sense and knowledge to know that it was a high military crime that would have resulted in a court-martial and in his disgrace. But without reference to that question, I am surprised that a Southern magazine would give circulation to a slander on a patriotic soldier long since dead. A public journal or magazine is impersonal, but it is never legitimate to print words that are suspicious or actionable in a court of law.

If General Forrest had denounced General Bragg in the terms used by the writer, General Bragg would have resented it on the spot. He was a man with a combative nature, and was possessed of lofty personal courage. Those of us who saw him on the field of Shiloh were witnesses of a display of courage not surpassed by any soldier of any rank on any field of any war known to history. I recall the fact that the morning following that great battle I said to Gen. Frank Cheatham, himself a hero: "General Bragg is the hero of this battle." He replied without hesitation: "Yes, beyond all question." He added: "When we were in action with him yesterday and saw him push nearer and nearer to the front, I could but think of the battle of Buena Vista and of the critical moment when General Taylor galloped up to his battery and said, 'Give them a little more grape, Captain Bragg,' and the Captain replied, 'I will push the guns a little nearer the enemy.'"

General Bragg possessed the confidence of President Davis at all times. He rated him above Lee, the Johnstons, and Jackson. After the great disaster at Mission Ridge, and after Forrest's alleged denunciation, he made him chief of staff of the army, and he was its virtual commander. When a movement was made to place General Johnston or Stonewall Jackson in command of the Army of Tennessee after the Kentucky campaign and again after the battle of Murfreesboro, the President could not be moved by army or political influence, replying to all importunities that General Bragg was the better soldier. After Missionary Ridge General Bragg was relieved at his own request, and was immediately made chief of the staff. In this service he continued until the last sad days. He took the field in command of Hoke's small division, reënforced by the still smaller division of D. H. Hill, met Cox, of Sherman's army, at Kinston, N. C., with an army corps, and gave him a bloody repulse. Cox sustained a loss of over twelve hundred, while Bragg's loss was less than two hundred. After the repulse of Cox, Bragg reported to General Johnston, and served under him as a division commander at the battle of Bentonville.

It was a fine illustration of his patriotism that he could come from the command of a great army to a division without a murmur. (From the Nashville American, March 17, 1908.)

A pathetic story comes from Jackson, Tenn., in connection with the death of Columbus Harrison. Although born as late as May 26, 1846, he enlisted early in the war, joined the 16th Alabama Cavalry, and served to the end, in 1865. Comrade Harrison was twice married, and reared children by both marriages. A son of the second marriage, through an act while intoxicated, was imprisoned in Mississippi; and while the parents were aided in his behalf by the Veterans, the Daughters, and others, the father died during the night without the knowledge of the family. He had been blind for some time.

HISTORY OF ROCK ISLAND PRISON.

"Inside and Outside of Rock Island Prison" is an attractive pamphlet, just from the press, in the VETERAN office. It contains the personal experiences of J. W. Minnich, of Grand Isle, La., and others, supplemented by a thrilling sketch by Mrs. Kate E. Perry-Mosher. It is published with a fund raised mainly by subscription, but there are some extra copies which will be supplied by the VETERAN for 25 cents each.

The book is a vivid portrayal of what Southern men endured in that noted prison from December, 1863, to June, 1865.

A SOLDIER'S LETTERS TO "CHARMING NELLIE."

Many readers of the VETERAN have been entertained from time to time by contributions from J. B. Polley, of Texas, and a veteran of the 4th Texas Regiment, Hood's Brigade, whose faculty for recording in humorous style his war experiences and observations makes them all the more enjoyable. Especially will be recalled most delightfully his series of letters to "Charming Nellie" which appeared in the VETERAN some years since, and which described most realistically, yet humorously, the life of a soldier in camp, on the march, and in battle. A better presentation of the many phases of soldier life could hardly be found, and it is a matter of congratulation that the author has lately had these letters republished and issued in book form, most attractively illustrated with pictures of different members of the command and with that of "Charming Nellie" as the frontispiece.

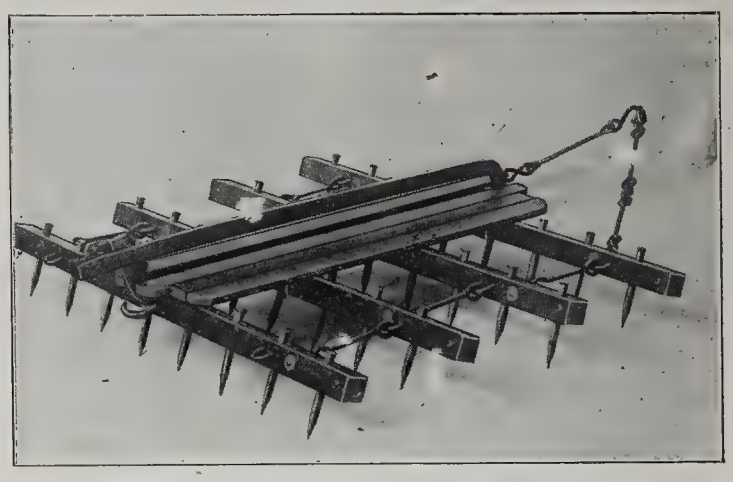
The humorous vein in which these letters were written does not make them less accurate historically; for, as the author states, "though not intended as history, they are historical in the respect that they narrate actual occurrences in camp, on the march, and in the battle." The lady of his letters was also an actuality, as she is still, and was a friend of one who was more than a friend to him. He was kept well advised of all that was transpiring in Texas by her friendly letters, which were so altogether "charming" as to induce the substitution of that adjective for the conventional "Miss."

Altogether the book is one to commend. Those who read these "Charming Nellie" letters before will be glad to reread them in book form, and others will appreciate the chance to get a taste of Confederate army life as thus portrayed.

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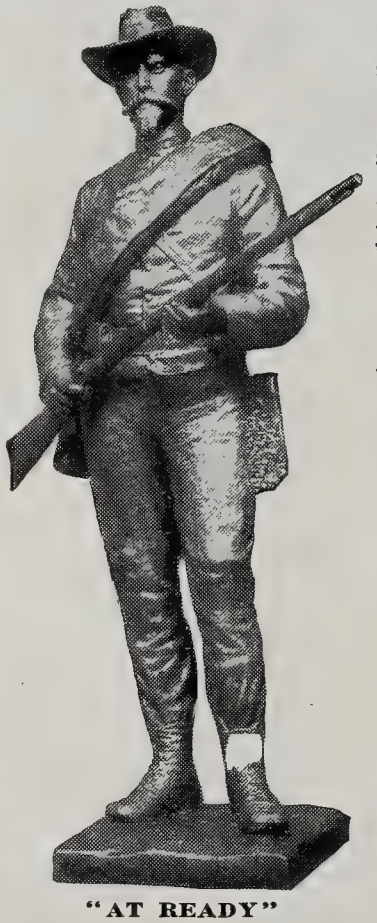


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JIM OF BILOXI.

In the Confederate cemetery near Charlottesville, Va., a beautiful spot in what is called the "Ragged Mountains," there are no mounds nor headstones to mark the individual graves—just a smooth plot, verdant with grass and surrounded by a moss-grown old brick wall. But in the center there is a monument surmounted by a Confederate soldier in bronze. On the pedestal there is a bronze tablet inscribed with the names of the soldiers who sleep within the inclosure. All of the names are given in full, like "Stephen Douglas Morgan," etc., except one near the middle of the list, which reads, "Jim of Biloxi."

Miss Alice Graham, a talented young lady of Monroe, La., a daughter of Capt. John H. Graham, of the Confederate service (now dead), spent last summer at Charlottesville. She visited the cemetery; and being impressed with the romantic suggestion made by the unique inscription of the soldier without a name, wrote the following poem, which is copied from the New Orleans Picayune:

"Beneath Virginia's sunlit skies,
Where oaks their shadows throw
And ragged mountains darkly rise
To guard the vales below,

There is a sweet, sequestered spot,
Where peace and silence reign;
A fair God's acre is the lot,
Where sleep the Southern slain.

There is no sound, save low wind's sigh
Among the branches tall,
Or song of wild bird, poising high,
In plaintive lay or call.

A solemn soldier carved in bronze
Mounts guard above the graves;
Beneath, a tablet where one cons
The names of martyred braves.

Full many a name is graven there
Well-known through the land,
And some seem strange and some seem rare
That make this hero band.

But plain among them all is one
That mutely makes appeal;
No plea for fame, but duty done,
The simple words reveal.

They knew him not, who found him there
Upon the battlefield,
When that sad day had ended, where
He fought, but would not yield.

They only knew he wore the gray,
And loved and honored him;
And naught could any comrade say
But this: 'We called him "Jim."'

And from his talk about the camp
They knew his home to be
Beyond the seashore marshes damp,
Far South in Biloxi.

And so engraven on the scroll
For all posterity,
With others on this honor roll
Is 'Jim of Biloxi.'"

W. L. Brannon, of Coffeeville, Miss., writes that Mrs. L. A. Azlin, of that place, wishes to find two comrades of her husband, D. J. Azlin, who belonged to Colonel McQuirk's Cavalry Regiment, having enlisted near Oxford, Miss. It is hoped that these comrades can testify as to the service of her husband and enable her to get a widow's pension, of which she is in need.

Benjamin E. Fewell, R. F. D. No. 2, Auxvasse, Mo., wishing to establish his war record for the benefit of his children more than for any pecuniary consideration, asks for any survivors of Company D, 15th Tennessee Infantry, of which he was a member. This company was organized early in 1861, and was commanded by Capt. Charles Rose and Captain McGuire, and he served with it until captured at Peachtree Creek, near Atlanta, and sent to Camp Douglas, where he was held till the close of the war and paroled. His parole was lost, and he takes this method of securing his record through witnesses. He remembers First Lieutenant McGuire, Second Lieutenant Broadrick, Flag Bearer McFarlane, and Private George Sexton, of the company.

Comrade Lucius Montgomery Tiner, whose post office address is Saluda, N. C., and who lost a leg at Chickamauga while fighting gallantly in Company D, 3d Arkansas Infantry, Hood's Brigade, would like to have the address of any survivors of his company. He would like to establish his claim for a cross of honor.

H. W. Coleman, Norfolk, Va., needs the January and February numbers of 1899, and January, February, and June of 1900. Write him in advance, stating condition and price of copies.

J. M. Gill, Whon, Coleman County, Tex., would like to hear from any survivors of the 12th Arkansas Regiment, especially of Company G.

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The Carnegie Library of Atlanta, Ga., needs the first three volumes of the VETERAN to complete its file, and will take them either bound or unbound. Address Miss Julia T. Rankin, Librarian, stating condition of copies and price asked.

John Latham, Canute, Okla., would like to know the whereabouts of any members of Company A, Walker's Division, who knew a strip of a boy by the name of John Latham who enlisted in Mississippi swamps about the last year of the war. If so, write him.

S. T. Edwards, of East Prairie, Mo., formerly of Tennessee and a member of Company D, 20th Tennessee Infantry, seeks to ascertain the whereabouts of his brother, P. F. Edwards, who was a member of the same company, and after the war went to Texas; the last heard of he was at Grapevine, Tex. He would also be glad to hear from any survivors of his old company.

T. J. Reynolds, Chunky, Miss., was an officer of Company D, 3d Mississippi Infantry, and was wounded at the battle of Franklin. His sword was lost when he fell, and he is now anxious to recover it. It was in the scabbard, on the brass mounting of which next to the hilt was rather roughly etched with the point of a knife: "T. J. R., Co. D, 3d Regt. Miss. Vols." He says he thinks it must have been picked up the next morning by a Confederate, as he fell something less than a hundred paces in front of the Federal breastworks.

Mrs. G. I. Turnley, San Jacinto Chapter, Cold Springs, Tex., writes that John H. Reneau, who belonged to Company B, 8th Alabama Infantry, Wilcox's Brigade, now living at Palmetto, Tex., is both needy and worthy, and wishes to hear from any surviving comrades who can help to establish his claim for a pension. He enlisted in May, 1861, in Alabama. One of the officers of his company was Capt. G. T. L. Robertson, the last to command it.

V. W. Hardt, Cuero, Tex., wants to know if any Confederates captured at Franklin and taken to Camp Douglas remember "Prairie Bull" and "Little Billy Hell" (or Red); also if any of them that left Camp Douglas on the 4th of May, 1865, to be exchanged on Red River know anything of Cuff Haines, of Barrack 75.

Mrs. Elvira Campbell, Glade Spring, Va., wishes to secure the names of two survivors of the 42d North Carolina Regiment. She is on Rural Route No. 1.

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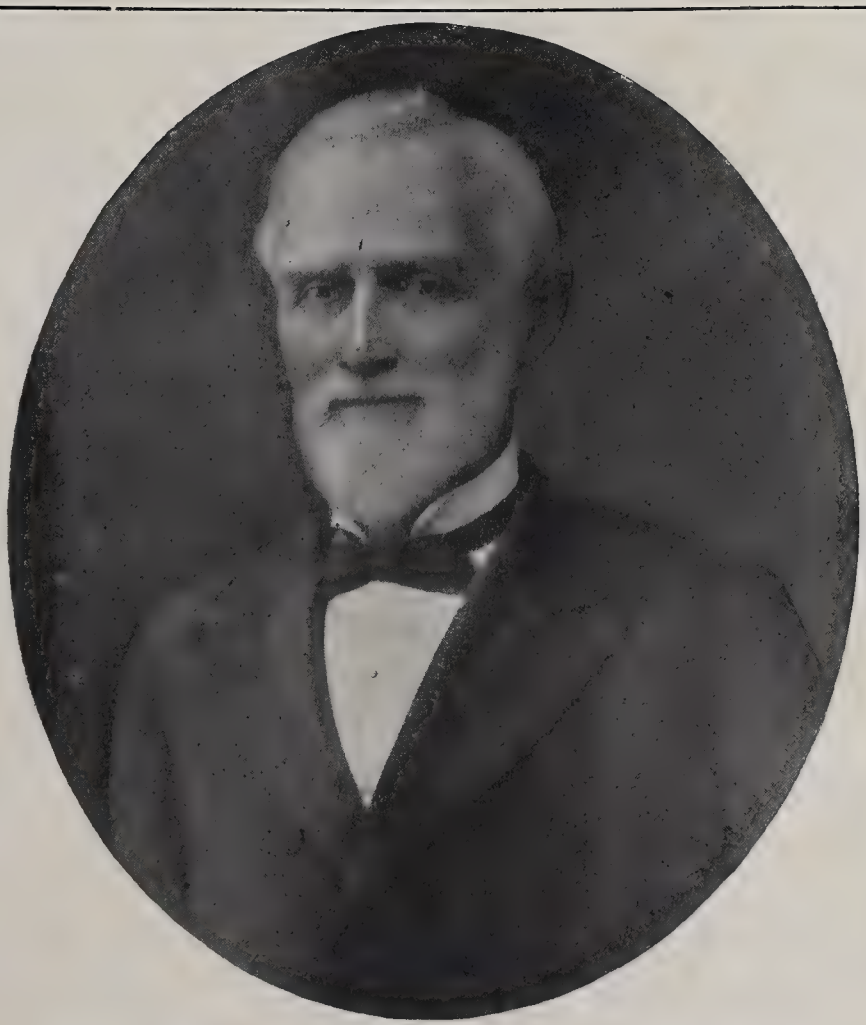
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Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XVI. MAY, 1908. NO. 5.



Born June 3, 1808;
Died Dec. 6, 1889.

JEFFERSON DAVIS

(Report upon this picture next issue.)



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Our dates teem with daring deeds,
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Brass band will play and cannon roar
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Of men who held commission and
  Were honest, brave, and true;
But still the question comes to me:
  What did the privates do?

Who were the men to guard the camp
  When foes were hovering 'round?
Who dug the graves of comrades dear?
  Who laid them in the ground?
Who sent the dying message home
  To those they never knew?
If officers did all this,
  What did the privates do?

Who were the men to fill the place
  Of comrades slain in strife?
Who were the men to risk their own
  To save a comrade's life?
Who was it that lived on salted pork
  And bread too hard to chew?
If officers did this alone,
  What did the privates do?

Who lay in pits on rainy nights
  All eager for the fray?
Who marched beneath the scorching sun
  Through many a toilsome day?
Who paid the sutler double price
  And scanty rations drew?
If officers get all the praise,
  Pray, what did the privates do?

Who led the van at Malvern Hill,
  Where slaughter marked the day?
Who gave the Yanks that bitter pill
  At Manassas—halt and say?
Who at Shiloh waged that bloody fight,
  Where Grant's army fairly flew?
If officers did all that,
  What did the privates do?

Now let us say to those who led,
  No matter if they wore the gray or blue:
Too much praise cannot be said,
  Just so they were honest, brave, and true.
Whether they were officers or whether not,
  Each fronted alike the battle storm,
Each breasted the screeching cannon shot.
  Each let us honor ere they are gone.

All honor, then, to the brave old boys
  Who rallied to the call
Without regard to name or rank—
  We honor one and all.
They are passing over, one by one,
  And soon they'll all be gone
To where the book will surely show
  Just what by privates was done.

I was in the battle of Malvern Hill, and my recollections were published in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN'S columns twelve months ago.

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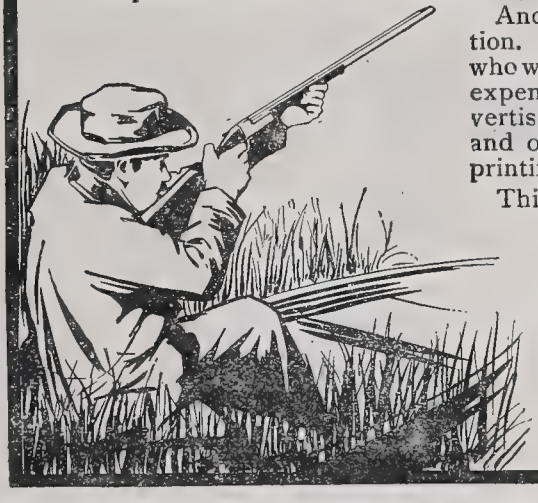
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G. A. Hufford, of Waelder, Tex., wishes to hear from some of his comrades of Company H, Capt. J. B. Bray, 1st Confederate Regiment of Georgia Volunteers, with which he served. He was the first orderly sergeant of the company, and enlisted at Rome, Ga. He is now old and needy, is trying to get a pension, and needs to have his service proved.

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The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. XVI. | NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1908. | No. 5. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR.

JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is unable to report official action by the Jefferson Davis Home Association in regard to the procurement of desired portions of the birthplace at Fairview, Ky., of the President of the Confederate States for a memorial building and park.

As heretofore published, Mrs. Margaret Davis Hayes and her husband united in a "quit claim" deed to the church property donated to the Church by Mr. Davis, whereby it would have the right to reconvey said property. It was expected, and the earnest hope had been entertained, that the Church would deed to the Home Association such parts of its grounds as might seem desirable for its memorial purposes, but there arose a misunderstanding in regard to it. Then the committee failed to procure satisfactory terms upon other property, and the outlook became most discouraging.

On Monday, April 27, 1908, a meeting was held of representative citizens of Fairview, and they secured options at actual values on the most desirable property of the estate, while some of the parties giving options offered donations in addition. The following day, April 28, Messrs. W. B. Brewer and R. F. Vaughan, of Fairview, as representatives visited Nashville to report to the VETERAN the action of the meeting on the previous day.

The options include the area between the Baptist church property and Pembroke Street (save a small corner lot), about five hundred feet frontage on Main Street, and thence along Pembroke about fifteen hundred feet, the area being a parallelogram. The property referred to comprises about twelve acres. It is delightfully located and has the natural advantages of very fine water and a large oak grove. The small lot referred to above, corner of Main and Pembroke Streets, owned by Dr. Stuart, and another on the opposite corner, owned by Mr. R. F. Vaughan, and still another lot, owned by Mr. W. B. Brewer, are offered to the Association free of charge if needed in the plans of the Association.

The sentiment of the people of Fairview is thoroughly aroused to the importance of this movement, and they will gladly coöperate with the Association and their friends in the great and reverent work undertaken. This is the last opportunity the VETERAN will have to appeal for this important movement or any action concerning it before the centenary of Mr. Davis's birth, and it earnestly recommends that in every meeting held to honor the memory of the President of the Confederacy a subscription be raised for the special purpose of procuring this most worthy memorial. Beautiful certificates will be supplied to all who subscribe as much as one dollar. What an honor to our cause if the purchase money (about $6,000) should be subscribed on the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Jefferson Davis!

The money need not necessarily be paid at once, but each remittance should be mailed to Mr. John H. Leathers, Treasurer of the Association (banker), Louisville, Ky., while notice of same is requested by the VETERAN.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

A review of the early history of the town of Fairview, Ky., discloses the fact that its primitive name was Davisburg, so named after Samuel Davis, a Georgian, who was already settled in 1800 where the Bethel church house now stands. The Indian had then left these parts for other hunting grounds, but upon his track the sleepless and relentless avenger followed. A fierce example of this character, —— McReynolds, living only two miles southwest of Davisburg, "still lingered and solaced himself with a fall hunt of the redskin in much the same glee and joyous frame of mind that the deer hunt was indulged in a little later on." His doctrine was that a hunt which did not contemplate danger as a large integral was not worth indulging in, and with the element of d[illegible] left out was "nothing but contemptible pot shooting." However, McReynolds left for his fall hunt and sport, never to return. It is supposed that the Indians got him.

In November, 1800, Edward Shanklin and his family left Newmarket, Rockingham County, Va., to make their home in the then West; and in the December following he halted at Samuel Davis's, in Christian County, Ky., then known as Davisburg. He bought land near Davisburg, where he died in 1826. His widow continued to reside on the homestead until her death, which occurred on November 23, 1863, at the advanced age of ninety-seven years, leaving her second son the homestead, where he continued to live until his death, in 1879, aged eighty-five years.

In the fall of 1805 George Tillman settled one mile south of Davisburg, at what is now known as Cave Spring. A month later his wife died. Here Mrs. Davis had opportunity to exercise her large-heartedness in caring for his motherless children. One of them, Mary, was nine years old at the time of her mother's death, and she continued to live with

Mrs. Davis until the spring of 1811, during which time Jefferson was born. Often has the writer heard the old lady recount many incidents of early life in the Davis family; and when it is considered that she was eleven years old when Jefferson was born and had often nursed him and was so familiar with Mrs. Davis and family up to the time of her death, she never referred to Mrs. Davis or family other than as "Aunt Winney, Little Jef, Joe, or Anna" when speaking of the various members of the family. This old lady died in July, 1890, in her ninety-fourth year, her mind clear and intact to the close of her life.

Owing to the total loss of her sight, she talked much of her early recollections, and especially was this the case after Jefferson Davis became the representative of what it was "to do and to dare for his fellow-man." Of him personally she could only call him "Little Jef," for the reason that the removal of the family to Mississippi occurred when his years were yet too tender to permit of the development which in after years characterized him as of the front rank of his fellows. Many readers will recall his visit to Fairview in 1876, when he was dined at his birthplace (then the residence of Andrew J. Kenner), the presentation of a cane made from a part of the locust tree that grew near his father's old residence, and his response closing with the ringing enunciation: "The noblest work of man is to do and to suffer for his fellow-man."

[The foregoing is from a journal written by Dr. E. S. Stuart, of Fairview, a nephew of Mary Tillman, now a venerable man, who was thoroughly familiar with the facts, having known her all of his life.

In a long wait for return train at Pembroke the editor of the Veteran had the great pleasure of Mr. Davis's companionship, and it was a blessing never to be forgotten to hear from him reminiscences of his extraordinary life—boyhood, manhood, successes, and defeats. There was never more of self, however, in his conversations than necessary in giving accounts of events important to his country and to his fellow-man.

Mr. Davis seemed to be impressed with the genuine Kentucky welcome given him, and as he journeyed back to the railway station he said to his aid, Capt. M. H. Clark, with feeling: "Those people knew that I was a poor wanderer, without a country, without ability or power to reciprocate.]

HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY OF PRESIDENT DAVIS.

BY MRS. CORNELIA BRANCH STONE, PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To Divisions and Chapters, Daughters of the Confederacy.

You are again reminded of the near approach of the one hundredth aniversary of the birth of our beloved chieftain, Jefferson Davis, the one and only President of the Confederate States, and it is urged that each Chapter celebrate June 3 in such manner as to make it a memorable occasion to every citizen of your county and State. Let your programme for that day speak in loving memory of his unblemished character, his upright life, and his great unselfish service. Do all in your power to promote in the schools, public and private, and in your Chapter meetings a close study of the public and religious life of Mr. Davis, as shown in the "Memoirs" of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, and learn of his patience, fortitude, and suffering from the "Prison Life of Jefferson Davis," by Dr. J. J. Craven. "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," by Jefferson Davis, will give you the true history of that time, and will tell of the great service of the men whose memory we honor and cherish.

Division Presidents are requested to urge upon the Chapters under their administration the proper observance of these provisions and to notify the chairmen of their committees on Chapter extension that to all Chapters organized during the year 1908 which may be named for President Davis or any member of his family or for either of his three homes—Rosemont, his childhood home, Brierfield, and Beauvoir—a gavel will be given made of Beauvoir wood with silver plate.

As a deed of commemoration and education, Chapters are requested to place pictures of Jefferson Davis in the public and private schools during this year. The presentation should be accomplished by such fitting ceremony as will impress the students of the schools with the greatness and grandeur of the name you seek to honor. Again, I ask your loyal support and coöperation in the work of the General Association that for the sake of our dear cause the year shall be fruitful of results. More than ever is your support needed with strong, earnest hearts and willing hands; for, overwhelmed by a great sorrow, groping dimly for the light, I ask your loyal aid in the great purposes of our organization.

For the loving sympathy extended may God bless you!

BIRMINGHAM REUNION PROGRAMME.

Tuesday: 3 P.M., band concert at Capital Park, with ample supply of ice water; 4 P.M., general handshaking at park, exclusively for veterans; in the evening, concert at Hippodrome.

Wednesday afternoon: Floral parade, under the auspices of Sons of Veterans.

Wednesday: 8 P.M., pyrotechnic display at Fair Grounds; 8 P.M., two concerts at Hippodrome and Jefferson Theater, under auspices of music committee.

Thursday: 11 A.M., parade in city.

Thursday: 3:30 P.M., racing at the Fair Grounds; 8 P.M., pyrotechnic display at Fair Grounds; ball at Hippodrome.

Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Commander in Chief, has appointed (as is the custom, the Division Commander for the State in which a Reunion is held) Maj. Gen. George P. Harrison, Commanding Alabama Division, chief marshal of the parade. He appoints as the sponsor for the South Miss Sarah Lee Evans, daughter of Gen. Clement A. Evans, of Georgia, whose gallant deeds as a Confederate leader are an open book to the Southland. The maids of honor are Miss Varina Cook, daughter of Gen. V. Y. Cook, of Arkansas, and Miss Emma McDavitt Leedy, daughter of Maj. William B. Leedy, and Mrs. Leedy has been selected as the headquarters' chaperon.



HOTEL HILLMAN, HEADQUARTERS OF THE VETERAN.

MAJ. HENRY WIRZ.

The dedication of a monument to Maj. Henry Wirz, to occur at Andersonville, Ga., on June 3, is attracting widespread attention. By thousands in the South he is regarded as a typical martyr to the Southern cause, being the one man whose life was sacrificed after the form of a legal trial—regarded by many as a mockery. At the North there has been vigorous opposition to any act whereby his career as a Confederate in honor is to be perpetuated. Many Southerners who believed in his absolute innocence, especially the Georgia Division, U. D. C., determined to erect the monument. The spirited and vindictive opposition to the movement by some Northern people, including veteran soldiers, and the desire to conciliate induced many Confederates to desist from active participation in the movement. It progressed, however, and the dedication may be expected as announced. The inscription is anticipated with anxiety. The purpose to quote from Surgeon General Barnes's report on the death rate in prisons North and South was agreed to, but there arose controversies as to the reliability of the figures. They were given by United States Senator Benjamin H. Hill, and not disputed in a spirited debate with Senator Blaine; but in later years accuracy of the report is questioned.

The VETERAN gives herein (page 217) the testimony of a Union soldier upon Major Wirz and his deeds at Andersonville. Readers will accept his (Captain Page's) statements in preference to those of Federal soldiers who were not there.

Mrs. J. S. Perrin, of Natchez, Miss., wrote a letter sometime ago from which extracts are reproduced. She is the only child of Major Wirz in the United States; but she has a brother and sister in Switzerland, the children of his first wife. She wrote: "I remember Andersonville, the stockade, the officers at the fort, and many instances of my father's kind-



MAJ. HENRY WIRZ, COMMANDER OF ANDERSONVILLE PRISON, EXECUTED NOVEMBER 10, 1865.

ness and thoughtful care, and his burning desire and earnest efforts for the betterment of the poor prisoners. One of the mysteries of fate to me now, and that always will be—one that I shall not understand 'until I see him face to face' and all things are made clear—is that papa alone, who was the most innocent of all, should have to suffer as he did. Of course I am extremely anxious that a monument be erected to stand as a refutation of the cruel charges made against him, and may the All-Father bless those who are working for it and crown their efforts with success!"

Connected with Major Wirz's last moments was the revelation of a plot to involve Mr. Davis.

Mr. Lewis Schade, who was counsel for Wirz, says that he and Father Boyle were informed that a member of the Cabinet said that if Wirz would acknowledge that Mr. Davis was connected with the atrocities at Andersonville his sentence should be commuted. Mr. Schade related the matter to the prisoner at his last conference with him, when Major Wirz said: "Mr. Schade, you know I have always told you that I did not know anything about Mr. Davis. He had no connection with me as to what was done at Andersonville; and if I knew he had, I would not become a traitor against him or any one else to save my life."

The following letter was written by Wirz:

"Old Capitol Prison, Nov. 10, 1865.

"Mr. Schade—Dear Sir: It is no doubt the last time I address myself to you. What I have said to you often I repeat. Accept my sincere, heartfelt thanks for all you have done for me. May God reward you! I cannot. * * * Please help my poor family, my dear wife and children. War, cruel war, has swept everything from me, and to-day my wife and my children are beggars. My life is demanded as an atonement. I hope after a while I will be judged differently from what I am now. If any one ought to come to the relief of my family, it is the people of the South, for whose sake I have sacrificed all. Farewell, dear sir. May God bless you!

"Yours thankfully, H. Wirz."

TENNESSEE DIVISION U. D. C. CONVENTION.

Mrs. M. B. Pilcher, President, announces that the date of the U. D. C. Convention for Tennessee will be held in Chattanooga May 13-16 at the new Hotel Patten, also that the railroad rates will be one and one-third for round trip.

Mrs. Pilcher announces also that the U. D. C. Day at Monteagle has a fine list of attendants, including Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, President General U. D. C., Mrs. Roselle Cooley and Mrs. A. L. Dowdell, Secretaries General U. D. C., and Elizabeth Lumpkin Glenn. R. E. Lee, Jr., may attend as orator of the day.

PICTURES OF GEN. ROBERT E. LEE.

The Shiloh Monument Committee is prepared to sell for the benefit of the Shiloh Monument Fund handsome steel engravings and India prints of Gen. Robert E. Lee. These pictures are 16½x21¾ inches, and are pronounced by Miss Mary Custis Lee a most "satisfactory picture of her father."

Chapters of the U. D. C., Camps of Veterans, school boards, and individuals desiring pictures of the great General are requested to consider these pictures before buying. In buying these one will get a superb picture and help a worthy cause. Inquiries may be made of any State Director for Shiloh (for list see April Veteran) or to Mrs. Alexander B. White, Paris, Tenn., Chairman U. D. C. Shiloh Monument Committee.

MEDICAL OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION.

The eighteenth annual Reunion of the Association of Medical Officers of the Army and Navy of the Confederacy will convene with the other veterans, June 9-11. Its sessions will be held in a well-chosen hall near the center of the city and near the general Reunion auditorium.

The objects of the Association are largely social, in bringing together the former associates in the trying experiences of the sixties, and yet they desire to restore as much as practicable the history of the department for posterity.

All members of the medical profession who served as surgeon, assistant surgeon, contract physician or acting assistant surgeon, hospital steward, or chaplain during the War between the States shall be eligible to membership as regular members. All Confederate veterans who are regular doctors of medicine are eligible to membership as associate members, and all sons of Confederate veterans who are regular doctors of medicine shall be eligible to membership as junior members. They all have the same rights and privileges on the floor of the Association at its meetings, and only differ in name to indicate the several classes forming our Association. The membership fee is one dollar.

Those who prepare papers, essays, or reports of cases or incidents are requested to inform the Secretary, Dr. A. A. Lyon, Nashville, Tenn., prior to June 1, and later J. C. Abernathy, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, 1906 First Avenue, Birmingham, Ala.

The Jefferson County Medical Society, the second largest in the State of Alabama, has extended a most cordial invitation to the Association to meet in their city, and they are making preparation for the reception and entertainment that indicates a most satisfactory meeting.

The foregoing is taken from a circular letter by the Secretary, Dr. Lyon, successor to Dr. Deering J. Roberts, of Nashville, editor and proprietor of the Southern Practitioner, and who is ever diligent for the success of the Association.

Dr. Samuel E. Lewis, of Washington, D. C., one of the most diligent of all workers in the Confederate cause, is President of the Association.



Group from First South Carolina Regiment.—From left to right, back row: William Vogle, Monroe Ruff, John Burke. Front row: A. H. Montieth, J. R. Hamilton, H. E. Heisie. Survivors of Company C, 1st Regiment South Carolina Volunteers, McGowan's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia.

SOUTHERN HISTORY—TENNESSEE.

BY MRS. TENNIE PINKERTON DOZIER, FRANKLIN, TENN., HISTORIAN TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. D. C.

"A land without memories is a land without history." The South is preëminently a land of memories—a land rich in history, rich in legends—and lays that tell of the memories of long-vanished days. Every Daughter of the Confederacy—in fact, every Southern woman—should know this history. She should be able to teach to her children the glorious history of Southern men and women from the time of the first English settlement on Southern soil till the present time. All of this history, so full of true patriotism, so full of glory and honor, is our heritage, and it can never be taken from us.

"The race may fall unto the swift
And the battle to the strong;
But the truth will shine in history
And blossom into song."

We can never inspire others with any thought till we ourselves are enthused with that thought, and we cannot be enthusiastic over anything about which we know little or nothing. This is why the writer, Historian of the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., in preparing the two years' course of study for the U. D. C. of the State selected subjects pertaining to the history of the South, especially of Tennessee.

The history of the South includes all Confederate history. In this short sketch the writer has tried not to claim for the South any honor that is not justly hers. The history of the South is glorious enough just as it is. The Historian of the Tennessee Division insists that no book, poem, or song be allowed a place in our homes or schools that misrepresents the North, the South, or any section of our country. The children of our land should know the truth.

Let us examine the records that we may see what our forefathers did for this country, not only for the South, but the North, the East, and the West. A Southern colony, Virginia, the "great mother of great commonwealths," was the first and largest of the thirteen colonies. The first permanent English settlement in America was made on Southern soil, and the first white child born in America was born in the South.

In 1765 at Wilmington, N. C., armed forces prevented the officers of a British man-of-war from landing a single piece of the king's odious stamp paper within the borders of North Carolina. This was several years prior to the Boston "tea party." Fitch, in his "History of North Carolina," says: "Here is an act of the sons of North Carolina not committed on a merchant vessel nor on a crew of a freight ship nor done under any disguise or mask, but on the representative of royalty itself commanding a man-of-war of King George's navy, in open daylight, by well-known men."

The first battle of the American Revolution was fought on Southern soil—Alamance, N. C. If history be true, Tennesseeans took part in that battle. Tennessee was then a part of North Carolina. We are told that many who took part in that battle for American independence, having been defeated by the British tyrant, Governor Tryon, took refuge from oppression west of the Alleghanies and became the founders of the Watauga settlement, in East Tennessee. These men called themselves Regulators. Bancroft, the historian, says: "It is a mistake if any have supposed that the Regulators were cowed down by their defeat at the Alamance. Like the mammoth, they shook the bolt from their brow and crossed the mountains." These same men in 1772 organized themselves into an independent body politic—independent of King George of England, and independent of the tyrant Tryon. Thus it was that at Watauga, on Tennessee soil, was organized the first independent government on the North American Continent—a fact of which every Tennesseean should be proud. Bancroft says: "These men set to the people of America the example of erecting themselves into a State independent of the authority of the British king."

Whatever of greatness came to this republic for more than half a century after it was begun, during its formative period, was due largely to Southern statesmanship. It was the eloquence and patriotism of a Virginian, Patrick Henry, that fired the colonial heart and pointed the way to freedom from British tyranny.

The President of the first Continental Congress was Peyton Randolph, a Virginian, so elected at Philadelphia in 1774. It was by a Southern colony, North Carolina, that the first Declaration of American Independence (the Mecklenburg, May 20, 1775) was made. It was a Virginian, Richard Henry Lee, who moved that "these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free." The author of the immortal Declaration of Independence was a Virginian, Thomas Jefferson.

When war was declared with Great Britain, it was then, as it was in 1861, that this country turned to the South for its leader, and George Washington was made commander in chief of the American forces and led them to a glorious victory.

It was the South that for a greater portion of the seventy-two years that intervened between the inauguration of Washington as first President of the United States and the firing of the first gun on Fort Sumter in 1861 furnished the United States her Presidents. Virginia alone furnished Presidents thirty-seven and Tennessee twelve years of the seventy-two years. During these years the South furnished most of the Cabinet officers and Chief Justices.

Till the War between the States the voice of the South was potent, if not dominant, in the affairs of this nation; and it can be so again, for the soul of the cavalier is not dead, and the same pure blood that coursed through the veins of our Huguenot and Scotch-Irish ancestors flows through ours to-day.

Not only did the South furnish Presidents, Chief Justices, and Attorney-Generals for a greater portion of the seventy-two years, but military leaders also. Both Great Britain and Mexico were made to recognize the courage of the Southern soldier. And in our own war, the greatest in some respects of all time, was it not a man from the South, our own peerless R. E. Lee, who was recognized as the greatest military leader in this country? He had the honor of commanding the Confederate forces, also the honor of declining to be commander in chief of the Federal forces.

Not only was the valor of the Southern soldier recognized, but of the Tennessee soldier as a part of this great whole. We scarcely know when Tennessee won for herself the proud title of "Volunteer State;" for on every battlefield—even at Alamance, the first battle for American independence, as stated above—she has been grandly represented. It was at that critical moment of the Revolution, when a compromise with Great Britain was being urged in Congress, that every male citizen of the Watauga settlement who was old enough to shoulder a rifle went forth under the leadership of John Sevier to answer in person the rash threat of General Ferguson. At King's Mountain they met him, and his brave men won that glorious victory that turned the tide of the Revolution, and nothing more was said of a compromise.

In the War of 1812 it was Southern men who shed the

greatest luster on our flag, and the leader of these Southern men was our own Andrew Jackson, who with his brave Tennessee and Kentucky boys met and defeated the British at New Orleans on that never-to-be-forgotten 8th of January. He it was who in 1813 with two or three thousand volunteers defeated the Creek Indians. "It was a Tennesseean (Crockett) whose bravery at the Alamo was the admiration of the world; another Tennesseean beat back Santa Anna's forces and made Texas independence possible."

In the war with Mexico, which might truly be called a Southern war and a Southern victory (for it was fought almost altogether by Southern soldiers), it was Southern men who won for themselves undying fame. Among them were Zachary Taylor, Joseph E. Johnston, Jefferson Davis, R. E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Albert Sidney Johnston, Braxton Bragg, W. J. Hardee, J. B. Hood, James Longstreet, Gideon Pillow, William B. Bate, and Frank Cheatham. In this war Tennessee did more than her part. The President of the United States, James K. Polk, a Tennesseean, issued a call for twenty-eight hundred Tennesseeans. Thirty thousand responded. Tennesseeans had not forgotten the Alamo. One would naturally suppose that it was then that Tennessee won for herself the title she loves to bear—the "Volunteer State." However, it is found that prior to the Mexican War she is spoken of in history as "Volunteer State." It is generally conceded that this title was given in the War of 1812.

The Mexican War not only secured Texas for the United States, but added what is now California, Nevada, Utah, most of Arizona and New Mexico, and parts of Wyoming and Colorado, the greatest addition ever made to the territory of the United States except Jefferson's purchase of Louisiana from the French. Both of these additions were made during the administration of Southern Presidents, one a Tennesseean.

McGee, in his "History of Tennessee," says: "From 1830 to 1850 Tennessee almost ruled the United States. Her Senators and Representatives in Congress were shrewd and able men; her great statesmen filled important places in the Cabinet and in foreign ministries; her lawyers were judges of Federal, circuit, and supreme courts; and Tennesseeans were Presidents twelve years in a period of twenty—Andrew Jackson eight and James K. Polk four years. No other State except Virginia had ever held so commanding an influence in national affairs." Those were the days of Andrew Jackson, James K. Polk, David Crockett, Sam Houston, Hugh L. White, Felix Grundy, John Bell, Newton Cannon, M. P. Gentry, Ephraim Foster, Gideon Pillow, B. F. Cheatham, William B. Bate, and others who won glory and honor for the "Volunteer State."

When we come to our own war, so full of sad but sweet memories, we find Tennessee taking rank second to none but Virginia. Tennessee gave to the Confederacy one hundred and fifteen thousand Confederate soldiers. Besides these, she furnished thirty-one thousand Federal soldiers. To the Confederacy Tennessee gave forty generals; thirty-one of these were brigadier generals, seven major generals, and two lieutenant generals—A. P. Stewart and N. B. Forrest. On Tennessee soil were fought perhaps more of the battles of the war than on that of any other State except Virginia. Among the great ones were Shiloh, Franklin, Murfreesboro, and Chickamauga. Tennessee not only contributed her part to the land forces, but to the navy also. The Tennessee Ironclad was a terror to the foe and its great pride after being captured. Besides taking part in almost every naval engagement, she gave to the Federal navy the greatest of Federal naval commanders, David G. Farragut, and to the Confederate navy she gave the immortal Confederate commodore, Matthew Fontaine Maury, "The Philosopher of the Seas." The boy hero of the Confederacy, Sam Davis, was a Tennesseean.

In President Davis's Cabinet there was one Tennesseean, B. N. Clements, and in the two sessions of the Confederate Congress she was represented by nineteen of her brave sons.

When we think of what the South as a whole and our State in particular have done for our country; when we think of Davis, Lee, Jackson, Gordon, Forrest, Stewart, Cheatham, Bate, and the many thousands in the ranks who fought so bravely in defense of our homes and firesides, in defense of the Constitution and the great principles of Republican government, and remember the patriotism and self-sacrifice of "the men who wore the gray," then we can realize what a priceless heritage is ours!

But let us not forget that in proportion to our heritage is our responsibility. "Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required." Let us as United Daughters of the Confederacy not forget that we, the descendants of these men whose deeds of heroism have thrilled the world, are living monuments to their memory. Upon us rest the responsibility, the duty of maintaining the high standard they made for us and the South. It was true patriotism, not self-glory, that guided them. Let us not only live up to the lofty standard they set for us, but help others to do so. Let us learn and then teach to the children of our land Southern history from the earliest settlement to the present time, and especially teach them the glorious record of the Confederate soldier, that they may learn lessons of true greatness, of true patriotism.

That we may help the future historian to write a true history of the part the Confederate soldier had in the War between the States we must procure and sacredly preserve the war record of every Confederate soldier possible. We know that upon every battlefield from Gettysburg to the Gulf the lifeblood of Tennessee's brave sons was poured out. Will we not as Tennessee Daughters of the Confederacy see to it that when that impartial history of the War between the States shall be written the part the Tennessee soldier had in that war will not be wanting? Will not every U. D. C. in Tennessee see to it that the war record of every Confederate soldier through whose services she is entitled to be a U. D. C. is procured and preserved on one of our rolls of honor? Many Confederate soldiers are indifferent to the preservation of the history they made for us. But they were not indifferent while they were making it; hence it is necessary that we, the U. D. C., procure and preserve this history.

While we are collecting the war record of our soldiers in the field, let us not neglect to collect the "war reminiscences" of the soldiers at home, the "women of the Confederacy."

Last year (1907) having been the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and this year (1908) being the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Jefferson Davis, the only President of the Confederate States of America, it is hoped that not only the U. D. C. but the schools of Tennessee have given and will continue to give some time to the study of the lives and characters of these truly great men.

Since January 19, Lee Day, comes during the school term, the Historian of the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., would recommend that the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., make an effort to have the schools of Tennessee give an hour every year on

January 19 to appropriate exercises in honor of Gen. Robert E. Lee, that the boys and girls of our State may be induced to emulate his pure life and character. Neither honor, position, nor money could induce R. E. Lee to do what he believed to be wrong nor prevent him from doing what he believed to be right. The doctrine of State rights had been instilled into him from his boyhood and taught to him even when a student at the United States Military Academy. So when President Lincoln through Mr. F. P. Blair offered to him the position of commander in chief of the army of the United States, though he knew what this offer would mean to him and to his family—to keep beautiful Arlington dear to him from many sweet associations, and possibly should he be victorious, to be made President of the United States when the war was ended—though he knew and appreciated these facts, he declined the offer candidly but courteously, saying: "I can take no part in an invasion of the Southern States."



MRS. TENNIE PINKERTON DOZIER.

Several years before the War between the States, when he decided for himself that slavery was not right, he did not try to find some one to whom he could sell his slaves, put the money in his pocket, and then cry out against slavery; but he—R. E. Lee—freed his slaves and was himself the loser financially. This man, "great in victory but greater in defeat, great in war but greater in peace," will go down in history as one of America's greatest men.

In studying the life and character of Jefferson Davis, let us not let the sad and painful memories connected with his defeat and imprisonment obscure the glorious record he made as a soldier, statesman, and Christian gentleman. Let us not think too much of the shackles he was made to wear for us; but rather rejoice in the fact that the manhood of Jefferson Davis, his high sense of honor and integrity of character, were never shackled.

The yearbook of the Tennessee Division was prepared with much loving interest. It is hoped that the course of study therein has been of some help to every U. D. C. in the State, and that it has helped to awaken among her Daughters an interest in the literature as well as the history of the South. A grander or more glorious history the world has never known than is the history of our Southland.

Let us in every way we can, in song and story and with bronze and stone, honor the Confederate soldier and preserve as a sacred trust the history of the Confederate soldier of the "Volunteer State."

ABOUT NEGLECT OF VETERANS AT REUNIONS.

BY W. E. DOYLE (CO. G, 7TH S. C. CAVALRY), MEXIA, TEX.

Mr. Evans, of Huntsville, Ala., got down to facts in his statement as to the treatment of veterans at our annual Reunions. Most of the veterans are now too old to make money, and those who have not been so fortunate as to accumulate a competency are unable to pay the exorbitant prices exacted at our Reunions, and no attention or favors are shown them. Balls and banquets are given to the "sons" and "daughters," while the veterans are not given respect. They are charged a dollar per night for a cot, and for their meals they are charged at the same ratio. About the only use had for the private veterans at Reunions is to have them march two or three miles, and on these occasions I have seen feeble old men on crutches, while able-bodied officers were mounted and others rode in carriages.

It begins to look as if the old veterans are being made tools of, and that the time has come for them to see this and stay away from Reunions run in the interest of anybody but themselves. True, it is a great pleasure for the old veterans to meet and talk of their triumphs and defeats, realizing that they accomplished more, all things considered, than any other soldiers of whom history gives record. And in a few years at most there will be none of them to go to these gatherings; but in the great reunion on the other shore they can "rest under the shade of the trees" and wear with satisfaction the chaplets of honor their sacrifices won.

While giving place to Comrade Doyle's paper above, the VETERAN does not agree wholly with his statement, especially that "no attention or favors are shown those who have not been fortunate in accumulating a competency." There is always a fund raised and expended for free quarters at our Reunions—tents or houses with cots and free meals—to a large proportion of such comrades. The tax to cities entertaining is very large, and it is greater upon the time and comfort of managers beginning months before the time. It is only those who have the experience who realize fully the extent of such anxiety and care. True, it pays, and pays well, to the city in the aggregate; but those who are criticised get very little of the benefit pecuniarily. Besides, at all of the Reunions there are people of wealth and refinement who seek the very men referred to, giving them the best of everything, regardless of inconvenience and expense. Let us regard these things while justly condemning occasional managers who neglect their high obligation in these respects. Much should be endured for the joy of the old Confederates, who esteem above everything of earth personal gatherings with their old comrades with whom they served.

Captain Woodside left two swords at a Mrs. Jackson's, near Harrell's Crossroads, in Dallas County, Ala., one of which was lost in transit when his trunk and swords were forwarded to him in 1866. The one lost had on the blade: "Lieut. J. O. A. Bumpass." He would like to locate it now for the Lieutenant's sister.

GETTING READY FOR THE REUNION.

Arrangements for the Reunion at Birmingham, June 9-11, are being perfected with much diligence, so that patrons and guests may expect credit to the famous young city and pleasure to guests.

In some respects entertainers are always disappointed and regret not having acted differently in some minor details at least; but veterans have long since realized that misfortune may occur, and go prepared. One feature suggested to the management which seems to be omitted is that of a gathering in the Central City Park at 4 P.M. of the 9th. Secretary



CITY PARK, BIRMINGHAM.

Meet your comrades and friends there June 9 at 4 P.M.

Joseph Babb, of the Reunion Committee, understands the plan to be to have a sign for each State on a plot of ground for the assembling of men from that State, so that comrades may learn of each other. Alabama was best of all the States in the last Nashville Reunion on Vanderbilt Campus. The one thing besides giving attention to the VETERAN at its headquarters in the Hillman Hotel will be to bring together comrades who served together. The June VETERAN will be too late for information of value; so let the resolution be to go to that park at four o'clock on the first day, expecting such arrangement as will enable you to see the men of any particular State you may desire. The one misfortune at Nashville was interruption by men who wanted to make public speeches. Let us avoid that.

Gen. Rufus N. Rhodes has been selected by Camp Clayton to deliver the address of welcome to the veterans. J. A. Rountree will welcome the Sons and L. J. Haley the Southern Confederate Memorial Association.

A floral parade will be given on Tuesday afternoon, June 10. Lieut. Gov. Henry B. Gray was appointed Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements.

It is proposed to make the floral parade one of the distinct social events of the Reunion. It is the purpose of the Camp to have every automobile and carriage in Birmingham in line, tastefully decorated with pretty flowers. Pretty sponsors will ride beside the gray-haired veterans amid the waving of flags, the stars and bars and the stars and stripes. Decorated autos and carriages and the strains of sweet music by many bands will thrill the cheering thousands.

In a conversation with Secretary Babb about Reunion arrangements, he said *that the dominating idea is the comfort and pleasure of the veterans.* The hotel for them will be a large, commodious, well-ventilated building at the Fair Grounds, with a twelve-minute ride on free tickets from the center of the city. A band will be stationed at this hotel for the entertainment of the veterans.

General Lee's headquarters will be the Hillman Hotel, which is on Fourth Avenue and Nineteenth Street. This hotel will also be the headquarters of the VETERAN.

Headquarters for information and assignment of homes will be at the City Hall, opposite the Hillman Hotel.

The convention will be held in the Hippodrome.

The money for the Reunion was raised without publicity and without a soliciting committee.

A chorus of school children is being trained, likewise an adult chorus.

Music will be made an important feature of the entertainment, and two public concerts will be given.

UNITED CONFEDERATE CHOIRS OF AMERICA.

The second annual convention of the United Confederate Choirs of America will be held at Birmingham, Ala., on the 10th of June, 1908.

The headquarters of the Commander in Chief will be at Hotel Florence, of that city, during the great Confederate Reunion.

Organized Choirs from five or more States will be represented.

The military designations of the officers are merely affix, not prefix, and no officer shall be addressed by military title.

Following are the officers of the general organization:

Mrs. J. Griff Edwards, General Commander in Chief, Portsmouth, Va.

Miss Mary Cash, First Lieutenant General, Memphis, Tenn.

Mrs. Willie Vandeventer-Crocket, Second Lieutenant General, Fayetteville, Ark.

Miss Mary A. Williams, Major General Virginia Division, Norfolk, Va.

Miss L. Byrd Mock, Major General Arkansas Division, Fayetteville, Ark.

Mrs. Mary H. Miller, Major General Tennessee Division, Memphis, Tenn.

Mrs. Hattie Raguet, Major General Texas Division, Tyler, Tex.

Mrs. Elizabeth E. Lumpkin Glenn, Major General North Carolina Division, Asheville, N. C.



HIPPODROME, THE CONVENTION HALL.

SPONSORS' BALL AT REUNION.

Annie Kendrick Walker writes:

"The committees in charge of the arrangements have decided upon the evening of June 11 for the sponsors' ball, which will be danced in the Hippodrome. This will be the last evening of the Reunion; but there will be a large ball preceding the sponsors' ball, and at which Camp Clayton, United Sons of Veterans, will entertain. The visiting sponsors will be entertained in many ways besides the balls in their honor.

"While the Reunion will be graced by many of the most beautiful women of the South, those appointed as sponsors and staffs for the several departments, the official lists will be augmented by many Birmingham belles, as it is known that several important appointments are to be made by the different Camps and also by the Chief of Staff.

"General Commanding Stephen D. Lee has already appointed Mrs. William B. Leedy as matron of honor on his staff and



VETERANS' HOTEL, THE JOHN B. GORDON, AT THE FAIR GROUNDS.

Miss Emma Leedy as one of the maids of honor. It is understood that one of the most beautiful young women in Birmingham has been selected as sponsor, but no official announcement has been made.

"Camp Hardee will also select a sponsor and maids of honor from among the loveliest young women in society.

"A request has been received by Camp Clayton from Adjutant General and Chief of Staff William E. Mickle to appoint ten temporary aids with the rank of captain to assist in the social duties of the Reunion.

"Besides the sponsors and maids of honor, there will be many other prominent women attending the Reunion, the immediate parties of the officers in high rank to include the ladies of their family.

"Gen. Stephen D. Lee will be accompanied by his sister, Miss Mary Harrison, of Mississippi.

"Adjt. Gen. W. E. Mickle will be accompanied by Mrs. Mickle and Miss Mickle."

Points of Interest.

Capitol Park, Confederate Monument, Monument to Dr. Elias Davis, Statue of Vulcan, and Fair Grounds.

Views of the city may be had from Woodward Building, Brown-Marx Building, First National Bank Building, and Title Guarantee Building.

Theaters: Jefferson, Bijou, Majestic, and Gayety.

When in doubt, ask the next man, any man of Birmingham.

FROM CHAIRMAN OF REUNION COMMITTEE

Chairman J. M. Wilzin, of the Executive Committee, in a general order to Reunion guests:

"*Brothers:* Birmingham extends you greeting, and promises, if loving attention and service shall have their reward, that your Reunion in this city will be a most memorable and pleasurable occasion.

"Special effort will be made to provide for the comfort, convenience, and entertainment of the veterans. They will, as they should, be the central figure in our entertainments and in our hearts.

"'Hotel John B. Gordon' will be established for those veterans who will accept hospitality without charge. It is a commodious, well-ventilated, substantial, and attractive building in which the veterans will be protected from the elements, and will afford cool, clean, and sanitary quarters. The mess hall will likewise be in a large and substantial building, and will be under the direction of a competent committee. Those desiring accommodations at 'Hotel John B. Gordon' are requested to bring blankets where convenient.

"Gen. Stephen D. Lee will have rooms at the Hotel Hillman, corner of Fourth Avenue and Nineteenth Street. At the City Hall, immediately opposite the Hotel Hillman, will be general headquarters. Veterans are to report there for assignment of rooms and for such other information as they desire, the general information bureau being located in the City Hall.

"Horses for the parade may be secured on application to Dr. Byron Dozier, Chairman of Committee on Horses and Carriages, Birmingham.

"Those desiring information as to homes or hotel accommodations will address Jerome A. Tucker, Chairman of Homes Committee, 207 North Twenty-First Street, Birmingham.

"Special railroad rates have been granted by the railroads. Ask your nearest railroad agent for information concerning rates.

"If you are in doubt on any subject or want information on any subject and do not know what committee to address, write J. M. Wilzin, Chairman Executive Committee, Birmingham."

FORREST'S CAVALRY CORPS IN BIRMINGHAM.

The present Commander of the Forrest Cavalry Corps, Lieut. Gen. H. A. Tyler, is diligent in arranging for the Reunion at Birmingham. The social headquarters will be in the Morris Hotel and that for business will be at the corner of Fourth and Twentieth Streets.

The Commander has options on quarters for his men in the Morris (two in a room, $1.50 a day each; six in a room, two beds and four cots, $1 each).

Three hundred horses have been engaged for the parade (at $2 each). This command will follow General Lee and staff, members of the old escort, with the Commander leading. The escort company of General Forrest deserves all the honor that can be bestowed, for they were doubtless in more severe engagements than any other company in the war on either side.

Capt. J. P. Woodside, of Alton, Mo., desires to locate a young boy who asked permission to fight with his company during the battle of Wilson's Creek, and gallantly helped to make the charge on "bloody hill" when the Federals were forced to retreat under their hot fire. The boy had been holding a horse in reserve behind the 2d Missouri Regiment when it was killed by a stray bullet.

BEGINNINGS AT BIRMINGHAM.

Birmingham was laid out in 1871 by the Elyton Land Company, organized by James R. Powell (Duke of Birmingham), Frank M. Gilmer, Jr., Josiah Morris, Campbell Wallace, John T. Milner, Bolling Hall, and I. B. Faunce, of Montgomery, and J. C. Stanton, of Chattanooga. William P. Barker, city engineer, had visions of the future greatness of Birmingham, as shown in its wide and regular streets.

The first sale of lots in the city took place June 1, 1871.

The first house built was on the corner of First Avenue and Twenty-First Street and the first brick store on First Avenue near the Gayety Theater. The first brick residence is still standing across from the Jefferson County jail.

The first newspaper, the Elyton Sun, was removed from Elyton in 1872. Henry A. Hale was editor. The first bank was opened in June, 1873, by Charles Linn, of Montgomery.

The county site was removed from Elyton to Birmingham in 1873. The first Mayor was Maj. Robert Henley. The first postmaster was Robert Ketchum, grandfather of the present Mayor, George B. Ward.

Gas was turned on in October, 1882, and the first telephone exchange was established in that year, 1882.

The first coke iron was manufactured in July, 1874, by the Experimental Coke Company, composed of Col. James R. Powell, John T. Milner, Maj. Willis J. Milner, Maj. Andrew Marre, Dr. J. B. Luckie, Thomas Jeffers, Frank P. O'Brien, Benjamin F. Roden, Maj. Thomas S. Tate, J. L. Lockwood, H. F. DeBardeleben, W. K. Morris, L. W. Johns, and Colonel Goodrich.

The first coke made in Birmingham was by T. T. Hillman and H. F. DeBardeleben at the Alice Furnace in 1880, and the first coke oven was made by them in November, 1880. The first wrought iron was made on June 30, 1881, at the works of the Birmingham Iron & Steel Company.

GLIMPSES OF BIRMINGHAM AS IT IS NOW.

In the immediate vicinity of Birmingham more than thirty stacks are making iron. Hence the saying, "Birmingham fixes the price of pig iron for the world." No panic nor failure of crops nor national adversity can rob Birmingham of its preëminence in the most important of all industries.

The steel mill at Ensley is turning out the best steel rail made. It commands a dollar a ton more on the open market than the Pittsburg rail. Another steel plant, representing an investment of many millions and affording employment to thousands of men, is now in course of erection.

The iron ore beds of Alabama contain 2,000,000,000 tons, and the coal fields contain 50,000,000,000 tons.

Birmingham is conspicuously a manufacturing center because of the cheapness of fuel and the abundance of raw materials. Her heavy products find a market in all parts of the world. More than 2,500 tons of iron are melted daily. One-fifth of the sugar house machinery used in the United States, Porto Rico, and Cuba is made in Birmingham.

The finest clays in the United States are to be found in Jones Valley. Bricks of every variety, fireproofing, terra cotta, pottery, pipes, and other clay manufactures are contributing to spread the reputation and increase the wealth of Birmingham. Cement and concrete industries are leaping in the district. Birmingham is making great strides. It is the seat of a large traffic in yellow pine. It has a cotton mill of more than 40,000 spindles and a hosiery mill in the textile line. There are over three hundred manufacturing establishments in Birmingham, representing an investment of more than $100,000,000 and having an output of over $85,000,000.

Birmingham has kept progress in the cultivation of the spiritual as well as the material. There are more than ninety churches, many of them imposing in appearance. Corresponding zeal has been shown in the erection and equipment of the public schools. The magnificent $200,000 high school recently erected is the pride of the city.

Birmingham is hospitable; the stranger is welcomed with open hands. He finds a climate unsurpassed, an open season all the year around, cooling breezes in summer and flowers



BROWN-MAX BUILDING.



NEW UNION PASSENGER STATION—$2,000,000.



BIRMINGHAM'S $200,000 SCHOOL BUILDING.

in winter. He finds filtered water, adequate drainage, well paved and clean streets, and a vigilant health department. The white death rate is only nine to a thousand. The altitude above the sea ranges from seven hundred feet in the business section to one thousand feet in the residential section.

Birmingham is a city of home owners. Birmingham has in sixteen years built more than sixteen thousand homes.

Birmingham is a great railroad center. Among its lines may be mentioned the Louisville and Nashville, the Central of Georgia, the Southern Railway, the Frisco, the Alabama Great Southern, the Birmingham Mineral, the Seaboard Air Line, the



CITY HALL, BIRMINGHAM, REUNION HEADQUARTERS.

Illinois Central, the Mobile and Ohio, the Atlantic, Birmingham and Atlanta Railroad, the St. Andrews Bay, Columbus and Birmingham Railroad, nearly all making fine headway to Birmingham, and an electric railroad from Gadsden, Ala., to Birmingham is projected.

The new Union Passenger Station, costing over $2,000,000, is nearly completed.

The central geographical position of Birmingham, its wealth of raw material, its railroad facilities, and its climate render it a most excellent place for the location of the smaller as well as the larger industries.

Millions of dollars are being invested in the Birmingham district. The Tennessee Coal, Iron & Railroad Company will, it is understood, spend $30,000,000 to $40,000,000 in the development of its properties, and the Alabama Consolidated Coal & Iron Company has projected a campaign involving the expenditure of millions. Men and money from every section are turning to Birmingham to grasp the opportunities awaiting those who seek.



FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING. WOODWARD BUILDING.

As It Will Be.

Birmingham is destined, it seems, to be the greatest of the Southern cities. Her geographical location in the center of the cotton belt and in the center of the most wonderful mineral region in the world, with abundance of timber near at hand, with every blessing of soil and climate that man could desire, foretell her advent as a metropolis.

John W. Gates is quoted as saying: "I believe the four largest cities in what we term the South are New Orleans, Memphis, Birmingham, and Atlanta, in the order named. I believe, however, that by 1920 Birmingham, Ala., will be the largest of them all. I see no reason why Birmingham should not have one million people twenty years hence. It will certainly be the largest city in America not on navigable waters. Pittsburg and vicinity has a population of over one million people. If Mr. Andrew Carnegie had started out in Birmingham instead of Pittsburg, Birmingham would to-day be the iron and steel center of America instead of Pittsburg, in my opinion. A ton of pig iron can be produced in the Birmingham district with modern furnaces, such as we will have twenty-four months from to-day, for $2.50 to $3.50 per ton less than it can be manufactured anywhere else in America, and I believe for two dollars per ton less than it can be made anywhere else in the world."

Birmingham fixes the price of iron for the world, makes the best steel rail, is fourth as an iron producer in the United States, and has the largest supply of iron ore in the world.

There are 8,610 square miles of coal fields and 15 railroads.



THE HILLMAN HOSPITAL.

One million dollars a week is paid out in wages, 52,000 men are employed in industries, and 2,500 tons of iron are melted daily.

It gives the railroads 40,000,000 tons of freight yearly.

It has $100,000,000 invested in industries, and pays one-sixth of the State taxes.

It mines 13,000,000 tons of coal yearly, has 125 miles of street railway tracks, the best sanitary sewerage in the South, a death rate of only nine and a half to one thousand whites, a population of 150,000 with suburbs, and has $20,000,000 bank deposits.

The real estate transfers last year amounted to $11,000,000.

It has twelve parks with an area of two hundred acres.

It handles 125,000 bales of cotton annually, i a clay-working center, and has inexhaustible cement resources.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

FAITHFUL FRATERNAL FRIENDSHIP.

The VETERAN feels impelled to say something about the friendship that should exist among men. It is directed in this channel because of the great lessons taught by Confederate comradeship and the rapid dropping out of life by the men and women who are of the class that it represents. Creation and life are a profound mystery. A leading citizen of the South who was an eminently moral man (a United States Senator) expressed gratitude for the peace of mind shown by Christians, and yet to his intimate friends admitted that he was an infidel. He could not believe in Divinity, and he went down to the grave a sad, sad man. He had no theory, no hope of the future.

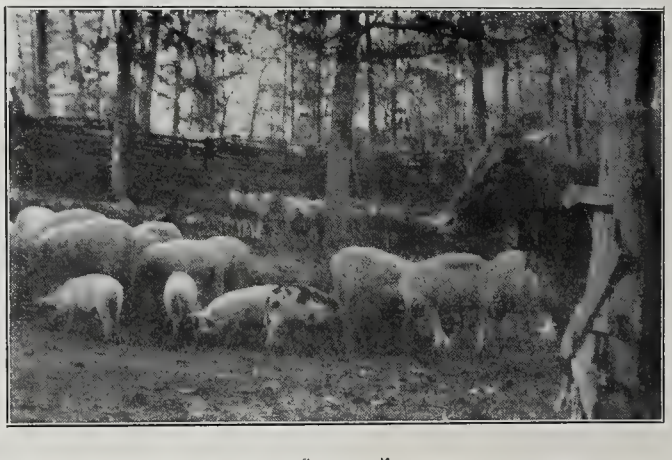
We do not *know,* as we see and feel and hear, but we *trust* in morality and in the good. We are comforted in performing deeds of kindness; and if we have persisted in living by the golden rule, we are rewarded here; while there is something that soothes and comforts beyond all else, even if it is only hope, of a resurrection as set forth in the Bible.

The special purpose of this plea is to induce zeal in giving others pleasure and in helping the wicked to be better. The commotion in the legislative world nowadays against graft and oppression of the poor is commendable, and yet there is a lack by these reconstructionists of that sympathy toward those who are legislated against which robs the acts of their best moral benefit. There should be more of "moral suasion" and less persecution by legislation in these matters. Our brothers are not all devils to be fought with fire.

How rapidly mankind is passing! Very soon each one is to occupy the lonesome grave, where the evil influences that have been exercised cannot be recalled. Physical development is fine for the time, but every man is speedily growing into age—yea, imbecility—so that in a brief while the strongest will have gone "the way of all the earth."

Family ties are beautiful, and it is well to provide for the household. A man who is devoted to his home—to his wife and children—is apt to be a moral man and a good citizen; and yet the brotherhood of man has its full claim upon each one. He who accumulates a fortune and confines all of his giving to his family makes a mistake. The poor drunkard in a gutter lowers humanity. He is our brother. Exclusiveness of class is the most deplorable of human ills. Pity the man who ostracizes his neighbors because he has wealth! He will be all the lonesomer in his wait for the judgment. The man who is without direct heirs and wills his estate to those of his kin who are already wealthy makes a mistake, and the rich who build great monuments rather than provide for their poor kin and poor neighbors will not be proud of their deeds when the great judgment day arrives. Such monuments if still standing will be a mockery rather than an honor, and the dust of crumbled shafts may stifle those so designated. Splendid monuments are commended, but it is the excess that is deplored.

The writer of the foregoing is blessed with health beyond most of his fellows, and hopes to live several years yet. He is active and bounds along quite like a schoolboy when scampering off to a playground. He once thought he might be an exception and not give down as other men failing in mind and body; but he sees now that all who are human are destined to death ere long, and he realizes more vividly than before that the human race is on trial every day and every hour. A Judge who cannot be deceived is in constant charge of his case, and he may be required to confess any day or hour. Sudden deaths are far more numerous than formerly, and all our deeds are to be accounted for. Let us have faith and hope, giving good cheer; but let us place charity before all other virtues after integrity—charity that is kind and that endures. Let us be active to help and elevate our fellow-man; then we shall have done what we could. Let the "kingliness of kindness and the royalty of truth" be the spirit of our lives and let us abandon hope of knowing the *origin* of God. We are too small and too weak to fathom such depth, else ere this some of the saints would have had that knowledge.



KODAK PICTURE FROM MISS "POLLY" DUFF, BIG STONE GAP, VA.

(Miss Duff—Anne Imboden—and Dr. James Madison Lynch, of Baltimore, were married in Nashville April 15, 1908.)

RULES FOR BURYING DEAD OF THE ENEMY.

The article of Col. W. D. Pickett, page 230, was shown to Gov. James D. Porter, staff officer to General Cheatham, and he dictated the following in reply: "I have read my friend Colonel Pickett's paper entitled 'Rules for Burial of Your Adversary's Dead on the Battlefield.' All I assume to know about the proper rule for observance is that when we moved forward after the battle of Chickamauga we had hurriedly buried our own dead and a few of the Federal dead. The order came suddenly to move rapidly forward. We were then engaged in burying the dead. The commanding general was close by, and I asked him myself: 'What must we do with the enemy's dead?' He replied: 'We are simply passing over the battlefield and are under no obligations, according to the rules of war, to stop to bury them. We will recognize any application the enemy makes for the burial of his dead.' I repeat what I heretofore said—that the flag of truce for the burial of the dead at Kennesaw Mountain was applied for by General Sherman."

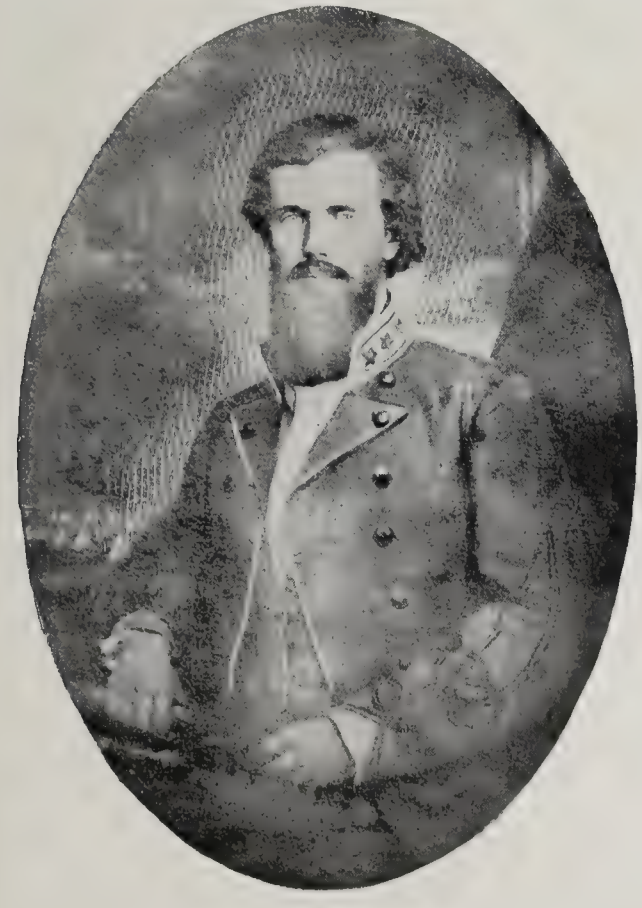
PRESIDENT CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, NOT "SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY."—Thanks to Capt. Charles S. Dwight, who commanded a corps of engineers in the Confederate States army, for his letter from Columbia, S. C., criticising the inscription on the memorial window at Biloxi: "To * * * wife of Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy." The term should be changed from Southern Confederacy to Confederate States of America.

ADDRESS OF BRIG. GEN. JAMES E. RAINS.

BY L. J. WATKINS (A NEPHEW), NASHVILLE, TENN.

The following address by General Rains was in response to a speech delivered by Colonel De Bow, presenting the General, on behalf of the ladies and citizenry of Nashville, with a beautiful Confederate flag. The exercises took place early in the spring of 1862 at the old City Hotel, which stood on the east side of the Public Square at Nashville, the General addressing his audience from the hotel balcony. The occasion was one of mixed enthusiasm and sentiment, a vast concourse of people having assembled for the purpose stated and to bid farewell—a last farewell, it was—to their distinguished, heroic fellow-townsman and his gallant band of soldiers. General Rains fell in the battle of Murfreesboro, not long afterwards, while leading a charge on the enemy.

James Edwards Rains was born April 10, 1833, in Wilson County, Tenn.; and fell at the head of his brigade in the battle of Murfreesboro, December 31, 1862. General Rains inherited the sterling qualities of courage, hardihood, and high-mindedness of his father, Rev. John Rains; while his mother, Lucinda Cartwright, to whom the distinguished son was uncommonly devoted, transmitted to him the beautiful traits of gentleness and unselfishness.



GEN. JAMES E. RAINS.

When he had hardly attained his majority, General Rains graduated from Yale at the head of his law class, and in 1854 entered upon the practice of his profession at Nashville, Tenn., and soon thereafter was elected City Attorney. During his term as City Attorney he was associate editor of the Nashville Banner. In 1860 he was elected Attorney-General of the district comprising the counties of Davidson, Williamson, and Sumner. This office he held at the outbreak of the great war. When the call for troops was issued, he enlisted as a private, and in rapid succession was made lieutenant, captain, and then colonel of the 11th Tennessee Regiment. In the spring of 1862, though only twenty-nine years of age, he was commissioned brigadier general. His career as a soldier was brief but brilliant. In the battles of Barboursville, Wild Cat, and Murfreesboro he quitted himself like a true soldier.

General Rains commanded the brigade composed of the 3d and 9th Georgia, 11th Tennessee, and 20th North Carolina Regiments. In the battle of Murfreesboro he occupied the extreme left of the Confederate line, and led his command with a noble daring in the memorable charge of Wednesday. While under a terrific fire, and as he was passing down the line, a Minie ball struck him in the breast, and he fell near the colors, uttering as his last words: "Forward, my brave boys, forward!"

General Rains was married on June 22, 1858, to Miss Ida Yeatman, daughter of Henry Y. Yeatman, of Nashville, Tenn. To them was born one child, Laura, who is now Mrs. L. J. Ellis, of Plainfield, N. J. Mrs. Ellis visited New Haven recently to meet some of her father's Yale classmates, who presented to her a silver salver which bore the inscription: "To Mrs. L. J. Ellis—A Tribute of Respect and Affection for Her Father, the Hon. James E. Rains, Class of 1854, Yale College. From His Classmates."

Mrs. Anice Corder, a sister of General Rains, resides in Nashville.

General Rains's Speech.

In behalf of the gallant men before us, I accept these colors and return to you, and through you to the fair donors—and especially to her who has been mainly instrumental in its presentation—our most hearty thanks for the beautiful gift and for the handsome manner in which it has been bestowed.

I feel conscious of the high and sacred trust I assume in receiving from the hands of beauty this holy emblem of freedom and human rights; and had I the least lingering apprehension that its proud folds would wave above one coward heart or trail before a conquering foe, I would refuse to accept the proffered gift. But, sir, I accept it, and can commit it to the keeping of these men with the confident assurance that they will defend it with a valor and a patriotic self-devotion which will infinitely prefer death to its dishonor.

Sir, these gallant men are panting for the fray. From the Old Dominion they have snuffed the scent of battle and caught the shout of victory, and they are champing at their bits for the fight. You may tell the fair ladies from whom you bear your commission that those men will never disgrace that flag. Tell them that they will prize it as the dearest object of the soldier's affection, the holiest emblem of a just cause, and the grandest incentive to a patriotic chivalry. Tell them they will defend it with their stout arms while it floats and cover it with their lifeless forms should it fall. Tell them that in the height of battle, when grim-visaged war shall shake his gory locks, bristle his angry crest, and send his death-dealing messengers thick and fast among their ranks, they will turn their eyes to where that banner floats, and, catching fresh inspiration from its gallant folds, will rush with steadier step and stouter heart to the deadly assault. And tell them, too, that they will never forget the fair donors of the standard they bear; that their names will be watchwords for enthusiasm amidst the cry of battle and the shout of victory; that they will mingle with the song of praise for the conquering hero the requiem of sadness for the fallen brave; that they will give keener zest to the soldier's joy when a field has been won, and soothe the dying pangs of those whose blood the victory costs.

To you, then, brave men, I commit this banner. To your keeping is confided the sacred badge of an oppressed people's rights. Take it and defend it—defend it with your valor and your lives; defend it for the honor of those who bear it; defend it for the love of those who gave it; defend it for the justice of the cause it symbolizes. Let it be to you the guiding star of duty, the never-failing proof of valor, the sure harbinger of victory, the everlasting symbol of a patriotic and holy cause. And should it be your good fortune to fling it to the breeze in the face of the foe, there rear with your arms an impenetrable rampart around it, or build with your bodies a sacred mausoleum above it.

No one, sir, of these gallant men, while that flag shall wave above, will begrudge a thousand lives in so holy a cause.

Nowhere can a man fall more gloriously than in defending his own liberties and his country's honor; in no way can he make his name dearer and his memory sweeter to surviving friends; in no way can he invest the sod that shall cover him with a more thrilling interest and shed upon his own dust a more lasting honor than to fall battling for his country's freedom.

You may fall, brave men, in defending the trust you have this day assumed; but if fall you must, you will not fall in vain. You may sleep the silent sleep of death upon some far-off plain, and mingle undistinguished with the dust of thousands more; but your names will live and linger among the people for whom you died. Your memories will be forever enshrined in the great heart of that country upon whose altars and in defense of whose rights you shed your blood. The story of your deeds, recalling as I know it will the well-fought battlefield with all its brilliant associations, and coming emblazoned with the halo of victory, shall awaken an emotion of admiration and love in the Southern mind and send a thrill of sympathy and sadness through the Southern heart as long as our blue mountains shall point to the heavens or our bright waters run down to the seas.

And now, my brave boys, with the blessing of age, the smiles of beauty, and the benedictions of Heaven you go forth to add fresh laurels to the chaplet of Tennessee's glory.

"With one parting look at the bright sun, one prayer to the sky,
One glance at our banner that floats glorious on high,
Rush on, as the young lion bounds on his prey!
Let the sword flash on high! fling the scabbard away!
Roll on like the thunderbolt over the plain!
We'll come back in glory or we'll come not again."

Once more I return to you our thanks for this proud banner and renew our promise that we will conquer before or fall beneath it.

OBJECTS TO U. S. PENSION OF CONFEDERATES.

BY DR. R. L. JOHNSON, ROLLA, MO.

Having seen allusions to the subject of the United States giving pensions to Confederate soldiers, and hearing that a bill to that effect was to be offered in Congress, I feel that I have a right to protest against such an illogical proposal; for I am a Confederate myself, having heard the ordinance of secession read while under arms at the Charleston Fair Grounds (a private in the Moultrie Guards, 5th Rifle Regiment, under Col. J. Johnston Pettigrew), in the afternoon of the day of its passage, and after continuous service having been paroled at Richmond after Lee's surrender.

During the twenty-eight years that I have lived in Missouri, I cannot recall a single instance when a Confederate soldier has ever suggested snch a thing as a United States pension for Confederates. Having served eight years in Cleveland's and four in Harrison's administration as an examiner for the United States pension office, I have a number of times heard the suggestion and the wish expressed by United States pensioners that the United States government would pension Confederates. Kind and generous, but unreasonable. As a citizen of the United States I would object.

For a long time after the war the political and financial conditions and the immense number to be pensioned made it impossible for the individual States to undertake such a task; but now neither condition prevents the States from making generous provision for the greatly reduced number. It must, too, be remembered that time, which has reduced the number of individuals, has added to their years and infirmities.

I am happy to say that my adopted State (Missouri) has fine homes for both United States and Confederate veterans; but with its great wealth it could do more for the thinned ranks of the old Confederate guard.

It does not follow that the above applies to the matter suggested by President McKinley regarding the respect to be voluntarily accorded to the graves of our departed heroes who are where no money pension can reach them now. Voluntary tributes of respect shown to the dead we cannot graciously decline, but should receive them with heartfelt appreciation.

I think this is a State rights question.

MONUMENT AT CORSICANA, TEX.

The Corsicana (Tex.) Light reports the unveiling of the Confederate monument there on January 20. The occasion was propitious. Capt. H. G. Damon, master of ceremonies, explained the object of the gathering and paid an eloquent tribute to the women of the South for their devotion to the Confederacy.

Rev. George L. Bitzer offered a fervent prayer, after which an orchestra played "My Old Kentucky Home." Miss Katie Daffan, President of the Daughters of the Confederacy of Texas, paid tribute to the Navarro Chapter for its devotion and self-sacrifice as shown in the erection of the handsome monument to be unveiled. "The Tear-Stained Banner," a poem, was read by Mrs. M. D. Peck. This was followed by thirteen little misses who represented the thirteen Southern States with "bonnie blue flags" in their hands and pulled the cord that drew the veil from the monument, at the same time waving their flags and singing that familiar war song, "The Bonnie Blue Flag." The participants in this feature and the States they represented were Misses Emily Kate Johnson as Confederacy, Ellen Van Hook as Virginia, Bertha Zadek as Louisiana, Katrina Stout as North Carolina, Josephine Bogy as Texas, Mildred Caldwell as Mississippi, Frances Edens as Kentucky, Louise Knox as Maryland, Carolyn McCrery as Florida, Hattie Mae Fowler as Tennessee, Catherine Kirven as Georgia, Margaret Lowry as Missouri, Minnie Johnson as Arkansas, and Maggie Clarkson as South Carolina.

Hon. R. E. Prince, the orator of the occasion, was then introduced and made one of his characteristic speeches, paying tribute to the valor of Southern soldiers and Southern women.

Capt. A. F. Wood followed Mr. Prince in a good speech which the old soldiers greatly enjoyed.

"Dixie" was then sung by all who would join in.

Captain Damon called for the "old Rebel yell," and the Confederates who were there in their gray uniforms responded in three hearty yells, after which Rev. J. H. Hughes pronounced the benediction.

All told, the occasion was a most impressive one, and was witnessed by possibly a thousand people.

The monument represents a Confederate bugler calling his comrades to arms. The statue is of bronze, was cast in Philadelphia, and is nine feet high, while the marble pedestal on which it stands and the following inscriptions are made is ten feet high, making a total height of nineteen feet.



THE CORSICANA MONUMENT.

On the front of the monument are these words: "The Call to Arms. Erected 1907 by Navarro Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, to commemorate the valor and heroism of the Confederate soldier. It is not the power of man to command success. The Confederate soldier did more: he deserved it.

'But their fame on brightest pages
Penned by poets and by sages
Shall go sounding down the ages.'"

On the back are these words: "It is the duty we owe to the dead—the dead who died for us, but whose memories can never die. It is a duty we owe to posterity to see that our children shall know the virtues and rise worthy of their sires. —Jefferson Davis."

On one side is the following: "The soldiers of the Southern Confederacy fought valiantly for the liberty of State bequeathed them by their forefathers of 1776.

'Who glorified
Their righteous cause and they who made
The sacrifice supreme in that they died
To keep their country free.'"

On another side are these words:

"Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps."

"Tell it as you may,
It never can be told;
Sing it as you will,
It never can be sung—
The story of the glory
Of the men who wore the gray."

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS.

BY MRS. J. W. MEEK.

The symbol of the cross has been
A helping hand from God to men
Through cycle of the ages;
Since he, the Pure, Inviolate One,
Upon it gained a victory won
By paying sin its wages.

'Twas next St. Andrew earned a crown;
On reflexed shafts impaled laid down
His service sweet for glory.
Just, holy saint, companion true,
For whom is named a cross of blue,
Extolled in song and story.

O, holy, most distinguished sign,
Upon it there was once entwined
The hopes of fairest nation;
Borne to the front in battlefield,
Men gave their bodies as a shield,
Their warm lifeblood oblation.

Far from the South an eager line
Bore cross of blue which erst did shine
With many stars resplendent
On field of crimson held by hand
Uplifted for a native land
With faith in God dependent.

The clear white star, in cross of blue,
Memorialized a guest quite true;
The crimson field, a sorrow—
Presaging martyrs that would yield
Their life in blood on battlefield
Afar some distant morrow.

O, blue and white St. Andrew's Cross!
Tell now the woe of nation's loss,
Of many hopes sure dying.
Tell how in charge of battle's roar,
In storm of musketry's outpour
Came mighty man's down-lying.

Of how heroic sons of men
Bore star and cross to death, and then,
While hill and field were crowded,
Fell with strange peace of battle's pain,
And, wrapped in star and cross again,
Did thus lie nobly shrouded.

Immortal memory is thine.
The South with bay and laurel twine
Thy threefold colors greeting.
Yea, rue and roses will they bring,
While these true souls in heaven sing
Their last eternal greeting.

ANCIENT ODE TO DEITY.

BY GAVRIEL ROMANOVITCH DERSHAVIN.

[*Note.*—This sublime poem was written by Gavriel Romanovitch Dershavin, a Russian lyric poet, born in 1743 and died in 1816. It was translated into English by Sir John Bowring, an English writer, born in 1792, and died in 1872. Sir John says that this poem has been translated into Japanese by order of the Emperor, and is hung up, embroidered in gold, in the temple of Yeddo. It has also been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, and, written on a piece of silk, is suspended in the Imperial Palace at Peking.]

O thou eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through Time's all-devastating flight;
Thou only God! there is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with thyself alone;
Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er,
Being whom we call God, and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep, may count
The sands or the sun's rays; but, God, for thee
There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
Up to thy mysteries; Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try
To trace thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence; Lord, on thee
Eternity had its foundation; all
Sprang forth from thee; of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin—all life, all beauty thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art, and wert, and shall be glorious, great,
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by thee, by thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from thee;
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

A million torches lighted by thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
They own thy power, accomplish thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light,
A glorious company of golden streams,
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright,
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes, as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in thee is lost.
What are ten thousand worlds compared to thee?
And what am I, then? Heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weighed
Against thy greatness, is a cipher brought
Against infinity! What am I, then? Naught.

Naught! But the effluence of thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too.
Yes, in my spirit doth thy spirit shine
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Naught! but I live, and on hope's opinions fly
Eager toward thy presence; for in thee
I live and breathe and dwell, aspiring high,
Even to the throne of thy divinity.
I am, O God, and surely thou must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all, thou art!
Direct my understanding, then, to thee,
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still I am something, fashioned by thy hand!
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit land!

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit—Deity!
I can command the lightning and am dust!
A monarch and a slave; a worm, a god!
Whence came I here, and how? so marvelously
Constructed and conceived? unknown? this clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
Far from itself it could not be!

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and thy word
Created me! Thou source of life and good,
Thou spirit of my spirit and my Lord,
Thy light, thy love in their bright plentitude
Filled me with an immortal soul to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source—to thee, its author there.

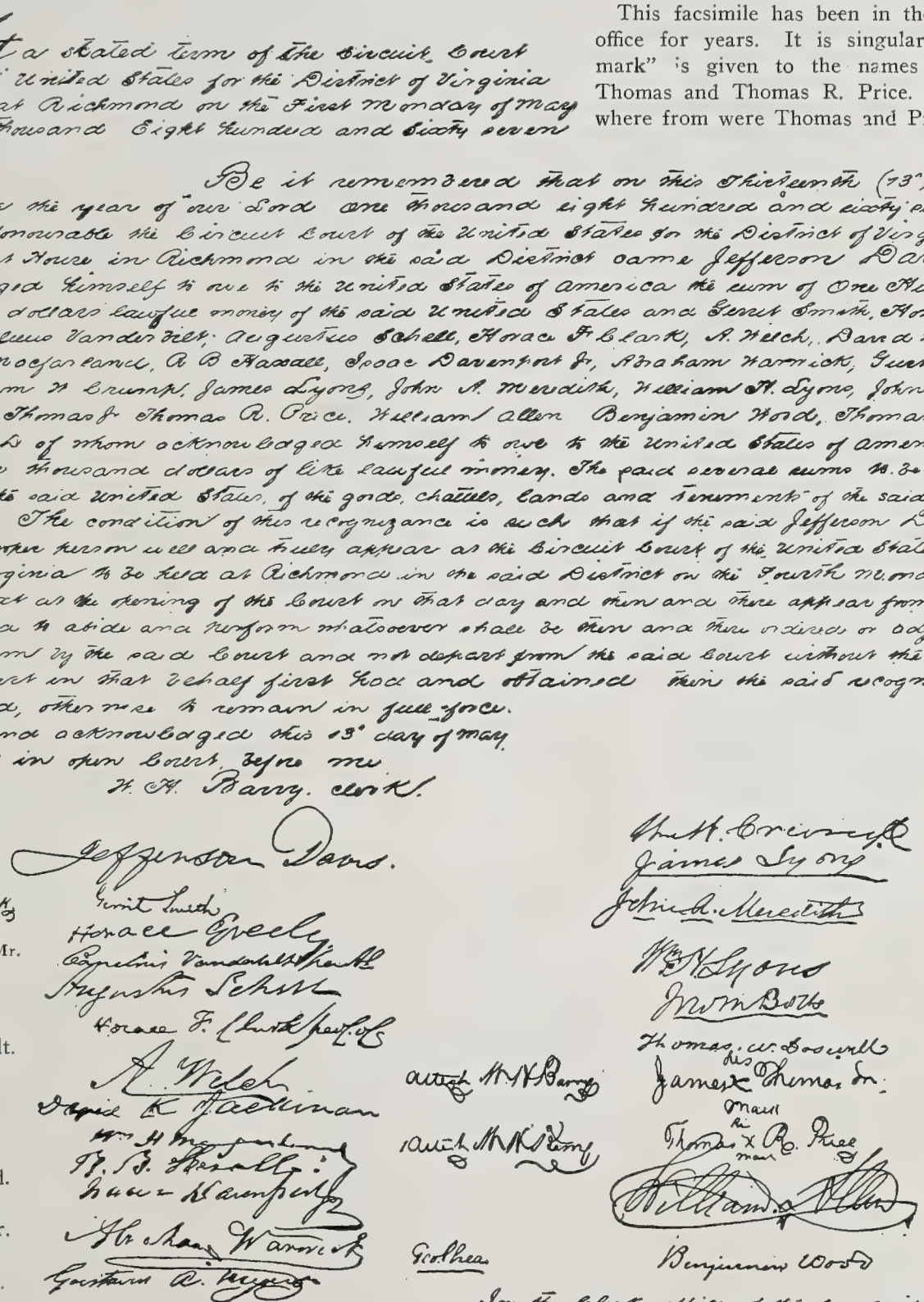
O thoughts ineffable, O visions blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of thee,
Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast
And waft its homage to thy Deity.
God, thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar,
Thus seek thy presence, being wise and good!
Midst thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION HONORS MRS. DAVIS.—The President and officers of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association return thanks to the Chairman of the "Memorial Window" Committee, Miss Decca Lamar West, Waco, Tex., for an invitation to attend the unveiling of the magnificent memorial erected by the United Daughters of the Confederacy in the Church of the Holy Redeemer, Biloxi, Miss., February 28. The "Memorial Women" of New Orleans, including delegations from the Jefferson Davis Monument Association, the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association, and the Junior Confederate Memorial Association, were in attendance and united with the Daughters in honoring the memory of the "Mother of the Confederacy."

BAIL BOND OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BELOW IS GIVEN FACSIMILE OF THE HISTORIC DOCUMENT.

This facsimile has been in the VETERAN office for years. It is singular that "his mark" is given to the names of James Thomas and Thomas R. Price. Who and where from were Thomas and Price?



At a stated term of the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Virginia Held at Richmond on the First Monday of May One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty seven

Be it remembered that on this Thirteenth (13th) day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty seven before the Honorable the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Virginia at the Court House in Richmond in the said District came Jefferson Davis and acknowledged himself to owe to the United States of America the sum of One Hundred Thousand dollars lawful money of the said United States and Gerit Smith, Horace Greely, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Augustus Schell, Horace F Clark, A. Welch, David K Jackman William H. Mcfarland, R B Haxall, Isaac Davenport Jr, Abraham Warwick, Gustavus a Myers, William H Crump, James Lyons, John A. Meredith, William H. Lyons, John Minor Botts, James Thomas Jr Thomas R. Price, William Allen Benjamin Wood, Thomas W Doswell, each of whom acknowledged himself to owe to the United States of America the sum of Five thousand dollars of like lawful money. To be paid several sums to be made to the use of the said United States, of the goods, chattels, lands and tenements of the said parties respectively. The condition of this recognizance is such that if the said Jefferson Davis shall in his proper person well and truly appear at the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Virginia to be held at Richmond in the said District on the Fourth Monday of November next at the opening of the Court on that day and then and there appear from day to day and stand to abide and perform whatsoever shall be then and there ordered or adjudged in respect to him by the said Court and not depart from the said Court without the leave of the said Court in that behalf first had and obtained then the said recognizance to become void, otherwise to remain in full force.

Taken and acknowledged this 13th day of May AD 1867 in open Court before me

H. H. Barry. clerk.

Jefferson Davis.

Wm H Barry Clerk

Gerrit Smith
Horace Greely
Cornelius Vanderbilt
Augustus Schell
Horace F. Clark
A. Welch
David K Jackman
Wm H McFarland
R. B. Haxall
Isaac Davenport
Abraham Warwick
Gustavus A. Myers

attest Wm H Barry

attest Wm H Barry

Wm. H. Crump
James Lyons
John A. Meredith
Wm H Lyons
Jno M Botts
Thomas W. Doswell
his
James x Thomas Jr.
mark
Thomas x R. Price
mark
William Allen

Benjamin Wood

In the Clerks office of the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Virginia. Richmond November the 8th in the year of our Lord 1867

The above is a true and correct copy of the original Recognizance of Jefferson Davis, now remaining on file in this office, with a fac simile of the signatures thereto

Teste

Wm H Barry clerk

Signatures with that of Mr. Davis are as follows:

Gerrit Smith.
Horace Greeley.
Cornelius Vanderbilt.
Augustus Schell.
Horace F. Clark.
A. Welch.
David K. Jackman.
Wm. H. McFarland.
R. B. Haxall.
Isaac Davenport, Jr.
Abraham Warwick.
Gustavus A. Myers.
Wm. H. Crump.
James Lyons.
John A. Meredith.
Wm. H. Lyons.
Jno. M. Botts.
Thomas W. Doswell.
James Thomas, Jr.
Thomas R. Price.
William Allen.
Benjamin Wood.

NEW ENGLANDER ON JEFFERSON DAVIS.

An Exhaustive Paper on Great Questions.

[On June 5, 1886, the following letter by Mr. Benjamin J. Williams was published in the Lowell (Mass.) Sun. On February 4, 1908, it was sent the Veteran by Comrade Sam H. Pendleton, of Elizabeth, N. J. The Sun says: "The communication printed below is from the pen of Mr. Benjamin J. Williams, of this city, and treats of a subject of deepest interest to the people of this country, North and South. It treats of Mr. Jefferson Davis and his connection with the Southern Confederacy from a Southern standpoint. The writer handles his subject in a manner unfamiliar to our readers, who, if they do not agree with the sentiments expressed, will at least find it a very interesting and instructive communication, particularly at this time."]

Editor of the Sun, Dear Sir: The demonstrations in the South in honor of Mr. Jefferson Davis, the ex-President of the Confederate States, are certainly of a remarkable character and furnish matter for profound consideration. Mr. Davis, twenty-one years after the fall of the Confederacy, suddenly emerging from his long retirement, journeys among his people to different prominent points, there to take part in public observances more or less directly commemorative, respectively, of the cause of the Confederacy and of those who strove and died for it; and everywhere he receives from the people the most overwhelming manifestations of heartfelt affection, devotion, and reverence, exceeding even any of which he was the recipient in the time of his power; such manifestations as no existing ruler in the world can obtain from his people, and such were never before given to a public man—old, out of office, with no favors to dispense, and disfranchised. Such homage is significant, startling. It is given, as Mr. Davis himself has recognized, not to him alone, but to the cause whose chief representative he is. And it is useless to attempt to deny, disguise, or evade the conclusion that there must be something great and noble and true in him and in the cause to evoke this homage.

As for Mr. Davis himself, the student of American history has not yet forgotten that it was his courage, self-possession, and leadership that in the very crisis of the battle of Buena Vista won for his country her proudest victory upon foreign fields of war, that as Secretary of War in Mr. Pierce's administration he was its master spirit, and that he was the recognized leader of the United States Senate at the time of the secession of the Southern States. For his character there let it be stated by his enemy but admirer, Massachusetts's own Henry Wilson: "The clear-headed, practical, dominating Davis." This was said by him in a speech made during the war, while passing in review the Southern Senators who had withdrawn from their States. When the seceding States formed their new Confederacy, in recognition of Mr. Davis's varied and predominant abilities, he was unanimously chosen its chief magistrate. And from the hour of his arrival at Montgomery to assume that office, when he spoke the memorable words, "We are determined to make all who oppose us smell Southern powder and feel Southern steel," all through the Confederacy's four years' unequal struggle for independence down to his last appeal as its chief, in his defiant proclamation from Danville after the fall of Richmond, "Let us not despair, my countrymen, but meet the foe with fresh defiance and with unconquered and unconquerable hearts," he exhibited everywhere and always the same proud and unyielding spirit, so expressive of his sanguine and resolute temper, which no disasters could subdue, which sustained him even when it could no longer sustain others, and which, had it been possible, would of itself have assured the independence of the Confederacy. And when at last the Confederacy had fallen, literally overpowered by unmeasurably superior numbers and means, and Mr. Davis was a prisoner, subjected to the grossest indignities, his proud spirit remained unbroken; and never since the subjugation of his people has he abated in the least his assertion of the cause for which they struggled. The seductions of power or interest may move lesser men, that matters not to him; the cause of the Confederacy as a fixed, moral, and constitutional principle, unaffected by the triumphs of physical force, he asserts to-day as unequivocally as when he was seated in its executive chair at Richmond, in apparently irreversible power with its victorious legions at his command. Now, when we consider all this, what Mr. Davis has been and, most of all, what he is to-day in the moral greatness of his position, can we wonder that his people turn aside from timeservers and self-seekers and from all the commonplace chaff of life and render to him that spontaneous and grateful homage which is his due?

And we cannot indeed wonder when we consider the cause for which Mr. Davis is so much to his people. Let Mr. Davis himself state it, for no one else can do it so well. In his recent address at the laying of the corner stone of the Confederate monument at Montgomery he said: "I have come to join you in the performance of a sacred task—to lay the foundation of a monument at the cradle of the Confederate government—which shall commemorate the gallant sons of Alabama who died for their country and whose sires won in the War of the Revolution the State sovereignty, freedom, and independence which were left by them as an inheritance to their posterity forever." This is a true statement of the case. It is also a complete justification of the Confederate cause to all who are acquainted with the origin and character of the American Union and the principles of State rights upon which it was founded.

When the original thirteen colonies threw off their allegiance to Great Britain, they became independent States, "independent of her and of each other," as the great Luther Martin expressed it in the Federal Convention. This independence was at first a revolutionary one, but afterwards, by its recognition by Great Britain, it became legal. The recognition was of them separately, each by name, in the treaty of peace which terminated the War of the Revolution. And that this separate recognition was deliberate and intentional, with the distinct object of recognizing the States as separate sovereignties and not as one nation, will sufficiently appear by reference to the sixth volume of Bancroft's "History of the United States." The articles of confederation between the States declared that "each State retains its sovereignty, freedom, and independence." And the Constitution of the United States, which immediately followed, was first adopted by the States in convention, each State casting one vote, as a proposed plan of government; and then ratified by the States separately, each State acting for itself in its sovereign and independent capacity, through a convention of its people. And it was by this ratification that the Constitution was established, to use its own words, "between the States so ratifying the same." It is, then, a compact between the States as sovereigns, and the Union created by it is a Federal partnership of States, the Federal government being their common

agent for the transaction of the Federal business within the limits of the delegated powers. * * *

It appears, then, from this review of the origin and character of the American Union that when the Southern States, deeming the constitutional compact broken and their own safety and happiness in imminent danger in the Union, withdrew therefrom and organized their new Confederacy, they but asserted, in the language of Mr. Davis, "the rights of their sires, won in the War of the Revolution, the State sovereignty, freedom, and independence which were left to us as an inheritance to their posterity forever;" and it was in defense of this high and sacred cause that the Confederate soldiers sacrificed their lives. There was no need for war. The action of the Southern States was legal and constitutional, and history will attest that it was reluctantly taken in the last extremity, in the hope of thereby saving their whole constitutional rights and liberties from destruction by Northern aggression, which had just culminated in triumph at the presidential election by the union of the North as a section against the South. But the North, left in possession of the old government of the Union, flushed with power and angry lest its destined prey should escape, found a ready pretext for war. Immediately upon secession, by force of the act itself, the jurisdiction of the seceding States, respectively, over the forts, arsenals, and dockyards with their limits, which they had before ceded to the Federal government for Federal purposes, reverted to and reinvested in them respectively. They were, of course, entitled to immediate repossession of these places, essential to their defense in the exercise of their reassumed powers of war and peace, leaving all questions of mere property value apart for separate adjustment. In most cases the seceding States repossessed themselves of these places without difficulty; but in some of them forces of the United States still kept possession. Among these last was Fort Sumter, in the harbor of Charleston. South Carolina in vain demanded the peaceful possession of this fortress, offering at the same time to arrange for the value of the same as property, and sent commissioners to Washington to treat with the Federal government for the same as well as for the recognition of her independence. But all her attempts to treat were repulsed or evaded, as likewise were those subsequently made by the Confederate government. Of course the Confederacy could not continue to allow a foreign power to hold possession of a fortress dominating the harbor of her chief Atlantic seaport; and the Federal government having sent a powerful expedition with reënforcements for Fort Sumter, the Confederate government at last proceeded to reduce it. The reduction, however, was a bloodless affair; while the captured garrison received all the honors of war, and were at once sent North with every attention to their comfort and without even their parole being taken.

But forthwith President Lincoln at Washington issued his call for militia to coerce the seceding States. The cry rang all over the North that the flag had been fired upon; and amidst the tempest of passion which that cry everywhere raised the Northern militia responded with alacrity, the South was invaded, and a war of subjugation, destined to be the most gigantic which the world has ever seen, was begun by the Federal government against the seceding States in complete disregard of the foundation principle of its own existence, as affirmed in the Declaration of Independence, that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," and as established by the War of the Revolution for the people of the States respectively. The South accepted the contest thus forced upon her with the eager and resolute courage characteristic of her proud-spirited people. But the Federal government, though weak in right, was strong in power; for it was sustained by the mighty and multitudinous North. In effect, the war became one between the States—between the Northern States, represented by the Federal government, upon the one side and the Southern States, represented by the Confederate government, upon the other—the border Southern States being divided.

The odds in numbers and means in favor of the North were tremendous. Her white population of nearly twenty millions was fourfold that of the strictly Confederate territory; and from the border Southern States and communities of Missouri, Kentucky, East Tennessee, West Virginia, Maryland, and Delaware she got more men and supplies for her armies than the Confederacy got for hers. Kentucky alone furnished as many men to the Northern armies as Massachusetts. In available money and credit the advantage of the North was vastly greater than in population, and it included the possession of all the chief centers of banking and commerce. Then she had the possession of the old government, its capital, its army and navy, and mostly its arsenals, dockyards, and workshops, with all their supplies of arms and ordnance and military and naval stores of every kind and the means of manufacturing the same. Again, the North, as a manufacturing and mechanical people, abounded in factories and workshops of every kind immediately available for the manufacture of every species of supplies for the army and navy; while the South, as an agricultural people, were almost wanting in such resources. Finally, in the possession of the recognized government, the North was in full and free communication with all nations, and had full opportunity, which she improved to the utmost, to import and bring in from abroad not only supplies of all kinds but men as well for her service; while the South, without a recognized government and with her ports speedily blockaded by the Federal navy, was almost entirely shut up within herself and her own limited resources.

Among all these advantages possessed by the North the first, the main, and decisive was the navy. Given her all but this and they would have been ineffectual to prevent the establishment of the Confederacy. That arm of her strength was at the beginning of the war in an efficient state, and it was rapidly augmented and improved. By it, the South being almost without naval force, the North was enabled to sweep and blockade her coasts everywhere, and so, aside from the direct distress inflicted, to prevent foreign recognition, to capture one after another her seaports, to sever and cut up her country in every direction through its great rivers, to gain lodgments at many points within her territory from which numerous destructive raids were sent out in all directions, to transport troops and supplies to points where their passage by land would have been difficult or impossible, and finally to cover, protect, and save, as by the navy was so often done, the defeated and otherwise totally destroyed armies of the North in the field. But for the navy Grant's army was lost at Shiloh; but for it on the Peninsula, in the second year of the war, McClellan's army, notwithstanding his masterly retreat from his defeats before Richmond, was lost to a man, and the independence of the Confederacy established. After a glorious four years' struggle against such odds as have been depicted during which independence was

often almost secured, when successive levies of armies amounting in all to nearly three millions of men had been hurled against her, the South, shut off from all the world, wasted, rent, and desolate, bruised and bleeding, was at last overpowered by main strength; outfought, never, for from first to last she everywhere outfought the foe.

The Confederacy fell, but she fell not until she had achieved immortal fame. Few great established nations in all time have ever exhibited capacity and direction in government equal to hers, sustained as she was by the iron will and fixed persistence of the extraordinary man who was her chief; and few have ever won such a series of brilliant victories as that which illuminates forever the annals of her splendid armies; while the fortitude and patience of her people, and particularly of her noble women, under almost incredible trials and sufferings, have never been surpassed in the history of the world.

Such exalted character and achievement were not all in vain. Though the Confederacy fell as an actual physical power, she lives, illustrated by them, eternally in her just cause, the cause of constitutional liberty. And Mr. Davis's Southern tour is nothing less than a virtual moral triumph for that cause and for himself as its faithful chief, manifesting to the world that the cause still lives in the hearts of the Southern people and that its actual resurrection may yet come.

Here in the North, that is naturally presumptuous and arrogant in her vast material power, and where consequently but little attention has in general been given to the study of the nature and principles of constitutional liberty as connected with the rights of States, there is, nevertheless, an increasing knowledge and appreciation of the Confederate cause, particularly here in the New England States, whose position and interests in the Union are in many respects peculiar, and perhaps require that these States, quite as much as those of the South, should be the watchful guardians of the State sovereignty. Mingled with this increasing understanding and appreciation of the Confederate cause naturally comes also a growing admiration of its devoted defenders; and the time may yet be when the Northern, as well as the Southern, heart will throb reverently to the proud words upon the Confederate monument at Charleston: "These died for their State."

VIVID EXPERIENCES IN PRISON.

BY A. J. CANTRELL, M'MINNVILLE, TENN.

My father, P. H. Cantrell, of DeKalb County, Tenn., volunteered in the Confederate service at McMinnville, Tenn., in April, 1861, in Company A, 16th Tennessee Regiment, together with fifteen other Cantrells, all brothers and cousins. As they assembled before the provost marshal to take the oath to support the Confederacy, that official remarked that when all the family volunteered to go there was no use to swear them in; so my father, at least of that party, served four years without being sworn into service.

The company was mustered into the service at Camp Trousdale, Sumner County, Tenn., and participated in several battles and skirmishes. My father was at Cheat Mountain, Va., at Sewell Mountain, and at Perryville, Ky. At Murfreesboro, Tenn., he was shocked severely by the bursting of a bomb-shell and carried off the field by the litter bearers; but he recovered and fell back with the army. He was at Shelbyville and Chattanooga, and took part in the battles of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge. As the army fell back to Atlanta, he was captured near Dalton. He and two others had been left on guard at a bridge with directions to stay "until further orders," which never came, and from that time till the close of the war he was a prisoner. At Nashville he was lodged in the penitentiary for one night, and then with others was started for Rock Island, Ill. As the train sped by the side of Lake Michigan, the prisoners asked the Federal guards to open the doors, so they could see the lake. They soon saw enough, as they were thinly clad, and the cold, icy wind chilled them quickly; so they begged the guards to shut the doors or let them close them, but this was refused. The prisoners then resorted to boxing and piling upon each other, like boys, to keep from freezing. One man did actually freeze to death. This poor man begged most piteously for the doors to be closed; but the guards would not, and he finally sat down and said he was freezing to death and gave up, going off as though he were asleep.

After they arrived and had places assigned them, father was assigned to Barrack 44, and for the remainder of the winter it was a struggle to keep from freezing. The houses were simply boxed with inch boards, and had one coal stove for one hundred men. The ice and frost lined the inside of the barrack. The only bedding was two thin blankets and some straw, with one bunk above another. Most of the time the men would have to box and wrestle and take it turn about at the stove to keep from freezing to death. They were soon allowed to trade a little and work at tinker's work and make shoes and boots. They would make nice finger rings, breast-pins, earrings, and such things and sell them to the Yankees for souvenirs of the war. One day in early spring Colonel Johnson, manager of the prison, came in to see them in their little workshops, and remarked while looking on that he had heard of Yankee tricks, but he had never seen the equal of what they were doing. He afterwards had it all stopped.

Some of my father's associates in prison were William M. Alace, of New York, James Newsom, William Fuston, and Moss Mason. Mr. Newsom was an extra fine boot and shoe maker. W. M. Alace was a government agent for the Confederacy, and had a jacket made and quilted full of $100 bills. He undertook to pass it back to the South; but was caught by a spy, who purported to be one of Morgan's men.

In the springtime the boys would have dances. A prisoner with them named Tutt, from Arkansas, was an old-time, break-down fiddler, and he would play for them. There were eight Baltimore boys who were fine dancers.

Ere long negro guards were put on duty, and this caused an intense hatred to exist. Some of the prisoners would hire the negro guards to help them over the parapet, and others would undertake to tunnel out—just anything to get out. Some Arkansas boys got out in the dark and knocked the negro guards off the parapet with rocks; and from this the guards shot at the prisoners, and things went from bad to worse. Rations were cut short, and this caused much suffering. The Federals called for volunteers to go on the frontiers to fight the Indians, and this caused the loyal Confederates to organize "The Seven Confederate Knights" (C7K), who were oath-bound to be true to the Confederacy until death. My father was a member of this order, and kept the faith. He worked on extra duty, cleaning up the prison for more rations, until he took smallpox; but it was not severe with him, and when he was able he nursed the sick of smallpox and then others with erysipelas. He was born in DeKalb County October 16, 1835; and died in Warren County, Tenn., near McMinnville, the day that he was seventy ears old.

UNION PRISONER AT ANDERSONVILLE.

[Capt. James M. Page, of the Union army, was captured in the battle of Liberty Mills, Va., on September 21, 1864. He was a prisoner of war at Andersonville, and has published a history of that prison and a defense of Major Wirz. His testimony ought to be accepted as true. In a letter of March 25 from Twin Bridges, Mont., to the VETERAN, with a revision of the chapter herein copied, he states: "I feel it the duty of every American to lay aside prejudice and to place ourselves as far as possible in the place of the other fellow and practice toward each other charity."]

EXTRACTS FROM CAPTAIN PAGE'S BOOK.

I tried to get Hoyt away, but he was so badly hurt that he begged to be left on the field. I gave orders to our men to fall back as quickly as possible to the river. We all started on a run down the ravine. I certainly outran them, for I was the only one that reached the stream. I was pretty fleet of foot myself in those days. The Confederates were busy picking up our boys, and I think for a moment they lost sight of me. I crossed the river and hid in the tall grass. From where I lay I could see our boys being marched up the hill through the cornfield under guard.

While I do not know it for certain, yet I am and always have been satisfied that at about the time Lieutenant Hoyt was hit an order emanated from the Confederate officer in command to cease firing. Our miserable little handful was as good as captured at any time after the Confederate advance had reached the brow of the hill, and here is a marked refutation of the oft-repeated "needless Rebel cruelty." We were engaged in an open fight, and they could have wiped us off the face of the earth at any time after getting over the hill, for they were upon us. I was repeatedly ordered to halt after getting three or four hundred feet start, and could easily have been shot down before I reached the river; but I din't have time to halt or to obey orders. According to all the rules of war, they were perfectly justified in killing me when I failed to stop.

This magnanimous trait is particularly conspicuous in the Southern soldier. He will fight day and night against superior odds, but on the other hand when the advantage is greatly in his favor he views the situation in altogether a different light. The spirit of magnanimity overcomes him.

It always was and always will be a matter of profound wonderment why Beauregard and Johnston did not march upon Washington during the night of July 21 and 22, 1861. All that they had to do was to reach out and take the city.

But the Southerners did not have a monopoly altogether in chivalrous conduct toward the defeated. When Pickett made that awful charge on the Union lines at Gettysburg, and when his brave men were falling, wavering, and about to fall back, knowing that they had failed, a young beardless Confederate color bearer in advance of the line, looking to the right and left and seeing his comrades reeling, dropping, and wavering, deliberately raised the colors high in the air and jabbed the staff into the ground. He stepped back a pace or two, straightened himself like an adjutant on parade, and seemed to say, "I think that I may as well die here," and folded his arms. The smoke had cleared away. Firing had not, however ceased. "Don't kill that boy! Don't fire at that boy!" yelled Col. P. P. Brown, of the 157th New York Regiment.

The young hero was not one hundred feet from the Union line. That look of despair gave place to a smile. He put his hand to his cap in salute, and the Union men cheered. Taking the colors, he turned about and slowly followed his brave comrades. Not a solitary one of Pickett's heroes was behind him but the dead and the dying.

It is recorded as an act of extraordinary bravery by historians that when Napoleon was making his disastrous retreat from Moscow one day, when closely beset, Marshal Ney, who commanded the rear, ordered a captain to remain with the company and to protect the rear of the rear guard. "How long will I remain?" inquired the captain, fully realizing the utter hopelessness of the position. "Until you are killed,' was the answer. "Very well, sir." The captain never was heard of after. He was not a whit braver than the young Confederate color sergeant.

* * *

While none of us had been deprived of anything that we had in our possession when captured, we were all short of overcoats or blankets, and the nights were cold and the ground damp and as hard as pavement. Night after night I walked back and forth to keep warm, but toward morning would through exhaustion tumble over and fall asleep. In this way I contracted a severe cold and fell sick with fever. My boys secured a piece of canvas about six feet square, so part would be over and part under me, and ere long they had got possession of a tent that was left them by a few friends who in some way were exchanged. They took the best care possible of me without medicines. It was an utter impossibility to obtain medicine for love or money. For eight days and nights I lay there unconscious, continually calling for water; and when the fever left me, I couldn't believe that I had been sick eight days until they showed me the eight pieces of cornbread, our daily rations, that they, notwithstanding their short allowance and craving for food, had saved for me. There was no doubt of the eight days, for there was the evidence. I well knew that from our short rations there would be no surplus bread lying about loose.

That day a sergeant of the guard visited me. He conveyed the glad but weather-beaten tidings of exchange, not in the old stereotyped form, but with variations. This time it was "to-morrow." Blessings on him if alive! and if dead, may the earth lay lightly upon him!

This time I was sure of it. I tried to get on my feet, but couldn't. Finally, after being helped to a standing position, supported by a comrade on each side and encouraged by the Rebel to "never die," I managed to take a few steps; but my knees refused to act their part.

It would never do to have the boys leave me next day. They promised not to go without me. I thought the "to-morrow" would never come; but it did, and the next day and the next day, and we were still on Belle Isle.

Just a word more about the cheerful and encouraging exchange Rebel falsifier. I cannot think of him other than that of a pure philanthropist and humanitarian. We had no medicine, and he had none to give us. We were his enemies invading his country. There was war, "grim-visaged war," between us. And he could have done a thousand times worse than to say: "You will be exchanged to-morrow." He could have with hard, cold truth said to me in prognostication: "You may not die just yet, but you may as well; and if you do, it will be mighty small loss, and it will be one enemy less; and suppose you do not die just yet, your prospect is a tough one, for your government is about to, if it hasn't already, shut down the lid as far as exchanging prisoners is concerned, and you will be here and at Andersonville, where you won't have even corn bread to eat for the next fourteen months." Had I known then what was in store for me, I never could have survived Belle Isle.

While I was convalescing a Rebel soldier off duty passed me one day with a bundle. He turned and keenly looked at me. I was little more than skin and bones. After eying me for a second with a look of "Southern hatred" and with an air of studied cruelty, he handed me a large red apple, and, adding insult to injury, he said: "Stick your teeth into that apple, Yank." He hurried away before I had time to thank him; in fact, he didn't give me an opportunity to speak a word. I was dumfounded. I never saw him afterwards, although I tried to find him. My seeming ingratitude has been a source of regret to me ever since. I hugged the apple to my breast and sat down and cried. I then took it to the boys and insisted upon its being divided. "No," said Swain; "it will only be a taste for us. Don't be silly, Jim. You must eat it yourself." But it was passed around, and each took a good smell of it. It was one of those large apples with a delicious fruity aroma. I kept it until the following day, when one of our men happened to get a loaf of white bread. He gave me a liberal portion of it, and with half the apple (for I would have no more) I had a feast, and I thought that when I got home I never would want anything but white bread and apples.

* * *

Touching my treatment on the whole, I cannot recall a solitary instance during the fourteen months while I was a prisoner of being insulted, browbeaten, robbed, or maltreated in any manner by a Confederate officer or soldier.

The books written by other Union soldiers who were prisoners in the South teem with accounts of the brutality, insults, and suffering heaped upon them by Rebel officers and guards seemingly for cruelty's sake. I cannot question the veracity of those Northern writers; but I can and will speak for myself as far as I was concerned and as to my experience and as to what came under my observation. With all due respect to my late brethren-in-arms and in prison life, I cannot but think that to some extent they were instrumental, if they state facts, in bringing it upon themselves. Did they give the "soft answer" when questioned? I do not hold that the prisoner when questioned should be obliging to the extent of giving information. O, no; but he can be courteous in his refusal to do so.

When General Hill questioned me at Liberty Mills, he was very courteous, even genial, while putting questions to me. I tried to be even more polite and deferential; but he did not get a tithe out of me other than what he already knew, and that hero and gentleman (for he was both) showed neither irritation nor disappointment in his interview with me. He asked me more than a score of questions, nearly all of which I could have definitely answered to his satisfaction; but I wabbled, and he knew it, and he dismissed me with a smile.

Human nature is much the same, North and South, East and West. Civility begets civility. Josh Billings in his quaint manner of spelling wrote: "It is onreasonibul to expect a man rising from a sudden fall on the ice to beam with cheerfulness." Upon being captured our boys could not beam with cheerfulness, it is true, and I know many of them were curt and irritable in their intercourse with the guards.

A detachment of Union soldiers were once surrounded and captured in a piece of timber. When they realized that it was all up with them, the most of the battalion dropped their muskets; but one of the boys retained his until a Rebel soldier was about to reach for it, whereupon the Federal sprang back, caught the musket near the muzzle in both hands, and, swinging it over his head, smashed it against a tree. "Now, d— you, pick up the pieces," he ejaculated.

"What execrable manners!" exclaimed Madam de Staël when Napoleon bluntly and in non tea table language refused to grant some political favor that she importuned him for. "It's a pity that one so great was so badly brought up."

The bravery and loyalty of the musket-destroying soldier was extolled in the North from "Dan to Beersheba," and every town and hamlet between the two Portlands was made acquainted with the incident.

* * *

Next day the train was slowly traveling along in a southerly direction. We were about a week on the journey going through North Carolina and South Carolina and into Georgia. Visions of exchange were dispelled when we left the cars and stood in line before the south gate of Andersonville Prison. This was the 27th of February, 1864, between 10 and 11 A.M. I spent the remainder of the day exploring the camp to find a favorable place for our habitation.

The camp was situated on what had been heavy pine timber land, but the trees had been cut down. There was a stream of clear water running east through the prison grounds. The stockade was built of pine logs cut twenty feet long and hewed to the thickness of one foot and set in a trench five feet deep, making a wall fifteen feet high, on the top of which were sentry boxes about thirty-five feet apart. The stockade was not quite completed when we arrived there, but a strong force of men was at work at it. When completed, it would comprise about eleven acres. There were only about two thousand prisoners confined there upon our arrival.

We were guarded by the 25th Alabama Infantry, veteran troops, who knew how to treat prisoners. And I said then and have ever since said in speaking of our guards—the 25th Alabama Infantry—that I never met the same number of men together who came much nearer to my standard of what I call gentlemen. They were respectful, humane, and soldierly.

We were organized into squads of ninety, and I soon discovered that the young sergeant in charge of our squad was a fine young fellow. I shall refer to him more explicity farther on.

I have read Richardson, Kellogg, Urban, Spencer, and Grisby on Andersonville, the most of it recently, and I was and am surprised at the free-lance recklessness of description.

Let us first discuss the topographical selection of the Andersonville site for a prison camp. I realize that this phase of the question has been reverted to and minutely described every five or six years, since Richardson first gave his views to the public, early in the autumn of 1865. The selection of the site was excellent. I do not propose to dilate on the beauties of a prison. * * * I wouldn't advise any one to seek a prison as a place at which to spend a vacation.

Of course there was suffering, hunger, and misery among the prisoners at Andersonville, and I had my share of it. There was also hunger, misery, and suffering at Salisbury and at Rock Island and Elmira, the two latter places right in a land of plenty.

The Confederate officer who selected Andersonville gave evidence of his being an engineer of no mean caliber. I don't believe that in the whole State of Georgia a better choice could have been made. The place was healthful and salubrious and the water was good. The ground within the inclosure was not, as has been described by an unfriendly chronicler seemingly with malice aforethought, wet, boggy, miry, and a swamp."

One morning late in March the sergeant told me that there was an express box at the depot for me, and he told me to give him a list of my friends' names and he would see if there was anything for them. I did so, and the next day he brought in a box for me and one that was sent to poor Reuben Douglas, our deceased comrade. Poor Douglas was no more, but his box was delivered to me. My box contained ham, tea, crackers, cheese, salt, soap, quinine, and a brand-new necktie of the fashion of 1862. I did so need the necktie! What a treat! There were two nice cakes of castile soap. Hungry though I was, I think that I prized the soap above all. The contents of the two boxes were divided among the ten "Michiganders," but I kept a whole cake of soap for myself.

For the three preceding weeks we had been cooking our rations in clouds of turpentine smoke of the pine wood that left us as black as full-blooded Ethiopians, and no amount of washing and rubbing without soap would have the least effect.

As soon as the contents of the boxes were disposed of and a safe, suitable place was selected for the necktie, I took my piece of soap and went to the creek, where we did our washing. This place in the daytime was always crowded, and it was some time before I could get to the creek, when I began active operations. Opposite to me was a half-naked boy blackened so with smoke that his mother would not have known him. "Mister," said he, "please let me get just one rub of that blessed soap." I handed it to him. Then another asked me for just a rub, and another and another. I could not refuse; and when I got it back, it was nearly gone. After that I adopted a new plan. When the sentry over my head would call, "Post No. 35; three o'clock and all is well," I would get up, take my soap, and go to the creek, now deserted, strip (which did not take long, for by this time I had but a shirt and pants), and I would wash myself luxuriously.

We were literally infested with vermin to an incredible degree. In the hot weather this suffering was almost unbearable.

I have compared notes with Southern soldiers who were prisoners at Rock Island and at Point Lookout and Confederate officers who were at Columbus, Ohio, and an eminent jurist of Montana, a Christian and a gentleman whose every word I believe (an ex-prisoner of Johnson's Island), who state that the ravages of this diminutive raider were simply horrible.

It seemed that this parasitic insect never knew what life was until it met the soldier, and the fastidious son of Mars feared it more than a woman fears a mouse.

In my boyhood days back in Michigan (and I don't relate this to cast any reflection upon my adopted State) we had a sort of epidemic of what was known as the seven-year itch that we looked upon as an excruciating affliction, which at its worst was nothing as compared to that produced by this parasite. And in summing up the evidence of Union and Confederate soldiers, good witnesses, I decide that Andersonville is entitled to the prize.

I soon found that frequent bathing was a sort of flank movement on the insect. This adhering closely to the bathing plan every morning through that terrible summer of 1864, I think, saved my life.

* * *

My company boys, the "Michiganders," were nearly all sick. The partially uncooked food aggravated the sickness. "Our boys" and several of our nearest neighbors held a meeting to discuss ways and means, and the result was that I was selected as ambassador to Captain Wirz. I had previously met him, as recorded in a former chapter in this work. Meeting him in one of his rounds of the prison, I approached and saluted. "Captain Wirz, I believe," said I. "Yes, sir." "May I speak with you?" "Certainly." "Captain, there are a number of the prisoners adjacent to my quarters, several of whom are immediate comrades, who are sick. We have no fuel with which to cook our rations. The meal issued of late is poor in quality. I think that there is part of the cob ground with it. I am here on a begging mission to see if something cannot be done to remedy matters. I trust that you will pardon my presumption." "Yes, sir; you are certainly excusable and justifiable in coming to me. I realize the situation. I am doing all I can to remedy matters and to relieve the deplorable condition, but I am hampered in many ways. We are building a bakery, working day and night to complete it. There will be a change very soon. The men will soon get bread." I heartily thanked him.

He impressed me as an unassuming, kind-hearted man with a somewhat sad expression of countenance.

Within a day or two after this meal of a better quality was served us, and a day or two later still we received corn meal mush and later bread.

And this was the man who was charged with putting a deadly poison into vaccine matter that was used in vaccinating the prisoners, as a result of which "one hundred and twenty died by vaccine poisoning one week!"

The interview produced upon me a complete revolution of opinion relative to the man. I went to him with fear and trembling, looking for the worst. I hesitated and turned back two or three times before I could conclude to speak to him; but the remembrance of his returning my salute some days previous encouraged me. One of my comrades after I had started called, and after overtaking me said: "Jim, come to think about it, I don't believe I'd go. It won't do any good. He will construe it into a case of mutiny and order you under arrest. No, don't go." This cautionary advice added to my perplexity.

The description given by others of Captain Wirz are so erroneous, misleading, and untrue that I will describe him as well as I can at this late day. He was of good height, perhaps five feet eight inches, slim in build and handsome face, aquiline nose, even features and a high forehead, and eyes gray in color. At this time he wore a short, partially full beard. There was a quiet, subdued expression of sadness in his countenance, particularly in his eyes. There was nothing of that "short, thick-set Dutchman," "repulsive in appearance," "besotted, ignorant, and cruel," or of a countenance denoting "ferocity and brutality."

I have always marveled at the description of this most unfortunate man given by those who often saw him.

* * *

Yet those three surgeons were indicted with Captain Wirz in this: That they did combine and conspire maliciously, traitorously, and in violation of the laws of war to impair and injure the health and to destroy the lives by subjecting to torture and great suffering, by confining in unhealthy and unwholesome quarters, by exposing to the inclemency of winter and the dews and the burning sun of summer, by compelling the use of impure water, and by furnishing insufficient and unwholesome food to large numbers of Federal soldiers to the end that the armies of the United States might be

weakened and impaired and the insurgents engaged in armed rebellion against the United States might be aided and comforted, and so, knowing and evilly intending, did refuse and neglect to provide proper lodgings, food, or nourishment for the sick and necessary medicines and medical attendance for the restoration of their health, and did knowingly and in furtherance of their evil designs permit them to languish and die for want of proper care and proper treatment," and a whole realm of kindred charges.

Not one of the thousands of prisoners that survived Andersonville but must have known that this was a mass of falsehood, and yet these were the charges and specifications that prevailed in that unparalleled trial in October, 1865.

Of course thousands were in the hospitals at Andersonville. The suffering was awful, and there were thousands of deaths; but the surgeons in attendance were not to blame for it. Neither was Captain Wirz. I think that he and the physicians did everything in their power with the means at their command to care for the sick and to alleviate the suffering. They did their duties like Christians and like men.

Some of the Andersonville historians published an account of Dr. Kerr brutally striking a sick prisoner. Permit one who is familiar with the circumstance to give the correct version. One day in August Dr. Kerr caught a hospital attendant, a paroled prisoner, selling a blanket to a guard. The Doctor investigated the matter, and ascertained the fact that the Federal prisoner had stolen it from a patient. He as good as caught him in the act, and remonstrated with the thief; and the latter, being a desperate man, attacked the Doctor, and but for the surgeon's agility he would have been injured. As it was, his sleeve was cut through with a knife, grazing the skin, whereupon the Doctor promptly and very properly struck the thief over the head with the butt of his revolver, knocking him down and disarming him. Simply that and nothing more, except that the thief lost his detail and the sick prisoner found his blanket.

* * *

I made as good time as a sick man can to the south gate, and fortunately saw Captain Wirz just entering. I saluted and said: "Captain, we are in serious trouble at our quarters, and we want you to help us out. I hate to bother you, but you are our only refuge now." "What is the trouble?" "Before the stockade was completed a sergeant in Colonel Person's regiment stationed here directed us while building our cabin to be sure not to build it closer to the stockade than twelve feet. We followed his instructions; and to make sure of it, the nearest end of it is twelve feet from it. Now the lieutenant building the dead line has ordered us to move it or take it down. The space adjacent to the cabin is so densely crowded that it is impossible to move it intact, and we cannot take it down, as we do not know where to locate it." He asked: "Can you not shorten it in some way?" I explained why that could not be done. "Where are you located?" "Almost directly under sentry box No. 35." "Very well, I'll go up with you and see for myself." He walked with me to our quarters, two hundred and fifty yards southeast of the gate.

When we came in sight of our house, I saw it still there and the boys all outside, the most of them sitting on the "piazza." Those sitting arose as we approached. I could see surprise on their countenances. Wirz looked the situation over carefully while we were narrowly eying him, and I caught the faintest glimmer of a smile on his face as he said, pointing with his hand to the extreme southerly end of the cabin: "Who sleeps there?" "That is where I slept, Captain," said I. "Well," said he, "you must be careful not to get up inside the dead line;" and continuing, "Men, let your quarters stand; and when Lieutenant Davis returns, tell him that such are my orders, and not to interfere with your cabin. He can make a short offset in his line and go by without much trouble."

We heartily thanked him, and Billy Bowles was very enthusiastic over the outcome of affairs and yelled, "Hurrah for Captain Wirz!" and we and several of our neighbors heartily joined in the cheering.

The cabin stood where it was originally built; it was not moved or taken down. This fact will be remembered by many ex-prisoners who are now living. This incident was often referred to and discussed at the prison. That was the only house, cabin, or habitation within the dead line at Andersonville.

There was no question about the dead line. It was during the summer of 1864 at Andersonville a stubborn fact. The railing was a well-defined sign of demarcation. It was the visible warning of "thus far and no farther," and every prisoner within the inclosure knew it. They well knew that to get within that prescribed space meant death at the hands of the sentry, and there were prisoners killed within the dead line at Andersonville by the guards. This was wrong. It was cruel, and it was also cruel to shoot prisoners within the inclosures of Point Lookout and Johnson's Island, where they were confined. In this peaceful time to the casual observer the shooting down of poor, often sick, helpless prisoners of war within an inclosure must seem the very height of barbarity. Nevertheless, it was done at every prison both North and South. We have been forty years denouncing the South without discovering "the beam in our own eye." It is a clear case of those living in glass houses, and we have been imitating "the wolf at the stream."

* * *

Albert D. Richardson in his "Field, Dungeon, and Escape," written as early as 1865, says on page 417: "The government held a large excess of prisoners, and the Rebels were anxious to exchange man for man; but our authorities acted on the cold-blooded theory of Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, that we could not afford to give well-fed, rugged men for invalids and skeletons." Again, on page 457: "Those five thousand loyal graves at Salisbury will ever remain fitting monuments of Rebel cruelty and the atrocious inhumanity of Edwin M. Stanton, who steadfastly refused to exchange prisoners."

* * *

The committee elected to go to Washington to intercede for exchange were: Edward Bates, Company K, 42d New York; H. C. Higgenson, Company K, 19th Illinois; Prescott Tracey, Company G, 82d New York; and Sylvester Noirot, Company B, 5th New Jersey. They were paroled for this purpose.

* * *

During the month that Captain Wirz was away on sick leave Lieutenant Davis was in command. My first meeting with Wirz after his return was about September 3. He was looking poorly and not well. He generally rode through the prison in the morning and often during the afternoon or evening. "Little Red Cap," his orderly, mounted on Captain Wirz's mare, would visit us. This little fellow was a drummer boy about fourteen years old and belonged, I think, to an Ohio regiment. He was captured and entered the prison either late in February or early in March. I know that I saw him there soon after I arrived. His name was Powell, a

handsome, smiling-faced little fellow, wearing a red cap jauntily on the side of his head; hence the name "Little Red Cap."

As soon as Wirz took command he paroled all the drummer boys, about, I think, forty in number. And he took young Powell to his headquarters and detailed him as his orderly. The commandant was very good to this little fellow, and allowed him many liberties. Some of the men referred to him as "Wirz's aid-de-camp." He was a fine little fellow, and a general favorite with the prisoners and the guard. Little Red Cap was the bearer of the order issued by General Winder approving of the sentence of the six marauders whom we executed.

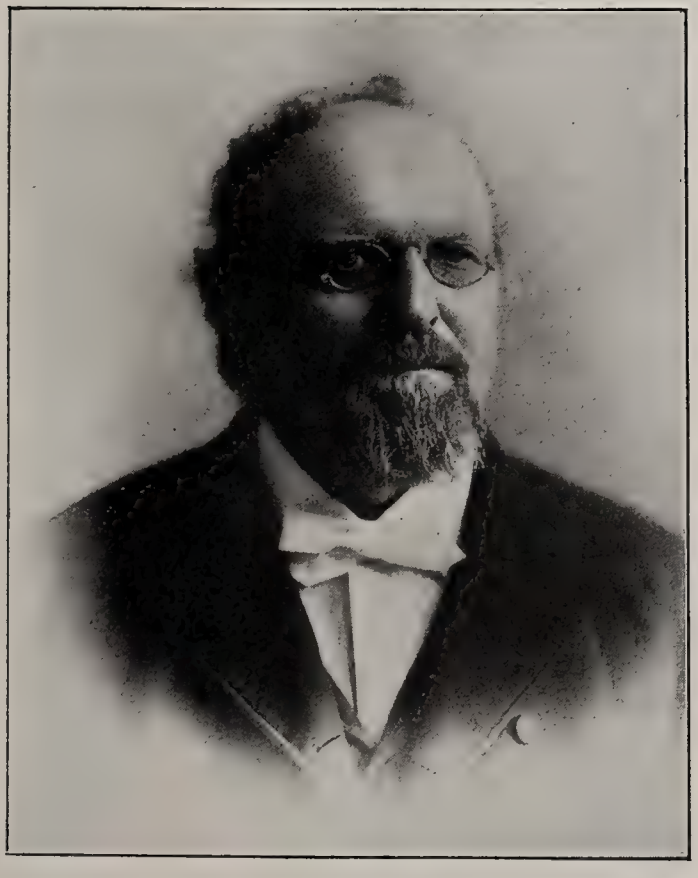
It was a well-known fact at Andersonville that Captain Wirz paroled the drummers that they might escape the rigors of prison life. Of the seven Andersonville histories that I have read in years past and have recently carefully and patiently pursued, not one word could I find referring to the parole of the drummer boys at Andersonville.

* * *

Two of those boxes were sent by an old boyhood friend, Hon. E. L. Briggs, of Grand Rapids, Mich. After I was discharged, I visited him and squared accounts as far as I could; but it was a debt that could never be fully paid. He died about two years ago.

So much has been written about the Confederate authorities in general and Captain Wirz in particular confiscating clothing, medicine, and edibles sent from the North to Union prisoners that I am constrained to state my experience regarding it; and as far as my knowledge went and from observation and as far as I was personally concerned, I can refute those charges.

As fully as I could learn after regaining my liberty and going home, those two boxes of articles were the only ones sent me while a prisoner, and I received them intact. And, moreover, I knew of many other boxes of necessary articles being received by my comrades. I don't believe that the Confederate authorities ever confiscated property sent to the Union prisoners at Andersonville.



LOUIS SCHADE, VOLUNTARY ATTORNEY FOR MAJOR WIRZ.

That the guards at Andersonville during the summer of 1864 were on short rations and that the authorities were unable to supply the prisoners with medicine and adequate food and clothing is a well-known fact. In corroboration of this I will quote from a letter written by General Sherman, dated September 22, 1864, to James E. Yeatmen, chairman of the sanitary commission at St. Louis, Mo.: "These Confederates are as proud as the devil and hate to confess poverty; but I know that they are really unable to supply socks, drawers, undershirts, scissors, combs, soap, etc., which our men need more in prison than anything else to preserve cleanliness and health."

Now let us look at the character of Captain Wirz, as shown by official record that can to-day be found in every public library. Ask for "The War of the Rebellion, Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies," as published by the United States government. Two of the series, Volumes IV., V., and VIII., and series 3, Volume V., show that as soon as Captain Wirz went on duty at Andersonville his very first act was to try to better the condition of the prisons both as to rations and the sanitary surroundings of the prison and hospital, as the following letter to Capt. R. D. Chapman, acting adjutant of post, Col. D. S. Chandler, assistant adjutant and inspector general, and others show:

"City Point, Va., August 21, 1864.

"*Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:* Please inform General Foster that under no circumstances will he be authorized to make an exchange of prisoners of war. Exchanges simply reënforce the enemy at once, whilst we do not get the benefit for two or three months and lose the majority entirely. I telegraph this just from hearing that some five hundred or six hundred more prisoners had been sent to General Foster.

U. S. Grant, *Lieutenant General.*"

In August Brig. Gens. H. W. Wessels and T. Seymour were appointed to visit the South looking into the treatment of prisoners of war, and the following are extracts of a lengthy report made by General Seymour, dated Williamstown, Mass., August 10, 1864, and directed to Col. W. Hoffman, commissary general of prisoners, Washington, D. C.: "The Southern authorities claim that they give to prisoners precisely what the soldiers are allowed in the field. I believe this to be true of the rations, but of nothing else. The Southern soldier even in his most prosperous days lived simply upon corn and a bit of bacon, upon which he is now supported. Few Northern men, except in the almshouse, were ever reduced to the common rule of diet of the Southern race. The Southern authorities are exceedingly desirous of an immediate exchange of prisoners. General Wessels and myself had an interview with General Ripley at Charleston, S. C., on this point. Their urgency is unbounded; but we asserted that it was the poorest possible policy for our government to deliver forty thousand prisoners, better fed and better clothed than ever before in their lives, in good condition for the fields, while the United States received in return an equal number of men worn out with privation and neglect, barely able to walk, often drawing their last breath, and utterly unfit to take the field as soldiers. But this anxiety on the part of the Rebels is one of the strongest possible proofs of the failing strength of their cause. Between

Lee's and Hood's armies the country is a waste, redeemed only by the labor of the females, young and old, and the slaves. The last men have gone to the field of battle; and rather than reënforce their army, as exchange would do, it was urged by our authorities that it would be much wiser to leave the prisoners where they are."

The Trial of Major Wirz.

Everything being in readiness, the case was called August 25, 1865. Col. N. P. Chipman, U. S. A., Judge Advocate, had charge of the prosecution with an array of fellow-assistants. Louis Schade, a fellow-countryman of Wirz, was the attorney for the defense. It appeared that Colonel Chipman had from the start everything his own way. There were one hundred and sixty witnesses for the government. Nearly all of these had been prisoners at Andersonville. The banner witness for the prosecution was a bright, handsome Andersonville prisoner, who gave his name as Felix de La Baume and his birthplace in Eastern France, near the Rhine. He was of good address, pleasant-voiced, and intelligent. He saw the most of the killing attributed to the prisoner. His omnipresence while at Andersonville seemed something bordering on the supernatural. Nothing escaped him. Witness de La Baume held the surging crowd like an inspiration. His grip on the Northern ear was a secure one as he glibly recounted the numerous and manifold cruelties of Henry Wirz. He captured the court. Everything he said was believed, and nothing was too heavy for his recital. Among other things of interest that he related was the statement made without batting an eye that the Marquis de Lafayette, Washington's friend and the hero of the battle of Brandywine, was his granduncle.

On the 19th of October, before the taking of the testimony was concluded, he was appointed to a position in the Department of the Interior.

Byron has said that "time, alas! sets all things even." In this case time didn't wait very long, for on November 21, only eleven days after Major Wirz's execution, de La Baume's official career came suddenly to an end. Some of the German soldiers at Washington recognized in Monsieur, the grandnephew of Lafayette, a deserter from the 7th New York Volunteers, whose name was not de La Baume, but plain Felix Oeser, who was born in Saxony, on the other side of the Rhine. Secretary of the Interior Harlan summarily dismissed Felix de La Baume-Oeser, and Washington society knew him no more.

* * *

The following letter in the original cut quite a figure at the trial:

"Andersonville, September 17, 1864.

"*Captain Wirz:* You will permit Surgeon Jones, who has orders from the surgeon general, to visit the sick within the stockade that are under medical treatment. Surgeon Jones is ordered to make certain investigations which may prove useful to his profession.

"Very respectfully, General Winder."

At this distance this looks like an ordinary, harmless order; but in September and October, 1865, it was not viewed with so much complacency. It was read between the lines and construed to mean something mysteriously dangerous in the highest degree to the perpetuity of the republic and the peace and dignity thereof.

[Doesn't it seem fairer to accept the testimony of prisoners who were there than that of others?—Ed. Veteran.]

UNION OFFICER ON JOHNSON'S ISLAND PRISON.

By Capt. H. A. Smith (128th Ohio Inf.), Cleveland, Ohio.

A subscriber to the Veteran called my attention to an article relating to the care of the prisoners at Johnson's Island. I was stationed at the island for about two years. The conditions as described by your correspondent were not possible. The quarters (barracks) occupied by prisoners were just the same as used by the soldiers doing guard duty. The water from the wells was the same as all of us used. Ticks were filled with straw and blankets were issued to all alike, and the prisoners had all the wood they wanted. Inside the bull pen was a small grocery, where the prisoners could purchase tobacco, fruit, eggs, etc. Clothing was issued when needed, as were also socks and underwear. The rations were just the same as the soldiers had. I never heard a complaint while there. I often asked the question: "Can I do anything for you?" But only in very few instances could I render help in that way.

My brother was a prisoner in various prisons in the South, winding up with nine months in Andersonville. He visited me at the island, and met there a Mr. Jones, who captured him at Rocky Face. They had a very pleasant visit together. Brother Frank asked Mr. Jones if there was anything he needed that he could get for him. He said: "I have all I need except my freedom. Your brother has treated me well here, and I have no complaint to make." Brother Frank went through the hospital and sick quarters with Jones. When in the kitchen, he saw a large tub filled with pieces of bread, potatoes, scraps of meat, etc., and asked: "What are you going to do with this?" Jones replied: "Throw it in the lake." Frank said it would be a Godsend to the prisoners in Andersonville.

I took prisoners South for exchange, and in many instances they expressed satisfaction in regard to their treatment as prisoners. All the prisoners on the island were officers and, as far as I knew, gentlemen. I had some very warm friends among them. And I know they did not suffer from cold or lack of plenty to eat. Quarters, bedding, and rations were the same as the army had.

WHAT GEN. THOMAS WROTE GOV. LETCHER.

By B. F. Grady, Clinton, N. C.

In your March Veteran appears a letter from "William E. Reppert, Culpeper, Va.," in which the author denies the usually accepted statement about Gen. George H. Thomas's choice of a side in our sectional struggle. This denial, based on the memory of one man and being worth little more than "a mere assertion," induces me to ask you to give your readers a counter "assertion," so that they can arrive at a reasonable conclusion about the matter.

I find in my scrapbook, undated, the following paper which I cut out of the Richmond Times:

"Hon. Joseph T. Lawless, Secretary of the Commonwealth, has recently found among the executive papers of the State for the year 1861 a letter from Gen. George H. Thomas, of Southampton County, the celebrated Union soldier, to Gov. John Letcher. * * *

"It has long been denied that such a letter was ever written. It was written from a New York hotel under date of March 12, 1861. It is as follows:

"'Hon. John Letcher, Governor of Virginia.

"'*My Dear Governor:* I received yesterday a letter from Major Gilham, of the Virginia Military Institute, dated the

9th inst., in reference to the position of Chief of Ordnance of the State, in which he informs me that you had requested him to ask me if I would resign from the service; and if so, whether that post would be acceptable to me. As he requested me to make my reply direct to you, I have the honor to state, after expressing my most sincere thanks for your kind offer, that it is not my wish to leave the service of the United States as long as it is honorable for me to remain in it, and therefore as long as my native State (Virginia) remains in the Union it is my purpose to remain in the army unless required to perform duties alike repulsive to honor and humanity.'"

Within less than six weeks after the date of this letter Virginia withdrew from the Union, and the world knows the rest.

EXPERIENCE IN RICHMOND HOSPITALS.

PAPER BY J. B. RODEN TO U. D. C., WAYNESBORO, VA.

I was wounded on the skirmish line near Spottsylvania C. H. on the morning of May 18, 1864. As the balls were flying thick my first concern was to know how to get to the rear. I made a start, and when approaching the regiment the boys began to quiz me: "O yes, don't play off that way; you just want a furlough." I passed to the hospital, where the doctor examined my wounds and told me he would have to perform an operation. When asked if amputation would be necessary, he said: "Not just now." The operating table was a barn door set on two trestles.

It was soon reported that Grant's army had turned our right flank and captured Guinea Station; consequently all the wounded were ordered to the rear. All who could walk were ordered to Milford Station, some thirty miles distant. I started alone about 2 P.M., and made twelve miles, stopping overnight at a farmhouse, where I was treated very kindly. I started early next day and made fourteen miles, when I fell exhausted by the roadside. I was put into a wagon and hauled to the station, the remaining four miles. There I was put on a hospital train, but remained all night at the station. The train arrived in Richmond the next Friday evening, when I was taken to Windsor Hospital. On Sunday morning the surgeon in charge, Dr. Tyler, dressed my wound, nothing having been done to it since Wednesday except the use of cold water to keep down inflammation.

For the first few days things went well, but I grew weaker and the rations became distasteful. I was given a little bread and rye coffee for breakfast, and for dinner a small piece of half-baked corn bread, a little fat bacon, with a few stewed beets and potato vine leaves for salad. One morning I requested the nurse not to bring any dinner unless he could find something more palatable. He replied that he would continue to bring the same diet, which he proceeded to do. Upon my taking him to task he became insolent, and as he turned to leave I threw my chunk of corn bread at him. The nurse reported me to the ward master, who threatened to put me in the guardhouse. A comrade wounded about the same time I was and who lay on a cot to my right handed me one of his crutches, and we planned, though neither of us could raise our heads, to attack the ward master if he attempted to execute his threat. The doctor came just before supper and found me in a fever. On learning the cause, he sent for the ward master and reprimanded him. A few days later erysipelas developed in my wound, and four negroes carried me on my cot across the field to the erysipelas camp, near what is now called the Old Reservoir. I was placed in a tent by myself, where I remained two weeks, then was taken back to the hospital and placed in a ward in charge of a Dr. Braxton, who was very kind to me. Some one had stolen my knapsack; and as I had failed to get clothing from the quartermaster's, I had no change of raiment. Fortunately for me, though not for the other fellow, an old black mammy came along with a basket of clothes, saying to me: "I'se bin looking for de man what gim me dese close to wash and can't find him." Said I: "You have found him now." "Law, chile, is you de one?" As necessity knows no law and she could not find the other fellow, I laid claim to those clothes.

I was fortunate enough to draw two months' pay—$22.

The following Sunday a member of my command, Dr. Shaw, of the Ordnance Department, came to see me, and kindly asked if he could serve me in any way. I gave him my $22 and asked him to buy me some eggs or nourishing food. I then craved something to eat. The next day I received two dozen eggs with receipted bill. My two months' pay had gone for two dozen eggs, but it was one of the best investments I ever made.

Dr. Braxton called to see me, when I told him I was "living high" on my investment. He then asked for the remainder of the eggs, which the ward master had in charge, sent them to the commissary department, had my money refunded, and prescribed two eggs each morning and evening. I soon regained strength, and left Windsor Hospital, after a stay of eight weeks, with glad heart, feeling thankful I had been spared. I am still thankful, after forty-two years, that the Lord has spared me, though I am still unable to reach my mouth with the hand of that shattered arm.

OFFICERS EASTERN BRIGADE, GEORGIA DIVISION, U. C. V.—Brig. Gen. J. W. Wilcox, Commander, Macon; Lieut. Col. Jehu G. Postell, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff; Maj. T. E. Young, Assistant Adjutant General, Macon; Maj George W. Hollinsworth, Assistant Adjutant General, Milledgeville; Maj. D. F. Jack, Inspector General, Augusta; Maj. Moses Murphy, Chief of Ordnance, Augusta; Maj. Warren A. Mosely, Chief of Artillery, Macon; Maj. Ab F. Jones, Chief of Engineers, Macon; Maj. R. J. Anderson, Quartermaster, Macon; Maj. J. F. Pinkston, Commissary, Sparta; Maj. (Rev.) George G. Smith, Chaplain, Vineville; Capt. Louis B. Wilcox, Aid, Macon.

NEW OFFICERS ELECTED BY CAMP TOM MOORE.—Camp Tom Moore, No. 556, U. C. V., Apalachicola, Fla., elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Fred G. Wilhelm, Commander; R. C. Mahon and J. T. Witherspoon, Lieutenant Commanders; T. F. Porter, Adjutant; W. J. Donahue, Sergeant Major; Rev. M. H. Norton, Chaplain. The present roster contains the names of twenty-three members. Comrades who died during the past year were R. C. Blocker, William Nash, R. L. Hill, J. B. McNeil, J. J. Cason, Judge G. A. Patton, J. H. Glenn. Great interest is being taken by the young men of that city in the organization of a Camp of Sons of Veterans, seventy-five names having been enrolled for membership.

INQUIRY FOR AN ALPHA DELTA PHI.—Mr. Frank S. Washburn, of Nashville, seeks information: "Mr. Benjamin Franklin Davis, of Brown University, class of 1854, is a member of my college fraternity, Alpha Delta Phi. In revising the catalogue we have been unable to get track of Mr. Davis or even to learn if he is now living. In the catalogue of 1882 he gave his residence as Nashville, Tenn. Information about Mr. Davis or his family is anxiously solicited."

THE ILLINOIS CONFEDERATE COMPANY.

BY F. METCALF, MAYFIELD, KY.

The writer in the spring of 1861 was a resident of Carbondale, Jackson County, Ill. About May 1 of that year he was at Murphysboro, the county seat of Jackson, where he heard John A. Logan make a speech in the courthouse in which he was outspoken for the South. He told the people how long it took the United States to whip Mexico, or the "Greasers," as he called them; that if they went South they would "find every tree and stump a breastwork;" and warned the people against any attempt to subjugate the South. Most all writers have denied these facts in regard to where Logan was the day that the Illinois company left Marion for the South. It was the 25th of May, 1861. Part of that company was recruited in Jackson County, where Logan was the day before the recruits from that county left for Marion. Logan at that time was a Congressman from Southern Illinois, and in him the people had the utmost confidence.

On May 24, 1861, in the town of Carbondale Timothy Corder and the writer were in a conversation on the southeast corner of the public square when Logan came up where we were standing and shook hands with both and asked us when we were going South. We replied: "To-morrow." He said: "Boys, when you get over there [meaning the Ohio River], keep together. I will follow you shortly." In that conversation he said that when he left Washington for home he refused to shake hands with Stephen A. Douglas, that they parted as enemies, and that if he was President of the United States he would declare war against Great Britain or some other foreign power, as that would tend to avert the war and draw the North and South together to fight a common enemy.

Every man in the Illinois company knew that he had the unqualified indorsement and approval of John A. Logan, and that his sympathy was with the South at that time cannot be successfully denied. All the leading men residing in Southern Illinois then were for Southern rights. Sympathy for the South became stronger every day, and the organizing of companies and regiments was advocated. Secession was advocated almost daily on the streets and in public places. Just after the fall of Fort Sumter a party met in a house in Marion and agreed to call a public meeting to pass ordinances of secession. They appointed a committee on resolutions, who were to report at the courthouse on April 15, 1861, to provide for the public safety. A large crowd assembled; and, the meeting being called to order, James D. Manier was elected president. He appointed Henry C. Hopper, John M. Cunningham, G. W. Goddard, James M. Washburn, and W. M. R. Scurlock a committee to draft resolutions of secession, which were reported and passed with but one dissenting voice. The resolutions were as follows:

"*Resolved,* That we, the citizens of Williamson County, firmly believing that the distracted condition of our country has been brought about by the elevation to power of a strictly sectional party, the coercive policy of which toward the seceded States will drive all the border slave States from the Federal Union and cause them to join the Southern Confederacy.

"*Resolved,* That if, in that event, the interests of the citizens of Southern Illinois imperatively demand at their hands a division of the State, we hereby pledge ourselves to use all means in our power to effect the same and attach ourselves to the Southern Confederacy.

"*Resolved,* That in our opinion it is the duty of the present administration to withdraw all the troops of the Federal government that may be stationed in Southern forts and acknowledge the independence of the Southern Confederacy, believing that such a course would be calculated to restore peace and harmony to our distracted country.

"*Resolved,* That, as the Governor of the State of Illinois will call upon the citizens of the same to take up arms for the purpose of subjugating the people of the South, we hereby enter our protest against such a course, and as loyal citizens will refuse and forever oppose the same."

The resolutions were drafted and written by Henry C. Hopper, who was a gallant soldier in the Illinois company in the Confederate army. John M. Cunningham, one of the above committee, was the father of Mrs. John A. Logan.

The Illinois company in the Confederate army was raised in the counties of Williamson and Jackson. Great precaution was exercised to prevent arrests being made. General Prentiss was stationed at Cairo, Ill., about eighty miles from Marion, with about three thousand soldiers, and another force camped at Big Muddy bridge, about four miles north of Carbondale and about twenty miles northwest of Marion on the Illinois Central Railroad, estimated to be from one to three hundred with a cannon, and Home Guards were stationed at various points between Marion and the Ohio River. Thorndike Brooks was the prime mover in raising the Illinois company. He was the acknowledged leader and captain at that time. About forty-five volunteered, including the number from Jackson County. By previous agreement we met about six miles south of Marion on May 25, as stated above. Nearly all were there at the appointed time. The greater part of



F. METCALF, MAYFIELD, KY.

this company were under twenty-three years of age. Before starting for the Ohio River several speeches were made by leading citizens of Marion, encouraging the members of the company; but some of these same men a few months later joined the Federal army.

We started to Paducah on foot with two wagons to carry the baggage about sixty miles distant. We marched all the day of the 25th and all that night. The following day in the evening Robert Kelly, a first cousin of Mrs. John A. Logan and one of this company, was ordered to go on ahead to the Lynn Hotel and procure supper for the company. Not being accustomed to marching and tight shoes, our feet became so sore that progress was very slow. Kelly failed to return; and having received information that there was a company of Home Guards about three miles ahead of us located at the Lynn Hotel, variously estimated at from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five, we halted, and six of the company were ordered to advance and ascertain the whereabouts of Kelly, how many men he had, and report to the company.

They reached the Lynn Hotel, where they were surrounded and captured. Kelly had eluded the Home Guards, and procured a friend of the company to ride back to where the main force was camped and inform them of the capture of six comrades in front. As soon as this information was received a council was held by the company at which it was unanimously agreed to march on in the direction of Paducah, and if we came up with the Home Guards to charge them and fight at close quarters, capture as many of their guns as we could and stampede the others if possible, and march on to Paducah.

The Home Guards had left a detail with the six captured comrades and marched back in the direction of Marion to meet the main force of our company; but when they came to the forks of the road north of the Lynn Hotel, supposing we had taken the road leading to Brooklyn above Paducah, on the Ohio River, they started down to the river. We marched on until we came to the forks of the road; and seeing by the tracks that the Guards had gone the left hand, we marched on rapidly to the Lynn Hotel, where we recaptured our six comrades and marched on again in the direction of Paducah.

We reached the Ohio River about 1 P.M. May 27, 1861. In a short time after the company arrived on the bank of the Ohio the steamer Lynn Boyd came across the Ohio, and the company boarded her and crossed over and marched directly to the St. Francis Hotel, kept at that time by a strong Southern rights man named Shields. The hotel was thrown wide open to our company. We were wined and dined until late at night. Mrs. Shields presented the company with a beautiful Confederate flag, which was carried through the streets of Paducah at the head of the company. We marched out Broadway to the old depot, where we boarded the cars and went to Mayfield, Ky. At the latter place we procured several recruits, Dr. John Wall being one of them, who was afterwards major of the 15th Tennessee Infantry. He was killed on the 22d of July, 1864, before Atlanta, Ga., and left on the battlefield.

The company remained overnight at the old Cargill Hotel. The following day we traveled by rail to Union City, Tenn., where we were quartered for a few days in the railroad depot. We received tents in a short time and went into camp a short distance out of Union City by the M. and O. Railroad, where we were drilled until June 9, 1861. We were sworn into the Confederate States service as Company G and assigned to the 15th Regiment, Tennessee Volunteer Infantry, Charles Carroll commanding.

While camped at Union City Timothy Corder and I called on Colonel Barksdale, who commanded a Mississippi regiment. I have forgotten the number. We had been informed that Barksdale knew Logan in Congress. We told him what Logan told us about going South; but Barksdale did not seem to put much faith in Logan's coming South. The company had been recruited up to about seventy-five men. Our first captain was Thorndike Brooks, and our first lieutenant was John Wall; second lieutenant, Harry Hays; third, Robert Kelly.

The first battle that the Illinois company was in was Belmont, Mo., on the 7th of November, 1861.

[Another account of this company will appear later. The Colonel Barksdale referred to was evidently William. H. H. and James A. Barksdale were both lieutenant colonels of Mississippi Cavalry Regiments, while William B. had the 13th Mississippi Infantry.—Ed. Veteran.]

BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE, KY.

BY COL. THOMAS CLAIBORNE, NASHVILLE, TENN.

I wish to recall the state of affairs that existed at the moment General Bragg arrived on the morning of October 8, 1862, at the spring at Perryville, where Gen. Leonidas Polk's command of Hardee's and Buckner's Divisions had been encamped. General Polk had had his troops in line of battle westward and northward in the direction of the Doctor's fork of Salt River, and about one and a fourth miles due west from his camp St. John Liddell's Brigade was at eleven o'clock engaging the advance of McCook's Corps (left wing), of Buell's army. General Polk, assured of the heavy strength of that army, had played his troops into columns for withdrawal while Liddell's Brigade and also another to his left, on the road leading from Bardstown to the town of Perryville, were covering his withdrawal; his wagon trains were on the turnpike that led to Harrodsburg, distant about ten miles, as thitherward were the main body of Bragg's forces under Gens. E. K. Smith and Carter Stevenson, reported to be under Smith at 20,000 and under Stevenson 18,000. Bragg had, I understand, sent Smith and Withers to confront General Sill, the extreme detached left of General Buell. General Stevenson was close enough to have been used by Bragg, but I cannot say exactly where. Buell had pushed his troops toward Perryville and Danville, that lay beyond his right, had touched Bardstown, and his head of that corps had turned eastward to Perryville; McCook's corps of 28,000 marched southeastwardly toward Perryville. This summary of the leading conditions is sufficient for a proper understanding of the situation on the morning of October 8, 1862.

It was about 11 A.M. when General Bragg, at the head of his large staff, reached the point of the turnpike road where were assembled General Polk and General Buckner (who had that morning before daylight returned to his command and on whose staff I was acting) and Generals Hardee and Cheatham and their staffs ready to march to Harrodsburg.

I had just ridden up as Bragg addressed General Polk. I state substantially: "What are you doing, General Polk?" "I am retiring, as the enemy are too many." General Bragg quickly and on no further inquiry into conditions replied: "Bring on the action with small arms." General Polk and the others present seemed for a moment astonished; but recovering quickly, waved his arm and ordered that his troops, which, as I have stated above, were massed, should be deployed on the lines they had just left.

As I had for two nights had no sleep, I asked General Buckner to permit me to snatch a little sleep, attended by my orderly, while the divisions were taking up positions, which he granted. As I was soon asleep, I did not observe what was taking place until my orderly awakened me and said the fight was about to begin.

I had only a short distance to move to the line of battle, as formed on the crest of the slope that reached down into the narrow valley coursed by a creek that was quite shallow at that time and flowed in a serpentine manner. As I reached the left of Buckner's Division, where he at that moment was found, the batteries, which on either side had been placed nearly on opposite sides of the valley, opened with tremendous energy, and so continued until, I thought, about 1 P.M.

At this moment the rocky escarpment that crested the opposite heights was lined with McCook's Corps, while directly in front of our left was a farmhouse fronting on a road that led slantwise to the plain occupied by McCook, and to its left a little a squadron of horse was maneuvering. I asked General Buckner, who was observing its movements, the meaning of it. He said: "That is Gay trying to cover the two cannon they are seeking to put into position." Liddell was firing away, and a Washington New Orleans battery was a few hundred yards beyond a piece of woods to our left in position. As to the Confederate troops still farther to our left, I first saw them as our part of the line began to descend the slope in front of the line to our extreme right; Cheatham on the right, Buckner the left, and the center under Hardee.

At a right shoulder shift arms our troops moved in the most steady tread, despite the firing of artillery and small arms in the whole front, which inflicted much loss; but the line only in its long extent swayed as obstacles were met, steadily forming on the colors and closing the gaps made by the enemy's fire, which was so fierce that it seemed almost impossible for our troops to get to the enemy. An unfortunate thing occurred in Buckner's Division: a regiment for some reason made a left wheel in a strong rush to the left and advanced on the battery I have just mentioned, which, by some mistake, had opened on the troops coming from our left and below the battery near the creek. I was ordered by General Buckner to hasten to stop it. As I rode into the battery I shouted at each gun to cease firing. I instantly met with its commander, who, I believe, was Slocum, who demanded why I gave in that way such an order. I told him I was sent by General Buckner to stop his firing into our own troops. He said this was not so. "Well, just look at that battle flag," I said, and he at once discovered the mistake. Going some fifty yards farther down the hillside, he found an excellent point of vantage, and in a few moments he was pouring an oblique flank fire into the masses of the enemy occupying a large open field that reached to a woods some five hundred to seven hundred yards to their rear.

I rejoined my division, and saw the grandest advance in line of battle I ever witnessed by the matchless Confederate battalions, which brought down their arms only when about one hundred to two hundred paces from the foot of the declivity of the escarpment on which the enemy's line rested. Then at the command to open fire they first discharged their guns and with a rush struck the steep, sloping sides and up and up in resistless charge, and soon dislodged the line of Federals, which fell back fighting at great disadvantage, as the rocky escarpment had been reached and the Confederates had a first-rate breastwork, from which they swept the Federals on the open field for the greater half of the line. At the going down of the sun the whole reach of McCook's line had been left to the victors, and in the woods eight hundred or nine hundred yards to the rear his shattered regiments found shelter. Cheatham had assaulted their right and captured a battery, dispersing its supports, and killed Gen. Jim Jackson, whose body I saw after night lying near the shattered guns of his command.

A battery said to be Loomis's had fallen back to the woods already spoken of and then kept up a steady flow of shrapnel that were trained to drop just over the escarpment behind which lay Buckner's troops. The farmhouse before described had been fired and was destroyed.

Adjutant General Cosby and I were seated on our horses on the slanting road described about six paces apart—I in the rear—when just as the sun was about to disappear I observed a shot that came from the left. I called to Cosby the fact. He merely looked toward me and resumed his attitude. Another shot flew between us. I called to Cosby to report to General Buckner that I was going to find that battery, as no shot had before that come from that direction. I turned my horse, rode down to the creek, and turned up it, which led directly into the ground held by the enemy. I hitched my horse to a limb of a tree that overhung the water and crept along a stone wall that rested on its right bank; and going four or five hundred yards upstream, I came to its end, and from it could see what I took for an army corps crowding into a covelike space. I thus discovered that the enemy had already turned our left just at sundown. I ran to my horse and hurried to General Buckner to give him the information of this very serious fact. I then asked permission to visit Cheatham's Division to ascertain if my nephew, Henry Ramage, was safe. I obtained it and took my way over the ground lately held by the enemy, on which I judged were 2,500 killed and wounded Federals. The full moon shone very brightly. Every object was plainly seen. Among the fallen Federals were not a few Confederates, whose ragged and dirty clothing easily disclosed them within thirty or forty yards, contrasting remarkably with the brand-new uniforms of the Federals. I saw and picked up a New York Herald, and could easily read it in the brilliant moonlight. Hundreds of arms lay scattered, glinting its rays, and so I rode to our right over the fighting ground; but I did not find Cheatham's Division. It had pushed on to its front and right in the engagement. I followed the road that led, as I supposed, to its position, but missed it; for I soon rode into a large number of very excited soldiers who were evidently discussing the day's fight and disaster. The woods in which the road ran had not shed its leaves. The light of the moon fell through the interspaces of their limbs. It made my uniform unrecognizable. "What soldiers are you?" I said as I came on them. "Buell's," several answered. "All right! please let my horse move forward," and I passed through the crowd and beyond it, turned widely to my left, and rode into General Polk's headquarters.

Here I found an aid of General Bragg's in search of me. Thence we rode to Bragg's headquarters, who sharply questioned me about the report that the enemy had turned his left. I reaffirmed that I have above stated, yet he was incredulous until word was presently brought him that the Washington Artillery caissons, going to the old camp for ammunition, had fallen into the enemy's hands.

Then he awakened to the situation. He had ordered field hospitals to be made ready and details to gather the spoil of arms. Now he issued orders for the move at 1 A.M., and, striking across fields, he reached the pike leading to Harrodsburg, and at quick step the army marched through that town and so farther on till we got to Dicks River.

Thus Bragg was caught with about a fourth of his effectives

by Buell's army; it was testified before Buell's court of inquiry that it was from seventy to one hundred thousand. He had struck McCook's Corps, and his gallant 12,500 had smashed it. Not a sound of the battle had reached General Buell, encamped behind some hills, not five miles away. McCook was the bearer of the news after nightfall of his own defeat.

Had Bragg kept his hold on the battle ground till next daylight, he would have been beaten in detail and his command slaughtered or captured.

It was afterwards seen that Sheridan's Corps had pushed into the cove, as I had discovered and reported, and that Crittenden's Corps had lapped the town of Perryville and its head of column turned toward Danville.

Never greater deeds were done in any of the "greater battles" of the war, never valor more splendidly displayed by those invincible soldiers who, burning with inimitable ardor, rushed on and over more than twice their number.

It was Bragg's first and last battle in Kentucky.

ORDNANCE MATTERS AT THE CLOSE.

(Richmond Times-Dispatch.)

The following is an interesting narrative of events (April 2-9, 1865) by Joseph Packard, formerly lieutenant of artillery, on ordnance duty in charge of reserve ordnance train, Army of Northern Virginia.

On April 1, 1865, the Ordnance Reserve Department of the Army of Northern Virginia was still occupying its winter quarters near Lippincott's, between the Richmond and Petersburg Turnpike and the Woodpecker road, about half a mile south of Swift Creek. It consisted of the reserve ordnance train, forty-four wagons, under my charge; of the field park, twelve forges and battery wagons, under Capt. George Duffey; and of the forage train of four wagons, under Capt. S. M. Sommers, who was quartermaster of the department.

Capt. F. M. Colston, who had been in charge of the train up to about February 1, 1865, but who had been made assistant to the chief of ordnance, Lieut. Col. Briscoe G. Baldwin, still remained with the train and messed with me, together with Ordnance Sergeants Robert S. Burwell and Everard Meade. We had another sergeant named Lazenby, and there were several quartermaster sergeants, of whom the chief was George Apperson.

On the morning of April 2, 1865, we had several dispatches from Colonel Baldwin informing us of the disaster on our right and instructing us to prepare to move. We had a very large amount of surplus ammunition in a log storehouse, consisting of artillery ammunition, some piles of mortar shells, and about thirteen hundred pounds of powder in boxes. We were instructed to move our ammunition, over and above what our wagons could haul, to Dunlop's, which was then the terminus of the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad, and to destroy all stores not needed in field use. Accordingly during the day we shipped the surplus ammunition to Dunlop's and threw the mortar shells into Swift Creek. We also sent some ammunition to the Pocahontas and Upper Pontoon Bridges for the use of troops. After dark the train started on the retreat. Colston and I remained about our old quarters until about eleven o'clock at night, waiting for Burwell, who had gone to Petersburg to bid farewell to some of his numerous lady friends. We saw to the burning of the huge sling cart, with twelve-foot wheels, which we had used in moving heavy guns during the fall and early winter.

About midnight we mounted our horses and rode down to Dunlop's, where, under later instructions from Colonel Baldwin, we were to blow up the entire stock of ammunition there collected. On arriving there we met an officer of the quartermaster's department with similar orders as to the quartermaster's stores. As he had a force of men and we had none, we arranged with him for the proper piling of the boxes of powder, so as to destroy the huge pile of miscellaneous stores. I took a ham from the pile, which I strapped behind my saddle, to be placed in our wagon later. About one o'clock we rode on to overtake the train, and about an hour later we heard a tremendous report, which indicated that the quartermaster had successfully carried out his instructions. At intervals during the night as we rode along we heard the explosions which followed the destruction of our fleet in the James River. Many times during the night the sky was lit up from these explosions, and the earth seemed to tremble under our feet.

Sometime after daylight on Monday, the 3d, we overtook our train and proceeded all day long without special incident. Captain Sommers, who was from West Virginia, had his family spending the winter in Petersburg, together with his father-in-law, Judge G. D. Camden, of West Virginia. They did not wish to remain in Petersburg; so in his special wagon were his wife, two young children with a nurse, and Judge Camden. There were also with them in the ordnance wagons a black-coated Baptist preacher and quite a pretty black-eyed Miss R., who was trying to get to her home, somewhere in Southern Virginia. Before sundown Captain Sommers insisted, on the ground that the animals were tired, on going into camp near the house of a Mr. Cox, which was not far from the coal mines in Chesterfield County. Colston and I objected to this on the ground that it would leave us behind the troops with which we had been moving; but Sommers persisted, thinking, I suppose, of the fatigue of his family more than of the army mules.

Next morning, Tuesday, April 4, we made an early start, and by hard driving succeeded in two or three hours in catching up with the rear guard of our army. As we had no armed force whatever with us, we should have fallen an easy prey to the enemy if their pursuit had been close. Nothing of moment occurred during the day, and about sundown we went into camp near Amelia Courthouse.

On Wednesday, April 5, we started about eight o'clock in the morning, under orders to take a road northward from Amelia Courthouse, and at a point some five miles distant to take a road diverging to the left. Colston went over to see Colonel Baldwin and get his orders. We had a clear road, no troops being ahead of us. About ten o'clock, I suppose, I was near the rear of the train attending to the issue of some cavalry ammunition to Lieutenant Downman, of Wickham's Brigade, and Lieutenant Blackburn, acting ordnance officer of Fitz Lee's Division. This being done, I went forward, and at the fork of the road before mentioned I met Sergeant Burwell, who told me that he had heard from one of our cavalrymen that the enemy's cavalry were a short distance beyond us up the fork of the road, and that he had no doubt of the truth of the statement. I told him to ride forward and order the wagons to turn out into the fields on each side of the road. The Baptist preacher was perched on the fence like a crow, and Judge Camden was standing by. I never saw them afterwards. Stopping to speak to them for a moment, I trotted forward toward the front. After going for some two hundred yards, the road ran for a little distance between two high banks, with woods on either side. I came out from this

sunken way into a narrow bottom lying along a creek over which there was a bridge.

The wagons had begun turning our right and left into the field. Just at this moment I saw a regiment of the enemy's cavalry dashing across the bridge about one hundred yards distant from me, and promptly took to the woods. After wandering through the woods for some time, I returned to the scene and found that our cavalry had come up and driven off the attacking force, but not until they had blown up some of our wagons and killed a number of the animals. I found Captain Sommers there, who told me that he had been captured by the enemy, but paroled so as to take care of his family. Burwell returned from the retreat which he had made at the attack of the enemy about the same time that I did. Colston overtook us just after the attack upon the train. This attack was made by a cavalry force under General Davies near Painesville. Toward evening, having hitched up all the animals we could find, we started again with some twenty wagons along with the troops. We moved along during the night in the slow way that is enforced upon a train moving with troops over bad roads. Sometimes I slept on horseback; and once, as I recollect, I lay down for about half an hour on the porch of a house in a village through which we were passing. I don't know the name of the village.

On Thursday, April 6, we proceeded on our way, not stopping to feed either men or animals. I munched a little corn during the day. About ten o'clock in the morning we began going through a series of attacks by Sheridan's cavalry and artillery upon our left flank. During these attacks the wagons of our own and other trains would dash across the exposed portion of the road and turn out into fields which were more sheltered. In this way our little train was soon broken up into fragments. Shortly after one of these attacks, when some artillery of ours drawn up in a field to our left was replying to the enemy, Mrs. Sommers and her nurse and children were so terrified that I urged Captain Sommers to take them to a house near by and leave them until he could return to take care of them, as there was no place for women and children with an army in the situation in which ours was. This he did, and he continued with us until after the surrender, when he went back for them. During the rest of the day Captain Colston and Burwell and I devoted ourselves to the task of pushing on as best we could the fragments of our train, each taking charge of one fragment.

Late in the afternoon I had succeeded in getting the three wagons which I had been looking after across a bridge over a small stream with high banks and up a high hill on the other side. I then retraced my steps to see if I could be of any use to Colston and Burwell. Just as I got down to the bridge of which I have spoken I saw a heavy line of the enemy's infantry emerging from the woods three or four hundred yards in front of me and keeping up a heavy fire. The scene among the wagons was one of pellmell confusion. They were driving in lines, eight or ten abreast, across the field toward the stream of which I have spoken. Its high banks interposed an effectual barrier, and there the teamsters, unhitching a horse or mule from the wagons, attempted to ford the stream, in which many of them failed.

I turned and rode with a miscellaneous crowd up the hill. As I neared its top the sun had not long set and outlined against the sky I saw the splendid figure of General Lee on horseback, his countenance as grand and serene as ever. A battery was passing, and in a quiet voice he ordered them to take position on the crest of the hill. An Irish sergeant of the battery said: "Do ye hear, boys? 'tis the Gineral himself that wants us." As they went into position I rode on by a road to the left, mixing with the crowd and now and then talking with my neighbors.

The moon had risen when I approached the High Bridge, and its lofty arches stood out in bold relief against the sky. A bridge for wagons across the Appomattox River was close by, and while I was on the bridge I encountered Burwell. As progress was very slow, the road being blocked up with wagons, artillery, troops, and stragglers, we determined to ride across the country to Farmville, hoping thereby to get some food for our horses and perhaps for ourselves. The latter we did not accomplish, but from a small barn we each took a couple of bundles of fodder and some ears of corn. We reached Farmville somewhere about ten o'clock, and rode about the town trying to find something to eat, but without success. Toward midnight we came to a house in the western part of the town which stood back a little way from the street. The lady of the house came out in response to our knock and told us that General Breckinridge and his staff were in the house, filling all her spare room, and that she had nothing to eat. Burwell entered into conversation with her, and so ingratiated himself that after a while she said she would give us some cold corn bread and sorghum molasses.

This was a treat indeed. Of course we could not in our sleepy condition watch our horses during the night to prevent their being stolen; so we asked her if there was any place where we could secure them. She said there was no place but the henhouse. Accordingly we managed to get them through the low door, and after feeding them locked them up. Taking the saddles and saddle blankets with us, we lay down on the back porch, using the saddles for pillows and the saddle blankets for covering. It was broad day the next morning when I awoke to find a nice-looking young lady pushing me with her foot. She said that General Breckinridge and his staff had been gone more than an hour, as they heard the Yankees were on the edge of the town, so that her mother thought we had better be leaving.

This was on the morning of Friday, April 7. We at once saddled up and rode down through the town. At the railroad station we found the three wagons which had been in my charge the evening before and, I think, four others of our train. Captain Sommers, who was with them, told me there were some commissary and quartermaster stores at the station, and he asked me to receipt as acting quartermaster to the officer in charge for what we needed, his parole preventing him from doing so.

I gladly did this, and we threw on the wagons some corn meal and bacon and some grain for the animals. We then left the town by the bridge across the river and turned westward. After going a mile or two, we stopped to feed the animals and ourselves. While we were cooking Captain Colston rode up, and shortly afterwards Colonel Baldwin joined us and shared our meal. I told him that I thought I had better go and join Mosby, in whose country I had been while on a visit to Fauquier County in January. He told me that no better service could be done than to help get the wagons along; that he and most of General Lee's staff were devoting their attention to this. After our breakfast, which went on within sound of the firing on the edge of Farmville, we proceeded on our way without serious interruption during the entire day. Once there was an alarm of cavalry on our right flank, but nothing came of it. During the day Colston had a talk with one of Pickett's staff whom he knew and who was very gloomy over the situation. While I was thinking

of this General Breckinridge and his staff rode by, and his calm, buoyant manner was very impressive. The last time I had seen him was when he was presiding in the Senate chamber as Vice President of the United States. My recollection is that we kept slowly moving all Friday night.

On Saturday, April 8, we continued our course, and there was no attack made upon us; so that I began to think that the union with Johnston would be safely effected. During this time I heard from Colston and Burwell about the loss on Thursday evening of the wagon in which our baggage was carried. Colston went into the wagon and got his best uniform. I had put on the worst clothes I had when we started on the retreat, thinking that the road would be very muddy, and so I lost, among other things, two fairly good coats, one of which I had never worn. It was the coat that I had received under the act of Congress providing for the issue of clothing and rations to the officers as well as the men, since in 1865 a lieutenant's pay was about consumed in paying for the corn meal and bacon which he got from the commissary. We camped Saturday night on the bank of a little stream just east of the hill where General Lee had his headquarters after the surrender.

On Sunday morning, April 9, as we were preparing to start, we heard firing in front of us and rode up on the hill of which I have spoken. A captured section of artillery was brought in about this time, and I exchanged my saber, with its Richmond-made scabbard, for one which I took from this battery. Shortly after this we heard of the flag of truce, and I saw General Lee and Colonel Marshall ride forth to meet General Grant. Later in the day I witnessed the interview between General Longstreet and General Custer. That night we remained at our camp on the side of the stream, sheltering ourselves under a wagon sheet. During the night some one stole my hat from my head while I was asleep. I had bought it shortly after the battle of Gettysburg, and it had holes in it, but it was better than nothing. Later in the day I bought from an artilleryman a spare cap which he had, paying him in United States currency all that we could muster—a five-cent piece, a three-cent piece, and a three-cent postage stamp.

On Monday morning, April 10, we moved up into the woods where General Lee was and pitched our wagon sheet about a hundred yards from his tent. It started to rain very hard, and we kept under cover most of the day. In the morning our friends, the enemy, sent us some beef and crackers and to each officer a quart of whisky, which helped to pass the time.

On Tuesday, April 11, we signed the parole sheets, and later in the day received our paroles, signed by Col. Walter H. Taylor. Late in the afternoon Colston and I went to General Lee's tent and said good-by to him. He signed his name to a copy of his farewell address which I had made in my memorandum book, and he also wrote his name in Captain Colston's pocket Testament. I also visited the Rockbridge Artillery, in which I had formerly served, and my old comrades gave me one of the pieces of the battery flag.

On Wednesday, April 12, I started with about thirty others on my six days' ride to Fauquier County, Colston starting for Richmond. Capt. J. M. Garnett, ordnance officer of Grimes's Division, had given me a $5 Maryland bank note which he had in his possession. This, with the clothes I had on, a spare shirt which I had picked up, and my horse, sword, and pistol, constituted all the property that I took away.

[Captain (F. M.) Colston is in active business still—of Wilson, Colston & Co., Baltimore.—Ed. Veteran.]

SCENES ABOUT GETTYSBURG—A BRAVE BOY.

BY J. W. ANDERSON, COVINGTON, GA.

I was a member of Company E, 10th Georgia Regiment; but in January, 1863, I was appointed one of the special couriers for General Longstreet, and served with him until he was wounded in the battle of the Wilderness, when Gen. R. H. Anderson, of South Carolina, succeeded him in command of the First Army Corps. I was retained by General Anderson in the same position until October, 1864, when I returned to my regiment for duty.

When General Longstreet himself was moving upon Gettysburg on July 1, Hood's and McLaw's Divisions were some distance away, but were advancing as rapidly as they could march. General Pickett was on the other side (the Virginia side) of Chambersburg, more than twenty miles away. I was sent back after General Pickett with orders for him to move up to Gettysburg as rapidly as possible. He did not get up, however, until the morning of the 3d of July, the morning of the day in which he made his famous charge. It will thus be seen that Pickett's Division were not engaged in any of the fighting at Gettysburg until after the great artillery duel was over on the afternoon of the 3d. Then they immediately charged.

When the artillery opened the battle, I was returning from the ride to General Pickett, and was several miles away. It seemed an earthquake would not have caused the foundations to tremble as did the fire of those five hundred pieces of artillery. Spurring my horse forward, I soon came within the range of the bursting shells from the enemy's guns. The air seemed to be full of them, while the roar of the guns and the shriek of the shells was simply awful. I saw Pickett and his men as they moved forward in their advance upon the enemy's line on the Round Tops. It was a grand sight to behold, but awful to face. The line moved across the open field for half a mile or more under the terrific fire of the enemy's whole line concentrated upon it. The Confederates did not falter. They moved steadily forward until they reached the enemy's line, broke through it, and many were killed and captured inside the line.

As I rode forward across the field where the shells were coming over thick and fast I met many of Pickett's men, who were wounded, coming out the best way they could. As I hurried on I met a young boy who had been in the charge. A cannon shot had struck his left ankle and taken the foot away, his hat was gone, and he was using his gun as a sort of crutch, and was trying to "hobble" his way out. I am sure he was not over fifteen years of age; but he was all game, and did not utter a word of complaint at the loss of his foot. I felt so sorry for him that I dismounted and lifted him up on my horse and led him back behind a small hill not far to the rear which protected him from the enemy's shells, to which he was still exposed. A number of other wounded men had collected at the same place. I lifted the poor boy from my horse and laid him on the ground. My duty urging me forward, I did not have time even to ask the name of the brave boy or to ascertain the regiment to which he belonged; but he evidently was one of "Pickett's men."

I then rode rapidly to the front to find General Longstreet, who was on our extreme right. I never saw nor heard of the boy again. I would like to know whether he survived the loss of his foot and the shock of the cannon shot or not. I hope he did. I hope he is still living, because a boy so brave and fearless as he, I am sure, would have made a fine man and a good citizen.

"DEAD ANGLE"—RULES FOR BURIAL OF DEAD.

BY COL. W. D. PICKETT, OF LIEUT. GEN. HARDEE'S STAFF.

The December VETERAN was late in reaching me in Mexico and was afterwards mislaid. This will account for my apparent indifference in replying to a statement in that number attributed to my old friend and comrade, Hon. James D. Porter, a gentleman of honorable and distinguished record in war and eminent whether in the judiciary, in the councils of the State, or in the councils of the nation.

It will be recalled that in the October VETERAN I had related a highly creditable incident occurring in front of Lowry's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, during the assault of Sherman's army on the "Kennesaw line" (in front of Marietta) about June 20, 1863. In that article it was stated that in front of Lowry's Brigade was an open wood through which the Federals charged and were repulsed only when close to the Confederate lines, leaving many killed and wounded. In the height of the battle the dry leaves and old grass caught fire, which was rapidly spreading among the dead and wounded. Spontaneously and on the instant a flag of truce was inaugurated (initiated from the Confederate side), and at once there was the gathering of unarmed men from both sides who tenderly removed the dead and wounded to the Federal lines. This incident was told after the repulse, and is believed to be substantially correct, and as understood was talked of around all camp fires.

Governor Porter thinks my statement was slightly in error, as that truce was declared after communicating with General Sherman. Had this been the case, these bodies of dead and wounded would have been burned over a half dozen times before the truce could have been inaugurated. My distinct recollection is that it was not unusual for brigade commanders to inaugurate these partial truces when the lines of the two armies were close together and that these truces were recognized at army headquarters. An incident is recalled in my own experience in corroboration.

Soon after the arrival of Hooker's Corps from the Army of the Potomac it occupied the valley of Lookout Creek, west of Lookout Mountain, and the utmost vigilance was thought necessary on the part of the Confederate side to prevent a surprise.

A short time before the battle of Missionary Ridge I was directed by General Hardee to make a night inspection of the picket line around the base of Lookout Mountain, fronting Moccasin Point and on Lookout Creek, which then separated our lines from Hooker's Corps. On account of the rough mountain side and the dense timber interfering with finding the various picket posts, those posts on Lookout Creek were not reached till after daylight, and probably after the boys had broken their fast. On approaching the picket post at the Nashville railroad bridge loud laughing was heard, with every evidence of hilarity and good feeling. At that post was a sight to be remembered. The bridge had been destroyed, but there was left the two stone abutments sixty or seventy-five feet apart. On one side were "the boys in blue" and on the other side "the boys in gray," each sitting flat on the abutment with their feet dangling below and, in the height of their good humor, striking the sides of the abutments. The boys had evidently been "swapping yarns" instead of tobacco and coffee. On inspecting the picket posts farther up Lookout Creek the same conditions were in evidence. On one side of the shallow creek was the Confederate post with the sentinel "in gray;" on the other side, one hundred to one hundred and fifty yards distant, was the sentinel "in blue"—each in sight of the other.

Before leaving corps headquarters nothing was told me of this truce. These partial truces were as they should have been. The few soldiers killed and wounded on the picket line cut no figure in war; it is the winning of battles and gaining possession of strategic points that control the results.

I have devoted this much space to this incident because I am desirous that the Confederate soldiers shall have what is justly due for an act which, amid the horrors of battle, was the spontaneous assertion of the teachings of a Christian civilization. It was equally honorable to both sides; more especially to the Confederates, who, as understood, inaugurated the movement and were on the defensive. It would have been well had the commanding general of the Federal army of that date carried out these teachings of a Christian civilization in his historical march of devastation and destruction from Atlanta to Savannah and thence to Columbia, S. C.

The error of Governor Porter arises from his confounding that spontaneous truce on the day of battle with that truce inaugurated (a few days after the assault on the "Kennesaw line") for the burial of the dead.

Cheatham's Division defended the "Dead Angle," the weakest part of the line on that day, because it could be easily "turned." The enemy made a most vigorous attack *en masse*, charging close up to the breastworks, a color bearer planting his flag on the breastworks. After the repulse, there were quite a number of Federal dead in the open space in front. These bodies under the hot sun soon became so offensive to both sides that it became necessary to remove or bury them, and hence the truce for that purpose and doubtless inaugurated from army headquarters. It so happened that on that day I passed along the front of Lowry's Brigade and saw no burial parties, because the dead and wounded had been removed immediately after the repulse under that spontaneous truce. Whether those gallant fellows in front of Cheatham's Division were properly removed or buried where they lay is not now recalled.

Again referring to the article in the December VETERAN, Governor Porter is quoted (erroneously probably) as having a different view as to the duty of a victorious army as to the disposal of the dead. He thinks it is not incumbent on a victorious army to bury the dead of the enemy. I differ with him, and believe that to the victor of any battlefield, according to the rules of modern warfare, devolves the duty of caring for the wounded and burying the dead. I admit that it is impossible for any army immediately after a battle to take proper care of the dead. Take, for instance, Murfreesboro. Although the Confederates held the field for four days, I doubt whether even the Confederates' dead were buried, for every soldier and officer was compelled to be on the firing line. He gives as an instance the battlefield of Chickamauga, which was held by the Confederates for two months preceding the battle of Missionary Ridge. He passed over that battlefield a short time before the latter battle, and reports that in the portion passed over by him the dead were not buried. It so happened that by the vicissitudes of war I passed over a portion of that same battlefield within about two weeks previous to the Missionary Ridge battle, and found all the dead that were passed buried after a fashion. It occurred in this wise:

It may be recalled that after the Army of Tennessee, under General Bragg, crossed the Tennessee River on July 4, 1863 (the date of the surrender of Vicksburg), with its twenty

thousand paroled prisoners of war and the failure of victory at Gettysburg, General Hardee was relieved of the command of his corps and ordered to Enterprise, Miss., to establish a camp for the collecting together and reorganization of the paroled prisoners of Vicksburg, so that when exchanged they could take the field at once. After this duty had been partially performed and during a time when he was in command of that department, I was directed (assisted by other officers of the staff) to make an inspection of the cavalry in the State of Mississippi, then under command of Gen. Stephen D. Lee. When mostly through with this duty, and a few days after the news of the victory of Chickamauga, word came to me that General Lee was about to start on an expedition to North Alabama, and probably farther north, with two brigades of cavalry. On communicating with him by telegraph and expressing a wish to join him he readily consented. I joined him at Pontotoc, Miss., and after a few days of hard marching reached Tuscumbia, Ala. Then two incidents were in evidence to prevent further progress north. The Tennessee River was past fording at a point opposite; and General Wheeler, after doing considerable damage to the enemy's communications in Middle Tennessee, was set upon by a superior force of infantry and cavalry, forced out of Tennessee, and had that day crossed that stream by one of the fords on the Mussel Shoals, some distance above, and was then near Courtland, Ala.

Just then, however, important work turned up for these two splendid brigades of cavalry—one commanded by General Ferguson, the other commanded by General ——. This was the advent into North Alabama of Sherman's Corps of twenty thousand men on a forced march from Memphis, Tenn., to the reënforcement of Rosecrans's army at Chattanooga. General Sherman's intention evidently was to march along the south bank of the Tennessee, thereby avoiding two crossings of that stream. General Lee promptly met the enemy's advance fifteen or twenty miles west of Tuscumbia. By taking up favorable defensive positions by the skillful use of artillery the enemy were compelled to deploy and advance in line of battle at so many defensive positions that in three or four days they had only forced Lee's cavalry back to Tuscumbia.

After occupying that city one night, Sherman, realizing doubtless that it was rather slow progress in going to the rescue of General Rosecrans and doubtless learning of the driving of Wheeler's Cavalry to the south side of the river, retired his advance to East Port and crossed with his entire command to the north side of the Tennessee River and thence on to Bridgeport. The south side of the river was thus saved from the devastation resulting from the passage of such a large force through those fine plantations.

Learning at this date that Lieutenant General Hardee had been ordered to resume the command of his corps near Chattanooga and being relieved of duty by General Lee, I proceeded to join corps headquarters. By hard riding over Sand Mountain, crossing the "Lookout Range" near the falls of Little River, I on the fourth day about noon passed near the famous battlefield of Chickamauga. Naturally desirous of inspecting it, I left the road and spent some time wandering over that bloody field. I recall one especially hard-contested point—a gentle rise covered with timber. The sides of trees facing the Confederate lines were so peppered by Minie bullets as in some cases to be bare of bark. Everywhere were visible the effects of the storm of battle. Of course I was not over all of that extended battlefield, but wherever I strolled were the evidences of the dead. The bodies were evidently buried where they lay; no grave was dug. They were covered from dirt dug alongside; and where they died lying on the back, in many cases the toes were sticking out, the dirt having been washed away by the rain. Under all the circumstances, I considered that that manner of burial was all the rules of war would require. Doubtless nothing could be done in this gruesome work until ten or twelve days after the fight, and by that time the bodies were so decomposed as to render removing impossible. Furthermore, on Chickamauga field there fell, including the two armies, thirty to thirty-five thousand killed and wounded—the exact figures not now recalled. The proportion killed to wounded is usually about one-fifth. So there were at least six thousand dead scattered over the field. Think of the labor attendant on this job to be done by details of soldiers with common intrenching tools—picks and long-handled shovels! Soldiers can only tolerate such work when under the artillery fire of the enemy and he is seeking a trench deep enough to protect himself.

Governor Porter and myself do not often differ on any subject, and very little as outlined above. In regard to the burial of the dead, he may not regard what has been described as a burial in the ordinary acceptance of the term. Understanding the rules of modern war as I do, I am anxious to show that the Confederate army carried out their duty on the battlefield of Chickamauga according to the rules of civilized warfare. Otherwise, this communication would not have been written.

GREAT WAR SONG WAS CHEAP.

(Baltimorean in New York Herald.)

When Col. James Ryder Randall, who wrote "Maryland, My Maryland," passed away in Augusta, Ga., January 15, the South lost the author of a poem which Oliver Wendell Holmes declared to be the greatest war song of any nation, and a poem which brought its author only $100 in depreciated Confederate money, which was worthless before its owner sought to use it.

Although the poem attained world-wide fame, Colonel Randall died poor. In a witty address he made here recently there was an undercurrent which indicated that the material problems of life were very present ones to him. He told a story of meeting an old wartime associate and telling of some of his difficulties. This old friend stated: "Randall, you cannot expect immortality and house rent too."

Although Colonel Randall was born in Maryland (of good old Maryland stock), he never lived in his native State. For forty years, with slight intermissions, he had been a resident of Augusta, Ga., and for several years he was an editorial writer on the Augusta Chronicle. He had gone to Augusta in 1864, after serving in the Confederate army, and assumed the editorship of the old Constitutionalist; and when this paper was merged into the Chronicle, Colonel Randall was retained.

When stricken ill with the grip, he was on his way to make his home, when sixty-nine years old, in the city of his birth. He died just as his poems were to be published in book form.

When Colonel Randall's death occurred, there was a movement on foot to create an office which might enable him to spend his last days in comfort in the State he glorified. Former Governor Warfield had suggested that the State create an office to be known as "keeper of the archives," to which position Mr. Randall should be appointed. Others, notable among them Senator Whyte, were interested in the plan to bring the poet to Maryland and to keep him there as an honored citizen.

An account of the circumstances under which "Maryland, My Maryland" was written is as follows: In April, 1861, Colonel Randall read in the New Orleans Delta news of the attack on the Massachusetts troops as they passed through Baltimore. "This account greatly excited me," said Randall. "I had long been absent from my native city, and the startling event there influenced my mind. That night I could not dismiss what I had read in the paper. About midnight I arose, lit a candle, and went to my desk. Some powerful influence seemed to possess me, and almost involuntarily I proceeded to write the song of 'My Maryland.' Some wild air that I cannot now recall took shape, and the whole poem was dashed off rapidly. No one was more surprised than I was at the widespread and instantaneous popularity of the poem I had been so strangely stimulated to write. The poem 'wrote itself.'"

FORREST'S CHIEF OF ARTILLERY.

During a visit of Col. James R. Randall to Nashville he was the guest of Capt. John W. Morton at his country home, Mansfield, near Nashville, and upon his return home he wrote:

"Ringed with flame and sore beset
Where gunboat and rifle fire met,
Where cannon blazed from water and land
Upon the Donelson Southern band,
A gallant lad of nineteen years,
A stranger to tremor and to fears,
Stood by a battery piece and shot
The first shell in that crater hot.

His captain, Porter, smitten down
Where all the volleyed thunders frown,
Shouted when borne in pain away:
'John, don't give up that gun, I say!'
'No! not while a man is left,' replied
The lad in the flush of martial pride;
And he kept his word to the utter end,
While a man could live in that river bend.

'No prison for me,' grim Forrest said,
And thousands followed where he led.
But other thousands remained because
They bowed to Buckner's word and laws.
Whelmed by the girdling Northern men,
They marched to the captive's dismal den,
And the lad who fired the first gun passed
Into that solitude sad and vast.

A few months more, and the daring boy
Breathed the air that the free enjoy;
A few months more, and he gayly went
Where dauntless Forrest pitched his tent.
Saluting the hero, he quickly gave
To the South's own 'bravest of the brave'
A paper that said he was to be
The Wizard's chief of artillery.

A derisive smile swept over the face
Of the stern commander in his place.
'What!' he growled, 'are you to wield
Command of my guns in war's fierce field?
Nonsense, boy; go grow a beard.'
And this was what the stripling heard.
But presently the Wizard's brow
Grew calm. 'I'll try you, anyhow,'
He said; and from that setting sun
Morton and Forrest were as one.

Nigh four tremendous, bloody years,
Full of combat, smiles, and tears,
O'er miles of land in battles grand,
Forrest and Morton went hand in hand.
With sword and pistol the Wizard slew,
While Morton's guns mowed men in blue.
If mortal man could ever have freed
The South from the foeman's grasp and greed,
That man was Forrest; but we see
It was not destined so to be.

Long years have gone, the grass is spread
Above the bivouacs of the dead.
The mighty Wizard's wand is still,
Like his heart; but from every Southern hill
And mount and stream and vale bedight,
With sun and moon and star alight,
He lives in glorious deeds alway,
Baffling the onset of decay.

The lad who made the cannon roar
Survives on Life's tumultuous shore.
His locks are silvered, but his brain
Burns with heroic throbs amain.
Gentle and kind, but valiant yet,
Forgiving, he cannot forget
The cause he fought for with his mate,
Immortal, whatsoe'er its fate,
While from his great dark eyes there gleams
The orient of remembered dreams.

And now the old bard's final rhyme
Invokes a blessing of Easter time
Upon his people and home and race,
Like manna dew of heavenly grace.
With higher aims in war's surcease
Be thou allied with the Prince of Peace,
And never henceforth forget to be
'Soldier of Him who died for thee.'"

PRIZE POEM BY U. D. C., SAN ANTONIO.

[Miss Harriet Ford, daughter of Mrs. P. R. Ford, San Antonio, Tex., granddaughter of Major Strange, chief of staff to Gen. N. B. Forrest, and a graduate from the High School, was the winner of the prize offered by the Barnard E. Bee Chapter, U. D. C., of that city for the best poem on "The Confederate Soldier." Miss Ford is the daughter as well as the granddaughter of a Confederate soldier. Her prize poem is as follows.]

'Twas at a meeting of the Club of the Great
In the spirit world, on the Stygian Sea,
When each a story had to relate,
They asked for one from Robert E. Lee.

"Dear friends, countrymen, and heroes blest,
I gladly answer your request.
Of the Confederate soldier is my story,
For he is worthy of all honor and glory.
Many are the tales of battles won
And of conquests and great deeds done;
But as the defeated one is a hero, too,
Just as much as the conqueror true,

So I tell you of the hero of sixty-one and four,
And of the great suffering he so nobly bore.

I saw him bid his loved ones good-by,
Forcing back tears from his bedimmed eye,
For he gladly responded to his dear South's call,
Thus leaving his family, his home, his all.
The South's path of duty long he trod
For four long years, though 'twas sometimes hard;
Often ragged, cold, without any bread,
Living on parched corn, with the ground for his bed.
No matter if the sun was burning hot
Or if freezing cold and ice were his lot,
Weary and worn, he never gave up.
Thus drinking the bitterest dregs of Life's cup,
Starving and bleeding, he fought for a worthy cause
Till, o'erwhelmed by numbers, he was forced to pause.
He met the disappointment of his life
With a saddened heart, but devoid of strife.
All hatred and malice to the North he did shun,
And in his sorrow he said: 'Thy will be done.'

After the cruel war had come to an end,
To his homestead his way he did wend;
But instead of his lovely home he found
Only its ashes strewn all around.
And his dear ones he had left so wealthy and gay
He found poverty-stricken, sad, and gray.
Of beloved friends whom he had long known,
He was told that in battle their spirits had flown.
Desolation and ruin he beheld everywhere
All over his farm he had made with such care.
And his slaves, to whom he had always been true,
Had left him to fight with the red, white, and blue.
So as the products of his land were all gone,
He took up his burden and toiled all alone.
And despite many trials, such as hard rains and drouth,
It wasn't long before there was a great new South.
To the Union he was afterwards loyal too,
For in ninety-eight he proudly wore the blue.
Indeed, I believe he is a truly great man
To have done all of this, as few ever can.
And he will live in the hearts of the whole country
Forever and ever through eternity.
With this question I'll stop, as it is very late:
Don't you think he's entitled to join the Club of the Great?"

Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon Bonaparte
Applauded and assented with all their heart.
Just as the wine was served to them all,
To these very great men in their banquet hall,
"A toast, a toast!" they all did cry,
And Napoleon loudly shouted with his glass on high:
"To the Confederate soldier let us drink, then;
Here's to the bravest, the noblest of men."

BATTLE OF MARKS MILLS, ARK.

The battle of Marks Mills was fought on the 25th of April, 1864. Banks had been defeated at Mansfield, La., and Steele, who was to have moved south from Little Rock, and formed a juncture with Banks at Shreveport, was in full retreat. Price's army, flushed with the victory of Mansfield, was close at Banks's heels trying to overtake him.

Our cavalry had been sent around to the south of Camden to head off Steele and impede his retreat so as to enable Price to overhaul him before he reached the Saline River. They had camped on the Moro Landing road, in Bradley County, at the Wagner place, about twelve miles from Marks Mills, on the night of the 24th. General Fagan, commander of the Confederate cavalry, had heard rumors that a large Federal train was on its way from Camden to Pine Bluff. Sergeant W. D. Marks and George Wilson volunteered to go up the road and learn the true situation if possible. Sergeant Marks succeeded in reaching his father's house, and got in through the window unobserved, as he thought; but the watchful negroes had seen him, and before sunrise on the morning of the 25th it was rumored that Colonel McMurtree, with the 2d Arkansas Cavalry, was in the country, and that it was likely there would be some fighting. It was evident that the Federal commander, Colonel Drake, gave little heed to this rumor. However, he sent Captain Wightman with his company down the Moro Landing road in quest of the Confederates. He met them a short distance south of Crane's place, where he met Company D, 2d Arkansas Cavalry, who without a halt drove Wightman back.

At this point Captain Wightman sent Drake word that a heavy body of Confederates was approaching from the south, and that he could not hold his position. Drake sent Wightman an insulting answer, calling him a coward, whereupon Wightman rode hurriedly to Drake's headquarters and tried to convince his commander that he was facing a large force of the enemy. Drake repeated the insult, calling him a coward and ordering him back. Wightman, finding it impossible to convince Drake or obey his orders, made a hasty retreat to the eastward, crossing the Saline at Vints Bluff and arriving at Pine Bluff on the evening of the battle with exhausted horses.

I should have stated that Drake was reënforced by two hundred men from Mount Elba the night before the battle.

When the Confederates arrived at Boyd's place, Fagan formed his plan of battle. He sent Shelby to the northeast by way of Dr. Barnett's farm to Sampson Rodgers, a point on the Pine Bluff and Moro Landing road. This move was to prevent the enemy from making their way to Pine Bluff.

Dockery was sent up the Moro to a point near W. B. Smith's farm to prevent the Federals returning to Camden.

General Cabell was to move forward on to the enemy, who was posted north on the hill between the Moro and the Saline.

Here the battle commenced in real earnest. Cabell moved forward on both sides of the Princeton road, driving the pickets and advance columns back to the top of the hill on the road leading to Marks Mills, where the Federals were posted. At the foot of the hill to the right Major O'Neal was mortally wounded. The last command he gave was: "Charge!"

The foregoing was submitted to General Cabell, who replied: "Dockery was never sent up the Moro and never went up the Moro; but went into action after he came on the left of Cabell's Brigade, which was heavily engaged." Elaborate reports were given this, and other Arkansas engagements are given in Series I., Volume XXXIV., Part "War Records."

MEMORIAL DAY—WILSON'S CREEK FIGHT.

BY GEORGE M. JONES, SPRINGFIELD, MO.

Flattery, according to the common acceptation of that word, is detestable, but merited commendation is right and proper; and it is in this spirit that I desire to call attention to, and express my hearty approval of, the broad catholicity of spirit

of the VETERAN in general, but especially as manifested in your editorial and in putting side by side with it an extract from the Indianapolis News on a general Decoration Day, as contained in your September issue. One or two sentences from that editorial will bear repeating: "The man who talks on the war is speaking for eternity, and it behooves him to speak words of soberness; * * * but there is a habit of too many orators to speak extravagantly of what their side did, and they often weaken their cause by representing the other side discreditably."

Many of us have realized the truthfulness of these utterances, but have been slow to make known our approval. The time for crimination and recrimination has long since passed, if it ever existed. Surely we of the South have enough to boast of without disparaging the other side. While life's sinking sun is still above the horizon we veterans of both sides ought to hasten to put away from us all animosity and bitterness. That heaven will be inhabited by both the "blue and the gray," none of us can doubt; but we also know that bitterness and hatred can find no place in "that land where everlasting peace abides."

In keeping with these thoughts and in accord with yourself and the editor of the paper above referred to, I would express the hope that the 30th of May may be adopted for the annual decoration of our graves. This ceremony is not, and ought not to be, in honor of any one man. It should be on a day convenient for the largest number to attend, and with this end in view some have urged that Sunday be observed as the day most suitable. We of the South can afford to adopt the national holiday for the performance of this beautiful and impressive ceremonial since it is admitted by our Northern friends that it had its origin in the South.

Without trespassing at too great length on your time and space, but for the truth of history, I wish to correct a statement which is calculated to create a wrong impression as to which side was victorious in the battle of Wilson Creek, and which is contained in General Dodge's otherwise most excellent article in the October (1907) number of the VETERAN. General Dodge says: "Schofield was adjutant of that army [Lyon's], and in a large degree it was his efforts and advice that brought the force that had really won a great victory, and did not know it, safely to Springfield and Rolla." Major Schofield (for such he was then), if he ever really believed that the Union army was victorious at Wilson Creek, must have come to that conclusion when a hundred and forty miles had separated him from the battlefield, for it was at Rolla that his report was made. I was present on that memorable 10th of August, 1861; and if ever an army left a field more precipitately or in greater disorder, I do not know when or how it could have been. The Confederates were in possession of the entire field—never had been cut off of it—together with the body of General Lyon and nearly all of their killed and wounded. Early in the day General Sigel's wing of the army, in utter demoralization, had been driven from the field, leaving his artillery behind, and on reaching Springfield, ten miles away, consisted of the General and his orderly.

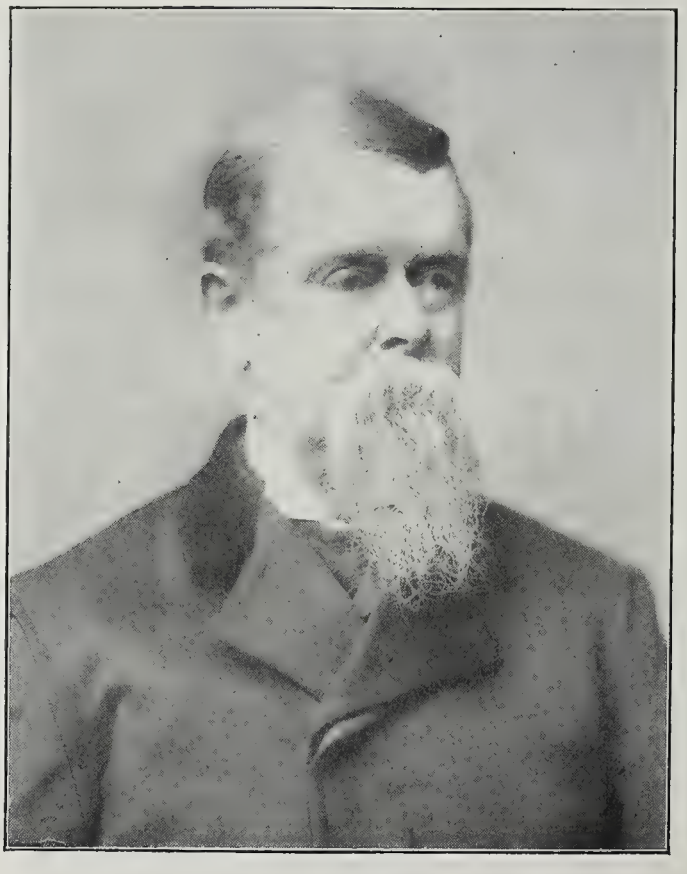
Major Schofield was then young and ambitious, and doubtless possessed of a vivid imagination, and he seems to have drawn on it without stint. It should not be forgotten that General Lyon at the start had the great advantage of taking the Confederates completely by surprise, the pickets having been drawn in the night before, preparatory to the march on Springfield—a fact not mentioned in the official reports.

DR. R. D. BASKERVILL, A VIRGINIAN.

Dr. Robert Dortch Baskervill was born at Waverly—a handsome and spacious old homestead still standing on the north bank of the Roanoke River—in Mecklenburg County, Va., September 26, 1826. His fathers for generations had dwelt upon that beautiful stream. His grandfather, William Baskervill, was an officer in the Continental army of the Revolution, after which for more than fifteen years and until his death he was the clerk of the courts of his native county. His grandmother was a daughter of Gen. Charles Rust Eaton, of North Carolina, who was a lieutenant colonel in the Revolutionary War. Their third son, Col. William R. Baskervill, was the father of Dr. Baskervill.

The old river homestead fell to his lot at his father's death, and there he passed his life, surrounded by plenty with a "latchstring" on the outside. By the results of the Civil War his wealth crumbled. Age had come upon him, but his bright intellect remained with him. He had passed much of his life in the Legislatures of his State, and knew personally all the leading men in the State of his time, and his reminiscences were delightfully entertaining.

Conditions forced Dr. Baskervill to abandon his easy life and to rely upon the profession for which he prepared himself in early life, which proved a blessing to all within his reach. Having prepared himself by an academic course at the University of Virginia to make a physician, and having attended its medical department for a year, he entered the University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, in 1844, and graduated with his class in 1846. He then offered his services to the public; but the people thought him too rich to be a doctor. So he became disgusted and turned his attention to literature, and for years studied it methodically. He married Miss Bettie P., daughter of Hon. Mark Alexander, who represented the Petersburg (Va.) District in Congress for fourteen years. He built a spacious and elegant mansion upon a large landed es-



DR. R. D. BASKERVILL.

tate given him by his father. With him were ease and happiness and time to pursue thought and study.

When the War between the States came, Dr. Baskervill must have greatly underrated his splendid qualifications as a surgeon; though when other help could not be produced he had met with wonderful success as such. As an illustration of his surgical skill the following is given: Called on by an old physician to do surgical work for him shortly after his graduation upon a negro boy who had his skull shattered by a horse which wore new heavy shoes, he cut through and turned



MRS. BETTIE ALEXANDER BASKERVILL

away the skin and took out seventeen pieces of bone, exposing much of the outer lining of the brain. After properly attending to the wound, he laid the skin back and stitched it (silver plate could not be had then). Seven weeks almost to the hour the boy spoke for the first time after receiving the kick. Ten or twelve years after this the same slave sold for $1,400, and was known to be in good physical condition thirty years afterwards.

Instead of entering the war as surgeon, Dr. Baskervill raised a company of spirited and chivalric young gentlemen, many of whom laid down their lives in the defense of their loved Southland.

At the close of the war Dr. Baskervill's mother, one of those delicate, charming women so often found in the South, had died. A confused condition existed in Southern Virginia, and the negroes, just turned loose from slavery, were useless. He then hunted up his medical books and studied them anew. He offered his services, and they were soon in demand throughout a large area. Near and far physicians wanted him for consultation, and he was ever moving to the relief of the afflicted. He was exceedingly popular with his patrons and with members of his profession. He was not only entertaining in conversation, but was a contributor to the medical journals of the time, some of his treatises being translated and reproduced in foreign countries.

He did not appear to have felt age up to his last illness. His death occurred on September 2, 1891. The community which had received his services for so many years felt their loss as much as if he had been a member of each family. They recognized his value and felt their danger without him. The village of Baskerville, Va., was named in his honor.

[Contributed by H. F. Hutcheson, of Boydton, Va.]

REUNIONS, STATE AND GENERAL, IN VIRGINIA.

BY HENRY J. HORNER (55TH VA. INFANTRY), HORNERS, VA.

In the March Veteran I notice the criticism of A. F. Evans, Huntsville, Ala., of veterans at Reunions. I was one of those who occupied the tents in the general camp near the Soldiers' Home, Richmond, Va. The authorities planned for our comfort there and supplied an abundance of plain fare. For the unforeseen bad weather they are not to blame. They planned well. The stormy weather drove us to other quarters. I left to go home. On arriving in Fredericksburg on Saturday I found the river high, and early Sunday morning the steamer broke her lines and left a dozen or more of us there. The weather clearing, I returned to Richmond on Sunday evening to attend the parade on Monday, and found many of the tenters installed in better quarters with plenty to eat. I was informed that many had gone home. One comrade paid a woman a dollar for permission to sleep on the floor.

While in the tent camp we were subjected to military rules by the camp guard detailed to exclude outsiders. We were forbidden to talk at night, and there were threats for disobedience by guards who carried on conversations with any acquaintance who might be passing. We were denied the privilege of passing out at night without having to wait for an officer to investigate. I finally rebelled, reminding them that we were there as guests and not as prisoners. On the next morning an apology was offered.

At our State Reunion in Norfolk rooms were plentiful and cheap. Two of us had a room in the Fairmount Hotel for fifty cents each, and took our meals at will elsewhere. The restaurant service was varied—some good and cheap, and at other places it was high and bad. The small number of oysters found in a stew stimulated my curiosity to count. In one I had seven oysters, in two others nine each—or twenty-five oysters for seventy-five cents. Two of my comrades had their hair cut at a cost of $1.50 each—work done before inquiry. I once entered a restaurant, and in advance of my morning meal asked for a brandy toddy. After drinking it, I was charged forty cents.

We have no invitation for next year. The reason is not hard to find. About every city of importance has had us once. With sponsors, maids of honor, and now Confederate choirs and the ever-increasing expense attendant thereon, there is hesitation before repeating the hospitality. We like to have all these attractions; but there is a limit, and we seem to have reached it. The Reunions seem to be more of a frolic for the young than an entertainment for the old men and women.

ISSUED BY "THE CONFEDERATE BIBLE SOCIETY."

H. M. McLaurine, Franklin, Tenn., on February 19, 1895, wrote to Capt. George L. Cowan, of Forrest's Escort: "I found an old Bible in a barn near Lynnville, Tenn., either in 1864 or 1865. It was in a damaged condition, as it now is. I send it to you, thinking you may know the soldier or his family, and that they would be glad to have it."

Copied from the Bible are the following:

"Published by the Confederate Bible Society, 1864."

"Mary Callihan, Georgia A. Callihan.

"Sergt. J. J. Leopard, Co. G, 23d Miss. Reg., December, Nashville, Tenn.

"'Time and tide wait for no man.'

"J. A. Ratliff, 3d Inf.; Jas. Minick, C. B. Cooper."



"Earth to earth and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say;
Leaving him to sleep at rest
Till the resurrection day.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

Owing to the increased demand for space in the "Last Roll" Department, it has become necessary to discontinue the publication of personal sketches of deceased comrades except in rare cases, and simply to record the place of birth and time, residence and death, and their service in the Confederate army. We cannot otherwise hope to record a half of those reported. Request is therefore made that the above be conformed to in reporting the death of comrades.

Capt. George W. Chambers.

Capt. George W. Chambers died at his home, in Bolivar, W. Va., on February 3 of heart disease, aged eighty years. He was a son of James Chambers, was born in New Market, Md., and descended from Gen. Benjamin Chambers, a Revolutionary soldier. He graduated from Marshall College, Pa., and served in the 1st Virginia Regiment as second lieutenant of Company H in the war with Mexico. Afterwards he published the Harper's Ferry Journal, and later edited the Valley Democrat of New Market, Va.

He recruited Company K at Harper's Ferry and vicinity for the Stonewall Brigade, 2d Virginia Regiment, which regiment was in thirteen battles of the Civil War. His wife was a daughter of George W. Cutshaw and sister of the late Col. Milford Cutshaw, city engineer of Richmond, Va., notice of whose death appeared in the Veteran for February, 1908. He is survived by a widow, three daughters, and one son.

Captain Chambers was an active participant in the Brown raid; and after the death of Col. Fontaine Beecham, who was shot by Brown's son, Captain Chambers was made second Mayor of Harper's Ferry, and continued until the War between the States. His wife has a note written with a lead pencil that old John Brown wrote to him when he was acting Mayor of Harper's Ferry, Brown desiring to be allowed to cross the bridge. He was a conspicuously handsome man, over six feet in height; and even in death, in the Confederate gray uniform of captain, the rank he held in the Confederate army, he looked handsome.

Interment was made at Camp Hill on Wednesday, February 5, beside his two children. Rev. P. B. Stouffer, of the Episcopal Church, read the committal at the grave. Dr. A. C. Hopkins, of Charlestown, Captain Chambers's chaplain in Stonewall's Brigade, conducted the funeral service at the residence. The hymn "Just as I Am" was very effective. Friends from Charlestown sent beautiful calla lilies, and his son, Benjamin Lee Chambers, of the Smithsonian, brought beautiful floral tributes, which, with a tiny Confederate flag, were put on his casket and in the grave. Six members of the Stonewall Jackson Camp, Sons of Veterans of Charlestown, where he was well known and had many friends, served as pallbearers at the funeral.

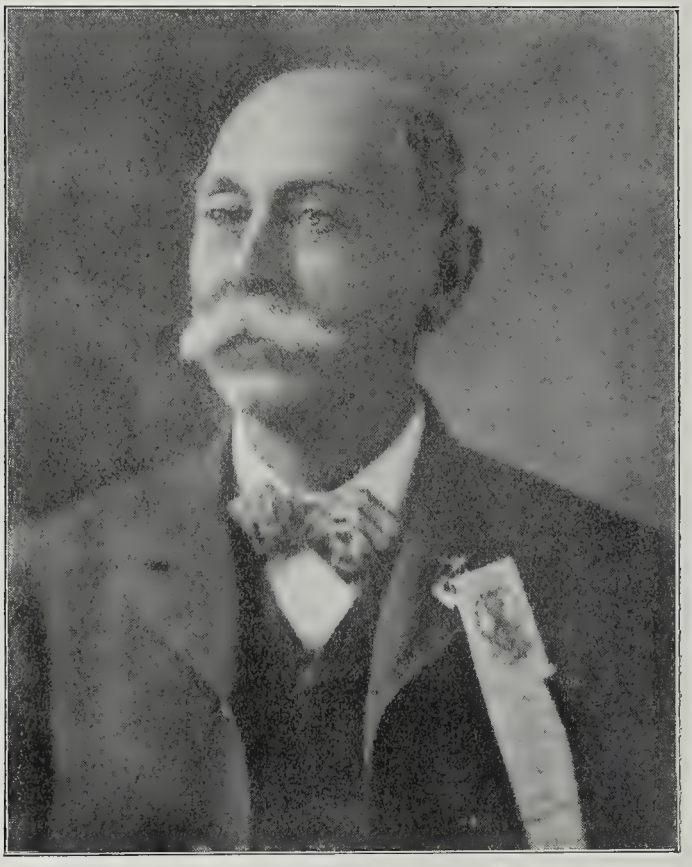
A note from Mrs. Chambers reports other recent deaths in her family. Besides that of her brother, Colonel Cutshaw, mentioned above, her mother died December 25, 1906, and a sister July 3, 1906.

Captain Chambers had two brothers in the Confederate army, one in the New Orleans Blues and the other in the Maryland Line; while his cousin, Otto Hahn, was killed while serving in a Florida regiment.

Maj. T. T. Hart.

Thomas T. Hart, one of the noblest of Mississippians who in 1861 shouldered a musket in defense of their beloved South and hastened to Virginia to meet the foe, has passed "over the river" and joined the silent majority of comrades waiting on the other side.

Tom Hart, as he was fondly called by his old comrades, was born September 29, 1841; and died January 27, 1908, at Utica, Miss., near which place he had made his home since the war.



MAJ. THOMAS T. HART.

He enlisted at Crystal Springs, Miss., in Captain Davis's company, which became Company C, 16th Regiment Mississippi Volunteer Infantry, and went with that gallant regiment to the Army of Northern Virginia. Colonel Posey (afterwards General) commanded the regiment and brigade until killed in battle. This brigade, afterwards known as the Gen. Nat Harris Brigade, was noted for its bravery, and was in every large battle after the First Manassas. Major Hart served with this noted regiment until disabled for service, in 1864.

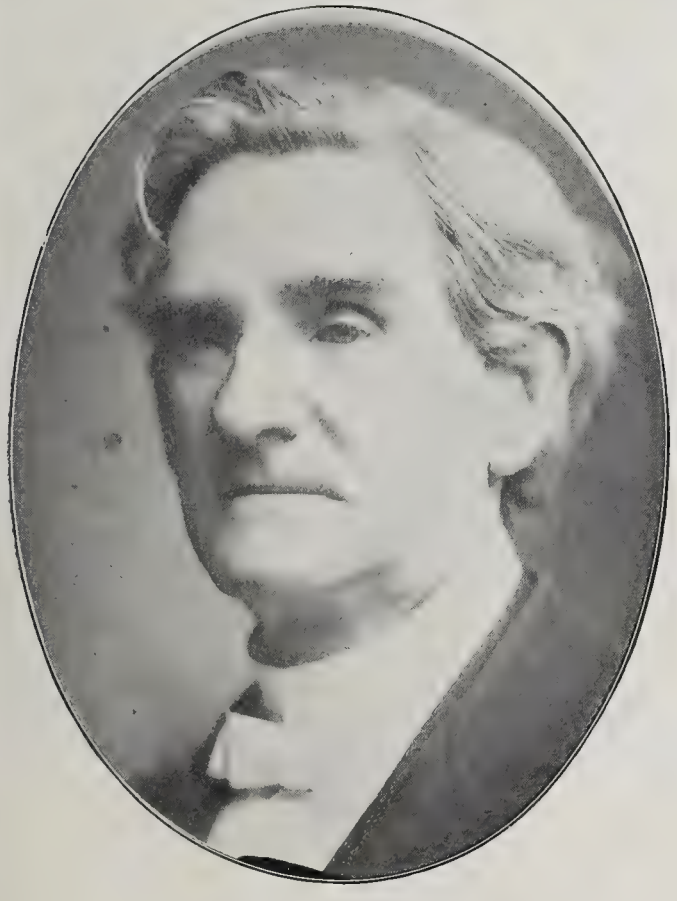
Returning home, he could not be idle, and immediately attached himself to the cavalry which operated in the counties of Hinds, Warren, Claiborne, and Copiah, and Major Hart soon became distinguished for his bravery here. When a company of Federals surprised only three of the scouts, Major Hart saw capture was certain unless he could cross Bayou

Pierre, a very treacherous stream near Port Gibson. The water was high; but Major Hart, being a splendid horseman, rode boldly into the stream and swam his steed to the opposite bank.

Not only in war but in peace Tom Hart did his whole duty. In 1866 he married one of the noted belles of Hinds County, Miss Sue M. Watson. To this marriage were born Lena (now Mrs. E. H. Tobey, of Texarkana, Tex.), Pearl, and Bessie (Mrs. C. L. Green, of Utica). After the death of his first wife, Major Hart married again in 1885.

Major Hart as a farmer had succeeded well. He was a pioneer in the raising of stock in Hinds County. In the days of reconstruction he took a leading part. When peace was restored, Major Hart lent his energies to his model farm. Major Hart took great interest in politics, but was not an office seeker. When delegates were selected to the Constitutional Convention in 1890, he accepted membership, and rendered the State valuable service.

Major Hart was a faithful member of the U. C. V., and to him must be given much of the credit for the successful work of that order, especially at Utica, where he organized the Camp. He believed in the work of that association, and no needy veteran ever applied to him for aid and went away empty-handed. He was an efficient member of the Methodist Church.



Bishop W. W. Duncan.

The late Bishop William Wallace Duncan, of the M. E. Church, South, was a chaplain during the war. He was born in Mecklenburg County, Va., December 27, 1839; graduated from Wofford College, South Carolina, in 1858, and in 1859 entered the ministry of the Church, of which he was an exemplary member throughout his remaining years. For ten years after the war he was a pastor, occupying some of the best pulpits of the Church. In 1875 he became financial agent of Wofford College, his *Alma Mater,* in which position he continued for ten years. He attended his first General Conference in Atlanta in 1878, and in 1886 he was the first chosen of four bishops elected in that General Conference. He was in active service, therefore, as bishop for twenty years. For the past few years he had been in failing health, but continued to serve to the extent of his ability to the end. He stood high in the councils of the Church and maintained the high prestige of his ancestry.

F. M. Campbell.

Mr. Francis Watkins Campbell was born in Madison County, Tenn., May 31, 1834; and entered into his rest March 16, 1908, nearly seventy-four years of age. On December 20, 1859, at Denmark, Tenn., he was happily married to Miss Mariah A. Womack, mentioned as one of "the salt of the earth," who preceded him to the better world several years ago.

When the Civil War began, Comrade Campbell joined a company from Denmark known as "The Danes." John Ingram was made captain of the company and Francis W. Campbell was made first lieutenant. The company became a part of the 6th Tennessee Regiment, commanded by Col. William Stevens. Soon he was transferred to the army in Virginia to be near his invalid wife, who had gone to stay with her mother in North Carolina. As a soldier he was fearless and courageous and faithful to his country's interest to the last.

Before the war and afterwards he was a fine type of the Southern gentleman, upright and just among his fellowmen. His strict sense of justice made him the champion of the oppressed. His conservative views and his high sense of honor brought him into great esteem.

As a professional surveyor he reached a high degree in the knowledge of his profession. As a friend he was true and loyal, and he will be missed not only in his home by his immediate family but by his remaining comrades and a host of friends in Jackson and Madison County.

[J. M. Cartmell, of Jackson, Tenn., sends the above.—Ed.]

Capt. R. N. Thomas.

Born in Louisa County, Va., in 1834, Comrade R. N. Thomas was reared and partially educated in that county. After receiving a good common school education and a practical business training, he enlisted in the cause of the Confederacy as first lieutenant of an infantry company, which was raised partially by his own efforts. So efficient was he in service that he was promoted to the captaincy of a Charlottesville company, taking the place of Capt. T. D. Jeffress, who was discharged on account of disability. Captain Thomas, with his company, was engaged in all the battles of the war in which Pickett's Division took part. In the battle at Hatcher's Run this gallant officer was shot through the body and left on the field as "mortally wounded." He recovered and fought again until he was captured. After the war, he resided in Richmond, where he secured and held the responsible position of police officer until two years before his death.

Dillard.—At his home, in Oregon County, Mo., R. T. Dillard, a gallant soldier who fought under Colonel Gates in the 1st Missouri Cavalry of Cockrell's Brigade, died on the 28th of May, 1907. He was a member of Col. J. R. Woodside Camp, No. 751. Comrade Dillard was a good man, and his many friends bore testimony of his goodness as they gently laid his body to rest.

David L. Walker.

David Lawrence Walker has "received his discharge" and quietly passed beyond in answer to the last roll call on October 24, 1907. He was born seventy-six years ago in Edgefield County, S. C., and was educated in Charleston, where most of his boyhood and the days of his early manhood were spent. He answered the call to arms, going from Charleston as a "Rutledge Mounted Rifleman," and he served throughout the war with the 7th South Carolina Cavalry, Gary's Brigade. He was brave, he was true, a good soldier in all that the term implies, and left an unblemished record.

During the war he was married to Miss Adeline Harper, of Augusta, Ga., who survives him with four children, two sons (Berrien and Legare Walker, of New York City) and two daughters (Mrs. N. G. Evans, of Edgefield, S. C., who is President of the U. D. C. Chapter at that place, and Mrs. C. B. Rhodes, of Macon, Ga., at whose home he died).

Comrade Walker was quiet and reserved, but determined in disposition and of the highest moral character. To the end he was devoted to the cause of the Confederacy, and the happiest moments of his last days were spent in giving recollections of his fellow-soldiers and of his many experiences in the army and in the battles. His remains were interred in Riverside Cemetery, Macon, Ga., where the many beautiful flowers and the large concourse of friends attending showed the esteem in which he was held at that place.

W. H. Lewis.

Waller Holliday Lewis died at his home, near Woodlake, Ky., January 30, 1908. Death was sudden—heart failure.

Mr. Lewis was the son of Rev. Calwalled Lewis, one of the widest known Baptist ministers of Kentucky. He married Miss Helm, the daughter of Gen. Benjamin Hardin Helm, and also the niece of the wife of President Abraham Lincoln. There are no children to survive Mr. Lewis. He has a brother, W. J. Lewis, who was for forty years his partner in conducting one of the most noted stock-breeding establishments in the world.

Mrs. Lewis will be remembered delightfully by many Confederates, having been with her mother, Mrs. Emily Todd Helm, "Mother of the Orphan Brigade," at many Reunions of Confederates in Kentucky and other Southern States.

Leland M. Speers.

On the morning of December 24 Leland M. Speers, of Newberry, S. C., one of "Lee's boys," joined the great Commander in the world beyond. He was born in October, 1841; and when the Civil War began, he voluntered in Company B of the famous 3d South Carolina Regiment, serving throughout the war with perfect devotion to the cause. He was orderly sergeant of his company, and preserved the company roll to his death. He was in nearly every battle of his regiment, and never absent except when suffering from wounds. He was wounded eight times in battle, twice very severely. Since the war he had led an active life, diligent in business and prominent in the advancement of his community. He leaves a wife, two sons, and a daughter to mourn the loss of a devoted husband and father; while many friends feel that no death there could have caused more sincere or general regret.

Westcott.—Maj. Gid G. Westcott, formerly a citizen of Greensboro, Ala., died recently in Florida. He was a veteran of four years' service in the Confederate army, and for a long period was a prisoner of war at Johnson's Island.

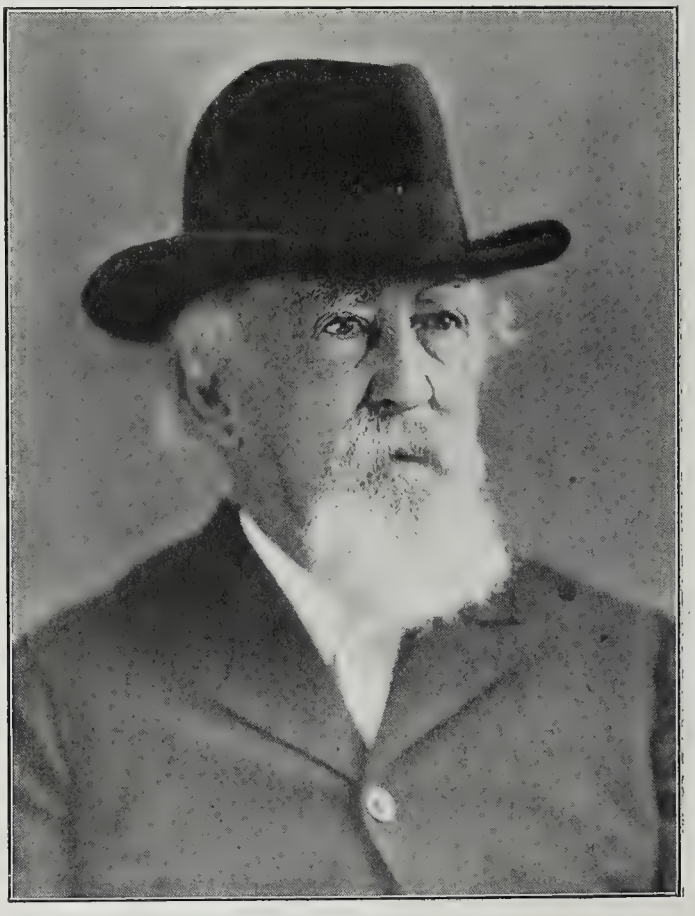
James W. Pope.

W. P. Lane Camp, of Marshall, Tex., reports the passing of Judge James W. Pope, an honored resident of that city, on the 23d of January, in his sixty-seventh year. He entered the Confederate service May 28, 1861, as a private in Company E, 1st Texas Infantry; was promoted to the rank of captain and assistant commissary of subsistence for the regiment in February, 1862; and paroled in June, 1865.

In the intervening period of more than forty years he has either ornamented the legal profession or honored the judicial ermine. He was an honor to his profession and an ornament to the community in which he lived.

John M. Lauderdale.

John M. Lauderdale died at Glasgow, Ky., on November 26, 1907, aged seventy-three years. He enlisted in May, 1861, in the 2d Tennessee Regiment, and his company was the first to leave Hartsville, Tenn. After service of one year in Virginia, his regiment was transferred to the Army of Tennessee.



J. M. LAUDERDALE.

Comrade Lauderdale went into the battle of Shiloh with a thirty-day furlough in his pocket. After that battle, his company was transferred to Forrest's Cavalry, and served with that command to the end. Comrade Lauderdale was a devoted Christian. His wife and two daughters have the consolation of a life well spent, an honor to his name and country.

Bayne.—Dr. L. F. Bayne died on the 3d of March, 1908, one of the oldest and best-known citizens of Selma, Ala., where most of his life had been spent. He was born at Cuthbert, Ga., in 1833, and served in the Confederate army in the defense of Selma.

A. S. Palsgrove.

Abner S. Palsgrove died February 4, 1908, at his home, near Departee, Independence County, Ark., aged seventy years. He entered the Confederate service September 18, 1861, as a member of Company I, 7th Kentucky Infantry, which regiment was mounted in March, 1864, and assigned to Forrest's Cavalry Corps.

Comrade Palsgrove never missed a battle nor seldom a roll



ABNER PALSGROVE—CENTER IN FRONT ROW.

call, and he was faithful to the end to the traditions for which the South fought. He was captured at Selma, Ala., April 2, 1865, and paroled at Macon, Ga., the 17th following. He was an excellent soldier and a good citizen, doing his duty fearlessly in both spheres. He was not blessed with this world's goods, but was blessed with a goodness of heart and an unsullied integrity.

Death among Comrades at Lebanon, Va.

From Lebanon, Va., is reported the passing of the following:

Capt. John H. Candler, Company B, 48th Virginia Regiment, Stonewall Brigade. Died April, 1907, at his home, near Hansonville, Va.

B. H. Reynolds, of Barnett, Va., second lieutenant Company H, 16th Virginia Cavalry, McCauslin's Brigade. Died January, 1908, aged seventy-two years.

Rev. W. N. Buckels, Chaplain McElhaney Camp, U. C. V., served in the 4th Tennessee Cavalry. Died February 5, 1908, aged seventy-five years.

Thomas Woods, of Castlewood, was a member of the Stonewall Brigade, and severely wounded by a shell at Chancellorsville by a shell. Died January, 1908.

Onstead.—G. L. Onstead was born in 1822, and was reared near Corinth, Miss. He was a member of Captain Norman's company, 22d Mississippi Regiment, Colonel Lowry. After the war he removed to Arkansas and settled near Washington, where he died on March 3, 1908.

Autrey.—Capt. George Monroe Autrey, born in Mississippi in 1842; died at Rockport, Tex., February 15, 1907. He entered the Confederate army in March, 1862, as a member of a company organized at Salem, Miss., which later became a part of the 34th Mississippi Infantry. After the battle of Corinth, this regiment was with General Bragg in his Kentucky campaign; and after returning to Tennessee, the regiment was in the brigade commanded by General Walthall. Comrade Autrey was captured at the battle of Lookout Mountain, and remained at Rock Island Prison until March, 1865, when he was exchanged at the mouth of James River. He was on furlough when Lee surrendered. He removed with his family to Texas in 1869, and had made his home in Kenedy, Karnes County, since 1895.

Watkins.—John P. Watkins, of Kemp, Tex., a member of Judah P. Benjamin Camp, U. C. V., died on the 30th of January. In 1861, at the age of twenty-one, he enlisted in the Confederate service as a member of Captain Kyser's company, of Kaufman County, Tex., and was with Parsons's Brigade of Cavalry all during the war. It is the universal testimony of all his comrades that he made a good and faithful soldier, always at his post and ready for duty. He returned home at the close of the war and engaged in farming and stock-raising. He was married in 1866 to Miss Lorena McCollum, who died some years ago. Three sons and two daughters survive him. Comrade Watkins was a quiet, unpretentious man, a Christian, and an estimable citizen.

William P. Johnson.

William P. Johnson, born in Alabama, moved to Arkansas in his early manhood. He died at his home, in Malvern, leaving a wife and daughter. He was in his sixty-fifth year. He served throughout the war as a member of Company A, 3d Arkansas Regiment, Texas Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia. He participated in all the hard battles to which that army was subjected. The old guard is fast passing "over the river to rest under the shade of the trees."

[Data from Sam H. Emerson, Malvern, Ark.]

Wallace.—Virgil H. Wallace, of Kosciusko, Miss., entered into rest on Februray 12, 1908. He was among the first to enlist for his State in 1861, becoming a member of the Attalla Minutemen, 13th Mississippi Regiment, and nobly did his duty as a soldier. He was twice wounded, once at Malvern Hill, and served to the surrender. He was highly esteemed by his comrades, and in 1905 was elected Commander of William Barksdale Camp at Kosciusko.

Victoria Virginia Clayton.

Mrs. Victoria Virginia Clayton, the widow of Maj. Gen. Henry D. Clayton, C. S. A., was born in Walterboro, S. C., June 10, 1832; and died in Eufaula, Ala., February 8, 1908. On Saturday, February 8, this saintly woman folded her hands and fell asleep to awake in paradise,

"Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy light."

These words were sung at her funeral in compliance with her oft-repeated wish that only "glad and happy" music be sung for her. The services were held in St. James Episcopal Church, Eufaula, of which she was a devout member. Rev. Bertram E. Brown, rector, officiated.

The flower-laden casket was borne by her seven sons and a grandson. Thus was she served in death as in life by those who loved her most tenderly and reverently. Those sons are Congressman Henry D. Clayton, Mr. Thomas N. Clayton, Mr. Jefferson Davis Clayton, and Judge Lee J. Clayton, of Eufaula; Mr. Joseph A. Clayton, of Birmingham; Mr.

Junius P. Clayton, of Ozark, Ark.; and Capt. Bertram T. Clayton, United States army, Washington City. Her surviving daughters are Mrs. Maxwell Walthone, of Savannah, Ga.; Mrs. Wiley Williams, of Columbus, Ga.; Mrs. Harry Rogers, of Muskogee, Okla.; and Miss Mary Clayton, of Eufaula—all of whom were present. Most sadly will the presence of this loving mother be missed daily in the home by those who dwelt with her and at the family reunions. She will be missed in the church, in the Bible class (of which she was teacher), in the Guild meetings, in the U. D. C. meetings, and wherever her sweet voice was wont to be heard in words of cheer and encouragement and in kind and gentle admonition. Within her home was her greatest happiness found; but her deeds of kindness and unselfish care for others were not confined to its narrow precincts; her great heart extended its charities and helpful ministrations to a wide circle, regardless of caste or color.

The life of Mrs. Clayton was one of unusually interesting and varied experiences. In her early childhood her father, Gen. John Lingard Hunter, a wealthy planter of South Carolina, in an adventurous spirit moved to the "wilds" of Alabama, settling on the banks of the Chattahoochee River at Eufaula, then an Indian "settlement," most picturesquely located. This was in the year 1835, when transportation was chiefly by private conveyance. This family in the high old-fashioned coach, with the covered wagons in which were the young and old of the slaves (the others walking), formed a unique caravan. Entering a large tract of land, General Hunter founded a home among the Indians and the few white settlers before him. Here this daughter passed her girlhood and young maidenhood. She watched the growth and progress of the village from the disappearance of the red man and the progress of civilization.



MRS. VICTORIA VIRGINIA CLAYTON.

When just budding into womanhood, she married Henry D. Clayton, a young lawyer of Clayton, a neighboring town. Here the fair young bride found a home of beauty, comfort, and plenty awaiting her. The years passed most happily. Bright and interesting children were born unto them, prosperity was theirs, and all the world seemed fair until the clouds of war overshadowed our fair Southland and our beautiful country became the scene of fraternal strife.

When the "call to arms" rang out, Mr. Clayton was among the first to respond. As colonel of the 1st Alabama Regiment he was mustered into the Confederate service. Mrs. Clayton took her stand among the patriotic women of the South, espousing its cause with heart and soul, rising nobly to meet every emergency in the changed conditions. It was then that the strength and beauty of her character developed into the full and perfect bloom. Realizing that the responsibilities hitherto shared by her husband must then be borne alone, she grasped the reins of government of home and plantation with a firm and unshirking hand, guiding in the grooves of his judicious and systematic management, only exercising greater skill and ingenuity as the additional needs of the soldiers in the field and the indigent families in her midst demanded of her resources. The hum of the spinning wheel and the swish of the shuttle became familiar sounds in the "white house" and cabins of the "Clayton place."

Many a garment fashioned by her deft and willing fingers, and boxes of edibles testifying to her housewifely skill, protected from cold and appeased the hunger of the boys in gray. And her doors were opened to convalescing soldiers from the hospital in Eufaula, taking them into her family and serving them with a mother's gentle care. Several times she visited her husband in camp when in quarters at Pensacola, Chattanooga, and Dalton. When he was wounded in the battle of Murfreesboro, she hastened to him, leaving her little children with her sister, Mrs. Bertram Hoole, and the care of the plantation to the faithful foreman, "Uncle Joe." Through all the years of the war how bravely and womanly did she meet all trials! how she was sustained by her perfect trust that the issue was with God and that he ruleth all things well!

"How her love in streams of blessings
Wore its channels deep and wide,
Bore the fortunes of the battle
On its broad and surging tide!

How her faith that trusted ever
Rested on her Soldier's shield,
Watched above the bloody carnage
And upon the tented field!"

When the vicissitudes of war were over and the white dove of peace brooded once more over our land, her husband returned with military honors upon his brow. He had twice been promoted for gallant charges—first to brigadier, then to major general. She was happy as of yore.

Resuming their lives, prosperity and success were again granted them. Civic honors were bestowed upon him. He was elected judge of the circuit; then President of the State University, at Tuscaloosa, which position he occupied at the time of his death. Those few more years of united happiness, then came the decree that he should cross the river "to rest in the shade" with his comrade at arms.

The parting wrung her heartstrings to their utmost tension. She had hoped that they would be permitted to wend their way together through the winter's lowlands until they reached an equal journey's end.

Thankful for the many blessings left her, she continued an inspiration to all who knew and loved her. The memory of her beautiful Christian life will dwell with her children and many grandchildren as an inheritance far beyond the worth of gold.

SPENCER.—Jefferson Columbus Spencer, born September 13, 1842, in Chester County, Miss., and removed to Texas when but nine years of age; died at his home, in Thornton, Tex., on January 30, 1908. He enlisted for the Confederacy in 1861, his first service being at Galveston. Later he was with Waul's Texas Legion, and was surrendered under General Pemberton at Vicksburg after faithful and honorable service.

JUDGE JOHN W. CHILDRESS.

John W. Childress was a native of Rutherford County, Tenn., a member of one of the prominent families of the State. Of several sons, he was given his father's name. (His father was a brother of Mrs. James K. Polk). He was educated at the Davis Military School, in Murfreesboro, and in the Nashville Military College. In the latter institution he was a student when the war broke out. With his military training he was assigned to duty as drillmaster of new troops at Bowling Green, Ky. He was taken prisoner at Fort Donelson and sent to Johnson's Island. In the fall of 1862 he was exchanged and reëntered the Confederate army as adjutant of the 50th Tennessee. He continued in that capacity till the close, surrendering with Johnston's army at Greensboro, N. C.

Soon after the war he traveled through Europe, Egypt, and Palestine. On his return he studied law with the noted firm of Ridley & Avent, which later became Avent & Childress.

Judge Childress moved to Nashville and engaged in the practice of law. He was President and Business Manager of the Nashville American, and in many other capacities was ever a faithful public servant. He took an active interest in politics, being one of the advisers of the Democratic leaders through many administrations. His interest was maintained until he took his seat upon the bench, and his suggestions played a part in many of the political battles of Tennessee. He successfully engaged in the campaign of Gen. Jno. C. Brown, his brother-in-law, for Governor.



JUDGE JOHN W. CHILDRESS.

Judge Childress was an alternate delegate from the State at large in the second Cleveland nomination. The election of Cleveland placed him as assistant in the District Attorney's office. His most notable legal connection was with the firm of Colyar, Marks & Childress, the esteemed senior member of which, Col. A. S. Colyar, died last December. Mr. Colyar served in the Confederate Congress, Colonel Marks became Governor of Tennessee, and Captain Childress declined an appointment to the United States Senate.

In 1896 Gov. Peter Turney appointed Judge Childress to the circuit bench to fill out the unexpired term of Judge Claude Waller, who resigned. He was elected at the next general election, and in 1902 was elected again. Of his judicial ability, Chief Justice W. D. Beard said: "Judge Childress was a man of splendid equipoise, with a sense of justice that was very superior. Among the circuit judges of the State he ranked with the foremost. He always sought the merits of the case and did his best to see that exact justice was administered."

He was married December 13, 1870, to Miss Mary Lyon, of Columbus, Miss. (daughter of Rev. Dr. Jas. A. Lyon, of the Presbyterian Church), and he was an active elder for several years in the Moore Memorial Church, Nashville. A. L. Childress, of Nashville, John W. Childress, Jr., of Washington, D. C., and Avent Childress, of New York, are three excellent sons of this union.

Judge Childress was the first to suggest the splendid monument to President Jefferson Davis erected in Richmond.

The editor of the VETERAN pays special individual tribute to Judge Childress. The closest personal friendship existed between the two for many years. It will be of interest to state that Judge Childress's action in his behalf was the cause of the VETERAN having been launched. While at the head of the movement to erect the monument to President Davis, the committee met in Atlanta and decided to employ an agent to travel through the South in the interest of the monument, and Mr. Cunningham was chosen without his knowledge upon the solicitation of Captain Childress. No bond had been given, yet many sums of money were remitted to him, and the CONFEDERATE VETERAN—a mere bantling at first—was launched for the special purpose of giving publicity to all sums received.

During the many prolonged trials of suit against the VETERAN for libel—familiar to many of its older subscribers—one phase of the case was brought before Judge Childress. A dozen or so lawyers were present with books and briefs to make argument, when Judge Childress said to them: "I should have told you earlier, perhaps. While I am not technically incompetent, my relations to Mr. Cunningham have been such for twenty-five years that it would not be suitable for me to try this case."

As a political counselor, Judge Childress was amazingly astute. He could foretell with marvelous accuracy the day before an election, for instance, what would occur on the morrow; and he had the rare gift, by his courtesy and dignity of manner, of maintaining not only the respect but the cordial good will of those equally ardent on the other side.

His judgment did not err in his own case of illness. When he had rallied from the very jaws of death and his friends were hopefully animated and he seemed cheerful, yet in response to congratulatory expressions of hope in his recovery he dispelled their fond anticipations.

SMITH.—Thomas J. Smith, born in Henry County, Ala., in 1835, enlisted in the artillery service C. S. A. in June, 1862, and served as a member of Kolb's Battery, Williams's Battalion, Army of Tennessee, and was promoted for gallantry at the battle of Missionary Ridge. He served to the end, surrendering at Augusta, Ga., in April, 1865.

Col. George E. Purvis.

Dr. P. Sims, of Chattanooga, Tenn., rarely writes for the public, but through the Times he pays tribute to Comrade George E. Purvis, who was born in McMinnville, Tenn., in 1836 and died at Pulaski, Va., April 3, 1908:

"With only a meager country school education, he began life as a mechanic—a carpenter's apprentice—while yet a boy. As he grew to manhood he became ambitious for a broader career, and finally secured an opening as apprentice in a printing office in Winchester. From this beginning he rose, by study and application, to the partial ownership and control of several country newspapers.

"Again his ambition led him to wider fields, and he was able to secure a foothold in Nashville, the metropolis as well as the capital of his native State. The beginning of the war found him but recently established there.

"He enlisted as a private in one of the first Confederate regiments to be formed in Tennessee, and he served with gallantry and distinction until the close of the war.

"He returned from the war on foot, with his worldly possessions strapped upon his back. Without kindred or friends to aid him, he again began life in Nashville so successfully that he was shortly able, in partnership with Henry Watterson and Albert Roberts, to found the newspaper which is the Nashville American of to-day. From the beginning this partnership was a most successful one; and after its dissolution, Colonel Purvis continued for many years to occupy a position of enviable prominence as a publisher, printer, an early owner of the business now conducted by Marshall & Bruce, and as an extensive owner of real estate in Nashville. In his later years his own misfortunes and those of his friends swept away most of his property and forced him to again take up the struggle of life at a time when most people are laying it aside.

"But it was not in his business career that Colonel Purvis was at his best. A man of peculiar brightness of intellect and charm of manner, it was as a journalist that he won the enduring regard of all who knew him. He was a striking example of what is possible to a vigorous intellect and an open heart. * * * But it was in the social circle and among his intimates that the genius that was in him shone forth. Fearless and fair, with a gentle humor and a mind which grasped, assayed, and expressed the philosophy of humanity's many-sided existence, to know him was a privilege, to listen to him a joy.

"Always the potent champion of 'the under dog,' ever the untiring foe of sophistry and sham, with the wit to perceive and the courage to attack that host of meannesses which lurk behind a fair front of outward virtue, the admiration and the love of those who knew him best went hand in hand to do him homage. Above and illuminating every other quality of this departed friend was his geniality. He brought the sunshine with him. Contemptuous of all malign influence, sanguine of all good, his was an optimism that disdained defeat and ever bore you upward with its infectious zeal.

"Too many of us as the years come and our heads whiten lapse into resignation, if not despair. But to Colonel Purvis the repulse of to-day was but the overture to the victory of to-morrow; and to the last he faced those political evils with which his lifetime was a battle with all the exultant ardor his young manhood gave to the 'lost cause' of the sixties.

"But he has lived his life. We should rejoice that he lived so long. In nature's course his time had come, the four seasons were completed in him. The spring should never come again. He had taken life's seven steps; the measure of his years was full. When the day is done, when the work of a life is finished, when the gold of evening meets the dusk of night, 'neath the silent stars the tired laborer should fall asleep.

"A Crœsus of kindliness, he was a prodigal of good cheer.



COL. GEORGE E. PURVIS.

The shadows lifted as he came; they are drawing closer to many of us as he leaves. It will not be given to the little circle which his going shattered to see his like again. Farewell, brave, kindly, cheery soul, for well you must fare if virtue is eternal and truth be not a lie."

Hugh A. Wilkerson.

Hugh A. Wilkerson was a member of Company H, 10th Regiment of Mississippi Volunteers, Capt. Tom I. Sharp's company, Tucker's (then Jake Sharp's) Brigade, Cheatham's Division, Leonidas Polk's Corps, of the Army of Tennessee. He was in the battles of Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Resaca, Ga., Atlanta, New Hope Church, Jonesboro, Ga., and many smaller battles and skirmishes. He was wounded twice, the last time at Jonesboro. He never recovered from the effects of this last wound, and suffered from it to the time of his death. He was a native of Mississippi, but moved to Texas soon after the close of the war. He died at his home, near Reily Springs, March 11, 1908.

H. H. Stevens.

At his home, in Byhalia, Miss., March 23, 1908, H. H. Stevens passed from earth's suffering to eternal rest. He was born near Raleigh, N. C., June 20, 1839. He answered his country's call early in 1861, serving in the 17th Mississippi, Company I, in General Lee's army. Exposure in camp brought on sickness and paralysis, from which he suffered until he was called to his reward. He was a patient Christian sufferer, trusting only in Jesus. His last poem, "The Veteran's Cross of Honor," was written in October, 1907. A short while before he died he asked his wife to send the poem to the Confederate Veteran as a tribute to the Daughter who originated the cross and design.

John Holbrook Estill.

Col. J. H. Estill, of Georgia, died several months ago, and a tribute to him has been delayed because of hoping to give a more extended notice than was practicable at the time. For more than a quarter of a century there had been ties of friendship whereby extended tribute to his memory in these columns was desired.

Colonel Estill was born in Charleston, S. C., October 28, 1840. He was one of a family of eleven children, and at eleven years of age he went to work in his father's printing office. Later he went to school, but at the age of sixteen he began a regular apprenticeship with Walker, Evans & Cogswell, Charleston. Three years later he returned to Savannah, Ga., whence he had gone as a mere lad, and he soon became part owner of the Evening Express.

In 1859 young Estill joined the Oglethorpe Light Infantry, and served with it in the 1st Georgia Regiment. In 1861 he went to the front in Virginia. From the effect of a severe wound he was discharged from the service, but later he served in Screven's Battalion against Sherman's march through Georgia and was taken prisoner in Savannah.

He always took an active interest in military affairs, and in 1895 he was placed in the retired list of State volunteers as lieutenant colonel. He was also made an honorary member of several military organizations.

In the newspaper world Colonel Estill became evidently the most successful and largest individual publisher in the South.



COL. J. H. ESTILL.

He was President of the Georgia Press Association for twenty years. He was interested in and promoter of many large business enterprises. He was a high Mason and a prominent Churchman. For many years prior to his death his special pride was in behalf of the Bethesda Orphanage. He was President of its Governing Board for more than a quarter of a century, and left to it a liberal benefaction.

Anderson.—A. F. Anderson was born in Wilson County, Tenn.; and died at Vernon, Tex., on February 18, 1908. He enlisted and served with Company F, 25th Tennessee Infantry; was a member of Camp Cabell, U. C. V., at Vernon.

Comrades' Tribute to Spencer Eakin.

Spencer Eakin was born in Shelbyville, Tenn., in June, 1844; and died there November 28, 1907.

On the 4th of November, 1861, he enlisted as a volunteer in the Confederate army, and was a member of Company F, of the 41st Regiment of Infantry. He was captured at Fort Donelson on February 16, 1862, and remained a prisoner of war until the following September, when he was exchanged. After the exchange and in the reorganization of his command, he was elected a lieutenant, and served in this capacity, often commanding his company in battle, until in 1864, when he was detached from his command and assigned to the duty of a scout. As a scout he did valuable and conspicuous service, especially on General Hood's advance into Tennessee.

He was one of the best soldiers of the Confederacy, one who possessed the confidence of his superiors and the respect of those who were under him. At all times he was found at his post. He never shirked a duty or fled a field. He was loved by all his comrades, who recognized his great worth at all times and in all places.

Soon after the conflict of war was ended he became an employee of the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway, and so continued for forty years, until his death, rising from a humble place to the responsible position of General Traffic Manager.

From whatever standpoint the life and character of Comrade Eakin is viewed, it elicits admiration. Whether on the tented field or in the wild carnage of battle, on the toilsome march or the hazardous life of a scout, he was at all times the same loyal and devoted man, soldier, and patriot. By breeding, rearing, and nature he was a gentleman, high-toned and refined. He was a manly man, a loyal friend, a stainless citizen. He was a dutiful son, a devoted husband, an indulgent and loving father.

Many eyes grew dim with tears at the news, "Spencer Eakin is dead." We loved him living, we mourn him dead, and God grant that in that land that is fairer than day we may meet and greet him again!

Resolved, That this (William Frierson) Camp tender to his family and relatives our deepest sympathy in this their great loss and pray God to comfort them in this time of uncontrollable grief.

Committee: Jo B. Erwin, Jo A. Thompson, E. T. Mallard, John M. Hastings, E. Shapard.

E. Shapard, *Commander;*
John F. Johnson, *Adjutant.*

There is a fine picture of Spencer Eakin on page 14 of the January Veteran, together with a personal tribute by the editor. Not enough was said in that notice—nor in the above. It will ever be a pleasure to join these comrades and personal friends in honoring the memory of Spencer Eakin.

Alleyn.—Martin Alleyn, a prominent citizen of New Orleans, where he was born in 1843, died in that city in February, 1908. He enlisted promptly at the outbreak of the war, and served with distinction in the Army of Tennessee as one of the Armory Guard, Sumpter's Regiment.

Snead.—After a long period of suffering, Robert Snead has passed into rest. He was a Missouri soldier under Price, and was true to the end. His last request was to be buried by his comrades and for a flag of the Confederacy to be placed over his grave.

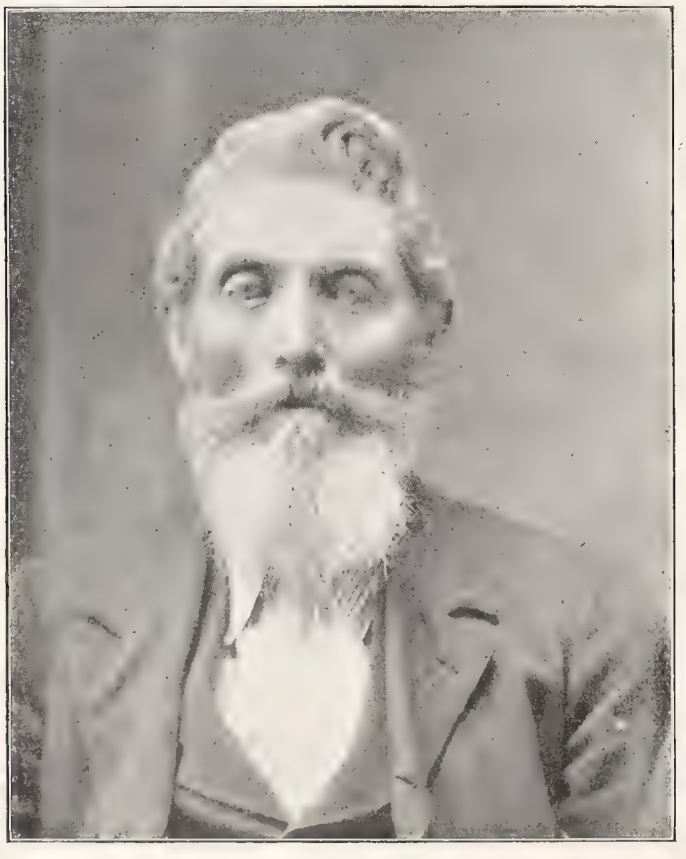
LIEUT. J. B. NANCE.

John B. Nance was born in Bedford County, Tenn., December 23, 1831; and his body was laid to rest on April 11, 1908. He lived in that vicinity all of his life, except while serving in the Confederate army, and shared the respect and esteem of all who knew hm.

John Nance was a plain farmer, tall, erect, and strong, and he joined his neighbors as a volunteer in the Confederate army. They elected him corporal in Company B, 41st Tennessee Infantry.

The command was of the Fort Donelson prisoners and sent to Camp Morton, where for weeks their hunger was such that the entire day's ration was devoured immediately. All were in ill humor, and the sergeant in charge became disgusted with the complaints, and Corporal Nance was chosen to that unpleasant service. He would not be intimidated; and when a fellow-prisoner complained, he would tell him to "take that or nothing." So heroic and absolutely impartial was he that soon he became a general favorite, a distinction that he ever maintained. When the regiment was exchanged, he was chosen lieutenant, and commanded the company much of the time afterwards. In every capacity of service he was a manly man; and, while ever at his post of duty, he was especially conspicuous in battle, and diligent in service as an officer in seeing that every man kept in his place.

He was an unusual person. His modesty made him in a sense timid, and his reticence prevented an extensive acquaintance. He was, however, ruggedly sincere, and the performance of duty was the rule of his life. A few years after



JOHN B. NANCE.

the war Comrade Nance became a zealous member of the Methodist Church, and was faithful to the end.

He was twice married—first to a Miss Word, whose death occurred in a few years, leaving to him a son, William. By another marriage, to Miss Kate Snell, there were four children, all of whom survive: one son, Vance, and three daughters, Emma, Mary, and Georgia (Mary is Mrs. Thomas). The devotion of his family, although he had become very infirm, attested how faithfully he had performed his duties as husband and father.



DR. J. ROBINSON BUIST.

Another honored and faithful veteran should have had place in this Last Roll ere this.

Dr. J. R. Buist was born in Charleston in 1834. He graduated from the South Carolina Medical College at the age of twenty years. He received a diploma from the University of New York in 1857, after which he served a year in Bellevue Hospital and six months in the University of Edinburgh. He then attended hospitals in London, and completed his medical education in Paris.

Dr. Buist came to Nashville in 1859, and in the beginning of the war he enlisted with the Rock City Guards, 1st Tennessee Infantry. He served in Western Virginia under General Lee, and later was in the battle of Shiloh. He was made surgeon of the 14th Tennessee Infantry, and in August, 1862, was made brigade surgeon under General Bragg—Maney's Brigade. He was made a prisoner at Perryville and again at Nashville, but was released in time to surrender again with his command in North Carolina.

After the war Dr. Buist returned to Nashville and resumed the practice of medicine. He was remarkably successful as physician and surgeon. In Confederate matters he was ever zealous. At the last Reunion in Nashville Dr. Buist had charge of the parade, and managed it extraordinarily well. His fatal illness soon followed.

Dr. Buist was ever an honor to South Carolina; and, while loyal to his adopted Tennessee, he was ever proud of his native State of the Palmetto.

Dr. J. M. Jones.

Dr. John M. Jones was born July 3, 1846, in Weakley County, Tenn., and entered the Confederate army at the very incipiency of the war in Company H, Forrest's old regiment, participating in the battles and campaigns of that command, which were many, and surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., May 11, 1865. He was a member of Tom Hindman Camp, U. C. V., Newport, Ark. He had lived at Newport for thirty-one



DR. J. M. JONES.

years, where he practiced medicine successfully the entire time, dying February 13, 1908, aged sixty-two years—an excellent soldier and an eminent physician.

Dr. Jones survived his wife, who was Miss Callie Patterson, of Weakley County, Tenn., but five days, she having been an invalid for ten years.

Deaths at Montgomery, Ala.

The names of the deceased soldiers, good citizens, and loyal members are: W. B. Janney, Semple Battery, died January 17, 1907; J. O. Andrew, Company A, Cobb's Legion, Georgia, died April 27, 1907; W. P. Cutts, Company C, 29th Alabama Infantry, died May 20, 1907; A. St. Clair Tennille, 9th Georgia Cavalry, died July 4, 1907; J. L. Bryan, Company I, 3d Alabama Infantry, died 1907; C. A. Allen, 51st Alabama Mounted, died September 21, 1907; B. C. Tarver, Captain Company A, 1st Alabama Cavalry, died October 14, 1907; Clay Hall, died October 23, 1907; C. Ludman, died November 29, 1907; John D. Carter, died December 28, 1907; Judge J. T. Cook; and Maj. V. M. Elmore.

Warren.—James H. Warren, who was orderly sergeant of Company D, 22d Mississippi Regiment, Lowrey's Brigade, died at his home, in Corinth, Miss., recently. He went through the war, under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston much of the time, and faithfully performed the duties of a soldier.

Slappey.—Private Anson Ball Slappey died at Marshallville, Ga., January 25, 1908, aged sixty-two years. He left the Military School at Marietta, Ga., to enter the Confederate army in Company K, 8th Georgia Cavalry, to the end.

Dr. Harry B. Stone.

A shock to many friends and a crushing sorrow to Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, of Galveston, Tex., President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, was the death of her son, Dr. H. B. Stone, which occurred on Governor's Island, N. Y., of pneumonia, before the news of his illness had been received by his mother in Galveston.

Harry B. Stone was born in Liberty, Tex., April 30, 1872, but grew to early manhood in Galveston. When but twelve years of age he attended the Bingham Military School at Asheville, N. C., and afterwards was prepared for college at the school of Mr. Abbott at Bellevue, Va. He then entered Washington and Lee University, at Lexington, from which he went to the Medical Department of the University of Philadelphia, later continuing his study of medicine at the University of Virginia. He took his degree after the prescribed course at the Medical College of the University of Texas, graduating in 1899. He also spent a year at the Polyclinic School of New York City, which was founded by Dr. John A. Wyeth, giving special study to the diseases of children. He first opened an office at Macon, Ga., and pursued general practice until entering the hospital corps of the United States army in 1901. He was assigned to duty in the Philippines for three years, after which he returned to Galveston and entered into general practice there. Shortly after his return he was appointed by the Board of City Commissioners as quarantine officer, with headquarters at Virginia Point, to guard the city of Galveston against the entrance of yellow fever from the then infected cities of Mobile, New Orleans, and others. He was there for several months, then resumed his general practice in Galveston. Last spring he returned to New York City and entered the Eye and Ear Infirmary for special study. After finishing his course, he found his inclination toward army life still strong, and he reënlisted in the hospital corps, and after a few weeks in the service was taken with a fatal case of pneumonia.

His grandfather, Edward Thomas Branch, was one of the founders of the republic of Texas, and under that republic was a member of Congress and one of the judges constituting its Supreme Court. He also drew up the first homestead law. His father, Henry Clay Stone, was for many years a member of the well-known firm in Galveston of Skinner & Stone.

The burial of Dr. Stone was at Liberty, the place of his birth, on the 30th of March, attended by a large concourse of friends and acquaintances. Deep sympathy was manifested for the bereaved mother, who had so tenderly watched this son grow into manhood, so finely equipped for life's battle, and upon whose strong arm she had hoped to lean in declining years. Many thousands of Daughters throughout the South will feel poignant sorrow and sympathy for Mrs. Stone in the loss of this only son.

In passing through Houston for the burial place at Liberty, Tex., on March 30 the funeral cortége was met by various patriotic and literary clubs, who showed deep sympathy for Mrs. Stone in the loss of her only child. A delegation from the R. E. Lee Chapter met her to express their sincere sympathy. The following ladies were detailed to speak for the Chapter: Mrs. M. E. Bryan (President), Mesdames Seabrook Sydnor, T. R. Franklin, Philip H. Fall, R. E. Luhn, T. L. Dunn, J. F. Burton, R. E. Patterson.

The Daughters of the Republic, San Jacinto Chapter, and others sent many beautiful floral tributes, and Mrs. Marie Bennet Urwitz paid beautiful tribute to Mrs. Stone as a member and officer of the Chapter.



A WORTHY AND SUCCESSFUL CAMP OF JUNIOR SONS OF VETERANS—THE S. A. CUNNINGHAM.

FROM REPORT OF LOUIE KIRBY-PARRISH, COMMANDER.

To the Officers and Members of S. A. Cunningham Camp.

Comrades and Friends: Just two years ago, March 10, 1906, our Camp, No. 1, Junior Sons of Confederate Veterans, was organized by Mrs. L. Kirby-Parrish, our founder, of Nashville Chapter, No. 1, with Dabney Minor as Commander. At the second meeting, two weeks later, the Camp, by unanimous vote, was named in honor of Mr. S. A. Cunningham, who was a gallant soldier of the Confederacy and is the editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

Since our official term is limited to one year, you honored me by electing me your Commander last March, 1907, for which I thank you. The year has indeed been a pleasant one, for each member of the Camp has shown me greatest respect and given me loyal aid in every undertaking.

Within the year the membership has grown to fifty worthy descendants of the valiant men who wore the gray.

My regret is that we could not have accomplished more for our veterans, since we are banded together to preserve the beautiful memories which we inherit and to care for and aid the veterans, their wives, widows, and children. So let us realize more and more fully our privilege in doing for them everything within our power while they are with us. We cannot possibly estimate the full importance of our organization as yet, for with its historical and benevolent purposes it is sure to grow and succeed from year to year.

We have upon memorial occasions to Gen. R. E. Lee, Sam Davis, Gen. William B. Bate, and on Confederate Decoration Day, acted as escorts and ushers in our uniforms of gray and placed designs of flowers upon the graves.

From our Advisory Council, composed of Mr. S. A. Cunningham, Capt. M. S. Cockrill, Capt. Spencer Eakin, Ex-Gov. James D. Porter, Capt. Thomas Gibson, and Gen. Harvey H. Hannah, we have lost one of our truest friends and one of our most capable advisers—Capt. Spencer Eakin—and we greatly deplore his death. He was never too busy to give ear to our questions, and was ever ready to lend us a helping hand. He was always most cordial in inviting us to attend the meetings of Company B of Veterans, that we might be instructed in the best military usage and imbibe more of the spirit actuating our honored veterans.

COCKRILL LIGHT GUARDS.

Our military company, "The Cockrill Light Guards" (named in honor of our esteemed Capt. M. S. Cockrill), composed of members of the Camp, has continued to strengthen in every way, and its members have acquired greater skill and efficiency in their training as soldiers under their captain, Wendell H. Levine. In a competitive drill with the older companies of the city ours shared the honors for excellence.

At the reception of President Roosevelt here in October our company was in line as a part of his escort to the Hermitage, and received many compliments for our soldierly bearing. During the year we have held weekly drills at the armory, and have occasionally given special drills for our friends. The company is armed with forty Remington rifles, obtained within the last year and paid for out of the proceeds of a lawn festival, with Captain Cockrill's generous aid. The members have become quite expert in the manual of arms, which is always an attractive feature of the drill. It is hoped the company will be newly uniformed in time to be present at the Reunion in Birmingham in June.

The meetings of the Camp have been frequently honored by the attendance of Mr. Cunningham, our committee from Company B, composed of Lieutenant Maney, Mr. Binkley, and Mr. Gee, and other veteran friends, who have shown much interest in the work in which we are engaged.

The Camp observed the anniversary of General Lee's birth on the 18th of January at the home of the Commander with a very appropriate programme. The two chief addresses were delivered by Rev. Littleton Hubbard and Mr. Jesse Pittman, with other exercises by members of the Camp and guests. The boys also assisted as escorts and ushers at the First Presbyterian Church in Gen. R. E. Lee's honor.

Three valuable works have been presented to the Camp as a start toward its library: "History of the Twentieth Ten-

nessee Infantry Regiment, C. S. A.," by Mrs. W. J. McMurray, widow of our beloved Dr. McMurray, and the two volumes of Jefferson Davis's "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," presented by Dr. J. C. Steger, one of our loyal honorary members. And to each individual member of the Camp Mr. Cunningham has presented a copy of Dr. H. M. Fields's "Bright Skies and Dark Shadows." All of these we prize most highly, and shall preserve them with the utmost care. All are appropriately inscribed.

Within the last two months we have organized an orchestra, which is doing excellent work under Professor Hartsell's able directorship. This will prove a great addition to the other means of entertainment employed by members of the



GROUP 2 OF FIRST DIVISION.

Camp for charitable and other objects. The next entertainment in view is a "Mock Trial" in black faces to be given early in May in combination with the military drill and orchestra. We hope this will prove a great success, as the proceeds are to be devoted to needed improvements at the Soldiers' Home.

Again I thank you for the confidence and support you have given me, and pledge my cordial efforts for the welfare of the Camp in the future as in the past.

L. KIRBY-PARRISH, *Commander.*

At the annual election in March, 1908, Edwin H. Gaines, Jr., was chosen Commander with Jesse Pittman and Ossie Goodloe as Lieutenant Commanders; and under their leadership the boys are moving forward successfully in the good work which they have undertaken.

Division No. 2 of the Camp, with ages ranging from nine to fifteen years, is doing a good work. It is composed of bright, enthusiastic boys with a fine staff of officers—John W. Fite as Commander. They have formed a drum and bugle corps, and will make their first public appearance at the entertainment in May, assisting Division No. 1.

The account of this organization is given with special gratitude because of the name of the Camp. Moreover, it is given to show what can be done where there is heart and determination.

This organization is the result of one woman's work—that of Mrs. Loulie Kirby-Parrish. Her discouragements would have induced the abandonment by many even courageous women; but she recuperated from every discouraging condition, and now is happy in the achievement.

The First Division has about fifty members—the Cockrill Guards—and the Drum Corps are members of the Camp. The Second Division, recently organized, has about twenty members, and promises to rival the First in its usefulness.

JEFFERSON DAVIS TO MISSISSIPPIANS.

J. N. Powers, State Superintendent of Education for Mississippi, concludes an address to the teachers of that State:

"The leader of our cause was the peerless Jefferson Davis. In grateful remembrance of his wise statesmanship, his faithful leadership, his earnest patriotism, and above all his vicarious sufferings, let every teacher observe a part of one day before the schools close in commemorating the centennial birthday of this illustrious man.

"The Confederate soldiers are passing away in groups. Let us not forget that when we celebrate the birthday of their chieftain—our President—we pay grateful tribute to the Confederate soldier and his cause."

"THE ARTILLERY OF FORREST'S CAVALRY," PROJECTED HISTORY BY CAPT. J. W. MORTON.

The history of the organization of the artillery branch of Forrest's Cavalry is being prepared and will be issued in the early fall by Capt. John W. Morton, the present Secretary of the State of Tennessee, who as chief of artillery under the wonderful leader directed its movements in all of his cam-



CAPT. JOHN W. MORTON.

paigns. Daily close association with Lieut. Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest gave Captain Morton an insight into the motives and methods of this astonishing natural genius which fits him peculiarly for writing of them with complete sympathy and thorough understanding. It is a book which all of the "old boys" will enjoy, as it contains incidents hitherto unpublished and anecdotes of fellow-soldiers.

John R. Tolar writes from Fayetteville, N. C., that he was orderly for the 35th Tennessee's last commander, Maj. George A. Deakins. When they went into Tennessee with Hood, one of the officers, Captain Mitchell, left his comrades near Nashville to pay a flying visit to his family, and never returned. It was reported that he was shot by Stokes's "Home Guards."

"ASHBY, THE CENTAUR OF THE SOUTH."

The new book by Clarence Thomas under the above title has excited much interest throughout Virginia and other Southern States. General Ashby, a type of Southern chivalry, a heroic soldier, and a magnificent horseman, was one of the most romantic characters of the War between the States, and Mr. Thomas pictures him in such a clear light that he no longer seems a memory, but a living, breathing personality.

The book is written in an easy, flowing style which allows the facts to grip the memory and fascinate the imagination. The introduction of the book is by Dr. J. William Jones, one of the highest Confederate authorities now living, and he says of the work: "I have read with deep interest this sketch of the career of Ashby, and commend it as a valuable contribution to our Confederate history. He pictures with graphic pen the life of this valiant knight, brings out the salient points of his conduct as a soldier, and shows that he was not merely a brilliant partisan, but a man who was able to command armies and in every way worthy to be 'Jackson's Right Arm' and his probable successor in the Valley District. He produces historic matter, official and personal, relating to Ashby never before published."

The author's description of home life in Virginia before the war is like a dream of yesterday. The work defends with exhaustive research and rare ability the injustice done one of the greatest figures of the Southern cause.

Published by the Bell Book & Stationery Company, Richmond, Va. Cloth-bound, $2; postage, 10 cents.

"ALTARS OF SACRIFICE."

A poetic contribution to the literature intended as a vindication of the South in the sixties has been made by M. M. Teagar, of Flemingsburg, Ky., in his "Altars of Sacrifice." This little book is dedicated "To the brave, heroic spirits who gave their lives in sacrifice upon the altar of their country and their survivors; to the mothers, wives, and daughters whose patient fortitude and heroic endurance gave inspiration to patriotic devotion; and to the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy, whose lives are devoted to the vindication of their cause as weighed in the scales of justice, affirmed by the impartial verdict of mankind, sanctified on the altars of faith, and amply verified by the truth of history." The dedication is an index to the contents, which approach the classic in style of expression. The mechanical features of the book are good, the binding being of gray cloth with gold lettering. Printed by the Hermitage Press, of Richmond, Va. Price, $1.25, postpaid.

ROBERT E. LEE.

A series of American Crisis Biographies, "constituting a complete and comprehensive history of the great American sectional struggle in the form of readable and instructive biographies," has been greatly enriched by the addition of a "Life of Robert E. Lee," written by Philip Alexander Bruce, LL.D., late Corresponding Secretary of the Virginia Historical Society and author of "The Economic History of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century." There has been so much written about our General Lee that it would seem impossible to find anything further that would add to the history of that great man, yet Dr. Bruce has given us a "Life" that will prove of great value to our literature in its originality of treatment and depth of sentiment. General Lee's early life and first military experience, his loyalty to Virginia, his conduct as a commander in the Confederate war, his military genius, his life after the war and his general character—all are touched upon most interestingly and each subject treated with a knowledge gained through the most reliable authorities. Many of the most important engagements of the Army of Northern Virginia have impartial treatment by this vigorous pen, which yet finds naught to criticise save kindness of heart where strength of will should have prevailed.

The book is neatly bound in cloth, with portrait of General Lee as frontispiece. Published by George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. Price, $1.25; postage, 12 cents.

THE TRUE STORY OF ANDERSONVILLE PRISON.

That the refutation of charges made against the commandant of a Southern prison should come from among those who were there confined is something new in the annals of the time, yet this has been done by a prisoner under Major Wirz at Andersonville, that arch fiend in the estimation of the North. When we remember that his life was sacrificed on the testimony of other prisoners, we cannot but admire the spirit which animated the writing of this "True Story of Andersonville" by one who experienced the horrors of the place. James Madison Page, who was second lieutenant of the 6th Michigan Cavalry, in collaboration with M. J. Haley, has given a most interesting account of his prison life during the war, having been a prisoner at five places in the South from September 21, 1863, to November 21, 1864, seven months of which time he was at Andersonville, where he knew Major Wirz intimately.

The book is divided into two parts—"Andersonville: The Prison and the Keeper" and "Major Wirz: The Man and His Trial"—and the author has proved by his own knowledge of conditions that Major Wirz was unjustly held responsible for the hardships and mortality at Andersonville, and that "Secretary Stanton, rather than Major Wirz, should have been held responsible for the thirteen thousand graves at Andersonville." It is a soldier's vindication of a man who has been terribly wronged and traduced. The style of the narrative is attractive and the originality of expression pleasing.

Published by the Neale Publishing Company, Washington and New York. Cloth-bound, $2.14, postpaid.

ABOUT "LEE AND HIS CAUSE."

This attractive book with its taking title is meeting with praise. Capt. Leeland Hathaway, of Winchester, Ky., wrote a letter to Dr. Deering, in which he stated:

"When you talk or write about the war or any thing or person connected with it, I am ready to indorse all you say with my eyes shut. And you have passed beyond even yourself in this little volume. It ought to be made a text-book in all the schools and a regular study in all Southern homes.

"It is concrete and clear in matter and manner. It is concise and terse and at the same time full and strong in sentiment and expression. It carries its lessons with the force of the teacher and the grace and ease of the practical advocate. Every subject touched is illuminated and every argument clinched like a syllogism. O, if every man, woman, and child in our dear South could read and reread, study and grasp this little, big book as we would have them do, then, my dear boy, we need have no fear that those who come after us will believe that we were traitors and conspirators!"

J. M. Frazer, of 1209 South Street, Nashville, Tenn., who served in Company C, 6th Arkansas Infantry, hopes to meet any of his comrades at the Birmingham Reunion.

CONFEDERATE CIRCLE, ARLINGTON CEMETERY.

FUNDS RAISED BY CONFEDERATE MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

Wallace Streater, Treasurer, reports receipts as follows:

Jan. 18, 1908, Dr. R. H. McKim, Treasurer, first Arlington Confederate Monument Association	$1,457 25
Jan. 18, 1908, Essex Chapter, 239, U. D. C.	3 00
Feb. 8, 1908, Indian Territory Division, U. D. C.	20 00
Feb. 8, 1908, Beauregard Chapter, 1102, U. D. C.	11 00
Feb. 10, 1908, Oklahoma Division, U. D. C.	21 72
Feb. 15, 1908, Association Survivors 23d N. J. Vol.	100 00
Feb. 17, 1908, Washington Camp, 305, U. S. C. V.	75 00
Feb. 20, 1908, Children's Aux., D. C. Div., U. D. C.	80 00
Feb. 20, 1908, R. E. Lee Chapter, 644, U. D. C.	1,000 00
Feb. 20, 1908, Stonewall Jackson Chapter, 20, U. D. C.	1,000 00
Feb. 20, 1908, Alabama Division, U. D. C.	18 00
Feb. 29, 1908, Harford Chapter, 114, U. D. C.	5 00
March 5, 1908, Texas Division, U. D. C.	100 00
March 7, 1908, Mrs. T. W. Keith, Director for South Carolina, A. C. M. A.	15 00
March 21, 1908, complete returns Taylor lecture	431 20
Total receipts to date	$4,337 17

Mrs. J. W. Clapp (Secretary Tennessee Division, U. D. C.), Director for Tennessee, and her committee have published an appeal for the Arlington monument in Confederate Circle there, giving strong reasons why a large sum should be raised for it. It is a fitting occasion for the loyalty and public spirit of Tennessee to be creditably illustrated.

PHILADELPHIA CONFEDERATE DAUGHTERS.

Mr. W. K. Beard (Manager of the Electric World), Philadelphia, writes of a note in the April VETERAN that reference "was evidently had to the Dabney H. Maury Chapter," and adds: "There is a Dabney H. Maury Chapter in Philadelphia; but the Philadelphia Chapter is the original and only separate Chapter in this State, while the Dabney H. Maury Chapter is a branch of the Grand Division of Virginia. The Philadelphia Chapter has a membership of about one hundred and ten." The report referred to is on page 179 of the April issue.

Mrs. Edgar Moncure is delightfully remembered by those who heard her report at the Norfolk Convention correcting the above error—an error printed because of having overlooked the growth of the U. D. C. in Philadelphia.

The following was evidently not intended for publication:

"Until two years since the Dabney H. Maury Chapter was the only one of the 'Daughters' in Philadelphia. Then the majority of the members of that Chapter decided that they would like to form an independent Chapter—the nucleus for a Pennsylvania Division—and did this, calling it the Philadelphia Chapter, U. D. C. The minority preferred to remain the Dabney H. Maury Chapter of the Virginia Division, which they did.

"The growth of the Philadelphia Chapter has been phenomenal. Though scarcely two years old, we have a membership of one hundred and twenty-five, and are a very energetic, progressive, and prosperous organization. I trust you will pardon this praise for my own Chapter, but its growth has been so gratifying that it is a temptation to tell one's friends."

VETERANS WANT TO ORGANIZE IN PHILADELPHIA.—W. K. Beard, 239 West 39th Street, Philadelphia, writes: "I have been asked by a prominent doctor in Philadelphia, a Confederate veteran, to make up for him a list of veterans living in or near Philadelphia with a view to organizing a Camp of Confederate Veterans in this city. I would appreciate any aid the VETERAN can render in procuring the list. It is my intention, if we are successful in organizing a Camp of Confederate Veterans, to myself organize a Camp of Sons."

The VETERAN suggests the benefit that any of its Philadelphia readers might render in giving out the above notice.

ALABAMA U. D. C., BIRMINGHAM MAY 13-15.

The twelfth annual convention of the Alabama Division, Daughters of the Confederacy, will be held in Birmingham May 13-15, inclusive.

Officers of Alabama Division: Mrs. Charles G. Brown, President; Mrs. B. B. Ross and Mrs. Lewis Cobb, Vice Presidents; Mrs. L. T. Pride, Recording Secretary; Mrs. W. H. Phillips, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. W. T. Palmer, Treasurer; Mrs. Harvy E. Jones, Historian; Mrs. Frank Elmore, Registrar; Mrs. J. A. Rountree, Recorder of Crosses.

The programme for the convention is as follows:

Tuesday evening, May 12.—Reception by Pelham Chapter at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Brown.

Wednesday, May 13.—9:30 A.M., opening session, City Hall. 12:30 to 1:30, lunch. 2 P.M., afternoon session. Evening reception by William L. Yancey Chapter at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Thompson.

Thursday, May 13.—Morning and afternoon session. 4 P.M., trolley ride to East Lake Park. 8:30 P.M., historical and musical symposium, Cable Hall.

Friday, May 15.—Morning and afternoon session. 9 P.M., banquet at Hotel Hillman by Pelham Chapter.

MEMORIAL SERVICES IN MONTGOMERY.

At the memorial services in honor of Gen. R. E. Lee, which was also the regular meeting of the Camp, it was made known that twelve members of the Camp had died during the past year. The principal address of the occasion was delivered by Gen. J. W. A. Sanford, in which he paid tribute to the splendid service rendered the South by Admiral Raphael Semmes. The presence at the meeting of Raphael Semmes, a son of the great admiral, made the subject the more interesting. Other feeling tributes to General Lee and other leaders were paid by Clifford A. Lanier and B. M. Washburn.

The officers elected for the coming year were: Judge J. B. Fuller, Commander; R. B. Grigg, C. A. Lanier, and W. C. Fuller, Lieutenant Commanders; B. M. Washburn, Secretary; Paul Sanguinetti, Adjutant; Rev. A. F. Dix, Chaplain.

SOME TEXAS VETERANS ON U. S. PENSIONS.

At a meeting of the John H. Morgan Camp, Justin, Tex., resolutions were adopted "unanimously" as introduced by Lieut. D. H. Cates. In explanation the resolutions state that they have been good and loyal citizens to the United States since the war—a fact conspicuously demonstrated in the Spanish-American War—also that they recognize allegiance to no other country and pay their part of the taxes to the United States government, which includes pensions to the ex-Federal soldiers. Another reason given is that "it would do much to break down any lingering sectional animosity between the North and South." The paper is signed officially by D. H. Cates, Lieutenant, and T. J. Walker, Adjutant.

FOR WORKMAN OR MILLIONAIRE

there is no safer investment than a Certificate of Deposit in *The American National Bank of Nashville, Tennessee.* Whether your present surplus is $25 or $25,000, there is no more secure place for it than this $1,000,000.00 bank.

Popular confidence in this bank has given it a wonderful growth during the past few years. The

CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT

are usually issued to mature in three, six, or twelve months, but they can be made to mature at special times to suit the convenience of depositors. The interest rate is 3 per cent.

The Certificates are made to the order of the person depositing the money, and are transferable by indorsement, making them good collateral security for loans.

THE AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK
Of Nashville, Tennessee.

Capital	$1,000,000.00
Shareholders' Liability	1,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits (earned)	580,000.00
SECURITY TO DEPOSITORS	$2,580,000.00

PICTURES FROM BIRMINGHAM.

The VETERAN acknowledges the kind courtesy with gratitude of Mr. Bert G. Scovell in the form of several pictures of Reunion quarters. That of the City Park, the Hippodrome, and the VETERAN's hotel are all from him.

Pictures of two groups of the S. A. Cunningham Junior Sons of Confederate Veterans are furnished by Mr. C. R. Turner, Nashville, one of the most expert artists in the country.

FATE OF WILLIAM THOMAS.—G. B. Dean, Detroit, Tex.: "Although forty-four years have passed, some friend or relative may be glad to learn the fate of Willie Thomas, who as quite a young boy came from Mississippi and joined our company in the 11th Texas Cavalry several months before the surrender. He made a good soldier, and while on the skirmish line near Salisbury, N. C., in October or November, 1864, was shot dead from his horse. Any further particulars can be gotten by correspondence with me or Isaac Guest, of Detroit, Tex., in whose company he served."

HALT!
WHO GOES THERE?

U. C. V. REUNION

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

JUNE 9–11, 1908

¶ You will enjoy the Reunion immensely. Let pleasant going and returning impressions make the trip complete in every particular. Ask the agent to route you via

Rock Island

Very Low Round-Trip Rates from All Points West

GEO. H. LEE, Gen. Pass. Agt., Little Rock, Ark.

Confederate Echoes

(OUR ABIDING CONFEDERACY)

By REV. A. T. GOODLOE, M.D.

"I hope for this book many readers. I am sure the reading of it will tend to conserve and preserve the traditions of the elders, and crystallize sentiment for that noble band, the Sons and Sires of the Old South—the noblest type of which the pen of historian, bard, or poet ever sang."—*Mrs. Sue F. Mooney.*

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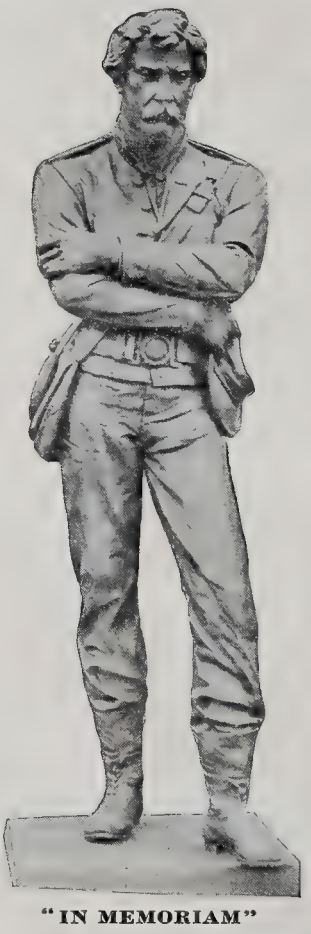
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BRAVEST DEED OF THE WAR.

BY S. H. M. BYERS.

In Quinton town, by Richmond town,
The Union army lay,
The Richmond spires and steeples
Not twenty miles away;
And half in sight and half between,
As if it were by chance,
A little line of breastworks ran
To guard the great advance.

Two nights with pick and spade we'd dug—
A thousand men in blue—
There wasn't any sound of drum,
No flag above us flew.
Just silence fell on oak and pine,
Where each his vigils kept,
For we were watcher on the line
While all the army slept.

Alarmed, the watchful foe had seen
Our breastwork in the sun;
We were so near they well might count
Each horse and man and gun.
And far adown his line there went
A cry we might have heard:
"We'll storm their works at daylight, men."
'Twas Lee that gave the word.

But we who manned the trenches worked
The harder till the dawn,
And not a soul but feared to see
The light come creeping on.
And as the fading stars went out
Above the wooded glen,
We heard the low and steady tramp
Of twice a thousand men.

No sound of bugle filled the air
Nor noise of file nor drum,
And we who waited held our breath
As if the hour had come.

And all at once there was a shout,
Like fiends in Milton's hell,
Yelp—yelp—ah! well, we knew the cry;
It was the Rebel yell.

A moment and we held our fire.
God, what a moment! then—
A thousand muskets scorched and blazed
Among a thousand men.
They faltered not, nor flinched nor stayed;
But straight through flash and flame,
A lane of death where dead men fell,
The living quickly came.

Till right before our ditch they stop,
Too brave to yield or fly;
One cruel moment there they halt
Like men about to die.
They stop and look! From out our line
Sudden a rider goes;
Alone he rides, nor heeds nor hears
The bullets of our foes!

God, see, and is he daft or dumb?
Straight for their lines he's sped—
Straight toward their center. Heavens, look!
He is already dead.
Astounded, friend and foe alike
Gaze on the deed so bold;
Astounded, friend and foe alike
Their fire a moment hold.

Straight to their flag he rides and stops
Where brave their colors fly.
"Give me that flag," he quickly shouts;
"Give me that flag, or die!"
Appalled the color sergeant stood,
Appalled the column stands;
The daring deed has dazed them all,
The flag is in his hands.

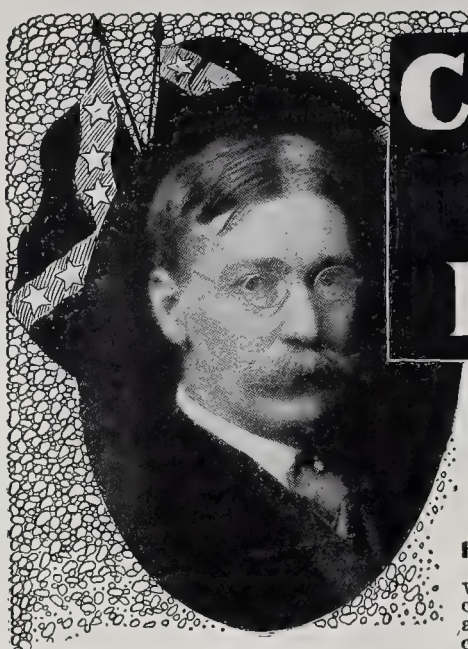
He wheels, he flies, he leaps the ditch;
Back to the fort he comes,
And, bleeding, falls midst shouts and cheers
And rattling of the drums.
Midst shouts and cheers the foe themselves
A manly plaudit yield,
For never braver deed was done
On any battlefield.

At Quinton town, by Richmond town,
A cross is in the sand—
A captain's grave, a horse's grave
Is there on either hand.
Two flags are carved upon the stone,
And one the foeman gave;
For peace or war, or North or South,
Men love a deed that's brave.

J. T. Wade, of Winchell, Tex., seeks to establish his record as a Confederate soldier, and asks that any surviving comrades of Company C, McCowin's Missouri Regiment, French's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department, will kindly write to him.

S. C. Turnbo, of Pontiac, Mo., is anxious to complete his file of the VETERAN by securing the volumes for 1893-96 at a reasonable price, and any one having these volumes or any numbers in them is asked to write to him. He is willing to exchange copies of his book, "Fireside Stories of Early Days in the Ozarks," for these copies, or to pay for them at a reasonable rate.

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With Introductory Sketches by

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Those who love the South and her brave old veterans have desired for many years to have their courage, their devotion, their unmatched heroism and the home-life of their families crystallized on canvas. After nearly a half century this has just been done. Gilbert Gaul, of New York, was employed several years ago, and has now finished the series. It is called **With the Confederate Colors, 1861-5,** and consists of six paintings, as follows:

No. 1. Leaving Home.—Shows a typical Southern interior of the period. A lad is telling his homefolks good-bye. One sees the newspaper fallen to the floor, the favorite bird-dog pleading infinitely with his eye, the father, mother, sister, slaves—all done as if a photograph had been magically turned into colors.

No. 2. Holding the Line at all Hazards.—A battle scene. The last magnificent stand of "those who had fate against them." One of the finest battle scenes ever painted.

No. 3. Waiting for Dawn.—A campfire scene. The snow covers the ground. A farm house burns in the distance. The "enemy's" battle line glows on the horizon. A masterpiece.

No. 4. The Picket and the Forager.—Companion pieces sold as one picture. The first shows a lonely picket on duty. The second presents a bread and chicken-laden forager returning to camp after a day's excursion.

No. 5. Betting on the Flag.—The boys in blue are backing their cause with a pile of coffee in a social game of cards between the lines. Southern tobacco is the bet of the "Johnny Rebs" that the bars will be victorious. One of the most popular of the series.

No. 6. Tidings.—A pretty Southern girl is reading a letter from the front to the groups of women and slaves. A grandfather bends forward eagerly to listen, and a wounded soldier on furlough forgets his bandaged arm as he hears tidings from the firing line. A beautiful and touching picture.

Mr. Gaul's strong brush has portrayed with much realism, not their bitterness and recriminations, but their magnificent motive, their magnanimous courage, their unmatched devotion. Those who love the real values of the Old South will prize these pictures beyond price, and indeed they should appeal to every intelligent American, man or woman.

Pictures 15x19 inches, reproducing every shade of tone and motif, and embossed so as to give perfect canvas effect. Each one is a masterpiece, depicting the courage, sacrifice, heroism, sufferings and home life of the Southern soldier.

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Office of Commander-in-Chief.
Columbus, Miss., April 1, 1908.

Southern Art Publishing Co., publishers of Gilbert Gaul's Famous War Paintings.

Gentlemen: I congratulate you on publishing the portfolio of pictures, "With Confederate Colors," by the most distinguished painter of military subjects in this country. As an artist he is endorsed by the National Academy of Design and others of highest repute. It seems most timely that the South is at last to have pictures which are really historic documents, and which must appeal to her people, because Mr. Gaul's pictures are really a sympathetic translation of the war period. The portfolio should be not only in every Southern, but in every American, family. These paintings, with their pathos, their tragedy, and the great sorrow of the great war period, will perform a great duty in pointing the younger generation to avoid drifting into channels which might provoke a like repetition of our great Civil War.

With kindest wishes for the success of your praiseworthy undertaking, I am, Yours truly,

STEPHEN D. LEE.

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This offer holds good for **more than one picture**—*i. e.*, for $5.00 we will send the Veteran two years and any two of the above pictures. It also holds good whether the $1.00 for the Veteran be for old or advance subscription, or from a new subscriber.

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Write at once.

CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

The Charleston Library Society, Charleston, S. C., wishing to complete its file of the VETERAN, asks for the first four numbers of 1893. Write to Miss Ellen M. FitzSimons, Librarian, stating price, etc.

J. G. Hart, of Groveton, Tex., would like to get in correspondence with any who enlisted at Holly Springs, Miss., in Company A (Captain Mitchell), 18th Mississippi Regiment (Colonel Forrest), of which he was a member.

GEN. LEE ON SACKET HARBOR.

This original poem by Gen. Robert E. Lee, the Confederate commander, written on the occasion of his leaving Sacket Harbor in 1840, was printed in one of the county papers at the time and recently unearthed. General Lee was for some time commandant at Sacket Harbor.

How gently here the zephyrs play,
How softly falls the sun's mild ray,
How gracefully this lovely bay
Embraces Sacket Harbor!

How proudly wave the stars and stripes,
How full and rich those martial airs
That o'er its wings the zephyr bears
Alone for Sacket Harbor!

Here no proud blandishments are met,
No empty airs of vain coquette.
A diamond 'midst bright jewels set
Is our own Sacket Harbor.

South Adams wears her deacon's face,
North Brownville stands with modest grace,
And Watertown's a little place
Just back of Sacket Harbor.

Soon spring with bloom and verdure gay
Will chase these wintry clouds away;
Then, bonnie lassie, stay, O stay
Awhile in Sacket Harbor.

[In sending the above a Federal veteran says: "Lee was a great man, and we all honor him, Federals as well as Confederates."]

THE VETERAN'S EXPLANATION.

[A correspondent from Elmira, N. Y., sends the following clipping with inquiry as to whether it would "apply to any of the old C. S. A. veterans."]

"Where did you get that scar on your face?" asked the interested listener of the Civil War veteran.

"At the battle of Bull Run," answered the old soldier.

"Bull Run?" exclaimed the other. "How could you get wounded in the face at Bull Run?"

"Well, you see, sir," exclaimed the veteran apologetically, "after I had run a mile or two I grew careless and looked back."

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In order to favor many out of work or short of cash by reason of the late money panic, and as a token of appreciation for the liberal patronage which brought eighty-five thousand nine hundred four dollars eighty-five cents ($85,904.85) net profits to Draughon's 30 Business Colleges during the past four years, Draughon's Colleges are now offering, for a limited time, $50 scholarship for $25. See further particulars elsewhere in this paper.

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Dr. J. V. Johnson, 319 Grant Avenue, Eveleth, Minn., whose father was first sergeant of Company H, 6th Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, and who was severely wounded and captured at Gettysburg, is very anxious to communicate with some member of the 5th Louisiana Infantry, known as the "Louisiana Tigers," serving under Gen. Stonewall Jackson on the Chickahominy in 1864. He wishes to locate a sergeant of this company whom his father met four times during the war and who showed him much kindness on different occasions, particularly when wounded at Gettysburg.

Joel G. Carroll, Saltillo, Miss., would like to hear from any member of Captain Gordon's company, Colonel Brady's regiment, Louisiana troops, in which company he enlisted in 1862. His second enlistment was in June, 1864, Company E, 36th Georgia Volunteers, Cummins's Brigade. He was wounded at Resaca, captured at Nashville, and sent to Camp Chase. He is now seeking to establish his record in order to secure a pension, to which he is worthily entitled.

R. C. Shindler, Dalhart, Tex., refers to the list of Confederate generals published in the VETERAN, in which appeared the name of William P. Shindler, of South Carolina. He thinks there may be some connection between the families, and would like to hear from some member of the South Carolina branch.

If afflicted with SORE EYES use Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE-WATER

B. T. Lanier, Carney, Tex., seeks to establish the record of H. H. Lardge, and inquires for any members of Company B or C (Capt. W. B. Spears), 12th Arkansas Regiment (Colonel Dawson), with whom this comrade served, having volunteered in Arkansas. He is now in a destitute condition with dependent grandchildren, and should have a pension.

Mrs. Mary E. Bryant, 1308 N. Davis Street, Pensacola, Fla., wants to get the names of some comrades of her husband, Alfred Dudley Bryant. She thinks that he served under General Perry, and that he enlisted from Fernandina. His record is needed to secure her a pension.

Lon Barnes, Monrovia, Cal., says he would like to hear from any old comrades of Gen. Sterling Price's escort.

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BY T. C. HARBAUCH.

In their silent camps of glory,
Stretching ever far away,
Sleep the men who live in story,
Valiant wearers of the gray;
For them now no drums are beating,
For them now no bugles blow,
No advance and no retreating,
No fierce onsets of the foe.

Some by Rappahannock's river,
Some beside the Tennessee;
Side by side they're camping ever,
They who proudly followed Lee.
Where some missing one reposes
On the olden battle lines
Bloom the scented, snowy roses
In the shadow of the pines.

In the robin-haunted thicket
Where the autumn leaves are blown
Sleeps the ever-watchful picket
In a glory all his own;
And the ring dove coos above him
At the gloaming of the day,
For the sake of those who love him
In his cerements of gray.

Nevermore for them the rattle
Of the muskets grim and dread,
Nevermore the horrid battle
Where the richest blood was shed;
Crown them all with gentle flowers
From the meadow and the dell,
They are sleeping through the hours
In the land they loved so well.

When the last one gently passes
To that home so cold and low,
Where the violets and the grasses
In their beauty bloom and glow,
Fame will write in words eternal
That will other words outshine
Far above their bivouac vernal
Proudly, grandly: "These are mine!"

They will march again in splendor,
All transfigured, yet our own,
And each hero, each defender
To his comrades shall be known;
They shall rise again in glory,
Though they rest beneath the sod,
Gallant men of song and story
In the cantons of their God.

Mr. J. T. Key, 707 Overton Street, Nashville, Tenn., has a bound set of the VETERAN which he would like to dispose of. Write to him direct.



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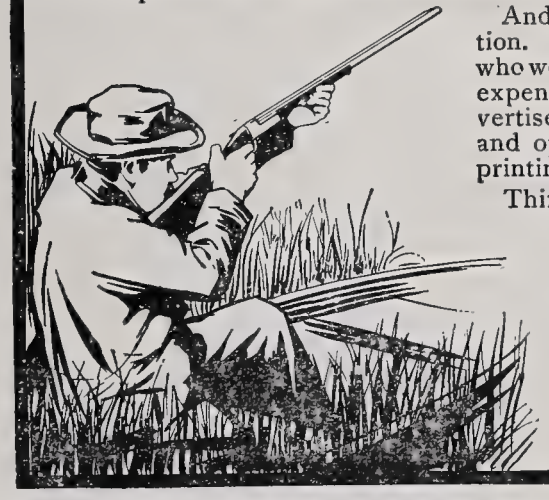
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is much like gunning for birds. *You* must have a definite aim, because indiscriminate advertising, like indiscriminate shooting, results in empty pockets. The printer furnishes the shot, and postage is the powder that carries it wherever you direct.



And you *must* have good ammunition. Foolish indeed the sportsman who would use pebbles for shot to save expense, yet equally foolish is the advertiser who wastes energy, postage and opportunity on weak, ineffective printing.

Think it over; then let's talk it over. We have furnished ammunition for so many successful campaigns that we know you will find our experience of value.

Anyway, let's talk it over.

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R. T. Gardner, Oxford, Fla., would like to hear from any survivors of Company C (Captain Hatch), 27th Louisiana Regiment, S. D. Lee's Brigade.

J. F. McLain, Anna, Tex., wants to know the whereabouts of W. R. Burks, first lieutenant of Company G, 50th Alabama, who went from Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Mrs. Alice B. Rand, Bellevue, Ky., wants to get copies of the VETERAN for 1894 with the exception of July, August, September, and October; also wants copy of "The Old Guard" of July, 1866.

John F. Cargile, of Selma, Cal., wants all the survivors of the 10th Arkansas Regiment to write to him. He was under Colonel Merrick, of Little Rock, but says he left the 10th Arkansas in the latter part of 1865 and went to Missouri, and has met only two comrades since he left them.

Ray Evans, Comanche, Tex., makes inquiry for Colonel Weems, of the 64th Georgia Regiment, who succeeded Col. J. W. Evans when the latter was killed at Petersburg. At the beginning of the war Colonel Evans organized what was known as the Bainbridge Independence Company and went as captain of the company until promoted to colonel of the 64th, which he then commanded until his death. His grandson, Ray Evans, would like to hear from any survivors among his soldiers.

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Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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JEFFERSON DAVIS AND ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY COL. A. K. M'CLURE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

One of the most gratifying evidences of the liberal progress of the age is in the fact that to-day the memory of Jefferson Davis is more highly respected in the North than at any time since the Civil War began, nearly half a century ago, and that the memory of Abraham Lincoln is accorded more respect in the South than was awarded to him at any time in the past. These names are inseparably interwoven with the greatest achievements of the last half century, which will ever be studied with tireless interest by those who are students of the history of our country. Both were born in the same State of Kentucky, Lincoln in Harding County on the 12th of February, 1809, and Davis in Christian County (now Todd) on the 3d of June, 1808. Davis became President of the Confederacy on the 16th of February, 1861, and Lincoln was inaugurated President of the United States a fortnight later. Lincoln fell by the hand of the assassin on the 15th of April, 1865, and the public career of Davis ended by his capture on the 10th of May of the same year. The careful and dispassionate student who now looks back over the appalling events of our Civil War, with its intense passions perished, must accept the conviction that these two men, called to supreme leadership in the most heroic struggle of the nineteenth century, filled their respective positions with equally sincere devotion to what they accepted as patriotic conviction, and there is not a blemish upon the record of either.

I knew Jefferson Davis but slightly before the war; had met him only in a casual way on several occasions. He was somewhat austere in manner, but always generous in courtesy when personally approached. The gradual failure of the cause of the Confederacy as its armies were finally defeated and its resources exhausted naturally led to aggressive and even violent assaults upon the ruling power of the Confederacy, and Davis was severely criticised by many of his own section as being at least measurably responsible for the disasters which befell its armies. He and Lincoln were educated from entirely different standpoints. Lincoln grew up with little advantage from schools and none from colleges, but ever in sympathy with the people who were of his own class. Davis was of gentler birth, had as good educational facilities as could be obtained in his day, and finally graduated from West Point. That his military education had much to do in shaping the policy of his administration, I do not doubt. The only training of the West Point soldier is to command; and while more than half a score of military chieftains have been elected to the presidency since Washington, but two of them were graduates of West Point—viz., Taylor and Grant—and both were utterly ignorant of the political methods by which men attain distinction. Davis, a graduate of West Point, with a highly creditable career as a soldier, naturally believed in military methods; while Lincoln, coming from close to mother earth, had as his guiding star only the considerate judgment of the people.

Davis was a man of most sincere conviction and courageous action; and when the Southern Confederacy was about to be organized, his single ambition was the command of the Confederate army. This I had from his own lips at his residence, Beauvoir, Miss., some fifteen years after the war. He told me that when he started for Montgomery, Ala., when the movement began for the organization of the Confederacy, he hoped to be called to the command of the army; but before he reached Montgomery he was advised of his election as Provisionary President. When he reached the new capital of the Confederacy, he found it impossible to change conditions, and he was compelled to accept the presidency, and he entered upon that duty as conscientiously as any public man ever entered upon an official career. He had been schooled in the doctrine of State rights; and when his State seceded, he retired from the United States Senate in obedience to what he regarded as the highest call that could be made upon him. His unexpected election to the provisional presidency of the republic compelled him to accept the fearful responsibility of assuming the direction of the civil department of the government.

Jefferson Davis was thus called to the provisional presidency and later to the constitutional presidency of the Southern Confederacy, a position that, while apparently masterful, was subordinated by the corner stone of the Confederacy, the sovereignty of the States; but as the cause of the South became more and more less hopeful toward the close of the war, it is only natural that violent resentments should arise and that the disappointments of ambition and the fearful sacrifices of life and property in the war should array against him earnest and violent opposition. That he discharged his exceptionally responsible duties with conscientious and tireless fidelity, none who have studied his career can reasonably question. He was schooled in the belief of the sovereignty of the

State; he was schooled in the belief that the right of secession could not be questioned; and when the South began the secession in 1861, he simply followed his own thoroughly honest convictious by doing what he accepted as an imperious duty to join the secession movement in obedience to the commands of his State. He was one of the ablest of our statesmen, a stranger to all demagogic art, and conscientious in the discharge of every public duty. He never sought popular applause, but he was universally respected and even widely beloved by his Southern people; and while a man trained in the severe environments which come with West Point education, he might at times have been more conciliatory when the dark clouds gathered upon the Southern cause. It is not now doubted that he maintained his position as President of the Confederacy with masterly ability and failed simply because success was beyond the range of possibility.

It was only natural, then, in the fearful and hopeless desolation of the closing days of the Confederacy that its President should be severely and violently accused, and many were ready in their factional disappointments to charge the disaster largely or wholly upon the Confederate President. If the supreme folly of arresting Davis as implicated in the assassination of President Lincoln had not been committed, he would have been unjustly blamed by many as largely responsible for the failure of the Confederate cause; but when he was arrested as a murderer, imprisoned, and even subjected to the indignity of being manacled and confined to a prison cell for some two years, the people of the South saw him only as the one chosen to suffer for the rebellion of the Southern people. They speedily forgot his real or imaginary errors and learned to appreciate Jefferson Davis as one who had been honest and faithful in the discharge of his responsible duties as he honestly believed and accepted them. There was not a shadow of evidence even of his knowledge of the purpose of any one to assassinate President Lincoln; and his imprisonment for years, when the government had no evidence to confront him on trial, not only aroused the keenest sympathy for him throughout the entire South, but taught the North to respect him even in the yet existing violent sectional passion. He was finally discharged on a bail bond for the sum of $100,000 for his appearance when called for in court, that was made specially notable by the fact that Horace Greeley was one of his bondsmen. Of course the case was never called, as there was not the pretense of a case against him.

My first meeting with Jefferson Davis after the war was in 1880. While on a tour of rest in the South I received at Mobile a cordial invitation to visit him at his home at Beauvoir, in Mississippi. The railway station was at Mississippi City, four miles from his residence, where I arrived early in the morning, and was driven from there to the home of Davis. I arrived there about nine o'clock in the morning; and when about to enter the gate to the beautiful lawn that extended from his modest residence to the gulf shore, I saw him sitting in a chair in the shade of the orange trees trying to read a newspaper, with two small boys, probably eight or ten years of age, playing tag over him with the utmost freedom. I expected to meet a broken, disappointed, and cheerless old man; a man who had staked his all in the establishment of a new republic and, having failed, was then a man without a country. When I saw the boys playing with perfect freedom, my first impression was that I must be mistaken in the man, as boys never err in the estimate of those who love them and enjoy their pranks.

He received me with generous courtesy, and I sat down by his side, under the orange trees that were golden with ripened fruit, to chat with the man who had maintained for four years the most heroic struggle of the nineteenth century. Very soon after I joined him breakfast was called, and he invited me to join him. When we entered the house, with its southern wide hall running clear through the building, on a divan in the center of the hall was reposing a large Newfoundland dog; and when we entered, the dog jumped up with every expression of affection and put his paws on his shoulders. I then knew that I had erred in the estimate of Davis, for children and dogs never mistake the genial qualities of those about them. We were joined at breakfast by his estimable wife and daughter, Miss Winnie, who was later known as the Daughter of the Confederacy, having been born in the presidential home at Richmond.

After breakfast we retired to the parlor, leaving the ladies alone, and I said to him that I desired very much to confer with him on some matters relating to the war about which I was not fully advised. He answered in the kindest manner that as his guest he would be very happy to converse with me on any subject relating to the war, but that he could not converse with me on that subject as a journalist, as I was then editor of the Philadelphia Times. I assured him that I appreciated the delicacy of his position, and that he could rely upon it that not a line would be published as coming from him or about him that did not have his approval before its publication. He then said he was perfectly free to discuss any question that I desired to present to him. One point that I wished to be advised about was why he had fired upon Sumter when he had the positive assurance of the surrender of Anderson two days later. I inquired whether he regarded it as a military necessity or whether it was necessary to concentrate the South in the support of the new government. He answered very frankly that Sumter was fired upon because, after having received the assurance from the Washington government that Sumter would not be reenforced, they were notified that the Union fleet had sailed for Charleston with supplies and reënforcements for Sumter, but that no attempt would be made to reënforce the fort if the Confederate government would permit supplies to be furnished to the starving garrison. He regarded that as a violation of the faith of the Union government, and for that reason Sumter was fired upon.

I startled him somewhat by saying that the firing upon Sumter sounded the death knell of the Confederacy, adding that if Sumter had not been fired upon when the time had been fixed for surrender the North would have been vastly divided on the question of war; and, as I then believed and still believe, the Confederacy would have been successfully established because the North could not have been united in precipitating an aggressive war upon the South. Lincoln was publicly pledged to avoid the provocation of war; and had the North not been practically united in support of the war by the firing upon the starving garrison when the date had been fixed for its surrender, the Confederacy would have existed without interruption, and in a very few months at most must have commanded the recognition of the leading governments of Europe, and thus made war for the subjugation of the South utterly impracticable.

Another subject upon which I desired information was as to the Gettysburg campaign. It was against the whole policy of the Confederacy even when its army was stronger than then. It was the decisive battle of the war, as Appomattox

was simply the echo of Gettysburg. He answered that it was regarded as an important military movement with every prospect of success after the defeat of the Union army at Chancellorsville, and it would doubtless have settled the recognition of the Confederacy abroad had victory been obtained. I asked him whether General Lee had advised it as a military movement, but he answered evasively that it would not have been undertaken if Lee had not approved it.

I spent half the day with President Davis, and was received and entertained with the most generous hospitality. Our conversation finally led to President Lincoln, and he was very anxious to ascertain all the details of Lincoln's personal attributes and public and private actions when President of the United States. He said that the South had greatly misjudged Lincoln, as he had no record as a statesman when he was called to the presidency, and in the fierce passions of civil conflict every disgraceful attribute of character was readily and violently imputed to him. He asked minutely about the actions and expressions of Lincoln, as I had been in very intimate relations with him; and he was greatly delighted when I told him that, while I had heard Lincoln discuss every phase and feature of the war, I had never heard him utter a single sentence of resentment against any in the South; that I had heard him many times discuss Davis, Lee, and other leaders of the South, and always with the highest personal respect for them. I told him how I had seen Lincoln grieve time and again at the very violent accusations made against him in the South during the war, charging him with being a profane and obscene jester, a bloody butcher, and guiltless of either manliness or statesmanship, and that I had heard Lincoln repeatedly say when speaking of these expressions which grieved him sorely that if the South only understood him better there would be more hope of peace.

I told him of the conversation I had with Lincoln in August, 1864, when Lincoln was a candidate for reëlection and when he showed me in his own handwriting his proposition to pay the South $400,000,000 to close the war and accept emancipation; of Lincoln's expression at the time that the war if continued for four months would cost the four hundred millions with the additional loss of life and property, and that then the South would simply be a community of implacable hostiles, unwilling to accept the reunion of the States. I asked him whether he had any knowledge of Lincoln's willingness to pay the South four hundred millions as compensation for slaves if peace and the abolition of slavery were accepted. He said he had simply heard of it, but that there was no public or official expression from Mr. Lincoln, and there was nothing for him to act upon. I then asked him whether, if he had known Lincoln's willingness to end the war in that way, he would have restricted Vice President Stephens when sent to meet Lincoln at the City Point Conference to consider peace only on the basis of the perpetuity of the Confederacy. His answer was logical, and I then for the first time appreciated the omnipotence of the sentiment of State rights. He said that Lincoln, representing a centralized government, could make such a proposition to the Confederacy; but that he, President of the Confederacy, whose corner stone was the sovereignty of the State, could do nothing but maintain the integrity of the Confederacy until peace on the basis of reunion was proposed by one or more sovereign States. While he then knew when Stephens was sent to meet Lincoln at City Point that the military power of the Confederacy was absolutely broken, his sworn duty as the President of the Confederacy was to struggle for its maintenance until the sovereign States called for peace. He was much gratified at the many instances of Lincoln's kindly feeling to the South, and I shall never forget the earnestness and pathos of the expression which closed the conversation on that subject. He said: "Next to the day of the fall of the Confederacy, the darkest day the South has known was the day of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln."

I speak advisedly when I say that Jefferson Davis would never have been captured at the close of the war had Lincoln been alive. I was present at a very earnest discussion of the subject between General Butler, Colonel Forney, and some others in Lincoln's room a few months before the close of the war. Butler was violent against the South and Forney sympathized with him, and both demanded the severest punishment of the Southern leaders. I asked Butler whether as a lawyer he could assume that Davis, who had been at the head of a government that beleaguered our own capital for nearly four years and that had been recognized by the civilized governments of the world and practically by ourselves as a belligerent power, could be punished for treason. His answer was that he could be punished because he was a sworn officer of the United States when the war began. It was a legal fallacy, of course, and we had quite a discussion on the subject. Lincoln listened patiently, and he finally closed the conversation by telling the story of the Western drunken vagrant who had been gathered up by his friends into a temperance society repeatedly, only to fall again, and who had finally gotten back in the temperance association and into the Church, when he decided to make a desperate effort to live a sober life; but his appetite was stronger than himself, and when calling for a glass of soda he inquired whether the server could not put "a drop of the creeter in unbeknownst to him." He said: "If these men shall get away unbeknownst to us, it will be the most fortunate solution of the issue." His desire was that those whom the popular vengeance of the North demanded for punishment should escape from the country until reason resumed its throne; and if he had been living when Davis had started for the coast, Lincoln's special care would have been that no Union troops would find him and hinder him in his journey.

I am glad to have lived until I have seen the North and South thoroughly reunited not simply in the union of States, but a union of hearts, of sympathy, of interest, and of patriotic devotion to one government and one flag. It was accomplished through countless suffering and sacrifice, but to-day the whole American people can join in just tribute to the memory of Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln.

[The VETERAN is indebted this month to the pen of Col. A K. McClure, "the dean of Pennsylvania journalism," and at present Prothonotary of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, for a masterful and comprehensive article on Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln.

In January of this year Colonel McClure's eightieth birthday was celebrated by leading men of affairs, and youth and age mingled among the three hundred participants who gathered at the Hotel Majestic in Philadelphia to give the veteran editor of the Philadelphia Times a fresh start on the last span of life. Speaker Joseph G. Cannon, who was present, called attention to the world's estimate of a man's intellectual force at the age of eighty, and referred to Colonel McClure's marvelous activity and clearness of mental vision as an evidence that four score years need not leave men physically and mentally tottering.

Among the many things said of Colonel McClure on his eightieth birthday, the editor of the VETERAN has chosen two for its readers. Andrew Carnegie wrote: "You have that which should accompany old age—honor, love, obedience, and troops of friends." Clark Howell, of the Atlanta Constitution, said: "The South joins in the friendly greetings of the nation to Colonel McClure. He has been one of the truest and best champions of the Southern development, and the South is fast fulfilling his prophecy of twenty years ago."

There are few men living better qualified than Colonel McClure to write of events and characters associated with the sixties, and the comparative study of Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln which Colonel McClure sends the VETERAN as his tribute to the centenary of a great man is a valuable contribution and one that will be widely read.

Though a warm personal friend of Abraham Lincoln and perhaps his ablest biographer, Colonel McClure is too close a student of sectional conditions and ethics not to appreciate the great men who figured during the Confederacy, and through his one-time journal, the Philadelphia Times, he never lost an opportunity to call the world's attention to the worth, the character, the fortitude of the Southern people, and the rich, resourceful possibilities of the Southland.

All honor to the man whose vision is big enough, clear enough to look over sectional differences and recognize the noblemen of nature wherever their abiding place!]

THE RANSOM POST, ST. LOUIS.

The VETERAN would report more at length than is practicable at present a visit to the Ransom Post of St. Louis on the evening of May 9, 1908. Mr. A. G. Peterson, a retired merchant of that city, spent several weeks of the early spring in Nashville, when it was his pleasure to make frequent visits to the VETERAN office and read its literature. He had been Commander of the Ransom Post for two terms and Department Commander of the G. A. R. for Missouri. He had written to this Post of his visits to the VETERAN, and resolutions had been passed expressive of gratitude and appreciation. Then upon his return invitations to visit the Post were so kind and so cordial that the evening referred to was given as indicated.

After speedily transacting the business matters of the regular meeting, the editor of the VETERAN was presented by Mr. Peterson. References to his pleasant visits and the courtesies shown him were expressed far beyond their merits.

Greeting and welcome were extended by the Commander, R. N. Denham, which, despite the facts to the contrary, made him feel as if an old friend were talking. A visiting Commander of the General Lyon Post made a pleasant address.

The greeting to Mr. Cunningham was so thoroughly cordial that he felt quite as much at home as if with his own comrades, and no word was uttered during the evening that would not have been cordially accepted everywhere in Dixie. The seventy-five present of the four hundred members yet surviving of a total membership of nine hundred and ninety-eight were composed of a highly representative class of men, including millionaires and distinguished ministers. They were as fine a body of men as could be imagined from the miscellaneous walks of life. This Post has had of its membership twenty-one general officers.

Delightful talks were made by Mr. C. L. Moss and Rev. T. L. Haggerty, who has been Chaplain of the Post throughout its history (the venerable man is eighty years old), a former Department and National Chaplain. Rev. C. H. Stocking sang (playing his own accompaniment) "The Sword of Bunker Hill." Mr. S. D. Webster made a pleasing talk upon the great issues that caused the war, imputing equally honest and patriotic motives to each side.

Mr. Charles P. Chesebro asked an explanation of why the battle of Franklin was fought. It was an especially interesting topic, as some of the veterans there could bear testimony to Confederate courage on that sanguinary field. Among them was Capt. J. K. Merrifield, whose capture of Confederate flags there secured to him a medal. The explanation was generally satisfactory. It was that Franklin was not of consequence to either side, but the hope of crushing the forces there and pressing on to Nashville before sufficient reënforcements could be assembled there to hold the fortifications so that every minute was of momentous importance.



MISS SARAH LEE EVANS, ATLANTA, GA.,
Sponsor for the South at Birmingham Reunion.

Thanks to the Ransom Post for their unstinted hospitality to the representative in an important sense of all the Confederate organizations in existence.

Later published official report by the *Post* contains all expression of good will to be desired.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE DAVIS FAMILY.

BY MRS. E. G. BOYD, MORGANTOWN, VA.

Jefferson Davis was born in Kentucky, but during his infancy his father removed to Bayou Teche, La., and finally to Woodville, Miss.

It is a matter of interest to me that some years after the Davis family left Bayou Teche my father, Jesse D. Wright, owned a sugar plantation there. In spite of the fertile soil and beautiful orange groves, the malarial conditions of that locality probably caused the Davis family and our own to remove elsewhere.

Mr. Davis afterwards wrote of his home in Mississippi: "The population of the county in its western portion was generally composed of Kentuckians, Virginians, Tennesseeans, and the like; while the eastern part of it was chiefly settled by South Carolinians and Georgians. The schools were kept in log cabins, and it was long before we had a 'county academy.' My first tuition was in the usual log cabin schoolhouse."

Among the South Carolina colonists at Woodville, Miss., was my grandfather, who in 1807 had made the difficult overland journey with his family, relatives, and friends. These colonists were Baptists; and as Mr. Samuel Davis, Jefferson's father, was a Baptist, our families met each other at church.

It was probably in one of the log schoolhouses referred to in the memoir that Jefferson Davis had a schoolmate, a little blue-eyed girl three years his senior. This little girl, Sarah Robert Grimball, then about nine years old, some thirty years later became my mother. During the Civil War she told her children about the day school near Woodville that she and her sisters and brothers had attended and about their little schoolmate, Jefferson Davis, who was now President of the Confederate States. My mother told us that he was a good boy and that the teacher was "Jeff's" brother.



MISS VARINA DAVIS COOK, BATESVILLE, ARK.,
Chief Maid of Honor to Sponsor for the South.

After spending a few years at Woodville, my Grandfather Grimball, with a portion of the South Carolina colony, settled in Middle Louisiana. One of our neighbors there was Mrs. Helen Davis Keary, the niece of Jefferson Davis. Her husband enlisted in the Civil War as captain of a company in the 9th Louisiana, and was sent to the Army of Northern Virginia. Captain and Mrs. Keary had no children, and the beautiful and accomplished wife followed her husband wherever the fortunes of war called him. Much of her time in Virginia was spent at President Davis's home, and I think she and Mrs. Davis must have been near the same age, for I have heard her speak of "Varina." She is still living at her Louisiana home, a widow with one adopted daughter, the orphan child of my nephew, George Waters Stafford, who was a gallant Confederate officer.

At Baton Rouge I have many times walked through the grounds of the barracks where Gen. Zachary Taylor once lived, and doubtless over these same grounds Jefferson Davis and Sarah Knox Taylor often strolled together.

When the corner stone of the Confederate monument was laid at Montgomery, Ala., April 29, 1886, Mr. Davis passed through Auburn, Ala., where I was then living. At the railroad station the train halted, and Mr. Davis made a short address to the crowd gathered to see him. I was standing near the car, saw the noble man, and heard his impassioned words.

Mr. J. U. Payne, at whose home Mr. Davis died in New Orleans, was my mother's business friend and adviser for many years. When the body of Mr. Davis was removed to Richmond, I was at Auburn and saw the glass funeral car, which permitted a view of our honored and beloved friend.

CABIN JOHN BRIDGE.

Cabin John Bridge is one of the show places about Washington, and spans a gorge in the upper Potomac Valley. It is about ten miles from the White House. The bridge is about four hundred and fifty feet long with a span of two hundred and twenty, and is an important aqueduct for carrying Washington's water supply, besides being a valuable highway bridge. For a long time numerous stories have been afloat in connection with the mutilation of this arch and the erasure of the name of Jefferson Davis.

The order for the removal of Mr. Davis's name was given by Caleb R. Smith, Secretary of the Interior, in June, 1862.

William R. Hutton, who was an engineer in the aqueduct construction and became chief engineer of the work, is authority for the statement that in June, 1862, at the request of Caleb R. Smith, he accompanied the Secretary and several members of Congress on a tour of inspection of the aqueduct by way of the canal. Opposite Cabin John several of the party disembarked and walked to the bridge to obtain a nearer view. Returning in haste, Galusha Grow, of Pennsylvania, exclaimed: "Do you know that that Rebel Meigs has put Jeff Davis's name on the bridge?"

Turning to Hutton, Secretary Smith said: "The first order I give you is to cut Jeff Davis's name off the bridge." A few days later came Hutton's appointment as chief engineer of the aqueduct; but, not having taken Secretary Smith's remark seriously, he did nothing in the matter. A week later Robert McIntyre, the contractor, returned to pay his respects to the Secretary, and Mr. Smith repeated the order to have the name cut off. "With great pleasure," was the contractor's reply, and his first work was the erasure of Mr. Davis's name.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

NUMBERING PAGES OF THE VETERAN.

It seemed to be so necessary to increase the VETERAN for January from forty-eight to sixty-four pages that, to continue the regular numbering of forty-eight pages, the sixteen extra pages were designated by the Roman numerals. (By this method, if the same number of pages each month, it is much easier in making dummies.) Another increase of the same number of pages became necessary later on, then another, and still another; so that the consecutive increase of pages has begun with this issue, and the numbers run from two hundred and forty to three hundred and four. Previous to this number the increase of pages has equaled an entire issue of the VETERAN, and it is likely to be as much more during the year.

Expressions of gratitude and praise for the VETERAN are unequaled perhaps in journalism, and merited if to do one's best continually, regardless of expense and labor, be the test.

Now to patrons: Does it occur to you that in reciprocity you might do the gracious thing to send a new subscription? Could you do it? A high railroad official whose father was a general officer in the Confederate army discontinued his patronage recently, saying he is too busy to read it and that he previously subscribed to help the VETERAN, but that it does not need his help now. In sincere gratitude for his kindness, if he would see the "Last Roll" department as it appears each month, would he not realize that every man who thinks enough of the publication to "help" it should do so continually? How many, many thousands there are who ought to "help the VETERAN!" Happily, the publication is able to pay all of its bills all the time; but it is upon a basis that is crumbling upon the established fact that the veterans are its mainstay and that they are falling out of ranks by divisions. Confederates, Southerners, patriots, you who are too busy to read, won't you agree to tax yourself one dollar a year to see it maintained?

If you will consider the situation, you will realize that ere long you can't find an old soldier to make glad continually by sending him the VETERAN. The breezes of heaven will wave the grass over his grave, and you may then wish that you had contributed to his happiness and also that you had contributed to a record that will be accepted by all the world and justify your ancestors in the sacrifices that they made in the sixties—and in the seventies.

For fifteen years the founder of the VETERAN has handed copies and mailed them unstintedly to personal friends who have enjoyed them and yet who have never contributed one cent to its support. Is this patriotic? Is it fair? Is it right to withhold your patronage? In all these years he has never directly solicited a subscription. Will they go on to the judgment, grow old, and die without ever having contributed anything to this worthy object? Will they?

On page 280 there may be seen the fine face of Miss Elliott Todhunter, of Lexington, Mo., who has contributed to the joy of veterans at several General Reunions.

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT AT REUNIONS.

The spirit of liberality toward Confederate veterans gives the Christmas spirit to Reunion periods. Well-to-do comrades, in many instances, are unstinted in providing transportation and other expenses for these occasions. A few rich Confederates are standing aloof, but it is evidently to their sorrow. In the hard struggle to obtain a competency when all was gone save honor they pressed their avocations and stayed from Reunions until they can't graciously begin now, and they are to be pitied even if censured. They should, however, remember that "while the light holds out to burn," etc.

A noticeable feature in supplying funds for Reunion purposes is that there is not known a disposition to take advantage. For instance, brave old South Carolinians do not use at their State Reunions as much as has been voted them by more than a thousand dollars. A fine illustration is given in Tennessee of this spirit. A few months ago it was ascertained incidentally that Judge John K. Shields, of the Tennessee Supreme Court, furnished forty dollars each to five old soldiers to attend the Richmond Reunion, that being the estimate given by a veteran. To his surprise more than half of the sum was returned. Much is being given on these occasions, and it would be a blessing if the spirit would spread more and more. Opportunities will not last.



MISS EMMA M'DAVITT LEEDY, BIRMINGHAM,
Maid of Honor to Sponsor for the South, Reunion 1908.

Referring to the many inquiries for survivors of certain commands that they may testify to the record of departed comrades whose widows are seeking pensions, the quicker way to secure these records would be to write to the Chief of Records and Pensions, War Department, Washington, D. C., giving the letter of company and number of regiment.

JUSTIFICATION OF MAJOR WIRZ BY A FEDERAL.

[The VETERAN has been interested in producing testimony in regard to the unfortunate Major Wirz, whose memory is so detested by thousands of honest people at the North. Its testimony, however, has been mainly from the prisoners. It would stop short of simple justice rather than aggravate those who are so uncompromising. The following sketch was prepared by Dr. R. A. Halley as a gracious service. Mr. Kantzler is a friend of Mr. J. Ryan, of Chicago, who served in a battery so constantly at the front that he had amazing knowledge of conditions throughout that Georgia campaign. Its editor does not care to have greater confidence in a fellowman than in Mr. Ryan, while Dr. Halley wrote directly from conversation with Mr. Kantzler, and he is one of the most capable of journalists. Let those who do not concur in the belief that Major Wirz was innocent of any avoidable severity to the prisoners consider well what Mr. Kantzler said to Dr. Halley. The VETERAN regards the testimony of Mr. Kantzler as absolutely true.]

CHICAGO, May, 1908.

A valuable contribution to the truth of history in relation to the case of Captain Wirz, executed after the close of the War between the States after conviction by prejudiced witnesses, is furnished by a man who for many months was a prisoner at Andersonville, and who was brought daily into intimate relations with Captain Wirz and with the prisoners. Until the time of his capture the narrator was a soldier in active service, and went through many of the hard-fought campaigns with Grant. His name is Jacob Kantzler, and he lives at 3149 Prairie Avenue, Chicago. Mr. Kantzler retains a remarkably clear remembrance of the stirring events in which he participated, and is one of the old soldiers with whom the war ended when peace was declared.

December 31, 1861, Mr. Kantzler enlisted in Company A of the 1st Regiment of Illinois Light Artillery (the Chicago Light Artillery) at Paducah, Ky. He failed to get enrolled before the departure of the regiment because it was full. Being notified of an opening when the regiment was at Paducah, he went to that place and enlisted. He was in the stirring engagements in West Tennessee and in Mississippi, at Fort Donelson and Fort Henry, at Corinth, at Memphis, at Chickasaw Bayou, and then went back up the Mississippi to aid in taking Arkansas Post; thence he went with his company back to Vicksburg and stayed until the historic surrender of that stronghold of the Confederacy. Then his company went with the victorious army back to retake Jackson, which had fallen into Federal hands on May 14 previous, but was abandoned after destroying the supplies stored there. Just after the capture of Jackson for the second time he was captured by the Confederates. Details had been sent out by three of the Illinois regiments on a foraging expedition east of the Pearl River, and there they ran straight into Jackson's Cavalry, and about one hundred of them were taken prisoners

After capture they traveled some at the expense of the South. They were taken first to a point five miles east of Jackson, thence to Brandon, Miss., and then to Mobile, Ala., where they stayed a week. From Mobile they were sent by way of Montgomery to Atlanta, where they rested another week, and were then sent to Belle Isle, where they arrived late in August, 1863. The 27th of the following February, 1864, they were sent South to Andersonville, just established, and were almost the first prisoners to arrive. As they went from place to place the number of the party kept increasing, as new prisoners would constantly be taken and sent along with the original detachment. In Andersonville Mr. Kantzler stayed until September 7, 1864, when he was sent to Savannah, and after two months there was exchanged. He had asked Captain Wirz to let him be among the first exchanged; the Captain had promised, and he kept his word. Kantzler went with the first batch sent for exchange after the tardy consent of the Federal government to take them back.

"When I got to Andersonville," says Mr. Kantzler, "Captain Wirz and others would make the rounds to count the men every morning; and after the second or third day, I discovered by his speech that he was German. Being German myself, I spoke to him in that language and asked him to give me a place to work, so that I could sleep better and get enough to eat, as I was not strong. He said he would recollect me, and the next morning, after counting the prisoners, he told me to walk up to the main gate and wait for him there. As he came along he told the guard to pass me. When I got outside to the headquarters, he talked of what he intended to do, and said he would establish a hospital outside the main prison. He told me he wanted me to act as commissary, to treat everybody alike, to do the best I could for the sick with what they could furnish me for that purpose, and he would furnish me with all the utensils possible and let me call other men out from the prison to help me. I got all the men from my own company on as ward masters, and so saved them from the suffering that unavoidably came to most of the men. I had my freedom and could pass anywhere within half a mile of the camp; but Captain Wirz cautioned us not to try to escape, as he said we would certainly be caught, and it would go hard with us. If we obeyed instructions, it would be better for us. He seemed to take a liking for me, and I did for him.

"I never saw Captain Wirz mistreat any one, but I have seen the tears run down his face at viewing the existing conditions, tears shed because he could not help things being as they were. Food was always scarce at Andersonville, but not so scarce at first as afterwards. There was not enough to eat at Belle Isle, but it was better than at Andersonville. The prisoners knew why we had nothing more to eat, for we all talked about it. There was never enough, but we knew the reason. The number of prisoners kept increasing faster than the facilities could be increased for taking care of them. The Federal armies were drawing closer from all directions, and the prisoners kept coming in from every section, so that Andersonville was overcrowded. Captain Wirz did not receive due notice that new men were coming, and he could not get the food or provide the accommodations to care for them even in the most primitive manner. And we knew too that the very men guarding us had not enough to eat in those days. The facilities for cooking were poor, and so the food was very often given out raw, and this was the cause of a great deal of the suffering and hunger. Another disadvantage we had as compared with the Confederates who ate the same food as we had was that most of them had been used to corn bread and bacon as a large part of their regular food, and we had not been accustomed to it and did not know even how to cook the bread properly. That undoubtedly led to a great deal of the sickness, such as the diarrhea, which was so fatal to us. But the constant coming of additional prisoners up to the very time we went off to be exchanged, September 7, 1864, caused the real trouble. The men in charge of us did not give the proper care simply for the reason that they could not.

"In my estimation Captain Wirz did the very best he could

do under the circumstances, and few could have done as well as he did. He was not a deliberately cruel man, and no cruelty originated with him. When I say this I say what I know, from my personal observation, to be true. He had to carry out his orders, and he had to keep the prisoners from escaping. Captain Wirz was good-hearted by nature, and had nothing cruel about him. He could not justly be held accountable for the killing of prisoners by the guards, and gave no such orders—did not even know the offenders. These guards were not average men, not average Southerners, for the reason that they were either very old men or very young men. All who were well and strong were in the field, and only those who could not do duty in the field could be spared for guard duty. They lacked judgment, and killed men where real soldiers would have avoided it. The character of these guards could not be properly charged up against Captain Wirz. Captain Wirz was a thorough soldier, and would not have mistreated anybody.

"Our great suffering was from lack of shelter, though close to the great forests. We might have built our own shelters, but there were no men to cut the timber for us, and not even men enough to guard the prisoners if they had been sent into the forests. And it cannot be doubted that if the men who were prisoners had been permitted to go by themselves many of them—perhaps most of them—naturally would have made every effort to get away, and would have thus caused no end of trouble to the officers in command of the prison. And very few of the prisoners were strong enough to do the work of felling and cutting the trees and building houses. For nearly forty thousand prisoners we should have had at least four thousand guards, whereas we had few. The Confederates could not spare the men, and the fear of a general breaking out restrained them from allowing us much liberty. Privileges could not be granted. Owing to the inadequacy of arrangements, too, the cook house was not large enough, and many of the men ate their food without cooking or half-cooked. During all the Atlanta campaign the prisoners kept coming so fast that there was no chance to take the proper care of them.

"As to the 'dead line,' every prisoner in the camp knew just where it was, and knew that if he crossed it he would be shot. There was no uncertainty about this. I have seen men warned back when they would apparently unthoughtedly cross it; but there were few instances of this unthoughtedness, for, as I say, there was no uncertainty as to where the 'dead line' was. Captain Wirz never approved of a guard killing men for nothing; and if any man were ever shot when he accidentally crossed the line, it was the fault of the guard and not of Captain Wirz. Some of the guards used no discretion in obeying orders and others did. But it was not Captain Wirz's fault where lack of discretion was apparent. As to the testimony of prisoners during the trial that men were shot while reaching across the 'dead line' to get purer water, that is simply false. There was a large brook that ran all the way across the prison yard with an ample supply of water at all times, and the water was the same everywhere inside the inclosure. It was fine water, too, and always perfectly clear except just after a heavy rain, when it would be riled for a time. But it was either clear or muddled all along its course, and not better outside the 'dead line' than inside it.

"With the supplies at hand Captain Wirz tried conscientiously to do the best he could. Clothing was not plentiful, but we did not go naked or ragged. We never buried a prisoner with good clothes on. My orders, with the approval of Captain Wirz, were to save all the dead men's good clothes, wash them, and give them out where needed. Many of us had our blankets when captured and carried them to prison with us. They were never taken away from us, and there was no greater suffering on account of lack of clothing than the Confederate soldiers themselves experienced.

"Had I not been confined to my bed with sickness at the time of Captain Wirz's trial, I should have gone voluntarily and testified in his behalf. I had no idea of the fate that was hanging over him, and never understood why so many gave false testimony against him. These men either knew better than to testify as they did or they were absolutely ignorant of the truth in regard to the matter. Men who testified strongest against him had absolutely no acquaintance with him and knew nothing about him. They were not capable of judging him or his treatment of the prisoners.



MISS STELL HOLCOMB, LULING, TEX.,
Sponsor for Trans-Mississippi Department.

The faults which they testified were his were in every case the faults of the guards and not those of Captain Wirz at all.

"His execution was wrong and was due to the testimony of men who were hopelessly ignorant or hopelessly prejudiced and who held him guilty of things of which he had no knowledge and concerning which he had given no orders. He was as humane a man as I ever knew, and sympathized with the suffering which he could not alleviate. The men who did know him knew that, and that they were not on hand voluntarily to testify for him was due to their knowledge of the man and their ignorance of the sort of testimony that was going to be given against him."

MORE ABOUT THE FLAG OF 12TH GEORGIA.

BY A. F. WALLEN, CHARLESTON, W. VA.

In the March Veteran I notice an article headed "Flag of the Twelfth Georgia Artillery," by W. H. Hitt, whom I know well, and know to be one of the bravest men I have ever seen. I am the "Wallin" he speaks of—A. F. Wallen. It is Wallen instead of Wallin, and "Company F" should be Company D.

I shall never forget the incident referred to. (See page 113.) It was on the limber chest of a twelve-pound Napoleon

gun that I managed to mount as it was moving off. I got three slight wounds before I reached the gun, and I remember well how thick the balls flew around us as the horses rushed away. When we reached Cedar Creek Bridge, Sheridan's Cavalry were there. They ordered the drivers to halt, which they did not do; so they shot the lead driver and horses before the gun stopped. I escaped to the woods.

Comrade Hitt closes with the statement that by good authority he understands that the flag of the 12th was deposited in a wagon on the retreat from Petersburg, which is not correct. The flag of the 12th was in line during all of the fighting from Petersburg to Appomattox, and on the very morning



MISS FAY HUME, KANSAS CITY,
Maid of Honor for Trans-Mississippi Department.

of surrender, when General Custer came in with the flag of truce to General Lee, the flag of the 12th was planted on a battery that we had just captured. I cannot recall the members of Company D or Company F that were present, but I remember that Maj. Sam Crump, of Augusta, was there.

Now, then, as to what became of the flag: About midnight we were all sitting around the camp fire (just think of the remnant of the 12th Georgia sitting around one camp fire!) when one of the members of Company A from Nunen (and I think he was also a member of our band) brought the colors without the staff, and each member present got a piece of it. The piece I got I carried a number of years, until finally in 1870 in Cuba I lost it.

Make this article suit your space, but get the flag of the 12th where it always was—in the front and not in a wagon.

W. H. McAbee, Oklahoma, writes: "I don't hear much from old Georgia; and as I was one of the boys who went from Dalton in 1861 in the 4th Georgia Battalion, Company D, to the coast, I want to greet the boys who were with me there."

MADE "MARK" ON JEFFERSON DAVIS BOND.

BY COL. M. H. CLARK, CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

In reply to a question of the editor in the VETERAN for May about the bail bond of President Davis, "It is singular that 'his mark' is given to the names of James Thomas and Thomas R. Price; who and where from were they?"

As I am a Richmond (Va.) boy myself, I will answer your question. Both were among the most prominent citizens of Richmond. Both were wealthy, educated gentlemen who had retired from business on account of old age, Mr. Thomas R. Price having been a dry goods merchant with a large business, and Mr. James Thomas, Sr., the largest tobacco manufacturer in the city, and also owning the largest residence in Richmond. Both were patriotic and devoted Confederates, and spent many thousands of dollars for the cause. On account of old age their hands had become shaky, and their names were written and they made their marks with hearty good will. They had "made their marks" in many ways before.

MR. JO. LANE STERNE WRITES FROM RICHMOND.

* * * A copy of this bond was for a long time hanging on the walls in the State Library at Richmond, and attached to it was a statement to the effect that Mr. Thomas was quite ill and unable to write his name, suffering from nervousness, and I have frequently heard the same statement made by Mr. James Lyons, whose name is signed as a surety on the bond, and who also informed me that Mr. Thomas R. Price was blind and could not see to write his name.

Both Mr. Thomas and Mr. Price were residents of Richmond, both merchants of the highest business and social standing, and were friends of President Davis during his residence in Richmond.

CAPT. FRANK W. CUNNINGHAM WRITES FROM RICHMOND.

* * * Both of them were estimable citizens and among our richest men. Having just recovered from a severe spell of sickness, they were unable to sign their names legibly; therefore they made their marks. Mr. James Thomas, Jr., was one of our richest tobacconists. Too old during the war for active service, he yet aided in every way possible our cause. He was the father of Dr. J. L. M. Curry's last wife. He has been dead for a number of years, and has left a monument to himself in an endowment to the Richmond College.

Thomas R. Price has been dead some twenty years or so, and was one of our best merchants. Their memory is sacred.

HUGH LEE POWELL, LEESBURG, VA., WRITES OF THEM.

* * * I am glad I can supply the desired information. James Thomas, Jr., was the largest manufacturer of plug tobacco and one of the wealthiest men in Richmond. He was afflicted with cataract and lost his sight, and was obliged to use his mark and some one wrote the name for him. Thomas R. Price was another case of loss of sight, compelling the use of his mark in signing his name. He was the owner of the largest and finest retail dry goods store in Richmond. After the great fire and the evacuation of Richmond, he lost his store; but was ready as soon as it was possible to do so to recommence his life work. I left his employment in April, 1861, to join the army. A son of his went with me—Maj. R. Channing Price, who was killed at Chancellorsville as the adjutant general of J. E. B. Stuart's Cavalry Division.

[The above illustrates how the VETERAN serves in bringing light out of darkness in Confederate matters.]

FLORIDA IN STATUARY HALL.

An article under the caption "Last to Surrender" appeared sometime ago in the Washington Herald; and while it would be filled with interest to all Confederates and sympathizers, it has peculiar interest for Floridians. It refers to the fact that Florida is one of the several States not thus far represented in Statuary Hall, at Washington, and no graven image is yet in the national Capitol of any of her distinguished sons.



MISS ADA H. GREEN (GRANDDAUGHTER OF GEN. S. G. FRENCH),
Sponsor for Florida Division.

Provision at last has been made for Florida's partial representation in the National Hall of Fame, as the State Legislature has made an appropriation for a life-size statue of Gen. E. Kirby Smith, who was among the last, if not actually the last, of the Confederate army commanders to surrender.

Gen. E. Kirby Smith was a Floridian by birth, and was one of the most stubborn fighters in the South. Toward the close of the great conflict he was stationed in Texas and had command of the scattered remnants of the Confederate armies in the Southwest. Soon after his surrender he was elected President of the University of the South, at Sewanee, Tenn., and followed the example of his illustrious commander in chief, Robert E. Lee, in devoting himself assiduously to the education of the youth of the South.

Like General Lee, he refused numerous offers of employment, any one of which accepted by him would have made him a rich man. He preferred, however, to give all of his time and his talents to building up at Sewanee an institution of learning to which the young men of the South could turn in the hour of greatest need of their parents. For this sacrifice his memory is revered in every Southern household where his post-bellum record is now known.

V. F. Stansbury, of Abbeville, La., desires information concerning Capt. F. F. Feray, who was a Louisianian, and at the time of his enlistment was residing at Opelousas, St. Landry Parish. Any information as to what company he belonged to and where they were stationed at the close of the Civil War, also what battles they engaged in, will be gratefully received.

CONFEDERATE CIRCLE, ARLINGTON CEMETERY.

TREASURER WALLACE STREATER'S REPORT.

April 20, 1908, balance on hand, $4,461.67; April 27, 1908, from Thomas F. Ryan, New York City, $500; May 4, 1908, from Mrs. Robert C. May, Miami, Fla., $15; May 16, 1908, from Mrs. John J. Crawford, New York City, State Director A. C. M. A., $100; May 16, 1908, from Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Richmond, Va., State Director A. C. M. A., $50.25; May 16, 1908, from Francis S. Affey, New York City, $5; May 16, 1908, from James Lowndes, Washington, D. C., $25; May 16, 1908, from Eldredge E. Jordan, Washington, D. C., $10. Total receipts, $5,166.92.

For expenditures the Treasurer deducts $40 paid to Mrs. A. E. Johnson, postage on circulars to Veteran Camps, leaving balance on hand $5,126.92.

Washington, D. C., May 16, 1908.

COMMENDS THE VETERAN TO COMRADES.

In official "General Orders No. 15" Lieut. Gen. Clement A. Evans, commanding the Army of Tennessee Department, U. C. V., emphasizes his views about the VETERAN:

"He is pleased to state that the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published at Nashville, Tenn., and the official organ of the several foregoing bodies, as well as of our own, is prospering and annually enlarging its circulation. The Commander feels that the VETERAN, under the able management and editorship of S. A. Cunningham, deserves the special aid of every Camp, Chapter, and Association affiliating with our organization, and the patronage of every individual Confederate Veteran. He trusts that its present large subscription list will soon be doubled, and its influence more generally felt.

"Headquarters of this Army Department during the reunion will be established at Hotel Hillman, where the several staff officers and Division Commanders at Birmingham will report to the Lieutenant General commanding."



MISS HARRISON, DAUGHTER OF GEN. GEORGE P. HARRISON,
Maid of Honor to Chief Sponsor, U. C. V., at Birmingham Reunion.

FROM PALMETTO, GA., TO DEFEAT AT NASHVILLE.

BY GEN. S. D. LEE.

(Written about 1876.)

The army remained about ten days at Palmetto Station. About September 29, 1864, General Hood, having sent to the rear all dispensable baggage, suddenly broke up his camp and crossed the Chattahoochee River for a raid with his entire army on Sherman's communications. He destroyed the railroad tracks at many places, moving north as far as Dalton, which place he captured. An attempt was also made on Altoona and a demonstration on Resaca. The three small corps were kept in supporting distance of each other, and lived off the already impoverished country by foraging off the main track, which had been divested already. Lee's Corps, being in the rear, suddenly fell back into Snake Creek Gap as Sherman's army advanced from Atlanta in pursuit of Hood. He held the Gap on the 13th, 14th, and 15th of October to enable Hood with his other two corps to move from Dalton through Mattox Gap and pass in his rear.

The enemy appeared before the Gap on the 14th. On the 15th several corps of the enemy had arrived before it. Deas's (Alabama) and Brantley's (Mississippi) Brigades of Johnston's Division did what fighting was done at the Gap, and displayed signal gallantry in holding it. As soon as Sherman accumulated sufficient strength to force an entrance Lee withdrew his brigade and followed in the rear of Hood's other two corps. The enemy followed a day's march through the Gap and retraced his steps back to his railroad. Hood was at Gadsden October 21. On the 29th he was in the Tennessee Valley with two corps (Cheatham's and Stewart's) before Decatur. Lee was ordered to force a passage of the Tennessee in the vicinity of Florence, Ala. This was done at the Muscle Shoals, several miles above Florence, by Johnston's Division. Sharp's Mississippi Brigade was thrown across by using pontoons as boats late in the evening of the 30th of October. The brigade after forming marched from the bank toward the main road leading from Florence eastward and encountered a small cavalry force, which was easily repulsed and driven off. Clayton forced a crossing with Gibson's Louisiana Brigade in positions opposite Florence and near the old bridge. The crossing here was very spirited, as the sharpshooters of the enemy held the opposite bank. Several batteries of artillery covered the crossing, and their firing kept the enemy under cover till Gibson landed, when he rapidly drove the enemy's cavalry through Florence. A pontoon bridge was soon laid across the river and Lee's Corps bivouacked around Florence.

Hood was delayed at Tuscumbia and Florence for twenty days before he could get the necessary clothing, ammunition, and provisions to enable him to march into Tennessee. He had arranged for these supplies to meet him on arrival at Tuscumbia, and he was much embarrassed at the delay, which of course lessened the chances of success for him, as it enabled the enemy to prepare and concentrate to meet him. He finally got off about November 20. The enemy fell back from Pulaski and other points as soon as he started toward Columbia and Nashville. Hood's advance was at Columbia on November 26. Two corps of the enemy were at this point. On the night of the 27th the enemy evacuated Columbia, taking a strong position on the opposite side of Duck River, prepared to dispute its passage. Their advance was in strong rifle pits two hundred and fifty yards from the river bank.

General Hood determined by a rapid march to try to reach the rear of the enemy near Spring Hill. He took Cheatham's and Stewart's Corps and Johnston's Division of Lee's Corps and commenced the movement on the night of the 28th and 29th of November. Lee, with his two remaining divisions, was directed to occupy and hold the enemy in his position opposite Columbia till Hood could reach Spring Hill on the 29th. Lee early on the 29th commenced demonstrating to cross by the use and display of pontoons with artillery demonstration. He held the enemy until past midday, and in the evening crossed some of his troops and captured the rifle pits of the enemy in a most gallant charge made by his Alabama brigade of Stevenson's Division, under command of Brig. Gen. E. W. Pettus. The troops of the enemy were held (most of them) till long after dark on the 29th. The last of them left Lee's front about 2 A.M. on the 30th of November, Lee pursuing and reaching Spring Hill by 9 A.M. on the 30th of November, while Hood with his two corps reached Spring Hill the afternoon of the 29th long before dark, and why the enemy was not fought and captured at Spring Hill is yet a mystery.

Before starting from Columbia it was understood that the first troops reaching the pike at Spring Hill should cross it or commence fighting and would be supported and reënforced by the other troops as they arrived in succession on the field. A lodgment was to be made on the pike and the march of the enemy stopped. Lee was to follow the enemy as they moved from Columbia and attack in their rear. Forrest's Cavalry and Cheatham's Corps were in advance. Only a small division of the enemy was encountered. No serious engagement took place. Stewart's Corps arrived before dark. The enemy almost in a panic passed all night along the pike at a double-quick—wagons, artillery, etc. Our troops were in bivouac not eight hundred yards from the pike, seeing and hearing it all, and no serious attempt was made to stop it. A simple advance of one division a few hundred yards would have secured the pike. A few rounds of artillery would have routed the enemy.

Stragglers from the enemy came into our camps to light their pipes and were captured, believing we were their friends. The movement was well executed by Hood's two corps. The conception of the whole plan was brilliant and well executed, all but the fighting at the critical moment. Lee did his part, and after a march of twelve or fifteen miles was on hand at Spring Hill at 9 A.M. on the morning of the 30th to take a hand. Rumor said it was the fault of the commander of the leading corps. His friends said Hood was near enough to have enforced his orders and to have seen that they were executed.

Some one at this late day should be made responsible for the egregious blunder, mistake, or disobedience, as it certainly entailed the next day a terrible slaughter on as gallant an army as ever went into battle—at Franklin. The slaughter, too, was inflicted by the same troops that were at the mercy of the Confederates the previous evening and night. The enemy having escaped at Spring Hill without a fight, Hood put his troops on march to follow them up toward Franklin, Stewart's Corps in advance, then Cheatham's, then Lee's. Hood found the enemy intrenched at Franklin, and he determined to fight and carry the place and, if possible, whip them before reaching Nashville. Lee's Corps (two divisions), having advanced from Columbia by a forced march, moved leisurely forward from Spring Hill. Hood about 4 P.M. was about attacking the enemy with Stewart's and Cheatham's Corps. Lee was directed to move two of his divisions in supporting distance, to be used if necessary. Even now (quite

late) as the two corps moved to the assault over an open plain of about one mile the movement was gallant in the extreme. The troops never faltered, but moved forward amid the terrible and withering fire of artillery and infantry across the open space with deafening cheers heard above the roar of battle. They were completely wrapped in the smoke of their own fire and that of the enemy. Right up to the works they went, and in many instances over them, driving the enemy; but it was impossible to hold them in some places. They suffered severely in getting there. Six general officers and about five thousand men had fallen; whole aggregations were almost destroyed. Most of the broken troops, however, stuck to the works, and across the narrow embankment a terrible hand-to-hand conflict was carried on with rifle and bayonet far into the night.

It was not anticipated, as it was so late, that any of Lee's troops could become engaged; but as the fight was stubborn Lee was directed to go forward in person, see General Cheatham, and if necessary put Johnston's Division in the battle. About dark General Cheatham told Lee that he wanted assistance on the left of the pike, and at once. Lee's Division, having just arrived, knew nothing of the ground. Cheatham could furnish no guides, as his staff were all absent. He directed Lee to the line of lurid fire from the enemy's infantry and artillery intrenched and said: "Yonder line of fire will guide you." Johnston's Division was at once moved to the left and front for the desperate work before it—a night charge of over three-quarters of a mile in darkness, the only light being the lurid and rapid flashes from the enemy's works in their front. The division commander was informed that he must not fire till he got to the works, as Bate's Division was fighting across the works in a hand-to-hand fight.

This noble division never faltered; it moved steadily forward, holding their fire. Presently the enemy heard them, heard the tread of their advancing line and the commands of the officers in trying to preserve their alignment and touch of their elbows in the darkness. The line of the enemy's works lit up afresh and death was being delivered from thousands of rifles and many batteries of artillery. The noble troops could contain themselves no longer. Bursting into a mighty and defiant cheer, they rushed on the line of fire, and then commenced a death struggle for the works kept up for hours. Parts of the line were carried and taken again by the enemy. Three of the brigades, Sharp's and Brantley's Mississippians and Deas's Alabamians, held to the works till the enemy evacuated. The South Carolina and Alabama brigades did not get to the works.

In advancing General Manigault, first commander, was wounded, Colonel Shaw, second commander, was killed, and Colonel Davis, the third commander, was wounded. The night charge of this noble division was grand beyond description. It was no more gallant than that of the other troops; but they could see what was in their front, while these troops could see only the line from the enemy's guns. They could not see the ground even a few steps in their front, it was so dark; but with the step of veterans they moved into the jaws of death. Sharp's Brigade took three stands of colors in this desperate struggle over the intrenchments. Brantley's Brigade, being on the left, was almost annihilated by an enfilade fire. The enemy, on their extreme left, got over the trenches and fired down on them, as they had no enemy in their front, and next morning there was this noble brigade in line and on the works of the enemy; but two-thirds of them dead, though still at their posts as when alive. A part of the division, consisting of Sharp's and Deas's men, went through a locust thicket close to the works of the enemy. This thicket was almost impassable; and had it been day, they would not have attempted to get through. As it was night, they went through it; but how, no one knows. The thicket was in threads the next morning, and in viewing it no one could imagine how any living thing could have reached the works of the enemy through such a hail of balls as the thicket exhibited by having been riddled into shreds.

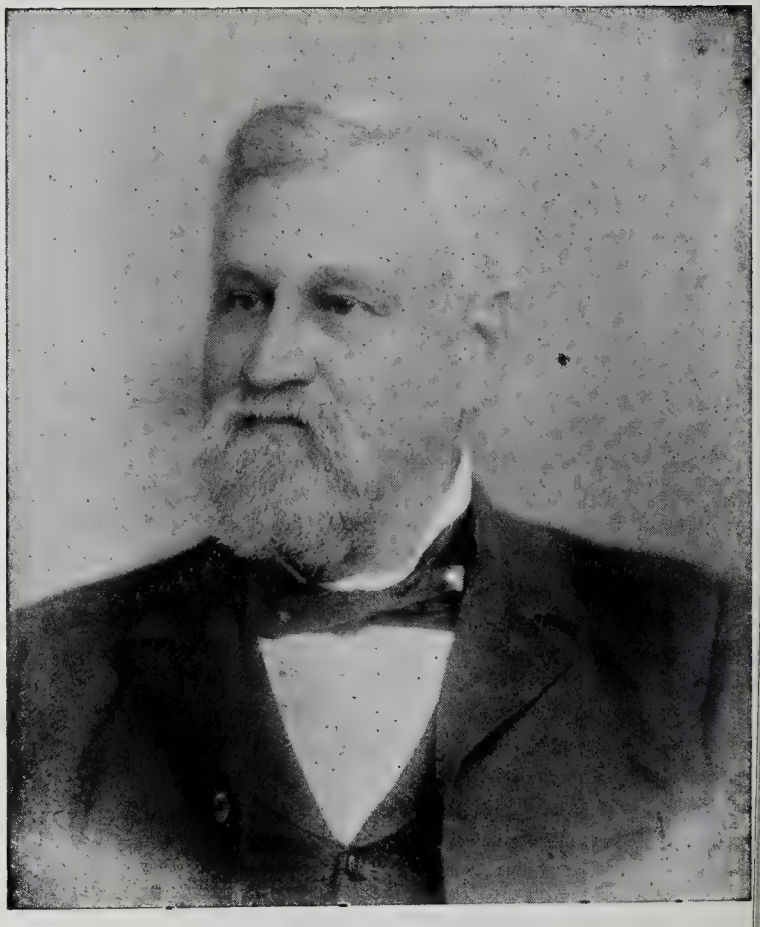
If Mississippi and Alabama had no other record of military glory upon them, they could with pride point to the gallantry of their sons in Johnston's Division of Lee's Corps at Franklin. To have been in this division is an honor not surpassed in any field.

History may speak of Pickett's charge at Gettysburg or the charge of the Federal Irish Brigade at Marye's Hill; but I consider the charge of Johnston's Division at Franklin the most gallant feat of arms which I witnessed during the war. The Federal troops who repulsed that charge are second to none. It was an honor to have done it, and American history should treasure the reputation of American valor displayed on the bloody field of Franklin.

The shock of this battle was severely felt by Hood's army. The officers and men were conscious of having done their duty fully and under the most trying circumstances without achieving any result.

The rank and file by their conduct said: "We were ready at Spring Hill. We will now show you it was not our fault that victory was not won there under more auspicious circumstances."

The following incident occurred the morning after the battle: General Lee made a few remarks to each of the brigades of Johnston's Division, commending their heroism. When



LIEUT. GEN. STEPHEN D. LEE.

before Brantley's Mississippi Brigade, which was then so much reduced, as he finished his remarks a private remarked: "General, our old brigade is gone; its organization can no longer be kept up." General Lee promised the brigade that as long as he had a voice or influence with those above him in authority the organization should never be destroyed. It was his pleasure to fulfill this pledge afterwards in North Carolina, when the whole army was reorganized, and it took several brigades to make an ordinary one. In Johnston's Division there were not enough men in both Sharp's and Brantley's Brigades to make one brigade. General Lee filled up Brantley's Brigade with troops from other States. He did this by authority of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, that gallant soldier who could appreciate a comrade's pledge under such sacred circumstances.

Franklin was the bloodiest field of the war for the time engaged. The men killed were in open ground near the works and by them exposed to full view until darkness hid the scene, so that nearly all the field could be viewed at a glance from the pike leading to Spring Hill. It was the saddest of sights as the dead were collected early next morning for burial—over one thousand close to each other.

The enemy hastily evacuated Franklin during the night of the 30th and retreated to Nashville. Hood's army followed next day, and on December 2 arrived before Nashville. The enemy occupied the works around the city. The Confederate army until the 15th of December was before Nashville, too weak to attempt its capture. The weather was intensely cold, and the men suffered terribly, as they were not well clothed or shod and timber so close to the city was very scarce for fuel. The corps were bivouacked from right to left in line of battle—Cheatham on the right, Lee in the center, and Sewart on the left.

The enemy on the 15th moved out a strong column on our right as a demonstration, and at the same time moved out a stronger on our left composed of all his cavalry and most of his infantry. This column at once moved around our left flank and doubled it up on the center before night and before Hood fully realized their intention. During the night of the 15th and 16th Hood formed a new line of battle about one mile in the rear of his original line. Cheatham was moved from the right to the extreme left; Lee's Corps was the right and rested with its right on Overton Hill, to the east of the Franklin Pike. Lee was instructed to hold this pike, as in case of disaster the army had to retreat on this pike. Early on the morning of the 16th it was evident that the main fight was to be made on the right, where there was no fighting the day before. The intention of the enemy was to force the right back, which would virtually have cut off the retreat of the army. About 9 A.M. many batteries of artillery were placed opposite Overton Hill, and one of the most terrible cannonadings of the war was kept up for hours. When this ceased, the enemy assaulted with great boldness, principally in front of the right of Lee's Corps and in Holtzclaw's Alabama, Gibson's Louisiana, and Stovall's Georgia Brigades of Clayton's Division, and Pettus's Alabama Brigade of Stephenson's Division.

These gallant troops held their fire till the assaulting troops were near, as they had to advance through open woods and over irregular ground. Their fire was well delivered and the assault was repulsed, to be renewed several times with like results.

The enemy came up to within thirty yards of our lines, and in their last assault were driven back in the greatest disorder. During the morning quite a demonstration was made to the extreme right of Overton Hill, and an attempt was made to turn our right flank; but this was easily repulsed by Stovall's Georgia Brigade and Brantley's Mississippi Brigade, which had been drawn from Lee's left division to meet the demonstration. Smith's Division of Cheatham's Corps also reported about 2 P.M. for the further protection of the extreme right. The enemy was badly repulsed in the vicinity of Overton Hill, where his main attack was made.

FAVORS CONFEDERATE PENSION LAW.

ISAIAH RUSK TO SENATOR CULBERSON.

HUBBARD CITY, TEX., April 12, 1908.

I notice in the VETERAN of March, 1908, a letter to you from Adjutant T. C. Elgin in regard to the pensioning of Confederate soldiers by the United States government. This prompts me to write you as briefly as the subject will permit.

I belonged to the Mississippi Rifles, Company C (Captain McKieffer), 10th Mississippi Regiment. It left Claiborne County, Miss., for the war in 1861. When my term of enlistment at Corinth, Miss., expired, I returned home in 1862, joined Captain McKay's company (B), 38th Mississippi Regiment, and continued therewith till the surrender of Vicksburg, where I lost my arm.

The Adjutant says in his letter above referred to: "Our noble slain died for a principle, and their comrades left behind will not accept a pension to dishonor their names." The Adjutant undertakes to voice the sentiments and feelings of the whole body of Confederate soldiers. In this, I claim, he is misleading the minds of our Congressmen to vote against the contemplated pension bill. He had a perfect right to speak thus for himself or his Camp when authorized, but had no right to speak for the entire body of the old veterans. In doing this I firmly believe he expresses the feelings and sentiments of only a very small minority of the Confederate soldiers. Furthermore, should such a bill pass, I think he would see a large majority of his own Camp applying for pensions if offered to them unless they are all in very affluent circumstances and need no pension. In accepting it, if needed, I think they would only act wisely, and would by this act show no dishonor or disrespect for their dead comrades or the cause for which they fought.

Ever since the war the Confederate soldier has been contributing his mite for the support of the general government, including pensions for the Federal soldiers. There are thousands of Confederate soldiers in this section of the State (Hill and adjoining counties), to say nothing of other sections, who belong to no Camps, a large majority of whom are debarred by both their native and adopted States from drawing a pension, though tried and true they were to the cause for which they fought. Many of these old war-scarred, war-worn, decrepit veterans have very little of this world's goods to support them and their families during their fast-declining years. If one proviso (and there are many of them) of the Texas pension law does not debar them, another does. For example, any Confederate soldier who was not a resident of the State of Texas prior to January 1, 1880, is debarred. Their native States all debar them for nonresidence. Thus they are left to do as best they can in their old age. As you doubtless know, the greatest emigration from the old States has been since January 1, 1880.

Far be it from me that I should advocate anything that would reflect upon the honor, patriotism, or the principle of State rights for which the Confederate soldiers fought. Such

a law if enacted would not be compulsory; therefore a veteran could accept or reject at his will. I do not think that any soldier—the gray or the blue—should be overzealous in his patriotism, either in acts or words, to the exclusion of logical reasoning. I hope all the Confederate Camps who have acted adversely to this proposed law will reconsider the matter. I heartily indorse the action of Camp No. 55, Lewisburg, Tenn., on January 18, 1908. I hope that all our Congressmen will view this subject through the light of reason and from a business standpoint, and do all they can in advocacy of this bill. * * *

[In printing the foregoing letter from Comrade Rusk it is not intended to commit Senator Culberson as soliciting it. The author wrote the Senator: "Please be kind enough after reading to send this letter to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN."

In publishing requests on this subject from both sides it is not to be construed that the positions of either are fully indorsed. Comrades of both sides are patriotic beyond question.]

WANTED A PENSION.—A recent experience of Representative J. Sloat Fassett is given as an illustration of how some people show a willingness to impose on the Federal government. A lady constituent wrote that she wanted a pension because her father had fought in some war, but she could not remember in which one it was. She was pretty sure it was in the War of 1812, the Mexican War, or the war of the rebellion; but there was a tradition in the family that he had "fit" for his flag in some war. Mr. Fassett wrote the lady a polite note, saying that it would be necessary for him to have some more definite information concerning the soldier before he could present the case to the Commissioner of Pensions. In due time he received the following reply: "My father," the fair correspondent wrote, "was of medium height, had black hair and eyes. He could not close one eye without closing the other, and did not know anything about music. I think that this ought to be sufficient identification for a pension."

ONE OF OUR OLDEST VETERANS.

G. I. Turnley, Esq., who as acting adjutant of the 10th Alabama Regiment made the last report of the regiment at Appomattox Sunday night, April 9, 1865, to Gen. William H. Forney, commanding Wilcox's Alabama Brigade, sends a letter of M. C. Stapp, now in his ninety-second year. It states: "I was in the 10th Alabama, eighth company, under old John Forney, Calhoun County, Ala. I was drilled in the fair grounds about a week, and was ordered from there to Virginia. I was in about twenty-two battles. I belonged to Anderson's Division, under A. P. Hill. I would be pleased to hear from any old comrade. I am going on ninety-two years old. My captain is living in Oxford, Ala. I carried a flag for the first two years. William York carried it up to the surrender. He is somewhere in Texas."

Comrade Turnley writes: "I remember him well as a member of Company H, 10th Alabama Infantry, Capt. Woodford R. Hannah's company, called the 'Choccolocco Rifles.' I think his last captain was John Floyd Smith, who now lives at Oxford, Ala. Captain Smith was a splendid soldier and a noble man. In fact, there was no other sort in the 10th Alabama Regiment with hardly any exceptions. Captain Smith and all the old regiment will be glad to hear from Comrade Stapp. He was well up in years then. Bill York, to whom he refers, stayed with me, holding high the regimental colors, all through the day of the last battle we were in at High Bridge on Friday before we surrendered at Appomattox on Sunday morning. You have one of our 10th Alabama men in your city, Col. Nash Truss, than whom no braver soldier, bigger-hearted, nobler, courtlier gentleman ever faced a foe, and one in whom the 'ancient Roman honor' doth always appear. He was so on the march, in camp, and amid the din and smoke of battle."

MONUMENT AT LUMPKIN, GA.

Lumpkin, Ga., was the scene of impressive ceremonies April 16, 1908, when the monument erected by the U. D. C. of Stewart County to the Confederate dead was unveiled



MONUMENT FOR STEWART COUNTY, GA.

The monument is placed in Courthouse Square, and was surrounded by a large crowd when the programme for the day was carried out.

The old veterans marched to their places, followed by the U. D. C. and children of the county, the latter taking their place to present a living flag of the Confederacy. The children sang "America," and the invocation by Gen. C. A. Evans followed.

The beautiful opening address was gracefully delivered by Mrs. D. B. Fitzgerald. Mrs. Arch M. Burts presented the monument on behalf of the Daughters, especially emphasizing in tender, reverent language the grateful love and appreciation of the Daughters for the services rendered by Confederate soldiers, living and dead.

Judge Howard E. W. Palmer, the orator of the day, was introduced by Capt. Tip Harrison. After the address, the Daughters sang "Sunny South," and were led by "our" Tip Harrison, who evinced the same honest, inspiring spirit that characterizes his every effort.

Mrs. Herbert Humber, President of the Chapter, unveiled the monument; and as the eyes of Veterans, Sons, and Daughters rested on the beautiful shaft, surmounted by the figure of a Confederate soldier, the thrilling notes of "Dixie" completed the climax of the day.

With simple, honest, soldierly dignity Hon. D. B. Fitzgerald, as one of the Stewart County soldier boys, accepted the monument for himself and comrades.

Gen. Clement A. Evans, the grand old soldier of the sixties, made the closing speech of acceptance—the token of love for the veterans of the Confederacy.

CAVALRY EXPEDITIONS IN GEORGIA.

BY W. H. DAVIS, CUERO, TEX.

About the 27th of July, 1864, two cavalry expeditions were started out from each wing of General Sherman's army—that from his left wing commanded by General Gerrard with 4,000 men and General Stoneman with 2,250 men; that from his right wing commanded by Gen. E. M. McCook with 3,200 men. This last-named division was said to have been the picked brigades of Kilpatrick's Corps. The object of these expeditions was to unite in the rear of Atlanta, cut all railroad communication, and then go to Andersonville and liberate the thirty thousand prisoners confined there.

Generals Iverson, Allen, and Breckinridge, after Gerrard's column had been met and driven back to the left of Sherman's Infantry, were ordered to pursue General Stoneman, whom they whipped and captured with his whole command, except a few stragglers.

With General Hume's Division General Wheeler started in pursuit of McCook, who had crossed the Chattahoochee River at or near Campbellton, directing his forces toward the Macon railroad at a point below Jonesboro. He was met by Ashby's Brigade and driven off without damaging the railroad. Harrison's and Ross's Brigades had been detached and sent to Gen. W. H. Jackson at or near Fayetteville, where he hoped to intercept McCook, whom General Hume was closely pursuing. For some reason General Jackson abandoned Fayetteville before McCook's arrival. From this point McCook proceeded to Newnan, and, finding the place occupied by Confederates, left it to his right and came in to the main road leading west two miles from Newnan. Here he took up a position on a ridge thickly studded with blackjack trees.

At this juncture we marched to within fifty yards of their line, when a shot from a vedette's rifle killed the horse of one of the advance guard. My regiment, the 4th Tennessee (Baxter Smith's), in command of Lieut. Col. Paul F. Anderson, were dismounted, filed to the right, and wheeled into line, confronting the enemy. The remaining regiments dismounted and, obliquing to the right, took up their respective positions, aligning on the 4th Tennessee. All this was accomplished in a few minutes. The line being formed, our bugler sounded, "Forward." We were then within fifty yards of the enemy. The underbrush was very dense and rendered our advance very difficult. We were within twenty-five yards of their line, and yet could not see them when they poured a volley into us. Thereupon we let fly a volley at them, raised a yell, and charged. They wavered and gave way, we in hot pursuit. Fifty yards beyond their position was a hundred-acre field with a depression in the center. We drove them to the rise at the farther end of this opening, when a sharp firing was heard in our rear. We wheeled about to find our lead horses coming out of the woods in wildest confusion. Rushing back at double-quick, we were soon tangled up with the fellows who tried to steal our horses. It was a Kilkenny cat fight for nearly an hour. "Old Paul" (Lieutenant Colonel Anderson) was captured three times during the fight. We captured over two hundred "Feddies" in this neck of the woods, including two brigadier generals. When we rescued Old Paul the third time, he said: "Boys, it looks like the Yankees were determined to have me, anyhow."

Finally we succeeded in driving off the enemy, recaptured all of our horses and comrades, and as soon as the men could find their respective horses they fell into line. In the meantime the main column that we had driven beyond the field had taken up position in a heavy woodland, while their battery was tossing us 12-pound shrapnel. Our lines being in readiness to move, under cover of the dense timber, with Fighting Joe at the head of the column, we marched to the right, making a detour to the enemy's left, striking him in the left flank. Here we captured about a brigade and their battery, while they were delivering in rapid succession charge after charge of grape and canister shot. A more complete rout and stampede was never seen on a battlefield. We pursued, killing, wounding, and capturing 2,700 officers and men.

FOURTH LOUISIANA INFANTRY.

BY JOHN S. ROWE, ORANGEBURG, S. C.

In the April VETERAN, page xxvii., R. J. Hancock, "Ellerslie," Charlottesville, Va., writes that he has never been able to locate the 4th Louisiana Regiment. I will locate it for him.

The 4th Louisiana Regiment was organized in April, 1861. Its colonels were, respectively, Robert I. Barrow, H. W. Allen, and S. E. Hunter. The regiment served from May, 1861, to February, 1862, on the Gulf Coast in Louisiana and Mississippi; was then ordered to Corinth, Miss.; was in the battle of Shiloh; was at Vicksburg about May, 1862, when Commodore Farragut ran the Hartford and another vessel by our batteries on June 28, 1862. It was in the battle of Baton Rouge, 1862, and was in Port Hudson, La., in General Maxey's Brigade until March, 1863. It was in the battles at Jackson, Miss.; but was ordered to Mobile, Ala., and remained there until the latter part of 1863. While at Mobile, Ala., Gen. W. A. Quarles became our brigadier general. It was at Dalton, Ga., in December, 1863, and was ordered back to Mobile in the first part of 1864, and remained there until May, 1864, when we joined the Army of Tennessee under Gen. J. E. Johnston. It was in Walthall's Division, Polk's Corps (afterwards Stuart's Corps). It was in the battle of New Hope Church and in all the battles fought by Johnston's army until he was succeeded by General Hood at Atlanta, Ga.; then it was in all the battles fought by Hood, including the battle of Jonesboro, Ga. It was with Hood's army on his campaign into Tennessee, was in the battle of Franklin and in the battles around Nashville and the fighting on Hood's retreat until the army crossed the Tennessee River. At that time the writer was furloughed and transferred to another command. When General Gibson with the remnant of the Louisiana troops in the Virginia army was transferred to the Tennessee Army, the 4th and 30th Louisiana Regiments were transferred from Quarles's Brigade to Gibson's. The writer remained with Quarles's Brigade.

Comrade Rowe was a member of the 4th Louisiana Regiment, being of the "Lake Providence (La.) Cadets."

COLOR OF HIS UNIFORM MISUNDERSTOOD.

BY MAJ. G. N. SAUSSY, SYLVESTER, GA.

Your short article, "Singular Criticism of 'Jeb' Stuart," in the April VETERAN is misleading. One reading it would think that Sidney Herbert was a Confederate in Stuart's command. Maj. Sidney Herbert glories in being a genuine Maine Yankee; he seldom lets an opportunity slip to let his readers (in the Savannah News) know this. He was an army correspondent, and in his statements claims to have witnessed many of the combats between the Army of Northern Virginia and the Potomac Army.

But Major Herbert lets sentiment get the better of his judgment. The writer rode with Jeb Stuart in that memorable expedition from Upperville to Gettysburg, and experienced the tensest campaigning of the fierce four years of the conflict.

General Smith had reoccupied Carlisle after the withdrawal of Ewell with a garrison of over three thousand infantry, artillery, and cavalry, and on Stuart's arrival there in searching for Ewell (he had Fitz Lee's brigade with him) he made a formal demand for the surrender of the military post; or otherwise, then the immediate withdrawal of the noncombatants. A tart engagement ensued after Smith refused the surrender of the post. Stuart's command was under a continuous fire of musketry from the suburbs, and he answered with artillery and properly directed part of the shell fire upon the United States barracks. This was United States property, and Major Herbert is not ignorant of the usages of war—that a soldier's duty is to damage his enemy as greatly as possible.

There was a battle in progress, and the barracks came in range of the guns, and exploding shells set fire to the buildings. Viewed from a military standpoint, it was Stuart's duty to destroy this United States property. "Grim-visaged war" has little of sympathy or sentiment in it. The fact that Stuart had once been on detail at the Carlisle Barracks should not have prevented his performing a duty to his country.

The throwing of shells into Charleston and the fierce bombardment of Fredericksburg by Burnside are inexcusable as compared with the Carlisle incident.

You may in like manner compare General Lee's general order protecting the persons and property of noncombatants in Pennsylvania in the Gettysburg invasion with Grant's orders to Sheridan, Hunter, and Sigel for the utter destruction of everything that could support or contribute to human existence in the "Garden of Virginia"—her beautiful Shenandoah Valley.

Major (Herbert) Lancey "slipped up" in his criticism of Stuart in the Carlisle incident.

The foregoing was in type when news of Maj. "Sidney Herbert's" death reached the VETERAN. It is most fitting that more extended notice should be given one who played such a conspicuous part in recording matters on both sides pertaining to the war.

Major Lancey died at his home, in Maitland, Fla., on April 25, 1908. Over the pen name of "Sidney Herbert" he had for years contributed an interesting article each week for the Savannah Morning News. Being an invalid from his wounds, a close student, and the owner of an excellent library, he was eminently qualified to write on the subjects that engrossed him most, which were mainly confined to men and women of both sections who achieved prominence during the war.

Major Lancey was seventy-five years of age, was a native of Maine, and as a soldier in the war he rose to the rank of colonel. A short time ago Major Lancey was confined to his bed when news came of the death of Col. J. H. Estill. He wrote of the announcement: "My long-loved friend and associate whom I first met on the bloody field of First Manassas and whom I next met at the Georgia Press Association in Atlanta in July, 1875, when he at once secured my services for the Morning News."

Exception was often taken to the correctness of Major Lancey's statements, but in the main he was able to defend and verify his assertions. Besides being a versatile writer as "Sidney Herbert," Major Lancey occupied the distinctive position of having been the oldest telegraph operator, having used the Morse, House, and Bain systems.

A. C. Jones writes from the Confederate Soldiers' Home of Missouri in regard to "Jeb" Stuart's bombardment of Carlisle:

"I was a Confederate soldier from the beginning of the war to the end of it. I was a member of Company G, Hanover Troop, 4th Virginia Cavalry, Wickham's Brigade, which was a part of Stuart's command in the raid referred to. Without occupying too much of your valuable space with minor details, I will proceed with a description of this 'cruel bombardment' by saying that Stuart crossed the Potomac River at Rockville, where he captured a number of boats. He then proceeded north, taking Carlisle on his way. We arrived at Carlisle late in the afternoon, and found the town occupied by infantry, cavalry, and artillery of the enemy. Stuart immediately brought his command into position and ordered Captain Breathitt, commander of the artillery, to prepare for action. After having taken all necessary and legitimate steps for the safety of his own command, he dispatched a flag of truce to the Federal commander, demanding his surrender.

"While the flag of truce was on its return, and before the bearer had opportunity to report to General Stuart, the enemy opened fire on the flag of truce and Stuart's command. Not until this inhuman act was perpetrated did Stuart order his artillery to open. I heard him distinctly when he gave the order. Only a few rounds were fired, when we were ordered to dismount and charge on foot. It was then growing dark. We charged the enemy and drove him from the town. There was no private property destroyed by Stuart's command during the process of this 'cruel bombardment in the night,' which took place in daytime. We did, however, burn a depot containing military stores of the enemy.

"The taking of Carlisle was a mere incident, and was necessary to insure the safety of Stuart's command while he continued on the raid. But even if houses were 'battered,' will any reasonable person deny that it was unavoidable under the circumstances? Surely not."

Gen. Marcus J. Wright sends the VETERAN from Washington an extract from General Stuart's report on the Carlisle incident. It is dated August 20, 1864: "Although the houses were used by the sharpshooters while firing on our men, not a building was fired excepting the United States cavalry barracks, which were burned by my order, the place having resisted my advance instead of peaceably surrendering, as in the case of General Ewell."

Mrs. M. E. Davis, Rockdale, Tex.: "I am an old Confederate woman. I want to know something of the 37th Mississippi. Col. Orlando S. Holland commanded it. It was in Florida for a while. Please ask in the VETERAN if any of the 37th are alive. I want so much to hear from any who are alive."

ESCORT TO PRESIDENT DAVIS.

BY W. L. WITTICH (CO. E, 56TH ALA. CAV.), PENSACOLA, FLA.

I read in the March VETERAN an article from Lieut. Milford Overly, 9th Kentucky Cavalry, entitled "The Escort to President Davis." In the main Lieutenant Overly is correct, but there are omissions to which I wish to call attention. I have not seen the Augusta Chronicle article to which he refers, but I am concerned just now only in regard to the omission. Ferguson's was not a Mississippi brigade, though it had a Mississippi regiment, and General Ferguson was a Mississippian, but the majority of the brigade was composed of Texans and Alabamians.

Now as to the escort after the President left Abbeville, S. C., I do not know; but I do know that the 56th Alabama, of which I was a member (Company E), preceded Mr. Davis to Washington, Ga., and during Mr. Davis's halt there a Cabinet meeting was held in a small brick office building. Company E, 56th Alabama, furnished the guard on that occasion, and I was one of the number. Our company, numbering about eighteen men (Captain Riley), was a South Alabama company from Butler County.

Mr. Davis left Washington in the early morning, and at sunrise we (Company E) followed him, being from time to time in sight in his rear. If there were any other troops ahead of him, we did not see them; certainly there were none in his rear. They continued several days until 6 P.M. May 8, when we were captured (Company E, 56th Alabama), our company numbering at that time thirteen men under Captain Riley.

Mr. Davis was taken prisoner next day a few miles from where we were captured, and no troops were with him. The remnant of Company E, 56th Alabama, must have been the last armed troops he saw.

The morning of the day we surrendered we had a brush with a squad of Yankees, and had one man wounded. My wife has my parole in her war scrapbook. The Federals seemed very glad to capture us, and told us at the time that we were about the last armed Rebels at large. The officer in command gave us an order on any United States quartermaster we might meet for supplies.

The intention of this communication is simply that the Texas and Alabama cavalry may not be deprived of the honor of being a part of President Davis's escort, as all who were with him are entitled to equal honor.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT BY GEN. S. W. FERGUSON, BILOXI, MISS.

Comrade D. F. Hunt called my attention to the articles by Comrades Lewis and Overly in regard to escorting President Davis. I send my recollection of the events at Abbeville, S. C., therein alluded to. These articles conform to my recollection with one or two trifling exceptions. Comrade Overly states that of the five brigade commanders who composed the last council of war only one (General Duke) is now living.

During the forenoon of May 4, 1865, I reached Abbeville with my command and reported to General Breckinridge, Secretary of War. He told me that the President expected to remain in Abbeville for two days. I remonstrated, stating that it would certainly result in his capture, and I told him what I knew of the movements of the enemy. He then determined to assume command in person of the cavalry, relieving General Bragg, and said he would call a conference that afternoon.

Soon afterwards I received official notice of both. The council met at 4:30 at the house of Colonel Burt, who entertained the President. There were present the President and his Cabinet, Gens. John C. Breckinridge, Duke, Vaughn, and Dibrell, and Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge, commanding Williams's Kentucky Brigade. Each brigade commander, beginning with the junior in rank, was in turn questioned as to the temper and disposition of his command and of the willingness of the men to escort the President to and across the Mississippi River. Each commander unhesitatingly answered in substance that his men would go to the end of the earth with their chieftain.

Last of all, I stated that I had doubts on the subject, notwithstanding the fact that on that very morning, after making them a speech, my men declared that they would follow me and see the President safe. The constant stream of paroled soldiers returning to their homes was sure to have a depressing effect which I feared. At any rate, the command was too small to contend with the thousands which I knew already surrounded us and too large for swift and rapid flight. We then retired and the Cabinet remained. Very soon orders were issued for the commands to march and cross the Savannah River on a pontoon bridge, already in position. My brigade was camped on the road to the pontoon bridge and was to bring up the rear.

The President with a small escort and some of his staff passed through my camp at eleven that night, when I took



GROUP ON THE LAWN AT BEAUVOIR, THE MISSISSIPPI CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' HOME.

leave of him. I marched at 2 A.M. the following morning, General Breckinridge with me. We crossed the river about sunrise. General Breckinridge pushed on to Washington, Ga., and I went into camp on the river bank where the other brigades had already camped. Here the specie was distributed in bulk to the several commands. I did not pay my men until we reached Washington. I think that the other commanders paid their men on the bank of the Savannah. I reached Washington at 1 P.M. May 5 and camped on the road to Madison just outside the town.

The next morning General Breckinridge directed me to discharge my command, that they might return to their homes. I offered to accompany him, but he declined, saying that he would take no one except his two sons with him. I understood afterwards that they made their way to the coast and crossed safely in an open boat to Cuba. I then returned with my servants and private horses to Washington, which I reached without encountering any of the enemy. I stopped at the house of the father of Gen. E. P. Alexander, where I met the latter and also Generals Lawton, St. Johns, and Gilmer. Thence I started for Abbeville via the pontoon bridge. As I was getting out of one side of the town the Yankees were marching in at the other; but I did not meet any then or for several weeks thereafter, nor did I hear any firing.

This narrative is taken in the main from a diary kept at the time. It certainly disproves the allegation that "when Mr. Davis arrived at Abbeville he discovered that there was universal disaffection among his escort, and that they were determined to make no resistance in the event they were attacked, no matter how small or how great the attacking force might be."

So far from doubting his escort, he was entirely too confident, as his wish to remain two days in Abbeville proves; and when the council of war met, he received the most positive assurances from all the commanders except myself. I never doubted for one moment that the men I had so often seen tried in battle would fight as gallantly as they had always done; but I doubted what effect the approach to homes and dear ones from whom they had been so long parted might have when they saw comrades free to go where they would, and I thought it but due to the President to say so frankly. The matter was of too vital importance for any possible contingency to be overlooked. The temptation to turn off for a glimpse of home might prove too strong, and should, I thought, be taken into account when calculating the chances. We were less than two thousand all told. The first point to be decided was: Can this body cut its way through the rapidly concentrating forces it will encounter? Next, if this is possible, can it be relied upon to remain an unbroken unit? The latter proposition I doubted; the first I deemed impossible. On these my answer was predicated. All this, however, is foreign to the question—viz., the discovery by Mr. Davis of the disaffection of his escort, etc., a baseless slander.

A BOOK OWNED BY JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The history of a small 3x4 coverless, worn volume of the "Imitation of Christ," in possession of Mrs. Austin W. Smith, of Saragossa, near Natchez, Miss., opens a page in the life of Jefferson Davis that records his deep feeling on things spiritual and eternal.

Mr. Davis had this book with him while at Fortress Monroe, and it was a solace and friend during the days of his imprisonment. Long after he gave it to Mrs. Eliza Ogden Violet, who gave it to her sister, Mrs. Smith. The book contains an inclosure written by Mrs. Violet: "This copy of 'The Imitation of Christ' was presented to me by Mr. Jefferson Davis in July, 1870, in my home at Beauvoir, Miss., he bringing the book to me. Mr. Davis told me that he used this book continually during his imprisonment at Fortress Monroe, also in Canada. I now give this book to my sister, Frederike Quitman Ogden." The inclosure was written on April 24, 1901, and a further note adds in the same writing: "The marginal notes and marks were made by Mr. Davis."

On Chapter XLVIII., "Of the Day of Eternity and of the Miseries of This Life," Mr. Davis made the following note across the upper right-hand corner: "November, 1865. Great comfort in this."

The second paragraph is marked and reads as follows: "The citizens of heaven know how joyful that day is; but the banished children of Eve lament that this our day is bitter and tedious. The days of this life are short and evil, full of sorrow and miseries, where man is defiled with many sins, is ensnared with many passions, attacked with many fears, disquieted with many cares, distracted with many curiosities, entangled with many vanities, encompassed with many errors, broken with many labors, troubled with temptations, weakened with delights, tormented with want."

In the third paragraph he marked the lines: "When shall I enjoy a solid peace, a peace never to be disturbed and always secure, a peace both within and without, a peace everywhere firm?"

In the fourth paragraph two sentences are marked in pencil: "I desire to cleave to heavenly things, but the things of this life and my unmortified passions bear me down. I am willing in mind to be above all things, but by the flesh am obliged against my will to be subject to them."

Immediately following these sentences comes this significant flight unmarked: "Thus, unhappy man that I am, I fight with myself, and am become burdensome to myself, whilst the spirit seeks to tend upward and the flesh downward."

The next mark is made at the second sentence in paragraph 5, which is in italics: "O, my God! remove not thyself from me, and depart not in thy wrath from thy servant. Dart forth thy lightning and disperse them; shoot thy arrows, and let all the phantoms of the enemy be put to flight."

The fourth paragraph is marked: "Come to my aid, O eternal truth, that no vanity may move me. Come, heavenly sweetness, and let all impurity fly from my face."

The sixth and last paragraph of this chapter is marked from the second to the fifth lines: "Where thy treasure is, there also is my heart. (Matt. vi.) If I love the world, I rejoice in the prosperity of the world, and am troubled at its adversity."

ERROR IN NUMBER OF JEFFERSON DAVIS'S REGIMENT IN MEXICO.—Rev. W. C. Hearn, of Talladega, Ala., wrote sometime since in regard to an error made by Capt. W. B. Johnson in an article on page 513 of the November (1907) VETERAN, in which it was stated that he was a member of Company F, 2d Mississippi Volunteers, in the war with Mexico, commanded by Col. Jefferson Davis, when, in fact, it was the 1st Mississippi Regiment that Jefferson Davis commanded. Reuben Davis, of Aberdeen, Miss., was colonel of the 2d Mississippi. He resigned and Charles Clark was made colonel, and served to the end of that war. Dr. Hearn was a member of Captain Blythe's company, of Columbus, at organization, and served with the 2d until the close of the war.

MAJ. JOHN W. DANIEL TO COMRADES.

[Only brief reference was made at the time to the address at the last Richmond Reunion by Maj. J. W. Daniel, now United States Senator from Virginia. He was introduced by General Lee, and as he advanced to the front of the stage was greeted with that applause which is ever given by those who know him.]

General Lee, My Comrades, and Countrymen: You, sir, are the Commander in Chief of the rear guard of an army of whom all their countrymen say that no men of equal number ever surpassed them in all the battlefields of human history, and we may say also of them that no body of American citizens of equal number surpasses them in patriotism, in devotion, and in the spirit of cheerful sacrifice for their faith. It was said in the olden times that he who is diligent in his business shall stand before kings. In the lexicon of your lives there have been no kings but principle, patriotism, and virtue—virtue with the old Roman flavor in it that means valor. I deem it more honor to-day to stand before you than I would have standing in the presence of the collected kings, emperors, and czars of the universe. The titles which men confer upon each other and the titles which are seized thereby, compared with your efforts, are but transitory and ephemeral things; but the character of fame, the good name all over the world of the Confederate soldier and sailor, who were in daily grip with danger, with death, with misfortunes, with hardship, with sacrifice, and with suffering, is imperishable.

Napoleon Bonaparte, the great Emperor of France, would permit no other hand than his own to crown him with the imperial crown that he had gained by his genius and valor. In a larger and in a purer sense you have been the emperors of your own fortune, and you have crowned yourselves with an aureole of true and enduring glory that will fill the world with a light and warmth of true virtue as long as principle, freedom, and virtue are esteemed among the children of men.

When the war ended, my comrades, you had but ended a four years' charge, and you began at once and instantly a forty years' siege. The Confederates so became in a large measure a scattered nation. They vanished from the battlefields to their workshops, to their plantations, to their homes, and they started to work wherever they could find it. I have never been a great deal of a traveler; but I have traveled a little, from Portland, Oregon, to New Orleans, and from old Virginia to England and France, and I have never been in a city where I did not come across an old Confederate soldier. I never came across him anywhere that he was not standing straight and well among those with whom he had cast his fortunes. There is one of them now standing right by my side, a private soldier, who went out in the war from the Palmetto State, and he has on many fields shown the courage and chivalry of his tribe; he is now from Tennessee and has booked from Texas, which State will always be glad to get more men like him to come to her. Here is the point of the joke about him: He was over here, near Petersburg, when on one fine morning there came the explosion of the Crater, and everything all around went up toward the clouds —Lipscomb went up, and he went up into the region of the nether stars; but when he came down, he alighted on his feet and went right into the charge with the brave Alabamians who took the Gap. That man has got nerve and brass enough to take hell if he had the chance, and such nerve as his makes me hope some day we will all get a chance to take it in the victory over soil. Somebody over there says: "Hurrah for Texas!" Amen.

And now I am going to tell you what I think was the grandest eulogy ever pronounced upon the Confederate soldier. Were any of you boys here at the battle of Gaines's Mill, on the 27th of June, 1862? Well, it is a wonder you are here now. I tell you if Rome ever howled in this country, it was howling that day *par excellence.* That was one of the greatest charges that the Confederate army ever made. It seemed as if the skies above us were made out of sheet iron, as if the fiends of hell were ripping them up and flinging them around all to pieces. While that tremendous charge was going on T—'s Brigade of Longstreet's Division was called to go to the front in the next line. Boys, tell the truth about it, did any of you ever feel a little pale as we marched down into the valley, with all the fiends of hell in the air about us and a raging volcano above us?

Among the other wounded about us I saw a young Confederate officer, whose arm had been torn out right in the shoulder joint by a cannon ball. Notwithstanding, he sat in his saddle steadily, a great deal cooler than I am now. When our regiment, the 11th Virginia, opened up for him to pass and the men looked up at him, admiring the hero and pitying the man, he said: "Go on, boys, and do your duty and don't mind me." About that time there came a cheer on our left, and there came Texas. A few minutes later I saw two rather sorry-looking men on horseback, and they looked like tramps who had been taken from the mills. They rode along behind this work, which had now been taken, and which the receding battle was only annoying with a stray shot here and there. As soon as I saw them I recognized one who had on an old blue cap pulled down over his eyes, and who also looked like a sailor who had just landed and had fallen up on horseback and did not know how to get down. It was Stonewall Jackson. He passed in the rear of that tremendous place, over which Hood's men had charged, just as the setting sun was departing in the west; and looking over that scene of awful slaughter and splendid valor, he spoke four words: "These men were soldiers."

It was nerve and the act of the brave men of Texas who on every field showed the soldier of the Lone Star; and remember, my comrades, that the soldier of no Southern State can truly offer himself to take precedence over those of any other State in the whole of the Confederate army. All men were heroes, and all will so remain forever. There was glory enough for all, be he the humblest who wore a gray coat and did his duty as best he could. I would not pluck a single feather from the plumes of Texas when I recall that exploit of the soldiers of the West, and crave it also for the Army of Northern Virginia. History has given to us all a sufficiency to satisfy the praises of valor that envelop all with true and modest honor. It is woman—she shall sum up our cause; she shall say, and it will be true, that all these men of the Confederate army were soldiers.

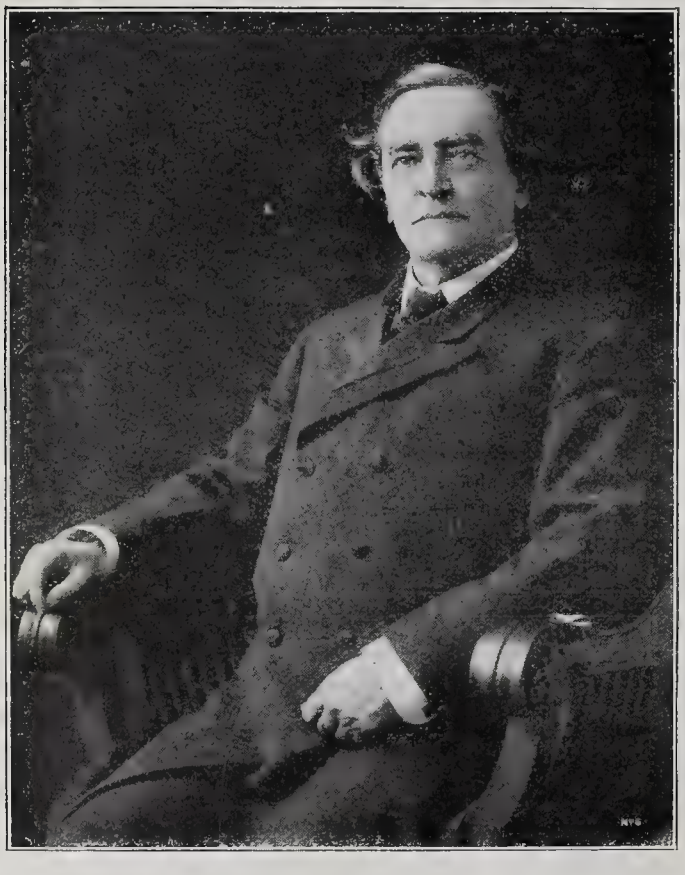
A poor orphan boy from Maryland wants me to say a word for him. They were not many, but they were much, these men of Maryland. They seemed little when their short lines stood amongst the longer ones from other States; but if you had heard them open with a battery of artillery or with their maximum of Maxim guns, or if you had seen them line up with the Maryland line under Johnson or Dorsey; if you had seen old F—— at Gettysburg when he led in the Tar Heels, you would have said that this orphan boy was one who kept most excellent company, and we are not surprised to see that he is loyal and devoted to-day.

It was the captain of the Raccoon Roughs of Georgia (major, colonel, brigadier, major general, commander of the old second guard of the Army of Northern Virginia, which

had been led by Jackson, by Ewell, and by Early), John B. Gordon, who was from spur to plume a star of tournament, who had more magnetism in him than any field officer I ever saw; and when he drew his sword and rode forth on that splendid black horse of his and said, "Come on, Georgians," he was so fascinating that you would have deemed it a privilege and a principle of life to follow him. But yesterday Georgia erected to him an equestrian monument. A little before that the Volunteer State of Tennessee erected to the Wizard of the Saddle on the banks of the Mississippi an equestrian statue in bronze which will not last longer than the fame of this hero.

The man on horseback is getting pretty fashionable all over this country now. Yesterday, amid the thunder of the guns, you saw handsome, blue-eyed Stuart ride once more at the head of his cavaliers. The day is not very distant when all the great heroes of the South will ride again amongst their people to hold up great examples of human valor, patriotism, and virtue. You will see many of these monuments here in this city, which was once the citadel of your defense, which became the capital of your nation, and which then and now and at all times holds open its doors, and it has no more earnest or warmer yearning than to be considered every time your home.

I am not a Richmonder; like yourselves, I am, technically speaking at least, a stranger within her gates; but I do not consider that I surpass the lines which modesty would suggest when I say that the blessing of every true Confederate soldier is upon this people. You cannot look over her spires and temples without seeing that she thinks of you. Yonder is Mars Robert, and there is J. E. B. Stuart; out yonder on the road that leads north is A. P. Hill. There in a public park is Wickham, and there is Pegram, with the ramrod ready to load; but, towering over city and temple, towering over all the roofs of this glorious city, there rises to the heavens a slender column, and on its summit, looking on the east, there stands not the soldier of Virginia nor the soldier of Richmond, but the Confederate soldier of the South. They are a people that do not forget.



HON. JOHN W. DANIEL.

There can be no great generals without great armies behind them. A general is a lonesome nobody unless he has a line and a heart that will follow him. Men, as a rule, will not fail to recognize that they are in the midst of a plain, democratic American people, who honor truth, valor, and patriotism in whomsoever and wheresoever found. My countrymen, this is a changeable and ever-shifting world we live in; flags change, countries get in the habit of changing a little now and then; but the old Confederate changes less than anything he has ever had to do with or anything he has had to deal with. He is always true to the people and to the flag that he belongs to, and that is the fundamental principle of the moral law of the universe. There is nothing higher; and so, when this country began to get itself in a little trouble in 1898, why, the old Confederates tried to jump over each other to get a chance with a Yankee uniform and under the flag to fight for Uncle Sam; and Wheeler and Fitzhugh Lee, in the midst of many whose names I cannot remember at this minute, dropped in again to the front. They still had their hearts with their own people, and they do tell me, and I hope it is so, that when Wheeler got to charging the Spaniards at Santiago he cheered up his men by saying: "Come on, boys; the Yankees are running."

I want to say this: There never have been in all human history, either in the days of the Spartan, the Roman Legions, or the Old Guard of Napoleon, or anywhere amongst any people—there never have been times and occasions when a wise and prudent man, after a careful investigation of the surrounding circumstances, would not retire from the position he was in if he had to be so undignified as to run. There are a great many consolations about the war, and one of the consolations is that, even if we on some occasions did observe the doctrine of true philosophy, we gave the other side a good many experiences and instructions in the same business before we followed the occupation ourselves; and I want to say this about them: Of all of the brave men born under the Southern flag, look at those men that charged Gettysburg Heights. If my hat were not already off, I would take it off. But I see that you were so fortunate as to get away unscathed. What I do say about those chaps in blue that came down here is, they are the most obstinate and unreasonable fellows I ever knew. They would keen on coming back. We gave them a little hint at the first battle of Manassas that we went in. They took it for only a short time, and, thinking they had mistaken the door they had knocked at, they came to the back door of Richmond. We renewed the hint, and they only renewed the application at a place down in Northern Virginia.

The fact is, there is one thing about these American people, North as well as South, they have much comebackativeness, and that is the reason that we old Confederates are proving to the world to-day that you cannot keep a workingman down. But the chief consolation to me, my friends—and I hope you won't put me down for a mollycoddle—the chief consolation to me about that war is that so many of you are alive and that the war is over.

It looks to a man that reads over coolly and deliberately now that so many intelligent and so many kind and fair men, so many really good men that we had in every State in the Union in 1861 ought to have had sense enough and forbearance enough and diplomacy enough to keep you boys from

getting into such a deep and lasting struggle. But they did not, and that is why we are here to-day. The still, small, sweet voice of one was heard over voices of contention (it was that of a colonel in the army of the United States); and when one of our Southern brethren, no doubt just as sincere and true, said in his presence, "O, we will clean out the Yankees in three months," he said: "You forget, my friend, that we are all Americans." When another said four or five months would do the business, he answered that it would take at least four years, and it did. A man of peace, he stood for peace down to the very fiery edge of battle; a Southern man, a Virginian, he was the foremost of all leaders in battle. When the war was over and all of us were beginning to realize the great and abiding proof that we were all Americans, he became the leader not only of the South but of the North itself for fraternity, for brotherhood, for peace and reconciliation, and for building up this country without regard to section. I need not tell you that it was Robert E. Lee.

I am afraid you will think that I am unlike the war in one respect because my speech will have no end. Now I have spoken about the Confederate in war and about my conviction that as long as the men who were in the last great, big war were living they would keep this country from getting into another one. In Havana Harbor up went the Maine, which brought to realism the truth which I remember to have read in either Voltaire or Johnson, I forget which—that if the men of Athens in the ancient days had assembled upon its portico, and if Sparta and Athens were discoursing to them about the beauty of philosophy, and there had ridden up before them Charles XII. of Sweden and said, "Let alone those dry things and let us take the works," they would have all leaped on horseback and followed wherever he would lead them.

It was with those boys in 1897-98 as it was in 1861-64, and as soon as the drums and fifes were sounding the youth of this country from every State were marching and keeping step and going to the front. I had the honor of being one of those who, when war was unavoidable, stood by those who declared it; and at the solemn hour in the Senate you could have heard a pin drop on the floor, and amongst those who had been to war there was the grave sense that comes to every soldier on the eve of battle. Many discourses were made; but I tell you, my comrades and countrymen, that the one which was to my mind broadest in its patriotism, finest in its suggestion came from a one-legged soldier in the person of a Confederate, and he said as he concluded his wise observation: "I hope, my fellow-Senators, that when the Spanish War is over all over this country there may be the sense that no man can tell and none dare say which did best, the soldiers of the North or the soldiers of the South."

I have not had time in this speech to allude to the different States of the South. With some of them my contact was more frequent than with others in the war, and you must permit something of that personality and comradeship which can never be effaced from the memory of our experience. I have some memories of you, sir, our Commander in Chief, though I did not have the honor to be in your command or to share your sufferings; but on an afternoon of August, 1862, being young and unemployed and with a horse to go, I rode to the front to see what was happening in the front of Jackson. I saw a handsome person near Robert E. Lee who was putting some artillery into action. It was Lieut. Col. Stephen D. Lee. He passed to higher fortunes, and soon became a lieutenant general of the Army of the West. The last time I had the pleasure of grasping his hand was in the city of Chicago, when he and I were both engaged in addressing an assemblage of the Grand Army Club. No treason in it, boys—not a bit. I went there because the city of Chicago, in her beautiful park, out of her own pocket, had put up money to build a monument to your comrades who sleep upon her borders. We may get a little mean sometimes; we may sometimes use some words and make observations that would not be countersigned by our worthy, prudent, and careful friend, the Rev. James William Jones; but, notwithstanding that, when a great and noble magnanimity is displayed, I hope it may always be that the surviving Confederate soldier and his son will ride, walk, or crawl with those who will go farthest to show that it is appreciated and try hardest to follow it.

I was in a division that contained for a long time Hoke's Tar Heel Brigade, Gordon's Georgia Brigade, Hay's Louisiana Brigade, and Billie Smith's and sometimes Pegram's Brigade, first commanded by Jubal Early. I tell you, boys, it would have taken a keener eye than the Senator of Arkansas to tell which was the best in that division. It was always the one who had fought the last battle. I saw the Tar Heels and the Louisianians together when to the left of Gordon (he assembled on the right) they broke the line at Gettysburg, and I saw Avery lead the Tar Heels and the Louisianians when they climbed the top of Cemetery Hill. They would have had Meade's army cut in two and beaten, and I knew that the Tar Heel State is always ready to lead where duty calls and where patriotism invites us; that amongst the riders into the future generation there will be the figures of Robert Hoke, Ramsey, and D. H. Hill, and many of those other illustrious spirits that led her. [A voice: "What of Culberson?"] I know nothing about him as a Confederate soldier. You mean Colonel Culberson? He was all right.

I have talked about the soldier; a word about our great leaders. We rejoice in the high character of the political leaders of the South as well as in that of her soldiery. I never heard of a Southern Confederate Senator or Representative who stole anything. I never hear that any one of them was engaged in any kind of grafting. No matter what his enemies may have said or may say about him, Jefferson Davis, the first and only President of the Confederate States, was as pure and clean as any white marble that will ever bear his name. He did all that he could; neither angels nor men could do more. He has been much misrepresented, much misapprehended; he has been the object of a stream of prejudices because he was so faithful and uncompromising for you and for your country. Fame is often of slow birth and slow growth, and what grows the quickest is not always the strongest or most enduring. It was two hundred and fifty years after the enemies of Cromwell cut off his head and lifted it in derision and contempt before England could forget its animosities, realize the greatness of the man, and rear a monument to his memory. The fame of Jefferson Davis throughout all this country has not grown as fast as that of some other people; neither will it be fading away when some of those are forgotten. Understand, my countrymen, that the fame of Jefferson Davis is young yet, and is growing slowly and compactly and so well knit together that when it has gotten in full bloom it will stay so while generations and generations pass into the forgotten past.

I see around me now some young-looking and a great many quite handsome men who were old soldiers when their cause went down. More, many are yet in the prime of life, while their nerves still thrill and their hearts rebound with the aspirations of love's ambition. Old hates and enmities, old prejudices, and words of dislike are whistling down the wind like autumn leaves, and the sunshine of a beautiful spring is

bringing forth bloom and beflowering our country. I thank God, my comrades, to have seen this day, and I thank him too that he has given to all of you this privilege, for this is the greatest gathering of Confederates that will ever take place this side of the great white throne. None of you have come here to mourn; none of you have here a temple of vain regrets. You carried from the last battlefield on which you fought, back to your home when you returned to labor, the consciousness of duty faithfully performed. It has abided with you as your "buckler and your shield," and all men now recognize you not only as knights of war but knights of glorious peace and of happy fraternity amongst all American people. Let it fade or let it flame and the war roll down like a wind, you proved you had hearts in your cause, you are noble still; we acknowledge the purpose of God and bow humbly to his will.

Of all things that have been said about that war, the wisest, the most profound, the most Christianlike and best was a line written by our great commander, Robert E. Lee: "God beside, let that suffice; he who rides upon the whirlwind and directs the storm in the hollow of his hand is the Defender of men and nations." He also said another thing. When I see the old Confederates coming together I recall it: "Wear your religion gayly. See you have it before you; wear it at all times." That first expression, "Wear your religion gayly," was worthy of the splendid commander in chief, that human fortitude must be equal to human misfortune. So, my comrades, from the States of the South, from New York (which has a great colony of you), from Baltimore and West Virginia, from the Chickasaw and the Cherokee Nation—North, South, East, West—welcome here, have a good time as the first of your duties while you are here. "Wear your religion gayly," and so let the wide world wag as it will, we will be gay and happy still. Gay and happy, gay and happy; may you all be gay and happy still!

HOW THREE MEN HELD AN ARMY IN CHECK.

BY R. J. BLACK, MEMPHIS, TENN.

Col. W. L. Duckworth, who commanded the 7th Tennessee Cavalry Regiment under Gen. N. B. Forrest, had been relieved from his post of duty upon the reorganization of the brigade, which was disagreeable to his views, and Lieut. Col. W. F. Taylor was commanding the regiment in Gen. E. W. Rucker's Brigade on Hood's movement from Georgia to Nashville during the months of November and December, 1864. Rucker's Brigade was with Chalmers's Division, Forrest's Cavalry, and moved on Hood's left wing prior to and succeeding the battle of Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864, while Gen. A. Buford's Division was on the right wing.

Although contrary to the advice of General Forrest, the battle of Franklin was fought while the enemy was strongly intrenched there. General Hood insisted on throwing his entire strength forward and waging battle.

The Federal army, commanded by Major General Schofield with some twenty thousand infantry, assisted in his flanks by nearly ten thousand cavalry under command of General Wilson, was safely covered by excellent breastworks surrounding Franklin on the south, while General Hood had to fight with less than twenty-nine thousand men without any protection whatever. Franklin was the most unfortunate battle of the entire war. The Confederates lost some seventy-five hundred men in killed, wounded, and captured.

On the morning of December 1 the Federals fell back to Nashville after a loss of some forty-five hundred in killed, wounded, and missing, going into their breastworks around Nashville well protected, the Confederates surrounding in a state of siege on the south side to the Cumberland River above and below the city. The Federals made detours frequently from their fortifications with cavalry on land and gunboats by river, until they had been reënforced by General Smith with about eleven thousand troops from St. Louis. Then Gen. George H. Thomas, in command of all the forces, including what he had at Nashville, was joined by Generals Schofield and Smith, making his army nearly fifty thousand as against about twenty-two thousand Confederates. General Hood's army, receiving no reënforcements whatever, just waited and lay still without an effort until the Federals were prepared to do just what they wanted.

On December 15 they advanced all of their lines, forcing the Confederates, who had no substantial protection, until in the night. Then they were checked because of the report from Gen. E. W. Rucker, who had been wounded and captured, that Gen. N. B. Forrest was in their front. * * * The 7th Tennessee had been ordered to Franklin for escort duty, except Col. W. F. Taylor, who, with a portion of his command, remained north of the Harpeth River until later for the purpose of watching the movements of the enemy, who were already advancing in three columns. Colonel Taylor, accompanied by his sergeant, Maj. John Somerville, and the writer, proceeded to the Franklin Pike, just north of Franklin, where a strong Federal force, led by General Wilson, commanding cavalry, was pushing ahead with determination. Remarkable as it was, this trio of Confederates threw themselves between the enemy and the pontoon bridge across the Harpeth above Franklin, and there held the entire Federal army at bay for some ten or fifteen minutes, firing their pistols while moving to and fro to make show of numbers.

Of course the Federals did not know the situation. Having expended all the loads from his pistol, Col. W. F. Taylor called to the writer, having two pistols, who loaned him one, and they all kept on shooting. In the meantime several of the enemy charged below these men, but returned to their command, seemingly afraid to remain.

As soon as we knew that the other two columns of Federals had crossed the river we marched deliberately over and passed through Franklin, hurrying some infantrymen before us, and passed beyond the breastworks south of town. Immediately a solid line of cavalry was in our rear, and in front of us was the Confederate corps of Gen. Stephen D. Lee, at the time in command of the rear of the army.

All this time the Federals had been firing at these three men, probably expending more than one thousand shots, but not one had touched a man. We moved deliberately to the left of our army and took position with our regiment.

On December 17 General Lee was wounded, and Gen. Carter L. Stevenson assumed command. Generals Buford and Chalmers were sustaining the infantry on the two flanks. Meanwhile the enemy were becoming troublesome, though not following with that vigor which might have been expected. At this particular time Capt. W. A. Goodman, adjutant general for Gen. James R. Chalmers, narrowly escaped capture. Gen. B. F. Cheatham's Corps relieved General Lee's as the infantry rear guard until relieved in turn by General Forrest and his men, sustained by Gen. E. C. Walthall with his infantry, safely guarding Hood's army while crossing the Tennessee River. Col. W. F. Taylor commanded the 7th Tennessee to the close of the war, the other soldiers mentioned remaining with the regiment. After the war they all resided in Memphis, Tenn.

GEN. ROBERT E. RODES.

BY J. L. SCHAUB, LAGRANGE, GA.

I read in the November VETERAN a request from some patron asking for a sketch of Gen. Robert E. Rodes, who commanded first a brigade of Alabamians, then a division in Lee's army. It is surprising to me that so little has been published about one so high in rank, so brilliant in service, and so glorious in death.

General Rodes was born and reared in Lynchburg, Va.,; but his profession of civil engineering led him to settle in Tuscaloosa, Ala., just previous to the opening of the war.

In May, 1861, Captain Rodes was elected colonel of the 5th Alabama Regiment, and was sent with his regiment to Virginia and placed in General Ewell's Brigade. In October following he was promoted to brigadier general to command the 1st Alabama Brigade, of which his regiment formed a part.

Passing through the Peninsular campaign, he led his brigade through the battles of Williamsburg and Seven Pines, where he acted with great gallantry and was severely wounded in the arm.

General Lee took command of the army and reorganized it, forming brigades as near as possible of regiments from each State. They began to be called Alabama brigades, Georgia brigades, etc., each brigade taking the name of its commander; and as the commanders changed by death or promotion, the brigade or division took the name of the new commander. D. H. Hill's Division was composed of the brigades commanded by Ripley, Garland, Rodes, G. B. Anderson, and Colquitt.

General Rodes commanded his brigade through the first Maryland campaign and back to and including the first battle of Fredericksburg, December 13 and 14, 1862. When General Hooker opened the Chancellorsville campaign, General Rodes was in command of the division, Gen. D. H. Hill having been transferred to another department. The names of three of the brigades also changed—viz., Garland's to Iverson's, Ripley's to Doles's, and Anderson's to Ramseur's.

This division formed part of Stonewall Jackson's Second Corps, and was the leading division in the flanking movement which routed Howard's Corps on May 2, 1863. Brigadier General Rodes displayed such gallantry and efficiency on this and the next day's fighting that he was promoted to major general, and he was especially commended by General Jackson to General Lee, as appears in his report of the campaign. An incident occurred just here which shows General Rodes's indomitable courage. It was told to me since the war by a field officer, who must have heard it at the time: A General Johnson had been sent from Richmond to take command of our division, and reached us on the march. General Rodes coolly told him that, as he had started in the fight, he would not be relieved until it was over unless he was put under arrest. Johnson declined to do this, and Rodes's promotion soon followed.

General Rodes led his division now in Ewell's Corps through the Gettysburg campaign and the maneuvers in the fall of 1863, ending with the battle of Mine Run. This division spent the winter near Orange C. H., and picketing on the Rapidan until May 5, 1864, when Grant crossed over at the Wilderness. General Rodes called his division together promptly and marched to concentrate with the rest of Lee's army to meet Grant. Then commenced that terrible fighting campaign—Lee with his 52,000 and Grant with his 120,000—terminating at the second battle of Cold Harbor, June 3, Grant being completely foiled.

Our corps now, under General Early, was detached and sent to Lynchburg to meet an attack by General Hunter, who was marching on that point. Hunter fell back into West Virginia, and our division, with the rest of the corps, marched to Staunton, then on down the valley, crossed the Potomac River, and threatened Washington City, of which we were in sight several days. We then fell back into Virginia, after fighting and routing Gen. Lew Wallace at Monocacy, General Rodes still in command of his division, which was the largest in the corps, though it had suffered heavily in continued losses since the campaign opened in May.



GEN. R. E. RODES.

On September 19 at Winchester we met General Sheridan's forces with about four to our one. Our division was lying near Stephenson's Depot, several miles from Winchester, when we got orders to move rapidly to the aid of General Ramseur, who with his small division was holding back Sheridan's army and was about to be overwhelmed. Rodes threw the division in line on Ramseur's right flank to meet a large force of the enemy, who were coming around that flank to envelop Ramseur, and moved forward at once. As we passed through a strip of woods, driving the Yankee sharpshooters out, we came to a large open field in full view of long lines of the enemy. They appeared to be disconcerted, and the nearest line to us began to fall back. We were ordered forward after them, and just then the enemy opened fire on us with a battery. They had good range, and almost every shell burst in our faces. Rodes was a few paces behind us. His fine black horse, which he had ridden so long, got excited under the bursting shells, and the General held him with difficulty. But it was but a few minutes until a piece of shell struck General Rodes on the head, knocking him to the ground, where he died in a few minutes. His horse ran to the rear.

We fought on until nearly sundown, when Sheridan made his last grand charge, flanking us on both sides with his large cavalry force and bringing three solid lines of infantry against us. Our thin line could hold out no longer, and retreated back through Winchester. In all of the battles I had been in I had never seen our army driven off the field before.

The death of General Rodes was a great loss to the army. He ranked next to Early, and many thought he would have been more successful, as he had the confidence of not only his division but the entire corps. He was brave without rashness, and General Lee often complimented him. Could more be desired?

RODES'S BRIGADE AT SEVEN PINES.

[There appeared in the Herald and Mississippian on Saturday, August 17, 1867, the following tribute to Rodes's Brigade

at Seven Pines. The author of the poem is supposed to have been Maj. H. A. Whiting, who served on General Rodes's staff.]

Down by the valley, 'mid thunder and lightning,
  Down by the valley, 'mid jettings of light,
Down by the deep crimsoned valley of Richmond
  The twenty-five hundred moved on to the fight.
Onward, still onward, to the portals of glory,
  To the sepulchered chambers, yet never dismayed;
Down to the deep crimsoned valley of Richmond
  Marched the bold warriors of Rodes's Brigade.

See ye the fires and flashings still leaping,
  Hear ye the pelting and beating of storm,
See ye the banners of proud Alabama
  In front of her columns move steadily on;
Hear ye the music that gladdens each comrade
  As it floats through the air 'mid the torrent of sounds;
Hear ye booming adown the red valley,
  Carter unbuckles his swarthy old hounds.

Twelfth Mississippi, I saw your brave columns
  Rush through the channels of living and dead;
Twelfth Alabama, why weep ye your old war horse?
  He died, as he wished, in the gear at your head.
Seven Pines, ye will tell on the pages of glory
  How the blood of the South ebbed away 'neath the shade;
How lads of Virginia fought in the red valley
  And fell in the columns of Rodes's Brigade.

Fathers and mothers, ye weep for your jewels;
  Sisters, ye weep for your brothers in vain;
Maidens, ye weep for your sunny-eyed lovers—
  Weep, for they never will come back again!
Weep ye, but know what a halo of glory
  Encircles each chamber of death newly made,
And know ye that victory, the shrine of the mighty,
  Stands forth on the banners of Rodes's Brigade.

Daughters of Southland, come bring ye bright flowers,
  Weave ye a chaplet for the brow of the brave;
Bring ye some emblem of freedom and victory,
  Bring ye some emblem of death and the grave;
Bring ye some motto befitting a hero,
  Bring ye exotics that never will fade;
Come to the deep crimsoned valley of Richmond
  And crown the young chieftain who led his brigade.

UNVEILING OF MONUMENT AT MT. PLEASANT.

BY OCTAVIA ZOLLICOFFER BOND.

Between the wide-stretched arms of Bigby Creek, in Maury County, lies the "garden spot of Tennessee." For a half century before the war for Southern rights the noted Bigby valley was a seed bed for refinement and culture. The men who entered life in this surpassingly fertile region were born to wealth, honor, and power. Yet three generations of luxury since the clearing of Bigby canebrakes had not weakened the fiber of their manhood nor dulled the keen edge of their patriotic spirit. Prompt as they were practical in protest against sectional coercion, they were among the earliest to offer for the Confederate service.

Neither delaying nor holding back the best, Bigby Valley ungrudgingly gave to the cause her sixteen-year-old boys of promise, her choice young men of twenty-five. It was the hope and pride of each Bigby family who hastened in the early spring of 1861 to join the company being then organized in the vilage of Mt. Pleasant by Capt. (afterwards Col.) Fount Wade under the name of "Bigby Grays," a picked band that was one of the first ten companies of Tennessee volunteers enlisted in the war. At Nashville on May 16 they were mustered in as Company C of the 3d Tennessee Infantry.

From Donelson to Bentonville those youthful soldiers bore the hardships of march, bivouac, and battle with the fortitude of veterans. Under Gens. John C. Brown, Albert Sidney Johnston, Bragg, Polk, and Hood they were dedicated to Southern principles in the fires of Chickasaw Bayou, Port Hudson, Chickamauga, and in the holocausts around Atlanta. Few came back to the beautiful valley unmaimed or alive except as their memories persist in the hearts of their grateful countrymen. In such sense, indeed, they, with all good Confederates, still live. Nor shall they die so long as the records of the U. D. C. are preserved, so long as a file of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is in existence, so long as tongue can tell and ear receive the folk tales of their valor, and so long as there remains a fragment of the monument shown in the accompanying illustration.

The shaft here pictured was erected by the Mt. Pleasant Chapter, U. D. C., called "Bigby Grays" Chapter. Their purpose of thus crystallizing the affectionate memory in which they hold all Confederate soldiers took solid shape and form largely through the untiring work of the efficient President of the Chapter, Mrs. J. T. Jenkins. Executive ability is Mrs. Jenkins's gift; loyalty to the South is her inheritance through fighting ancestry. It was her day of achievement when on the 27th of September, 1907, the monument was unveiled in the now important phosphate city of Mt. Pleasant on the spot where forty-seven years ago the Bigby Grays had made their vows of war and accepted their virgin banner from the hands of a typical Bigby maiden, Miss Matt Dobbins. It was a day of grace for all in the green lands of Big and Little Bigby when Capt. W. S. Jennings, a former commander of the Grays, led a troop of mounted Veterans and Sons of Veterans, flying the colors of the State and the Confederacy, on their way to meet the arriving speakers and visitors who had come to honor the occasion.



Thousands of hearts beat "double-quick" when the Fayetteville band emerged from the train to the strains of "Dixie," escorting Senator E. W. Carmack and Judge S. F. Wilson, with Mrs. M. B. Pilcher and other State officers of the U. D. C., to their awaiting carriages; while the Leonidas Polk Bivouac, in full uniform of gray and carrying the banner on which the portrait of their warrior bishop had been painted by Miss A. M. Zollicoffer, fell into line of march, under Sergeant J. N. Meroney, with the home Veterans. These, with numerous decorated vehicles, including a brilliant float containing thirteen beautiful girls in charge of Mr. Rufus Jackson, formed a procession under the skillful guidance of Dr. C. Y. Clarke, the marshal of the day, which wound through the streets of Mt. Pleasant to the Public Square, where the monument stands.

On a platform at its base a number of children waving national flags at once grouped themselves about the State Pres-

ident and Vice President U. D. C., Mesdames M. B. Pilcher and J. D. Dobbins, and to the accompaniment of the Fayetteville band sang "America." For the remainder of the forenoon programme there were an invocation by Rev. A. S. Allen, addresses of welcome by Hon. Percy S. Chandler on behalf of the citizens and for the Daughters of the Confederacy by Mrs. J. G. Frierson, and a poem, "Remembering," by Mrs. Octavia Zollicoffer Bond. Prof. James A. Bostick's remarks which followed ended with an invitation to all present to partake of the feast spread for them in the Cumberland Presbyterian church, near by.

The delightful function began with a choicely worded toast by Miss Matt Dobbins, who passed the loving cup to the old soldiers assembled. It was fitting that she should cheer the twelve, or fewer, surviving members of the Bigby Grays as well as other comrades in their declining years as she had encouraged them in their youth.

After the noon recess, the exercises were continued on the handsomely shaded lawn of Dr. Robert Williams's residence. The portico of the ante-bellum home, from which Dr. Williams had started for the war as a Bigby Gray lad in years gone by, now formed the rostrum from which Professor Bostick introduced Judge S. F. Wilson, who spoke in behalf of the old soldiers. Listening to his eloquence, a generous enemy might well have applauded, and old Confederates wept without shame. Senator Carmack's glowing tribute to the Daughters of the Confederacy brought to a magnificent close the programme on the lawn.

Immediately afterwards the unveiling took place on the Public Square. While the band played softly the ribbons were drawn by the thirteen maidens who had personified on the float the thirteen Confederate States. A shout went up when the parting drapery revealed the stately column surmounted by Darricoat's statue of a Confederate soldier.

The monument, which was made by the Southern Granite and Marble Company, of Dalton, Ga., is a standing testimonial to the conscientious skill of the company.

PIKNEY KILLINGSWORTH'S WAR RECORD WANTED.

C. A. Killingsworth, of 5450 Second Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa., sends a clipping from the Pittsburg Dispatch which states: "Would suggest that you write to the editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn., giving the name and all the information you can of your father's service. He will know where the records of the Southern army are kept, and may be able to inform you where you can secure the record of his service. If possible, find out what regiment or company he served in, so that it will give some clew to where to look."

The foregoing is copied as good advice to those who make similar inquiry. Mr. C. A. K. writes that his father served through the war from South Carolina, but he doesn't know the regiment or company. Veteran Killingsworth was born and reared near Dunbarton, and enlisted while in business at Williston, S. C. Any comrade who knew him would confer a great favor by writing to the son.

"THOU SHALT NOT SWEAR."—The VETERAN is willing to depart occasionally from its specific work to condemn profanity. In Atlanta a woman was before the court seeking to establish a respectable reputation. Matters were proceeding favorably for her plea, when under excitement from some incidental circumstances she exclaimed, "Great G—!" in such blasphemous tones that the justice at once stopped her defense, assessed heavy fines against her and another woman, her associate, and required that they move out of the premises that they sought to retain. This was a good example. Profanity among young men who assume gentility on public carriages and highways is so common that regulators should insist that the laws be executed and heavy fines imposed. What a pity that gentlemen do not realize the absolute pain to auditors of their profanity and that they do not realize their wickedness in breaking one of the great commandments and that they are thereby discredited and lowered in public esteem!

REPLY TO THE LETTER THAT CAME "TOO LATE."

[A time-worn, dingy newspaper clipping by Mrs. H. C. Barrow as a reply to that pathetic poem by Maj. Will S. Hawkins, so widely known, of a letter by a young lady to her lover received the day after he died in prison.]

Thy taunting words, so fraught with scorn and hate,
I have just seen, but they have come too late;
Ah, yes, too late! I cannot banish now
The shade of care thou'st seen upon his brow.
And didst thou then think he would have borne the pain
Of one more day to read those words in vain
Which I from fancied wrong so thoughtless sent?
Thinkest thou it would have brought to him content?
O, no! They would have deeper made the trace
Of saintly care that dwelt upon his face—
That pallid face. O Heaven, it haunts me still
And sends into my soul a sudden thrill
Of woe intense, and now I loathe the part
I took to wound a trusting, noble heart.
God knows I love him—would have died to save
His manly form from death and from the grave;
But O, I did not dream that he would die,
And lie forever 'neath the Northern sky.
Say, wilt thou for me plant upon his tomb
A simple cluster with the heartfelt prayer
That I some day may weep above him there?
And O, I beg that thou wilt take the trees
That's hallowed now by his dear parting kiss
And place beside his grave, for angels know
This heart for him beats pure as stainless snow.
Then taunt me not with wiles that I have wrought
To gain his love; "there's madness in the thought."
I used no art; my soul went out to him
As freely as the blest to cherubim.
Thou'st said my rooms were gay with wit and song,
And I forgave thee for the cruel wrong;
For now of joyous mirth and wine instead
My heart doth darkly mourn its gallant dead,
And is as free from guilt's reproachful stain
As this poor hand that penned those words of pain.
Thou wert his friend, thou'st caught his parting breath,
And smoothed those limbs ere they waxed cold in death.
O, blessed boom! too blest for one like me,
Yet would to God I could have been with thee!
Then ne'er had been upon that heart the trace
Of "saintly sadness" seen upon his face;
Yet now, thank God, before the great white throne
He knows this pure, true heart was all his own.

The writer of this reply states: "I have no acquaintance whatever with Colonel H., and am ignorant of the circumstances under which his poem was written. I merely responded upon the impulse of the moment and a sympathy for the young lady he alluded to, though all parties are strangers to me."

BATTLE OF WILSON'S CREEK.

BY GEORGE M. JONES, SPRINGFIELD, MO.

Flattery, according to the common acceptance of that word, is detestable, but merited commendation is right and proper; and it is in this spirit that I desire to call attention to, and express my hearty approval of, the broad catholicity of spirit of the VETERAN in general, but especially as manifested in your editorial, and in putting side by side with it an extract from the Indianapolis News on a general decoration day, as contained in your September issue. One or two sentences from that editorial will bear repeating: "The man who talks on the war is speaking for eternity, and it behooves him to speak words of soberness; but there is a habit of too many orators to speak extravagantly of what their side did, and they often weaken their cause by representing the other side discreditably." Many of us have realized the truthfulness of these utterances, but have been slow to make known our disapproval.

The time for crimination and recrimination has long since passed, if it ever existed. Surely we of the South have enough to boast of without disparaging the other side. While life's sinking sun is still above the horizon, we veterans of both sides ought to hasten to put away from us all animosity and bitterness. That heaven will be inhabited by both the "Blue and the Gray," none of us can doubt; but we also know that bitterness and hatred can find no place in "that land where everlasting peace abides."

In keeping with these thoughts, and in accord with yourself and the editor of the paper above referred to, I would express the hope that the 30th of May be adopted for the annual decoration of our graves. This ceremony is not, and ought not to be, in honor of any one man. It ought to be on a day convenient for the largest number to attend; and with this end in view, some have urged that Sunday be observed as the day most suitable. We of the South can afford to adopt the national holiday for the performance of this beautiful and impressive ceremonial, since it is admitted by our Northern friends that it had its origin in the South.

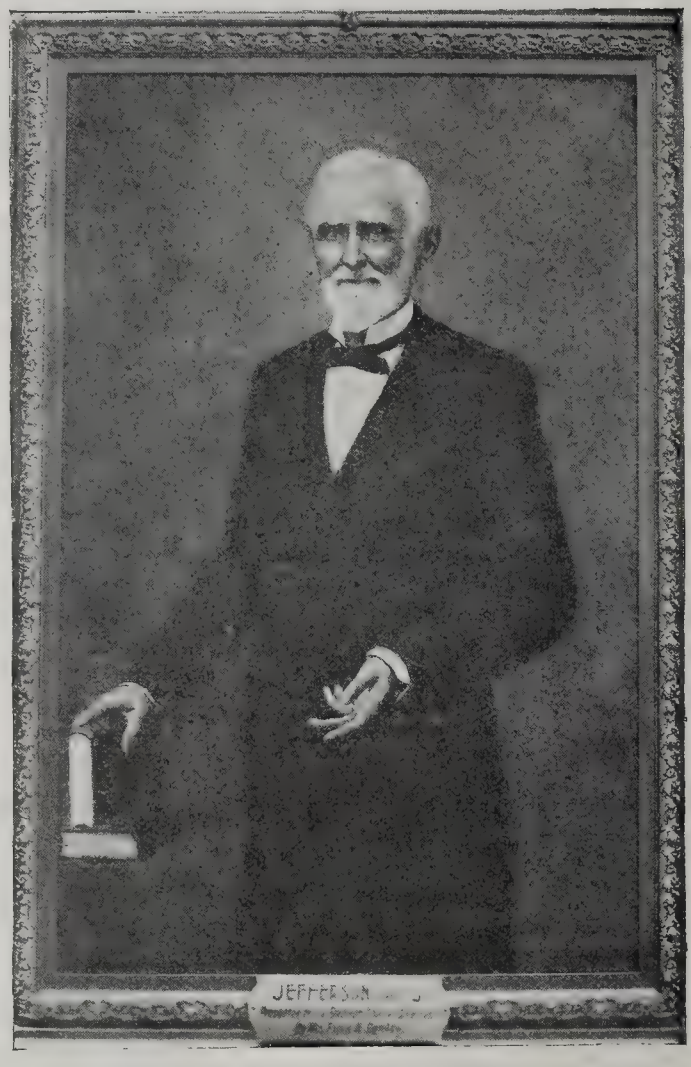
Without trespassing at too great length on your time and space, but for the truth of history, I wish to correct a statement that is calculated to create a wrong impression as to which side was victorious in the battle of Wilson's Creek, and which is contained in General Dodge's otherwise most excellent article in the October number of the VETERAN. General Dodge says: "Schofield was adjutant of that army [Lyon's], and in a large degree it was his efforts and advice that brought the force that had really won a great victory and did not know it safely to Springfield and Rolla." Major Schofield (for such he was then), if he really believed that the Union army was victorious at Wilson's Creek, must have come to that conclusion when a hundred and forty miles had separated him from the battlefield; for it was at Rolla that his report was made. I was present on that memorable 10th of August, 1861; and if ever an army left a field more precipitately or in greater disorder, I do not know where or how it could have been.

The Confederates were in possession of the entire field, never had been off of it, together with the body of General Lyon and nearly all of their killed and wounded. Early in the day General Seigel's wing of the army, in utter demoralization, had been driven from the field, leaving his artillery behind, and on reaching Springfield, ten miles away, it consisted of the General and his orderly.

Major Schofield was then young and ambitious, and doubtless possessed of a vivid imagination, and he seems to have drawn on it without stint. It should not be forgotten that General Lyon at the start had the great advantage of taking the Confederates completely by surprise, the pickets having been drawn in the night before, preparatory to the march on Springfield, and, through neglect or forgetfulness on the part of somebody, not having been replaced. Possibly, for obvious reasons, this fact was not mentioned in either of the official reports.

PORTRAIT OF MR. DAVIS AT BEAUVOIR.

No more fitting time than the present can be chosen for reference to the portrait of President Davis presented by



FROM PHOTO OF THE PORTRAIT.

Flora Adams Darling to the Confederate Home at Beauvoir. The following letters are in regard to it:

"My Dear Mrs. Darling: Thanks for your kind letter and faithful memory of my dear husband's virtues and political integrity, than whom no man living or dead ever had more. I have in vain tried to look forward to the day when I could have a good painting of him made to place in the Home at Beauvoir; but I had an opportunity to get two stained-glass windows in the church at Biloxi, and at the price I never could hope to get them again, one to my husband and one to my Winnie. They are to come from Munich. One is to be the resurrection of our Lord; motto, 'Blessed are ye when men shall persecute you for righteousness' sake,' etc. The other will be the raising of Jairus's daughter: 'The maid is not dead, but sleepeth.' These two windows have taken all

my spare money, or I should offer to join you in your sweet tribute to Mr. Davis.

"I am on the confines of eternity—alas! trying vainly to pierce the veil where almost everything I love has preceded me for the long and silent wait for the trump which is to wake us all to reunion and a perpetuity at last—and I live with the dead hopes and loves which are fallen silent. It seems a long time to me until the universal triumph of truth; but I saw in the New York World an editorial which astounded me, in which it was distinctly asserted that State rights would be our only bulwark against the paternalism and encroachments of the centralized power of the general government. * * *

"My health does not improve, or I would go South and meet you there; but if you are still South when my windows are to be put in, I do hope you will be with me at the church, and that I may be with you at the Beauvoir Home if I can go South. With affectionate regards, always yours,

V. Jefferson Davis.

"March 10, 1906."

Governor Vardaman wrote from Jackson, Miss., March 6, 1907, to Mrs. Darling: "Your generous favor of the 1st inst. came to hand this morning. I shall make a trip to Beauvoir for the sole purpose of supervising the placing of the portrait of Jefferson Davis which you have been so kind as to give to the Soldiers' Home. In the name of the people of Mississippi generally, and the Confederate men and women particularly, I thank you from the depths of my heart for this portrait."

In this connection the Veteran presents a picture of Mrs. Darling not only because of her zeal on behalf of all that the South has stood for, but in gratitude that she has in many ways aided without stint the maintenance of the principles dear to all Southern hearts. It is most noteworthy that Mrs. Darling is of New England stock, and that many traditions of her family are flavored with reference to the early days, her name itself, "Adams," indicating close connection with the second and sixth Presidents of the United States.



MRS. FLORA ADAMS DARLING, DONOR OF THE PORTRAIT.

R. C. CROUCH VISITS JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

Forty-four years ago Robert C. Crouch, a Tennessee Confederate soldier nineteen years of age, entered the prison gates at Johnson's Island for what afterwards proved an incarceration of twenty-one months. The same Robert C. Crouch, now of Morristown, Tenn., tall and erect in spite of his sixty-three years, and with the distinguished air of the Southern gentleman one is wont to picture, has again visited the scene of his imprisonment and gazed upon the changes brought about in almost half a century.

Forty-four years is a long lapse, yet Mr. Crouch had but little trouble in locating the spots where at one time stood the Federal prison that held hundreds of Southern soldiers, nearly all officers. He visited the little cemetery, and on the headstones read the names of many of his friends who had shared the life of a prisoner with him. He was the guest while in Sandusky of Theodore Gerold, a well-known citizen, this being his first visit since the day he left for the South after his release from the prison. Mr. Crouch made the pilgrimage with the end in view of determining what changes had been wrought in the many years and for information relative to the Confederate cemetery.

Mr. Crouch is a fine type of the refined Southern gentleman. He is of distinguished appearance and pleasing personality, being a very interesting talker. He is prominent in his State, and is known as a contributor to Southern papers and magazines on Civil War stories, and it was partly for material for future writings that he visited the North. He secured the names of all of the known dead at the Johnson's Island Cemetery.

Mr. Crouch enlisted in the Confederate army when but a young man, and the twenty-one months he spent at the Johnson's Island Prison were not entirely wasted to him. Inside the prison walls he came in contact with many older officers of refinement and intellect, and his association with them was really a school of higher learning to him. For that reason his prison life is not entirely regretted by him.

CONFEDERATES HONOR ADMIRAL EVANS.

The entire country has learned of the splendid landing and entertainment at San Diego, Cal., of Admiral Robley D. Evans and his fleet; but the part taken in the reception by men who fought for the Confederacy will be read with interest by contributors to the Veteran.

The officers and members of John H. Morgan Camp, Confederate Veterans, have been advised that it is the intention of your Post to present to Admiral Robley D. Evans a sword of honor in token of your admiration of him as a brave and efficient officer and a partial recognition of his eminent services to the nation.

Maj. Hugh Gwyn, who was grand marshal of the great parade, was a major and inspector general in Morgan's Kentucky Cavalry, and was with Mr. Davis at the time of the surrender. Three of his aids for the parade were Southern men. Possibly to Major Gwyn more than to any other man in the far West is due the credit of bringing about friendly relations between the organizations representing the North and the South, and the sentiment by which he accomplishes such results is evidenced in his letter to Capt. Dan F. Jones, Chair-

man of the local G. A. R., concerning the sword to be presented to Admiral Evans.

After paying special tribute to the Admiral, Major Gwyn's letter continues: "A reunited nation should know how to honor a great soldier or sailor without regard to the side on which he fought. We hand you forthwith check to cover the modest contribution of this Camp to augment the fund in purchase of the sword of honor to be contributed by our comrades of the G. A. R. and Spanish War Veterans, and beg in a spirit of fraternity your acceptance of the same."

That the sentiment is duly appreciated by the Grand Army and other bodies is shown by the following letter which has been received by Major Gwyn from Montgomery M. Moulton, Secretary of the Military Fraternities Committee of the Fleet Celebration: "I have been directed by the Military Fraternities Committee to acknowledge the receipt of your kind favor of the 10th, inclosing your Camp's substantial contribution toward the Evans sword fund. The committee accepts your assistance in the same spirit of fraternity in which it is offered, and will with pleasure place upon the sword's inscription the name of your organization in conjunction with the names of the two local Posts of the G. A. R. and of the Camp of Spanish War Veterans. We recognize the patriotic impulses which cause the Confederate guard to join us in this testimonial to a great American commander, and we are certain that Admiral Evans will appreciate this tribute, coming as it does from the men who wore the blue, the gray, and the khaki. With friendly regards to yourself and comrades of Morgan Camp, and assuring you that the other military societies of this city will always be glad to coöperate with the honorable gentlemen and good citizens who comprise your organization."

CONFEDERATE ORGANIZATIONS COMMENDED.

An Address by Judge Tarlton, University of Texas, to a U. D. C. Convention.

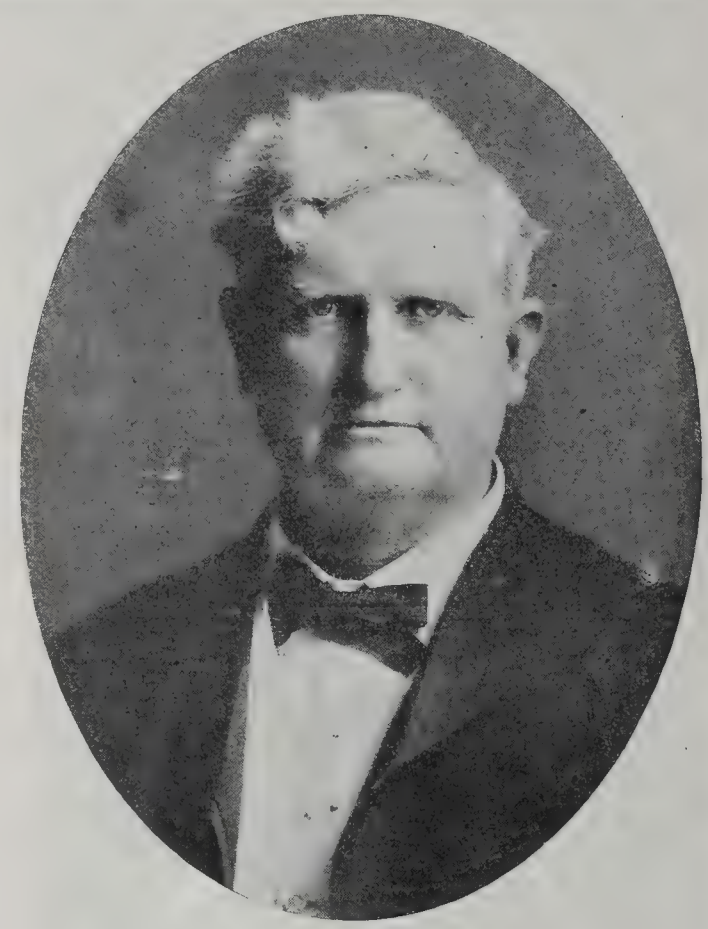
Ladies, United Daughters of the Confederacy: It goes without saying that I feel greatly honored in the fact that the pleasing task devolves upon me of representing the university in addressing the Daughters of the Confederacy on this occasion. This honor is enhanced in that it was tendered me through our good friend, Judge Clark, who is regarded as the Nestor of the faculty of the university, and who gracefully wears on his bosom the bronze cross of a Confederate veteran. This honor is further enhanced in that it was tendered by the good wife of Judge Clark, a member and representative of the Daughters of the Confederacy. The Daughters of the Confederacy are representative Texas women who reflect the honor, the glory, and the name of the State's highest institution of learning.

Some deprecate the existence of organizations such as yours. They say that organizations of this character tend to keep alive memories of a strife, with all its attendant bitterness, which should be buried forever. If the charge were true, the objection would be well founded. But the purpose of this organization is not to perpetuate bitterness, prejudice, and hostility. The heritage of the Daughters of the Confederacy is one of undying glory. This is the solemn truth which impartial history teaches, and the purpose of this organization is to vindicate this truth. The same principle with a different application inspires the organization known as the "Daughters of the American Revolution," which assembled here a few days ago. The same principle inspires the organization of the Daughters of the Republic, which meets here year after year, perhaps. Your organization is inspired not by hatred of the North but by love of the South, of admiration for its statesmen and its soldiers, and by the suggestions of the loftiest patriotism. Your organization would not keep alive the fires of fratricidal strife. On the contrary, it would forever quench them. From the grave of this strife it would pluck the fragrant flowers of peace, reconciliation, and good will between the sections of our common country.

Why is it that whenever a native of the South hears the strains of "Dixie" he is tempted to rise and shout with all possible acclaim? If this air be played on an occasion when large numbers are present, a shout will go up such as marked the entrance into Rome of a victorious general, when

"Tiber trembled underneath her bonds
To hear the replication of the sounds made in her concave shores."

The air of "Dixie" was composed by an [illegible] named Emmett, as I understand it, accompanying a troup of negro minstrels traveling over the country during the period just preceding the war. The air itself possesses little of musical merit, though there are about it a swing, an élan, an



JUDGE B. D. TARLTON.

impetus that suggest the steady and firm tread of the march on the one hand and the dread impetuosity of the charge on the other hand. If its music be of little merit, the words to which the air was originally set, regarded as poetry, were of less. They are extremely suggestive of a jingle which laughs at meter, mingled with an unhappy attempt at rhyme.

"Way down yonder in the land of cotton,
Cinnamon seed, and sandy bottom,
Look away! away! away down
South in Dixie.
I wish I was in Dixie, away, away:
In Dixie's Land I'll take my stand
And live and die for Dixie."

What, then, was and is the witchery about this song? Why was it adopted as the battle cry of the South? Because of the sentiment expressed in the concluding lines of the refrain:

"In Dixie's Land I'll take my stand
And live and die for Dixie.
Away, away down South in Dixie."

"Dixie" and the South were thus identified, the former being the designation of the latter. The resolve to do, dare, and die for Southern homes and firesides found expression in the words and in the air. This love of country, this love of your beautiful and your native land, is at the basis of your organization and is its motive and its inspiration.

To the churlish critic who says, "Away with such organizations!" "Let the dead past bury its dead," I reply: "We may not sever ourselves from the past." It is true of a people as it is of an individual:

"Our acts our angels are for good or ill,
The silent specters that walk by us still."

History has been aptly described as "philosophy teaching by example." The past is made up of example or a succession of examples. A people without a glorious past has little of a present and less of a future. The American people, regarded as a unit, is a people with a glorious past. The Northern section of the Union may be said to consist of a people with a glorious past; the South may be said to consist of a people with a glorious past. The Daughters of the Confederacy constitute an organization the birth and existence of which are linked with a glorious past. The mind is busy with the contemplation of that past. It lives and animates us to-day. It is not dead. It is immortal. It will survive the marble which is designed to perpetuate it.

We revert to the formation of our government. A convention composed of delegates from the several States constituting the thirteen colonies meets at Philadelphia in 1787. It sits with closed doors from May to September. It adopts a dual form of government, foreshadowed, indeed, by the fine Greek mind in the Amphictyonic Council, but never realized until it assumed shape in the American Constitution. This instrument received encomium from publicists such as the late Lord Brougham in England and De Tocqueville in France, and especially from the great statesman, Mr. Gladstone, who pronounced it in effect the greatest governmental product of the human mind. But in spite of this merited encomium this product had within itself the seeds of dissension in the ambiguity which inhered in it, so that honest minds, under the impulse of conflicting sectional interests, differed as to its true scope and meaning with reference to the States in relation to the government created by it. Ultimately this difference could be settled only by an appeal to arms. The South stood by the construction of Jefferson, Madison, Calhoun, Toombs, and Davis; the North, by that of Hamilton, Wilson, Webster, Seward, and Lincoln. It avails nothing in this connection to consider the merits of the controversy. Suffice it to say that in appealing to arms impartial history will attest the honesty and patriotism of the Southern people and the fact that they were able to give a "reason for the faith that was in them." And hence this fratricidal strife —the most stupendous of the last century.

I recall the happy days that preceded this contest. In many respects the South was the home of culture, chivalry, and refinement. It had supplied much of the wealth of national intellect and military prowess. The eloquence of its sons was heard on the hustings and in the council chamber. The valor of its soldiers added luster to the military glory of the Union, the wisdom of its statesmen aided greatly in shaping the destiny of the great republic, and the learning of its jurists illumined the pages of judicial lore. The clash of angry debate in Congress preceded the bugle call to arms, rendered inevitable by the irreconcilable differences of construction with reference to the supreme and fundamental law. Though a lad at the time, I well recall the days of 1861—the drilling of the volunteer troops (Hardee's "Manual of Arms"); the formation of companies, battalions, and regiments; the gay uniforms of the soldiers, and how resplendent they looked as, "burning with high hope," they marched to the field of battle, many soon to "molder, cold and low." Every neighborhood in the South, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, was the scene of the formation of companies, battalions, and regiments. The army thus composed was mighty and brave. Was there ever one mightier or braver? Of its leader, Gen. Robert E. Lee, President Roosevelt writes that he was the greatest English-speaking general since Marlborough. This testimonial will not be suspected of partiality, and its source thus guarantees its reliability.

The impetuosity of Stonewall Jackson, whose tragic fate was a blow to the Confederacy as irreparable as that of the subsequent loss of the battle of Gettysburg, was not excelled by the prowess of the marshals of Napoleon. "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees"—words of the mighty warrior, mingled of poesy and of prophecy. He crossed and he rests. His memory rests green in the hearts and minds of his countrymen.

And of Jefferson Davis, leader of the Confederacy, what shall we say? He had served as a gallant officer in the army of the United States in the war with Mexico. He had won renown in that capacity. He there showed that he was a "knight without fear and without reproach." He had served subsequently as Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Pierce. He had reorganized the army of the United States, and had thus prepared it for bitter contest against the battalions afterwards to be organized under the captains of the South. He was, over his protest, elected President of the Confederacy. He called to his Cabinet distinguished citizens of the Southern States, including the Hon. John H. Reagan, whose memory is honored and revered by the people of the State of Texas and whose great mind brought aid to the cause of the Confederacy, as subsequently it added to the statesmanship of the Federal Congress.

From the beginning to the end the burden of the contest rested upon the shoulders of the great President of the South; and after its close, it was his to bear the unspeakable contumely that waits on defeat and disaster. Through dreary days and weary nights of imprisonment he endured the horrors of the gyve and the dungeon as a prisoner of State in Fortress Monroe. Indicted for treason in the Federal court at Richmond, great constitutional lawyers, such as Charles O'Conor, of New York, tendered their services in his behalf, and former adversaries, such as Horace Greeley, as if in tardy recognition of the persecution to which he was subjected, hastened to make his bond to secure his liberty. The indictment was dismissed. The alleged traitor was never accorded a trial. He survived all of his great adversaries. The closing years of his eventful career were passed peacefully and serenely. He died beloved of his countrymen. At his funeral were the Governors of all the great States whose soldiers had followed his standard. The warfare of the soldier was over! The tongue of the orator was hushed! The

intellect of the statesman wrought no more! The pen of the historian was laid aside!

"Bury the great chief
With a people's lamentation.
Let us bury the great chief
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,
Mourning when their leaders fall.
Warriors carry the warrior's pall
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall!"

The present President of the United States, writing in his earlier manhood the life of Thomas H. Benton, compared Jefferson Davis to Benedict Arnold—not to the disparagement of the latter. The distinguished author was then writing under the impulse of that partisanship not unnatural to one subjected to the influence of sectional environments. Under such conditions it is not surprising that a youthful aspirant to literary honors should unwittingly sacrifice the truth of history to the behests of a rounded period or of a striking antithesis.

During the recent Southern tour of the President, whom I greatly admire, he referred in a speech at Vicksburg to the late President of the Confederacy as a gallant soldier and the famed leader of a great people. Should the next President of the United States be a Republican, and should he chance to be of the same courageous temperament as that which characterizes Mr. Roosevelt, he will doubtless truthfully state that the bust of Mr. Davis as a great American is entitled to a niche in the national Hall of Fame, and thus

"From President to President will judgment broaden slowly down."

It is natural to dwell upon the virtues and the prowess of the leader, and yet it were well to reflect that the fame of the leader rests upon the courage of the follower. Where would have been the fame of the leaders of the Confederate army without the bravery, the fortitude, and the unparalleled patriotism of the private soldier? The chaplet of fame garlanded the brow of the leader. The private soldier sought and hoped for no promotion. He was inspired solely by the consciousness of duty done. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." The private soldier of the Confederate army met this supreme test. Riding along the public road which courses with the Bayou Teche, in Louisiana, I once noticed a soldier's grave among the seaweed near the borders of that stream. It was near the scene of the battle of Bisland, fought by the armies of General Banks and General Taylor during the month of April, 1863. It was the grave of a private soldier of Gen. Tom Green's Texas Brigade. As I gazed at it the paraphrase of a stanza from Gray's immortal "Elegy" occurred to my mind:

"No marble column rears its stately head
To tell of him who here doth unknown lie;
No proud memorial of the heroic dead
Draws forth a tear or begs a passing sigh."

The wild flowers blushed near by, the wild birds sang their matin and their vesper carols there, the leaves of the primeval oak whispered a requiem over the lonely resting place, and in some far-off Texas home the mother and the wife and the sisters poured forth their souls in sad lament:

"We shall meet, but we shall miss him;
There will be a vacant chair.
We shall linger to caress him
While we breathe our evening prayer."

Alas! alas! they lingered in vain to caress him! The fall of his returning footsteps was never heard! The aspirations of the evening prayer followed his soul in its flight to that brighter realm which lies beyond the stars.

If courage characterized the sons of the Confederacy, this courage found its mainstay and support in the fortitude of the Daughters of the Confederacy. Mr. Davis dedicated to the women of the South the work designated to perpetuate the vindication of himself and of his people in the momentous struggle of 1861. In eloquent words he seeks to do justice to their pious ministrations to their wounded soldiers, to their domestic labors, to their fortitude, to their affectionate remembrance, to their lofty patriotism.

Children of luxury as they had been, the women of the South met the storm with dauntless fortitude and plucked from the "ugly and venomous toad's head of adversity" the precious jewel that lies incased therein.

"O woman! in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light, quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou."

The women of the South were angels ministering to the anguish of the wounded soldier. They stifled the sighs of the sick; they smoothed the pillow of the dying.

After four years of struggle, the hour of Appomattox arrived. The land of the South was in ruins! No "evergreen smiled in the midst of the blast and desolation" that prevailed. "They made it a solitude and mocked it with the appellation of peace!"

The poet-priest of the South, Father Ryan, referring to the banner which symbolized its fate, thus portrayed the condition of the South in elegiac verse:

"Furl that banner, softly, slowly!
Treat it gently—it is holy,
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not—unfold it never;
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are fled."

And thus it seemed! Not so, however! Across the pallid brow of the South was written the word "Resurgam" ("I shall rise again"). The prophecy has been fulfilled. In spite of "destruction and reconstruction" the people of the South are to-day in the vanguard of civilization. The arts of peace succeed the arts of war, and fair fortune smiles upon the hills and the vales and the fields and the mountains of the South! And if this be true of the South generally, it is especially and emphatically true of the State of Texas. To the bravery of the Texas and Louisiana troops in the battle of Mansfield and of the forty immortal Irishmen at Sabine Pass is due the fact that during those years the touch of a hostile foot never tainted the soil of Texas! Hence Texas was more fortunate than her sister States. Hence, too, the brawn and the brain of the sturdy citizenship of those sister States sought refuge here and contributed to the upbuilding of this mighty commonwealth.

"Imperial Texas, thy past is starred with the splendor of great deeds done!
Thy present is fraught with the plenty of a magnificent prosperity!
Thy future what 'mystical lore,' what human ken may foretell?"

HUMOR AND PATHOS IN THE ARMY.

BY H. H. STURGIS, SANFORD, FLA.

After the Spottsylvania battle, early in the morning (I had been on picket duty during the night) I made a scout in front to ascertain what the Yanks were doing, and had gone near their rifle pits just as one of them rose up and stretched himself. He dropped down immediately, when I made for the rear. Looking back just in time to see two aim at me, I fell and heard the Minies whistle overhead. I reached our lines and jumped over where Lieutenant Colonel Campbell, of the 47th Alabama, lay dead. He was shot through the head. I was informed that three others had been killed only a few minutes before.

Major Carey ordered me to find the sharpshooter who was doing such harm. This I finally did. He was in the top of a pine tree three-quarters of a mile away. I fired three times at the top of the tree, he replying as many times, the last shot knocking the bark into my face, striking only an inch below the top of the log. I went to a battery on our right (Reiley's, I think) and got the captain to shoot off the top of the tree, and had the satisfaction of seeing him tumble fully sixty feet to the ground.

Many anecdotes of the guying of our officers by the men might be related. One illustration I give: Col. Michael J. Bulger, of the 47th Alabama Regiment, being field officer of the day, was making the round in full regimentals when Private Wiley Brown threw a hard ball of snow, striking the Colonel squarely on the head. The Colonel went at Brown and wallowed him in the snow. That night from all parts of the brigade (Law's) was heard, "Who wallowed Wiley Brown?" and hundreds would answer, "Bulger;" and all over camp came the refrain: "Lie down, Wiley Brown, Bulger is coming!" This was kept up for some time. Finally on a march General Law issued orders to the brigade not to let Colonel Bulger catch them hallooing it any more. Colonel Bulger could not catch one, though the whole brigade joined in the gibe whenever Colonel Bulger made his appearance until he was captured at Suffolk. After his return to the army, we gave him one more. I was standing next to Wiley Brown when Colonel Bulger came by at the head of his regiment, when I put my hand on Brown's head as the Colonel rode past and said: "Lie down, Wiley Brown, Bulger is coming!" When Colonel Bulger took off his hat, made a profound bow, and, saluting, said, "Good morning, 44th," "Three cheers for Colonel Bulger!" was given with a will.

Our camp prayer meetings were memorable. Every regiment had true soldiers of Jesus Christ who were not ashamed to acknowledge him as the Captain of their salvation. Even after the tedious march of the day some of the boys would seek a quiet place and begin a song, when others would gather and then were held our nightly prayer meetings. The last we held was after Lee's surrender, the night before we broke camp to return to our loved ones at home. The influence of those meetings can never be lost. Many packs of cards were burned by our boys, not waiting till the eve of battle to throw them away, which was ever an indication of a battle. It will be recalled that always along the line of march just before a battle the road would be strewn with cards. Why did the boys do this if there is no harm in cards? No one wanted to be shot with cards in his pocket. Many comforting associations cluster around the camp prayer meetings when officers and men would bow to the only One to whom they could look in time of danger. The sweet influences of mothers, sisters, wives, and children with aged fathers at home were felt by the soldiers in the front.

When I returned home after the sad day at Appomattox, my first thought after hearing of the safety of my two brothers, one being a prisoner, was as to who of the neighbor soldiers were safe. Not one was missing. Every one able to bear arms had been in the service, and all were safe at home. Why? There is only one solution. During the entire war a prayer meeting was kept up for special prayer for those in the front. Mother told me that no night was too stormy to prevent their meeting at the church to pray God's protecting care over the boys.

A comrade once said to me: "You are the most reckless fool in the camp, and yet you always come out safe. I would give anything if I had such an assurance of my life. Why is it?" I replied that my father, mother, and sisters were praying for me all the time.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF VETERANS.

Henry W. Smiley, Kankakee, Ill., writes: "Referring to our departed comrade, Spencer Eakin, on the skirmish line at Jackson, I recall that I was a volunteer on that line from Company E, 41st Tennessee. The detail was made up by Lieut. Walter S. Bearden, of Company C, now Judge Bearden, of Shelbyville. The man whose time it was to go on hesitated, and I took his place and went with Spencer Eakin into that death trap. Serving the delinquent's time and my own twenty-four hours which followed left me on duty forty-eight hours, as the man whose time I had taken showed no willingness to relieve me of mine. I was in every engagement of the dear old 41st up to August, 1864, and was captured before Atlanta on the skirmish line and taken to Camp Chase, where I remained a prisoner until the war ended. The skirmish line at Jackson was the most trying place I was in during the entire war, for personal danger became a trifle compared with the pain of seeing our brave boys fall around me. I would like to know how many of the survivors of that line are alive to-day."

D. C. Grayson, Washington, D. C., writes:

"After reading dear Comrade Hempstead's article in the February number concerning the treatment of six hundred Confederate officers placed on Morris Island by the Federal government, I am impelled to furnish the VETERAN with extracts from my diary written at that time. A few will suffice:

"'October 12, 1864, Morris Island. Our rations are worse now than at any time since we were placed here, and all are suffering more from hunger. A half pint of mush, half pint of beans, half pint of rice, and a small piece of meat are our daily allowance. The mush is in such a wormy condition that we will not eat it unless forced to do so by excessive hunger.

"'January 1, 1865, Fort Pulaski, Ga. Our rations beginning to-day consist of ten ounces of corn meal, fourth of loaf of bread, with pickles. The meal is spoiled and wormy, and pickles most inferior; but I hope it will sustain life and give the Confederate officers strength to maintain their independence. God forbid that it should last long!'

"No body of men ever had their loyalty more severely tested. With confinement and hunger daily ravaging their ranks and the thunder of Sherman's guns at Savannah roaring in their ears, all remained loyal to the final surrender. When we embarked in August, 1864, for Morris Island, we were six hundred able-bodied men; but history knows the story of reduced numbers and physical weakness when we returned to Fort Delaware, in March, 1865."

LIEUT. COL. HENRY D. CAPERS, C. S. A.

BY VALNEY W. BROWN (CO. D, 64TH GA. REGT.), ATLANTA, GA.

There is no living person whose life's history was more closely identified with that of the Confederate States in its civil and military than Lieut. Col. Henry D. Capers. From the organization of the Confederate government, at Montgomery, Ala., to the bitter ending, at Appomattox and Bentonville, Henry D. Capers was a devoted and active patriot.

Resolutions of the officers of the Confederate Treasury taken from the records of the department evidently justify me in placing him first in the list of those whose labors brought to rapid organization the Confederate government. The testimonial of Mr. Memminger, Secretary of the Confederate States Treasury Department, strengthens the claim.

"Records of Confederate States Treasury Department" (Volume I., page 406), dated Richmond, Va., Feb. 24, 1862, say:

"At a meeting of the officers and clerks of the Treasury Department of the Confederate States of America, held in the office of the first auditor to express their sense upon the resignation of Henry D. Capers, chief clerk and disbursing officer of the said department, Hon. Robert Tyler, of Virginia, was called to preside and Silas W. Hamilton, of Maryland, requested to act as secretary.

"Mr. Tyler stated the object of the meeting to be for the expression in some substantial manner of the esteem in which the late chief clerk had been held as a faithful public officer and courteous Southern gentleman.

"Mr. Hamilton stated to the meeting that as the representative of the officers of the Treasury Department he had purchased a dress sword and had caused a suitable inscription to be placed upon it, and, handing the sword to the chairman, moved that he present the same to Mr. Capers as a testimonial of our regard for him as an officer and friend.

"Mr. Tyler, in an eloquent speech, discharged the duty thus imposed. He stated that during his entire term of administration, which commenced with the inauguration of the Confederate government, Mr. Capers had by his courteous demeanor and firm adherence to principles of equity won the respect and esteem of all who had been brought in contact with him. He extolled the patriotic motive that prompted Mr. Capers to voluntarily lay aside the security of an honorable position in the civil service and accept the hazard of the battlefield.

"Mr. Capers accepted the sword in a graceful address of thanks, in which he feelingly alluded to the happy relations existing between the officers of the department and himself.

"He entered the army of the Confederate not from motives of ambition, but from a conviction of duty. The time had come when every honorable influence should be exercised to recruit the armies of our struggling country. He would rather suffer martyrdom in this cause than secure exemption from peril at the outrage of his conscience.

"At the conclusion of this address the following resolutions were read by Mr. Robertson, of Mississippi, and unanimously adopted:

"'*Resolved,* That in the resignation of Henry D. Capers, chief clerk and disbursing officer of the Confederate States Treasury Department, the civil service has lost a most efficient and trustworthy officer.

"'*Resolved,* That in parting with Mr. Capers we extend to him the assurances of our highest esteem and earnestly express the wish that his life may be spared for future usefulness.

"'*Resolved,* That the proceedings of this meeting be published in the newspapers of Richmond, that they be entered upon the records of the Treasury Department, and that an engrossed copy be furnished Mr. Capers.'

"Upon the adoption of these resolutions letters were read from the Secretary of the Treasury and from President Davis."

The proceedings were signed by Robert Tyler, President, and Silas W. Hamilton, Secretary.

TRIBUTE FROM SECRETARY MEMMINGER.

Mr. Memminger wrote from Richmond, Va., February 22, 1864, to Mr. Henry D. Capers, chief clerk: "I am in receipt of your resignation as chief clerk and disbursing officer, an office you have filled from the initial day of the Confederate government. In season and out of season the faithful manner in which you have discharged the laborious and responsible duties incumbent upon you have not escaped my notice, and have greatly aided me. While I and the government lose the services of an efficient officer, I cannot but commend the spirit which prompts you to enter the army of our struggling country. My well-wishes go with you."

Mr. Memminger wrote to Colonel Capers from Charleston, S. C., October 3, 1886, thanking him for the pamphlets containing his graphic details of the organization of the Confederate government and its small beginnings, and added: "If you were to receive that consideration to which you are entitled for your faithful services in those days, none of your earthly wants would be unsupplied."

The military career of Colonel Capers is well known to his living comrades. Leaving the security of a high office in the civil service, he was appointed by President Davis a captain in the regular army of the Confederacy, and in March, 1862, was assigned to the staff of General Magruder, then at Yorktown, Va. At the request of General Magruder, Captain



COL. H. D. CAPERS AND A GRANDDAUGHTER.

Capers was promoted to the rank of major by the Secretary of War and ordered to organize a battalion of light artillery for service on the Peninsula of Virginia. This battalion he organized at Augusta, Ga., from four companies of the 1st Georgia Regiment of Infantry, whose term of enlistment had expired as twelve months' troops—the first enlistment called for by the Confederate government. No command in the Confederate armies was more distinguished for its gallant, soldierly bearing on the march, in the camp, or on the field of battle than this, the 12th Georgia Battalion of Artillery.

In the Western Army, under the immediate command of Gen. E. Kirby Smith, at Charleston, S. C., in the defense of Forts Sumter and Wagner, later in the ever-memorable campaign of General Lee in 1864, and to the end at Appomattox the 12th Georgia Battalion was noted for all that made the Confederate soldier the pride of Southern men and women.

In October, 1862, Major Capers, on the recommendation of Gen. Kirby Smith and approved by General Bragg, was promoted to the rank of lieutenant colonel of artillery for "gallant and meritorious service."

In the battle of Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 2, 1864, Colonel Capers was severely wounded. Incapacitated for field service, he was assigned to duty by the Secretary of War with Gen. J. A. Gorgas in the ordnance department and placed in charge of the bureau of field artillery. He held this official position until the end of the war.

Returning to his home, in Georgia, Colonel Capers has devoted his remarkable energies in the most unselfish manner to advance the best interest of his people. With the last farewell order of General Lee to his immortal veterans as his guide, the Colonel has been untiring in his efforts to restore the peace and prosperity of his loved Southland. Well advanced in age, he is still in the vigor of manly strength. No one is better known and none more beloved by those who know him best. As an author his "Life and Times of C. G. Memminger, Secretary of the Confederate Treasury," is regarded as a standard work of reference, and has been so reported on by the American Historical Society.

It is really delightful to converse with this accomplished gentleman. He lives in Atlanta, and is actively engaged in the practice of law.

Since the death of Mr. Davis and Mr. Memminger Colonel Capers by date of commission is the oldest Confederate official living.

CAPTORS OF GENS. CROOK AND KELLEY, U. S. A.

BY J. B. FAY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Having spent several years in the self-imposed task of securing the names of all those who participated in the capture of Major Generals Crook and Kelley at Cumberland, Md., February 21, 1865, and the list being now complete, I take pleasure in laying it before the readers of the VETERAN, who may be interested therein.

An account of the affair by Lieutenant McNeill appeared in the September (1906) VETERAN, and made a very interesting narrative of what is now an almost forgotten episode of the war. It is to be regretted, however, that there were a few inaccuracies of statement, almost unavoidable after the lapse of so many years when the record is made from memory alone.

My perusal of this last discloses the rem rkable fact that of the sixty-six men, including Lieutenant McNeill, who rode through two lines of pickets into the city of Cumberland, then occupied by nearly eight thousand troops, and rode out with two major generals and one adjutant general on that memorable night, just forty-three years ago, there are to-day more than forty survivors.

This list has been established and verified by evidence of the most conclusive character; and while it is possible that one or two names (not more) are omitted that should appear and a corresponding number are on the list that should not be there, I do not think that at this late day a more accurate roll can be made.

The full list, including last known address of each soldier in McNeill's Partisan Rangers (forty-eight in all), is as follows:

Lieutenants: Jesse C. McNeill, Seymour, Ill., and Isaac S. Welton, Petersburg, W. Va.

Sergeants: Harrison Taylor; Joseph L. Vandiver, Millwood, Va.; Charles James Dailey, Oakland, Md.; Isaac S. Judy, Laneville, W. Va.; David E. Hopkins, Goldthwaite, Tex.; John H. Cunningham, San Jose, Ill.

Acker, John, Edom, Va.

Barnum, Joseph V., St. Louis, Mo.; Bean, Frederick W., Romney, W. Va.

Carrell, George; Cowgar, David; Crawford, James W., Cumberland, Md.; Chisholm, W. W., Silver City, N. Mex.

Daugherty, Samuel, Yoakum, Tex.; Duffey, Jefferson W., Harrisonburg, Va.

Fay, John B., 1408 11th Street N. W., Washington, D. C.

Haller, C. Ritchie, Kansas City, Mo.; Harness, George S., Petersburg, W. Va.; Harvey, John L., Gorman, Md.; Hoye, William D., Deer Park, Md.; Judy, David, Mansfield, Ark.

Little, George, Seymoursville, W. Va.; Lobb, Robert G., Washington, Pa.; Long, John R., Louisville, Ky.; Lynn, Sprigg S., Louisiana.

Mason, James W., Oakland, Md.; Maloney, William H., Romney, W. Va.; Markwood, J. W., Burlington, W. Va.; Maginnis, James, Brushy Run, W. Va.; Michael, Isaac.

Nichols, Charles W., Oakland, Md.; Oats, Isaac E., Elk Garden, W. Va.; Pool, William H., Blaine, W. Va.

Richards, B. Frank; Rhodes, Oliver L., Baltimore, Md.

Stewart, Frederick A., Baltimore, Md.; Spalding, B. William, White Plains, Md.; Shafer, Samuel H., Laneville, W. Va.; Seymour, Henry, Petersburg, W. Va.; Stickley, J. Snyder, Magnolia, W. Va.

Tabb, Harlan P., Opequon, Va.; Tucker, Samuel T., Pittsburg, Pa.; Trueheart, Henry M., Galveston, Tex.

Vandiver, George V., Higginsville, Mo.

Watkins, Charles E., Moorefield, W. Va.; Wotring, Benjamin F., Bayard, W. Va.

Of Company F, 7th Virginia Cavalry (eight in number): Arnold, John S., Ridgeville, W. Va.; Allen, Hiram R., Otterville, Mo.; Cunningham, George F., Oldtown, Md.; Davis, Leslie; Everett, George W., Purgitsville, W. Va.; Gassman, Jacob, Lexington, Va.; Johnson, George Harness, Romney, W. Va.; Kuykendall, Joseph W., Petersburg, W. Va.

Of Company G, 7th Virginia Cavalry: Merryman, Richard S., Baltimore, Md.

Of Company D, 11th Virginia Cavalry (six men): Daily, John, Piedmont, W. Va.; Pancake, Joseph A., Staunton, Va.; Parsons, John David, Shaw, Kans.; Poland, John W., Romney, W. Va.; Sherrard, Joseph L., Crozet, Va.; Taylor, John, Romney, W. Va.

Bruce, Maynadier T., Dallas, Tex.; Carlisle, Alex; Wilburn.

[The author in a subsequent report gives the names of twenty-four of the list, including the three sergeants in the list, that are known to have died.—EDITOR VETERAN.]

WITHOUT CASUS BELLI.

BY MISS MARY H. STEPHENSON, PETERSBURG, ILL.

The old poem says: "For men must fight and women must weep." And so I read the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and weep. My heart grows sad and my eyes fill with tears as I read of those dreadful times of suffering so vividly described in its pages. And my heart goes out to them. These, too, are my heroes. And one hand stretches to them and one to those who wore the blue (among whom was my father), and I cannot bear the thought that we shall not effect a complete reconciliation.

The North and the South have no real *casus belli* any more. Of old, the North stood against slavery and for an indissoluble Union between the States. The fight the government made seems to have firmly established the principle that the Union is to all practicable intents and purposes indissoluble, and it also was the means of abolishing slavery. And the South seems to cheerfully acquiesce in both of these results at the present day. As one dear old Confederate veteran from Virginia writes me: "God has ordained that we should be one united people. I can begin to see the hand of God as it quietly works out his plans." The North, then, has no reasonable excuse or grounds for keeping up sectional feeling against the South. This is a government of the people, for the people, and by the people. At least, it was so designed by the fathers. And the people in each section of the country should be on an equality with each other. The North has no more right to dictate to the South in regard to its internal affairs than the South has to the North. The South is not on a reconstruction basis, but is a legitimate, integral part of our united commonwealth.

The South, on its part, in our great national struggle stood for the principle of State rights, and, by reason of the magnificent fight she made, so emphasized that fundamental principle of our government that the national government has been cautious about attempting to infringe the rights reserved to the States. This was a very valuable contribution to our national welfare. The Constitution of the United States seems never to have been clearly understood on these two points until after the War between the States. And, so far as I have observed, the Southern contribution to the better understanding resulting from the Civil War has never been clearly acknowledged at the North. A dear old Southern lady corrected my diction in the first article I wrote for the VETERAN in one particular. She said instead of referring to the "Civil War" I should have said the "War for the Constitution." I am inclined to think the correction is just. I wrote to her, but could not clearly make out her post office. So the letter came back to me from the dead-letter office.

It is very important that there be a clear understanding on both these points of the Constitution. It would seem quite plain, even to the legally unlearned mind, that, while our national Constitution clearly indicates the supremacy of the general government, it just as clearly recognizes the autonomy of the States. In other words, our United States government is a close Federal union, practically indissoluble, but not a merger. The States are still distinct entities not only with local self-government, but with certain rights with which the general government has no right to interfere. Just at this time the clear understanding of these two points is specially important because the tendency in some quarters to develop the powers of the national government at the expense of the State governments is becoming very marked. The great size and large and varied population and the complicated machinery of commerce, also the very different internal conditions of the several States—all these things make our general government a knotty problem to solve. But if the autonomy of the States is obscured, the injury to our liberty and the freedom of our institutions would surely greatly overbalance any good which might be done by this means. Surely a free people learning to govern themselves well by means of corrected mistakes is far preferable to a government monarchical in essence if not in name, however able and orderly may be the administration.

In conclusion, I must be allowed to say that it seems hard to visit such long-continued displeasure on the South because she honestly misunderstood the degree of solidarity of our Union, since the East had similarly construed the Constitution for a long time; and, moreover, the autonomy of the States is so clearly and emphatically taught in the Constitution that it would be very easy to emphasize that at the expense of the supremacy of the national government and the solidarity of the Union, which are just as clearly taught.

PRISONERS TAKEN IN DAHLGREN'S RAID.

B. F. Foley (Company K, 6th Virginia Cavalry), Berryville, Va.: "I have seen several accounts of Colonel Dahlgren's raid near Richmond, but nothing has been said about the men who were captured when he was killed. How long were they held in close confinement before they were put on equal terms with other prisoners of war? I was a prisoner of war about the same time Colonel Dahlgren was killed, and was taken out of Old Capital at Washington and put in Old Carroll Prison, about a block from Old Capital Prison. There were sixty of us held as hostages for Dahlgren's men. I know of only one besides myself that is living. He is H. H. Ratrie, of Culpeper, Va. Through the VETERAN I should like to hear from them and others who may be yet living. We were taken from different Southern States. One of the sixty was Captain Hinnagan, of South Carolina. We were held nine weeks, with a gallows ready to hang us if Dahlgren's men were executed."



MISS ELLIOT TODHUNTER, LEXINGTON, MO.

SEVERAL IMPORTANT CONFEDERATE TOPICS.

BY MRS. CORNELIA BRANCH STONE, PRESIDENT.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: With an earnest desire to promote the speedy erection of the Arlington Confederate monument, to be placed in the Arlington National Cemetery, your President is again urging the active interest of the Divisions and the Chapters toward this end.

We owe this not only to our valiant dead now sleeping on the spot made sacred as the home of Robert E. Lee, but we owe it also to the government, which by placing these, our precious soldiers, in the National Cemetery declares that they are brothers and their valor is a national heritage. Let us, then, show our love and reverence for the memory of their service by placing there the shaft that will speak to all future generations of their sacrifice unto death for the cause which they defended and the memory of which we are pledged to protect and preserve. This work of the General Association is asked with a full realization that each Division, each Chapter is, or should be, enlisted in some special work along the lines of the purposes of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, but the erection of this monument is an imperative duty. In our organization now there are nearly twelve hundred Chapters; and if each will contribute to this fund, a substantial result may be had.

It is gratifying to note that wherever we have organizations there is great and active interest manifested in the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of our beloved chieftain, Jefferson Davis, inspiring a close study of his life and character, his service to the United States and to the Confederate States. In the schools this has been stimulated by the offer of prizes for the best essays on this subject, and this year 1908 will be made a memorable centennial of the birth of this great soldier, scholar, statesman, and Christian gentleman.

The Reunion of our dear veterans will take place in Birmingham June 9-11, and many of the Daughters will attend, with assurances of abiding love and reverence for these heroes, defenders of constitutional liberty, whose devoted service is never forgotton, and it will be a loving privilege to meet them again in general convention.

It is not necessary to call your attention to the Shiloh monument fund, for the able Chairman, Mrs. A. B. White, of Tennessee, keeps you fully apprised of the needs of this work; but your President will remind you of a duty in that connection, which is the placing of pictures of Gen. Robert E. Lee in the public and private schools. These are sold by the Shiloh Monument Committee for the benefit of that fund, thus giving you the opportunity of a double service in one.

The memory of General Lee fills the world, for he has been placed by high authority in the list of five of the world's greatest generals and commanders. We honor ourselves in honoring him, and let us place the pictures of Davis and Lee where the boys and girls of our land will learn of the nobility of character and service of these great chieftains.

The Recording Secretary General, Mrs. Dowdell, notifies you that there are still about five hundred copies of the proceedings of the Norfolk Convention in her hands, and that by sending the amount of postage for mailing, which is nine cents per copy, this valuable book may be secured. It is not necessary to say to you that this report should be read by every Daughter of the Confederacy, for it puts you in intelligent touch with what is being accomplished wherever we are organized.

Galveston, May 11, 1908.

FROM PARTICIPANT IN BATTLE OF SHILOH.

LIEUT. COL. T. H. PEEBLES'S LETTER TO HIS WIFE.

[The following letter was intended only for the recipient, but, by favor of the family to publish, it will be read by thousands with interest. It breathes of the spirit of the time.]

My Dearest: The great battle of Shiloh Church is past. Commenced on Sunday morning about seven o'clock, and we drove them for three miles in confusion. They left the woods strewn with their dead and dying. We had marched two days and slept on our arms two nights with scanty rations, and entered the fight Sunday morning without a bite to eat; but Sunday night we slept in fine tents with a profusion of blankets and cots, crackers and cheese, nuts and apples, and parched coffee by the barrel.

Sunday night the enemy got reënforcements, and with the help of their gunboats (for we were then near the river) held us at bay. Toward night we made a drawn battle, and both parties retired as if by mutual agreement. Our brigade opened the ball, and the 24th carried the left wing of the brigade. Our brigade sustained the heaviest loss in the army and the 24th the heaviest in the brigade. We had fifty-two men killed on the field (three have since died) and one hundred and sixty-six wounded. Oliver Sage, Jerry Hampton, and Henry Walker, of Captain Shannon's company, were killed and fifteen or sixteen wounded. One of the company officers, Frank Hill, was wounded. By the interposition of a kind Providence I came out with only the loss of my horse and voice. The latter I am recovering; but poor Buck, that had borne me so bravely through the day, was shot through the heart at its close. My clothes were shot in several places, but I received not a scratch. My heart is full of gratitude to the Unseen Hand that led me.



LIEUT. COL. T. H. PEEBLES.

Cease not, my love, to pray for my safety. God will still preserve me, I hope. In the midst of the conflict I took out your picture and, kissing it, gathered new inspiration.

I cannot tell you anything satisfactory as to what I shall do in the future. I doubt whether my health will allow me to continue in the service.

Don't be alarmed. I am able to attend to duty, but feeble. I entertain not the remotest doubt that we shall finally establish our government (it may be through much blood) upon a firm basis; and Tennessee is as surely ours as Mississippi; so are Kentucky and Missouri.

God and our own strong arms will bring all things right.

Forever yours, T. H. PEEBLES.

Near Corinth, April 19, 1862.

[The foregoing led to an investigation of the career of Colonel Peebles, and it will be found deeply interesting.]

Ill health compelled Colonel Peebles to retire from active

service for a while after Shiloh. After returning to service, he was captured on September 5, 1863, by "Rickman's Home Guards" near Holt's Corner, in Marshall County, Tenn., and was confined in the military prison at Nashville. An incident connected with his capture illustrates his reputation for integrity. A member of his regiment named Lum Biggers for some reason is said to have deserted the Confederate forces and joined Rickman's command. Colonel Peebles was captured at night, and had in his saddlebags some papers belonging to Gen. Pat Cleburne. He was inside the Federal lines, though not serving as a spy. Upon the demand to give up his arms, he handed over his pistols, not having his sword with him. He was then asked if he had any other arms; and when he said that he had none, some one said, "Search his saddlebags," whereupon a voice in the dark said: "No; if Colonel Peebles says he has no other arms, you shall not insult him by searching him." This was Lum Biggers.

Rev. J. W. Cullom, responding to the request of a son, T. H. Peebles, writes of Colonel Peebles as follows:

"As Chaplain of Col. T. H. Peebles's regiment, 24th Tennessee Infantry, I was very intimate with him. We ate our rations at the same camp chest and slept in the same tent—when we had one.

"Colonel Peebles, born and reared near Triune, Tenn., was one of the finest specimens of physical manhood I ever saw. His weight was generally about two hundred and forty pounds. Nearly all of his life he had been a teacher of boys. If a father had an obstreperous boy that neither he nor any other teacher could control, he sent him to Tom Peebles. The writer could tell of some rather strenuous as well as humorous conflicts that occurred, but the teacher's authority was never questioned after the first round.

"Colonel Peebles commanded the regiment in the battle of Shiloh, and had his horse killed and his clothes cut in different places; but he did not receive a scratch. He told me afterwards that when he entered the battle he so completely gave himself into the hand of God that he never for a moment had a feeling of personal danger. At our first dress parade after the battle the commander in chief issued an order, which was read at the head of the regiment, giving our battle flag to Colonel Peebles in testimony of gallantry on the field. At the time the flag, with twenty-seven bullet holes in it, was floating at our headquarters. I well remember seeing Peebles that evening tear the torn banner from the staff and take it into his tent.

"He was a prominent and consistent Church member, and among other traits he never touched intoxicating liquor. I remember while we were stationed at Bowling Green, Ky., we had been out on a raid for several days and were returning to camp. Allen Oldfield was a splendid soldier, and it was said he could find whisky as well where it wasn't as where it was. I had given up my horse to a lame soldier, and Allen and I were footing it, and were a good deal ahead of the regiment. We were approaching the little town of Horse Cave, and Allen was pulling, as it were, for dear life. Just then Colonel Peebles galloped by us and entered the village.

"'There,' said my comrade with disgust. 'I was in hopes of getting a dram, and he has gone on to close up the saloons.' But sometime afterwards the Colonel was officer of the day, and Allen was on guard near by. One of the generals called to Colonel Peebles and told him he had some of the best old peach brandy he ever put to his lips. Peebles replied that he never indulged in such things, but he had a mighty good soldier out there on guard who would enjoy such a favor; and so Allen had a good drink with the general and forgave Colonel Peebles.

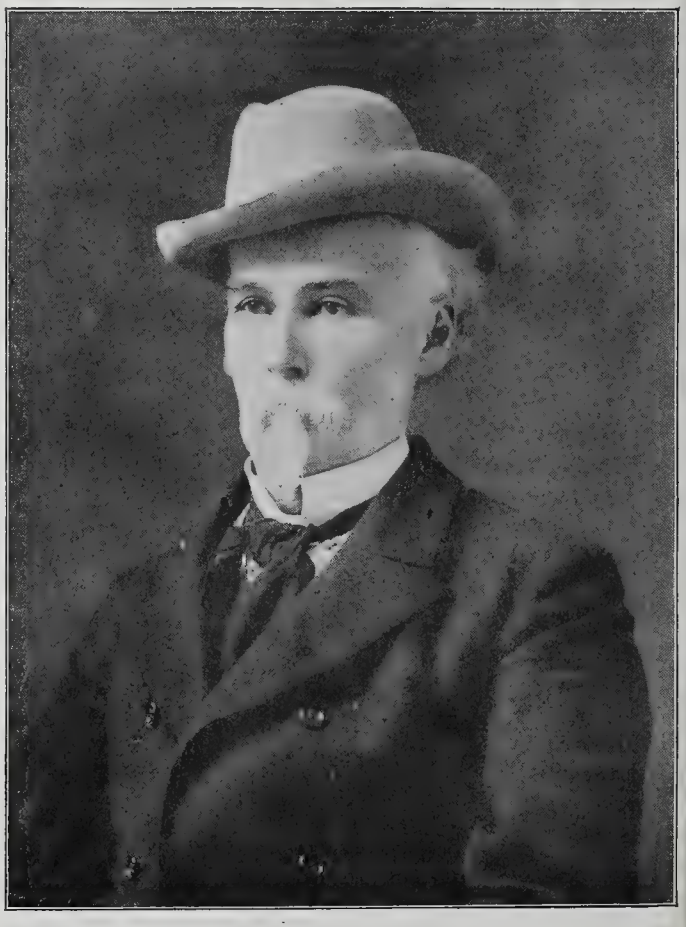
"Colonel Peebles was a great wrestler; and having thrown every man in his own command that would tackle him, he stepped out and challenged the brigade. A hefty champion picked up the gauntlet, and the boys gathered to witness the contest. To tell the truth, Peebles felt some doubt and uneasiness as to the result, and so played bluff on the fellow. He stooped down and made a cross mark in the dust, and explained that he intended to put the cross of the other fellow's gallows right into the cross in the dust, and his antagonist backed down.

"In every way Colonel Peebles was a manly man. His long experience in the schoolroom made him appear a trifle haughty to those who did not know him intimately; but his close friends and family knew that he was one of the kindest of men, and a braver man I have never known. I esteem it a great privilege that I had his unmeasured confidence and friendship."

FIRST DEMAND FOR SURRENDER TO GEN. LEE.

The death of Judge Heman H. Perry, who was major and adjutant general of Wright's Brigade in the Army of Northern Virginia and which brigade formed the rear guard of that army on April 7, brings out the first correspondence in regard to the surrender which took place at Appomattox two days later. Capt. James W. English, of Atlanta, states to the Constitution:

"The division had just crossed the river near Farmville, Va., and immediately formed line of battle about 5 P.M.



JUDGE H. H. PERRY.

Their skirmish line at once engaged the enemy and the battle was on. General Miles's Brigade of the Federal army attempted to turn the left flank of Wright's Brigade. Wright

was reënforced by Tige Anderson's Brigade, and Miles was badly punished. There was fighting at that point until about 7 P.M. When firing ceased, attention was given to the wounded and burial of the dead.

"About 10 P.M. a Federal officer called and stated that he wanted to send a communication from General Grant to General Lee. I was in command of the skirmish lines, and reported the officer's request by messenger to brigade headquarters. In response Major Perry came to me on the skirmish line. The truce was established, and we met Gen. Seth Williams, of General Grant's staff, the officer bearing the communication from General Grant to General Lee. He then handed Major Perry a letter and requested that it be delivered to General Lee immediately if possible. He then took from his pocket a silver flask and offered us a drink, stating that it was a fine article of cognac brandy. Major Perry declined with thanks, and out of respect to my superior officer I of course had to decline then. As Major Perry was leaving, by request of General Williams we met a colonel from Miles's Brigade, who delivered to Major Perry some pictures of General Mahone's family and letters from Mrs. Mahone to the General. They had captured Mahone's baggage wagon that afternoon.

"The colonel made inquiry about some officers of Miles's Brigade who were missing, and especially about a Captain Boyd, of Miles's staff. I knew where Captain Boyd was, and that he was dangerously wounded. At Major Perry's request, I had Captain Boyd delivered to the colonel and a detail of his men, who then took him within their own lines.

"After Major Perry left, I had a brief conversation with General Williams, in which he said that the note delivered from General Grant to General Lee was a demand for the surrender of Lee's army. Although I knew that we had lost a good many men and were without food, his statement rather amused me, and I suggested that Grant had better look after his flanks, as I thought General Lee was just about ready to fight. So the interview ended. In a little while we were on the move to Appomattox C. H.

"The correspondence on the subject was as follows:

"'April 7.

"'*Gen. R. E. Lee, Commander C. S. A.—Sir:* The result of last week must convince you of the utter hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regret it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate States army known as the Army of Northern Virginia.

"'Very respectfully, your obedient servant, U. S. GRANT,

"'Lieutenant General, Commanding the Armies of the United States.'

"General Lee replied as follows:

"'April 7.

"'*General:* I have received your note of this date. Though not entirely of the opinion you express of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid useless effusion of blood, and therefore, considering your proposition, ask the terms you will offer on condition of its surrender.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

"'To Lieut. Gen. U. S. Grant, Commanding Armies of the United States.'

"General Grant's reply was as follows:

"'April 8.

"'*Gen. R. E. Lee, Commanding Confederate Army—General:* Your note of yesterday, the 7th, in reply to mine asking the condition on which I will accept the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia is just received. In reply I would say that, peace being my first desire, there is but one condition that I will insist upon—viz., that the men surrendered shall be disqualified for taking up arms against the government of the United States until properly exchanged. I will meet you or designate officers to meet any officers you may name for the same purpose at any point agreeable to you for the purpose of arranging definitely the terms upon which the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia will be received. U. S. GRANT,

"'Lieutenant General, Commanding Armies of the United States.'"

JUDGE H. H. PERRY.

Judge Heman H. Perry, of Waynesboro, Ga., died March 14, 1908. An interesting sketch concludes as follows: "He participated in the most important battles of the war in the Army of Northern Virginia as orderly sergeant, as lieutenant, and as captain. He left home with the Burke Sharpshooters, Company D, the color company of the 2d Georgia Infantry, under command of Col. Paul J. Semmes. He was subsequently assigned to duty as brigade adjutant general Wright's Brigade, commanded by Gen. G. M. Sorrell, Mahone's Division, Longstreet's Corps. He was the officer sent to meet Gen. Seth Williams, of General Grant's staff, bearer of the first flag of truce looking to a surrender of General Lee's army at Appomattox."

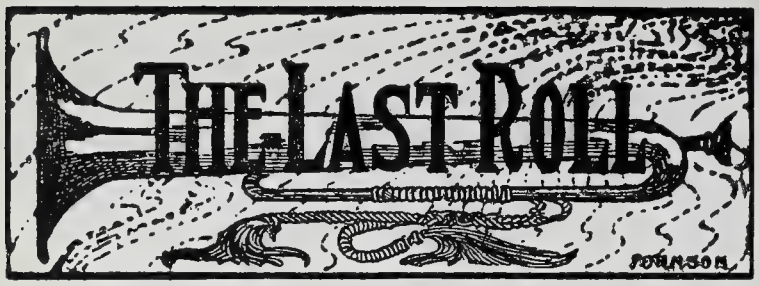
"THE SOUTH IS GOING DRY."

[This was read by Charles F. Moore at the Hotel Astor when five hundred Sons and Daughters of Dixie attended the annual dinner of the Southern Society.]

Lay the jest about the julep in the camphor balls at last,
For the miracle has happened and the olden days are past;
That which made Milwaukee famous doesn't foam in Tennessee,
And the lid in Alabama is as tight locked as can be.
And the comic paper Colonel and his cronies well may sigh,
For the mint is waving gayly
And the South is going dry.

By the stillside on the hillside in Kentucky all is still,
And the only damp refreshment must be dipped up from the rill.
North Car'lina's stately Governor gives his soda glass a shove,
And discusses local option with the South Car'lina Gov.
It is useless at the fountain to be winkful of the eye,
For the cocktail glass is dusty
And the South is going dry.

It is water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink.
We no longer hear the music of the mellow crystal clink
When the Colonel and the General and the Major and the Judge
Meet to have a little nip to give the appetite an edge;
For the eggnog it is nogless and the rye has gone awry,
The punch bowl holds carnations,
And the South is going dry.



"The cross Electa clasped to breast,
We all must one day wear;
Death calls, and lo! in every home
Shall stand one vacant chair.
God grant us grace to wear that cross
With sweetened, chastened wills
Until we meet our loved, not 'lost,'
Upon the heavenly hills."

Capt. M. J. Billmyer.

In the death of Capt. Milton J. Billmyer, which occurred recently at his home, near Shepherdstown, W. Va., a gallant Confederate veteran has passed away. At the beginning of the Civil War he enlisted in Company F, 1st Virginia Cavalry, and was elected a lieutenant. When the late Col. William A. Morgan was promoted to colonel of the regiment, Captain Billmyer was elected to fill his place, and he gallantly commanded the company until the surrender at Appomattox, being among the very last who drew saber during the closing days of the great struggle. Captain Billmyer was a brave and daring soldier, and was ever in the front when fighting was going on. He was shot at the battle of Hawes's Mill, but was in the saddle again before the wound was fairly healed. Straight as an arrow, of soldierly bearing and courageous temperament, he was a splendid type of the Southern soldier. After the war he came back to the farm, where he enjoyed the respect of all who knew him until he passed away, in the seventy-third year of his age. He wrote many valuable and interesting contributions to the local papers of incidents and events connected with the war, and maintained a lively interest in the cause as long as he lived. In his death the community lost a good citizen and his fellows an honored comrade.

Col. John R. Graves.

Death, the common enemy, has again invaded our camp, and another loved comrade has fallen, another Confederate tried and true has gone to his reward, has gone to join his fellow-soldiers in the camp beyond the river, leaving in the care and keeping of his friends and comrades a soldier's record that has no stain upon it.

In early colonial days the ancestors of Colonel Graves came from England and settled in Virginia. His great-grandfather was a soldier in the war for American independence, and was present when the British army surrendered to Washington at Yorktown. In 1786 Col. J. R. Graves's grandfather crossed the mountains and settled on a large tract of land within the present limits of Fayette County, Ky. Here John Robinson Graves was born in the year 1832. His boyhood days were spent on his father's farm. When of proper age, he was sent to a military school at Georgetown, Ky., and later he attended Transylvania University, from which he was graduated in 1853.

The beginning of the Civil War found him a resident of Lexington, Mo. He early enlisted in the Confederate service under Gen. Sterling Price, and was given command of a regiment of infantry, his military education aiding him very materially in securing the position. He was a brave soldier and an excellent officer, and for more than a year prior to his capture, in 1864, he commanded a brigade of gallant Missourians. He was wounded—shot through the right arm—and captured some months before the war closed, remaining a prisoner till all was over.

In 1865 he returned to Lexington, Ky., and very soon after accepted the place of principal in one of her city schools. This and similar positions he held till pneumonia succeeding an attack of grip ended his earthly career March 17, 1908. Ever since its establishment, five years ago, he had been principal of Lexington High School, one of the very best institutions of its kind to be found anywhere; and to him and his corps of excellent teachers much credit is due for the superiority of this school.

In our beautiful cemetery, tenderly, lovingly laid away by comrades and friends, Col. John R. Graves, the soldier-teacher, rests in his lonely home to-night—sleeps under a covering of lovely flowers, the offerings of fellow-soldiers, of associate teachers, of pupils, and of others—while not far away, bowed down with grief, is the loving wife with whom he shared life's joys and woes for half a century, and in many parts of the city are gray-haired men and women whose hearts are made sad because of the death of him who had once been their teacher.

[The foregoing is from Milford Overley, of Lexington, Ky.]



SAMPSON BARBEE.

Comrade Sampson Barbee, who died at his home, in Wagoner, Okla., was a native of Tennessee, but was reared in Yalobusha County, Miss. He enlisted in Company I, 15th Mississippi Regiment, with which he served until after the battle of Fishing Creek; he then returned home and raised a company of cavalry, which he commanded. He was captured

at Selma, Ala., and paroled at Macon, Ga. He removed to the Indian Territory in 1902, and assisted in organizing Camp W. L. Cabell at Wagoner, of which he had been made Commander a short while before his death.

R. B. Morris.

Comrade R. B. Morris passed away on June 28, 1907, in the Richmond (Va.) Hospital. He enlisted in the first company to leave Fluvanna County, Va., on May 10, 1861—Company C, 14th Virginia Regiment, Pickett's Division, that scaled the heights of Gettysburg.

He was a member of the Baptist Church, and died with Christian resignation, leaving a wife and eight children; also three brothers and one sister, all in Virginia, except Thomas A. Morris, now of Batavia, Ark.

Eight Members of a Georgia Camp.

During the past two years eight members of Coweta Camp, No. 1161, U. C. V., Newnan, Ga., have passed to the great beyond: Judge H. W. Camp, Company B, 1st Georgia Cavalry; Maj. W. J. Ransom, Company D, Phillips's Legion; R. T. Carpenter, Company C, 34th Georgia; Maj. W. W. Thomas, Company F, Phillips's Legion; J. M. Coggin, 10th North Carolina Battalion; C. B. Brown, Company B, 7th Georgia Regiment; Capt. T. W. Powel, Company —, 19th Tennessee Regiment; W. F. Summers, Company D, Phillips's Legion. Suitable resolutions were recently offered by the Camp to the memory of these gallant soldiers.

Samuel E. Hays.

Camp Ben McCulloch, 563, U. C. V., Brady, Tex., announces the death on March 21, 1908, of Comrade Samuel E. Hays, aged seventy-two. Comrade Hays was born at Emmitsburg, Md., in 1836, and in the fall of 1861 enlisted at Fayetteville, Ark., in Captain Carnahan's company (G), 16th Arkansas Infantry, Maury's Brigade, McCulloch's Division. He was in the battle of Elk Horn, and rose to the rank of captain and adjutant of his regiment. He was in the surrender at Port Hudson, and was a prisoner at Johnson's Island. Among his last words he expressed tender love for the old Confederate soldiers.

Walter G. Paschall.

Atlanta Camp, 159, U. C. V., announces the death on February 12, 1908, of one of its most worthy and gallant members, Comrade Walter G. Paschall.

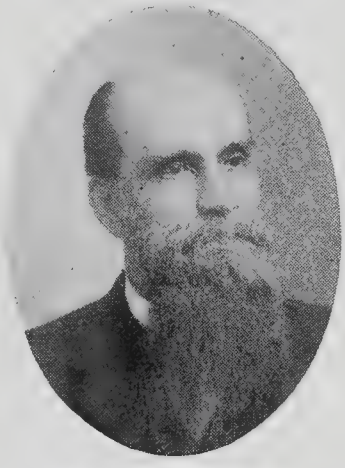
R. G. Embry.

R. G. Embry was born in Walker County, Ala., in 1847. In young manhood's impulsiveness he mounted his sturdy farm horse and became a member of Wheeler's Cavalry, and was in the struggle during the last eighteen months, passing in that short time from the dauntless, fearless lad to a bearded man who, with many other foot-sore, tired comrades, wended their way to desolated homes. Of late years he had been a resident of Paris, Tex., where he was an active member of A. S. Johnston Camp, U. C. V., until the passing into the better land.

[The daughter of this comrade, Mrs. May Embry Lever, of Paris, asks that any member of Shepherd's Battalion write to her, and especially any who remember the soldier lad who on a cold, stormy night, while a division of the enemy was camped near a church (she thinks it was somewhere in the mountains of Alabama), with some other comrades, was confined by the side of a church, and pushed his way daringly out from the ranks of the enemy at the shoulder of a young Union lieutenant and made good his escape to his own lines again. She wishes to learn the names of his comrades there confined as well as of the young lieutenant who so easily allowed the boy to escape while thinking it was one of his own men.]

Col. I. E. Shumate.

In the death of Col. I. E. Shumate, of Dalton, Ga., the South lost one of its loyal Christian gentlemen, able lawyers, and truest workers in many things pertaining to Confederate interests. Though never in active service, the quality of Colonel Shumate's loyalty and sympathy became evident when the Joseph E. Johnston Camp, U. C. V., of Dalton, met and adopted resolutions. Embodied in these beautiful resolutions is the assurance of his ability, fidelity, eloquence, and untiring energy in all things pertaining to the good of the private citizen and the betterment of the public weal.



COL. I. E. SHUMATE.

Colonel Shumate was a highly valued clerk and assistant in the subsistence department of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army, and in later years he was always a brilliant advocate at the bar and occupied many responsible positions both in public and private life. He was attorney for the old E. T., V. & G. Railroad; and when this road was bought by the Southern, his services were retained by the officials of the Southern.

Senator Stephen R. Mallory.

The death of Stephen R. Mallory at Pensacola, Fla., was a threefold calamity, bringing as it did a loss to his State, to the Senate, and to hundreds North and South whose esteem, love, and respect he had won through long years of service. He was born in 1848; and, entering the Confederate army as a private at fifteen, won recognition for his courage and fidelity. After the war he entered Georgetown College, and for a time was a teacher there. Subsequently he studied law and engaged in its practice in New Orleans until 1876, when he returned to Pensacola and pursued his profession. After having served one term in the Legislature and two in the Senate, he was elected to the Fifty-Second and Fifty-Third Congresses. He was then elected to the United States Senate, the term beginning March 4, 1897, and reëlected in 1903. His term of service would have expired March 3, 1909. He was a man of strong intellectual force and magnetic personality, which made him an influential member of the Senate in practical legislation, while he enjoyed to a high degree the esteem and friendship of his associates in that body.

Dr. Joseph Daniel Pope.

Dr. Joseph D. Pope, aged eighty-eight years, Dean of the Law School of the University of South Carolina, which he founded, and one of the three surviving signers of the ordinance of secession, died at Columbia, S. C., March 21, 1908. During the war he was chief of the revenue department and superintendent of the currency under the Confederate government. He was a writer, lecturer, and foremost among South Carolina's citizens for many years.

Capt. J. C. Hodges.

[The following is from a memorial adopted by Camp J. W. Fulkerson, No. 1340, at Tazewell, Tenn., May 5, 1908.]

Capt. James Calloway Hodges was born on a farm in Claiborne, Tenn., May 1, 1837; and passed to the other life from his home, in Morristown, Tenn., on March 22, 1908. He was reared in the vicinity where he was born, amid the rural surroundings incident to country life. He attended the common schools in the neighborhood and the college in Tazewell, having among his teachers and associates such men as John M. Southern, James D. Thomas, and James G. Rose, all of whom rose to distinction. He taught school for a number of years in different sections of Claiborne and Hancock Counties, and shortly before the Civil War he took up his residence in Morristown as a clerk in the store of Mr. Morris, for whom the city was named (a large merchant for that place), and while clerking in the store he read law.

On the breaking out of the War between the States, before the State of Tennessee had passed the ordinance of secession, Captain Hodges joined as a private the 19th Regiment of Confederate Volunteers, commanded by Colonel Cummings, and immediately went into active military service. Soon thereafter he was made first lieutenant, and at or about the time of the battle of Shiloh was made captain of his company. In the retreat after the death of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston (in the battle of Shiloh) Captain Hodges was seriously wounded, and he carried the bullet until his death. During the time that he was disabled he visited his home, in Morristown, and on September 18, 1862, he married Miss M. A. Witt, of a prominent family of that community, who survives him.

As soon as Captain Hodges recovered from this wound he returned to the military service as a captain in the 60th Tennessee Regiment. He was captured at Big Black River just before the siege of Vicksburg, and was taken to Johnson's Island, on Lake Erie, where he was confined as a prisoner of war until in February, 1865, when he was exchanged and returned to the army and served under General Vaughn until after the surrender at Appomattox.

Returning to his home at Morristown, he resumed the duties of a private citizen. He was soon prominent and active in the practice of the law, having a large and lucrative practice in Hamblen and adjoining counties, including Claiborne, his native county. He was for a time a law partner of Judge James G. Rose, and in November, 1874, he was elected to the State Senate from the district composed of the counties of Claiborne, Hamblen, Hancock, Hawkins, and Sullivan, and served in the session of the Legislature of 1875 with marked ability. After his term as a member of the Legislature ended, he resumed his law practice, and later became Recorder of the city of Morristown, which position he held at the time of his death.

In his early manhood he attached himself to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and during all of his long life he was a prominent, devoted, and consistent member of that organization, and died as he had lived, a Christian gentleman.

Captain Hodges had not striven to attain great endowments of wealth nor to scale the ramparts of selfish ambition. His had been the more humble career of conscientious service in the routine of a consecrated home, the rôle of good citizenship in the community where he lived, and of active interest in behalf of the adjustment of the laws of the State where he lived, so that they might not lead the weak and weary into temptation. * * *

It was resolved by the Camp: "That Captain Hodges was a good man, an affectionate husband and father, an exemplary citizen, and a Christian gentleman; and as a member of the legal profession he was ever courteous, kind, industrious, honorable, and high-minded. He was in every way worthy of the profession that he honored by his professional conduct. Also that we tender to his bereaved widow and family our earnest and sincere sympathy."

John Mortimer Kilgour.

John Mortimer Kilgour, who died near Round Hill, Va., April 4, 1905, was the son of an eminent Maryland judge, Charles Jordan Kilgour, and Louisa MacIlhaney. His mother died in his infancy; and his father departing this life a few years afterwards, his education was left to his faithful guardians at Rockville. He studied law at Harvard University.

From his youth he exhibited those talents which marked him throughout a long career as an orator of unusual ability. While still very young he was elected to the Reform Convention to make a new Constitution for the State of Maryland. A few years later he removed to Frederick City, and was engaged in the practice of his profession during the years preceding the Civil War. His sentiments were with the South, and all the gifts of his brilliant intellect were devoted to her service. His eloquence was exerted and its influence felt in arousing the enthusiasm and sending to the front those thousands of brave young Marylanders who gave their service to the Confederacy.

John Kilgour was enrolled among the defenders of his beloved Southland with the commission of major and served under Col. Elijah B. White, commanding the 35th Battalion of Virginia Volunteers. The historian of that noted command refers to his never-failing effort to arouse the boys, and those who survive him and who were with him then tenderly revere the memory of their comradeship with him.

An instance of his extraordinary power as an orator is related in connection with his service during the war. A Virginia division had been selected to make a desperate attack upon the enemy, and Major Kilgour was asked to address them. Under the influence of his eloquence they moved forward, but attained their object with fearful loss. After the fight an old mountaineer exclaimed: "If they have that Kilgour speaking to us when we go into another fight, there'll not be a man of us left."

He did not return to Maryland after the war, but spent the remainder of his days in Virginia, the home of his maternal ancestors. As his voice had thrilled men to deeds of heroism, he continued in the period that followed the war to cry: "Courage! we have not yet ended our fight."

Through such spirits the South was able to rise triumphant out of the gloom and depression that settled over desolated homes and hearts after the conflict of four years had ended.

Major Kilgour lived to the advanced age of eighty-nine years, and held the affection and respect of his people to the last. When his friends looked upon his earthly form for the last time, it was enveloped in the Confederate flag.

Capt. J. F. Wright.

Joseph Fulton Wright died at his home, in Chattanooga, on March 4, 1908, after a long illness. Captain Wright was born in Bedford County, Va., January 8, 1833. In 1868 he was married to Miss Fannie Wells, of that place, to which union six children were born. Only two daughters survive, Mrs. John C. Twinam and Miss Frances Wright. The death

of his wife, on April 11, 1906, was a shock from which Captain Wright never recovered, and his health had steadily failed to the end. Captain Wright served with distinction throughout the four years of the Civil War as captain in a Virginia regiment, and at the close of the war settled in Knoxville, Tenn. In 1871 he went to Chattanooga and established the first brickyard ever in the city.

Captain Wright was a gentleman of the old school, with the courtly manner and genial personality that characterize the Virginian. His uprightness of character and splendid qualities won for him the love and respect of a large circle of friends. He had been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, from boyhood. He was also a member of N. B. Forrest Camp and a prominent Mason.

Lieut. John B. Leonard.

At his home, in Alexander City, Ala., March 19, 1908, in his seventy-sixth year, occurred the death of Lieut. John B. Leonard. He was born in Washington, Ga., of Virginia ancestry, and went with his father's family to Alabama when about sixteen years of age. His father, Maj. J. B. Leonard, was a soldier in the Florida War, and later was a member of the Secession Convention in 1861. His mother was a Miss Marshall, and related to that distinguished family of Virginia.

John Leonard enlisted in 1862 in the cause of the South as a first lieutenant in Hilliard's Legion, afterwards known as the 1st Alabama Legion, and later as the 60th Alabama Regiment (commanded by Col. J. W. A. Sanford), Gracie's Brigade. On Bragg's retreat from Kentucky Lieutenant Leonard contracted a severe case of typhoid pneumonia, and was disabled for more than six months. He was in the battle of Chickamauga, and later went with his comrades into Virginia, and was for many months in the trenches at Petersburg, surrendering at Appomattox. V. A. W.

Members of William Richardson Camp, Front Royal, Va.

J. W. Kendrick died November 17, 1907, aged eighty years. He was a member of Company E, 7th Virginia Cavalry. He was a good soldier, an honorable, upright citizen, and an exemplary Christian.

Jonathan B. Lehew died March 2, 1908, aged seventy-nine. He was a member of Company A, 39th Virginia Cavalry, and was on duty at Gen. R. E. Lee's headquarters until the close of the war. He was laid to rest by his comrades of William Richardson Camp.

Charles A. Brown died March 17, 1908. He was a member of Company E, 7th Virginia Cavalry. He was captured at Five Forks, Va., and confined at Hart's Island until the close of the war.

William Williams died March 19, 1908. He was a member of Company E, 12th Virginia Cavalry, Rosser's Laurel Brigade. He was wounded several times, and on November 1, 1864, was shot through the lung. This was indirectly the cause of his death.

Deceased Members of Camp Pelham.

The following members of Camp Pelham, No. 258, Anniston, Ala., have recently died: George Bell, Company I, 1st Georgia Cavalry; A. J. Coner, Company I, 4th Kentucky Infantry; W. P. Downing, Alabama Cavalry; J. F. Disnuke, Company C, 46th Alabama Infantry; A. S. Heath, Company D, 28th Alabama Infantry; — Mayfield, Company D, 1st Alabama Infantry; W. M. Rogers, Columbus (Ga.) Artillery; J. L. Whisenant, Company D, 51st Alabama Cavalry; T. A. Davis, Surgeon.

Reuben M. Whitescarver.

Comrade R. M. Whitescarver was born in Logan County, Ky., March 2, 1839. Just prior to the Confederate war he moved to Lebanon, Tenn., where in the spring of 1862 he enlisted in Capt J. R. Lester's company, which at once became a part of Maj. John R. Davis's 4th Tennessee Battalion, the other companies of which were commanded by Captains Nichols, Wiley, and Phillips. Comrade Whitescarver was soon elected first sergeant of his company, and remained in that position until the flag was furled at Greensboro, N. C.

It can be truthfully said of Comrade Whitescarver that a truer sword never was drawn in defense of human liberty nor a more untarnished blade returned to its scabbard when the conflict was over. His fidelity to duty rendered him very popular as an officer and as a man. He never missed a day's duty nor a fight except once, and that was occasioned by his horse breaking down when pursuing Kilpatrick's raid on Augusta, Ga.

An interesting episode occurred at Tunnel Hill, Ga., just previous to General Sherman's advance on General Johnston at Dalton. General Wheeler's Corps was bivouacked at Tunnel Hill when he ordered a field report of total men able for duty and those absent. Comrade Whitescarver, after a fruitless search for paper on which to make his report, found a piece of plank, and made it on that. As he handed the plank to Colonel Anderson, General Wheeler rode up and dismounted, and Old Paul, after introducing Sergeant Whitescarver to the General, said: "General, here is a sergeant in my regiment who has never failed to comply with orders." The battles in which Comrade Whitescarver participated were Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Resaca, Tunnel Hill, Rocky Face Ridge, Allatoona, Kennesaw Mountain, New Hope Church, Atlanta, Bentonville, and a thousand cavalry fights.

Sergeant Whitescarver was a knight without his armor, a gentleman without ostentation, a Christian because of his devotion to right, a citizen without reproach, and a soldier without faltering when duty called him. *Requiescat in pace.*

W. H. D.

Joseph H. Alexander.

A typical Confederate in every way was Comrade Joseph H. Alexander, who passed away at his home, in Malvern, Ark., March 6, 1908, in his seventy-sixth year. He was a native of Tennessee, coming to Arkansas when quite a young man and locating at Rockport, Hot Spring County, in 1852.

In June, 1861, he enlisted in the first company leaving the county, which became Company F, of the 3d Arkansas Regiment and of the famous Texas Brigade, Hood's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. He was in all the hard-fought battles through which that army passed up to the Wilderness, in which battle he lost his right arm in the famous charge when General Lee undertook to lead the brigade. He leaves an aged wife, son, and daughter, and a host of friends.

[By Sam H. Emerson, Company F, 3d Arkansas Regiment.]

T. S. Duncan.

Mr. Thaddeus S. Duncan died at his home, in Newberry, S. C., in April, at the age of seventy-five years. Mr. Duncan was a man of high character, a Confederate veteran, a faithful member of the Baptist Church, and a good citizen. He was well known, and was cashier for many years of the Newberry National Bank. Mr. Duncan was never married. He leaves two sisters (Mrs. Ella Boyd and Mrs. W. A. Dunn) and three brothers (Messrs. John T., S. M., and James C. Duncan).

Capt. Henry C. Burnett.

The Reaper gathering his sheaves has enfolded another Southern soldier to the roll of honor. Capt. Henry C. Burnett was born at Kingston Springs, Tenn., October 6, 1844. He enlisted as a private in October, 1861, at Columbus, Ky., in Company I, 6th Tennessee Infantry, at seventeen years of age. He was elected second lieutenant of his company in October, 1862. In the spring of 1865 he served as adjutant of camp of organization at Hamburg, S. C. A short while before the surrender he was commissioned captain of cavalry and ordered to report to Col. Dick McCann, then scouting near Nashville. Arriving at Meridian, Miss., he found that General Forrest had surrendered, and he was paroled at Meridian.

Captain Burnett was wounded in three battles—Shiloh, Chickamauga, and New Hope Church, Ga. When the strife was ended, he displayed the same courage in peaceful endeavor to aid in the restoration of the Southland. Energetic, keen of penetration, and with practical judgment, he was a useful citizen. Pure in his motives, steadfast for the right, he won the respect and admiration of his fellow-men.

"A noble heart in peace and strife,
This man of modest mien
Appeared a model citizen."

He camped with the silent bivouac of the dead March 5, 1908. Captain Burnett is survived by his wife, Mrs. Mattie Burnett, and a daughter, Mrs. J. N. Cornatzar, of Memphis.

Joseph W. Crenir.

Joseph W. Crenir, who was born near Buena Vista, Ark., in 1846, died near the place of his birth in April, 1908, of paralysis. In the latter part of 1861 he volunteered in a company organized by Capt. Robert Jordon and was mustered into service in the 15th Arkansas Regiment, commanded by J. M. Gee.

In 1862, when General Grant moved on Fort Donelson and the terms of "unconditional surrender" were demanded, Joe Crenir overheard some of Forrest's officers say that the fort was to be surrendered at daybreak and that Forrest and some of his men had threatened to cut their way through the lines. Crenir ran back and tried to persuade some of his company to follow in the track of Forrest's Cavalry, but his comrade, Pleas Cross, was the only one who consented. In the fort were horses and artillery left by General Forrest, and each secured a horse, saddle, and bridle and followed in the recently made tracks of Forrest's horses. They forded one stream and soon came to another and entered into a compact to go one at a time, as the current was dangerous. Cross went first, and his horse sank out of sight; but he made his way over in safety, and was followed by Crenir, both boys afterwards joining the 6th Arkansas Regiment.

In Tennessee, after the battle of Murfreesboro, they were ordered to join their old command, the 15th Arkansas, at Port Hudson, where they fought bravely under Col. B. W. Johnson.

Henderson.—Richard Henderson died suddenly June 22, 1905. When quite young he entered the Confederate army, and served all the time, belonging to Company G, 2d Virginia Regiment, Stonewall Brigade. As a sharpshooter, he stood well. He surrendered at Appomattox. He came home and went to farming. He was a fine soldier and a true man, and was a member of the Episcopal Church. He left a widow, who was Miss Bettie Beall. He was a great loss to his neighborhood. His sterling qualities made him much respected.

Salley.—B. F. Salley died at his home, in Saline County, Ark., on April 3, 1908, in his eighty-first year. He was born in South Carolina in 1827, removing early to Alabama with his parents. With his brother, T. J. Salley, he entered the Confederate army as a member of Captain Rudolph's company, Hilliard's Legion, during Bragg's march into Kentucky. He reënlisted in the 2d Alabama Cavalry, Ferguson's Brigade, to which his brother had been transferred, and they were continually together till the end at Greensboro, N. C.

Montgomery.—William Montgomery died at his home, in Madison Parish, La., February 5, 1908. He was born in Hinds County, Miss., in 1843. He enlisted as a private in Company C, 12th Mississippi Volunteers, and was in all the battles of the regiment until wounded at Chancellorsville. When not fully recovered he joined Wirt Adams's cavalry at Jackson, Miss., and helped in the charge against the invading foe. He was in the trenches at "Bloody Angle" for thirty-six hours. Returning to Virginia, he received a commission as lieutenant in the 4th Alabama Cavalry, sharing the fortunes of Col. F. M. Winde's Regiment, of Roddy's Cavalry, to the end.

Watson.—William A. Watson, born in Alabama in 1835; died at his home, in Limestone County, Tex., January 11, 1908. He went to Texas with his parents in 1841, and enlisted from that State in the Confederate army, serving as a member of Company H, 4th Texas Infantry, and surrendered at Appomattox. He was in twenty of the great battles of the war, and was wounded at Gaines's Mill, the Wilderness, and Cold Harbor.

Beall.—After a protracted illness, William Beall entered into rest on June 16, 1907, aged sixty-three. He served in Company G, 2d Virginia Regiment, Stonewall Brigade. For a while he was in the navy with his brother, Capt. John G. Beall, who was executed on Governor's Island, N. Y. He was a prisoner at Fortress Monroe, both brothers being in irons. He surrendered at Appomattox. He returned to his native county (Jefferson), and was a successful farmer, a good soldier, an honored citizen. He was also a useful member of the Episcopal Church. Many miss and mourn him.

Miller.—Col. Will A. Miller, who died at Arcadia, La., February 21, 1908, was born in Millersburg, Ind., May 3, 1839. In 1860 he removed to Louisiana, where in February, 1862, he enlisted for the Confederacy in the "Morehouse Stars," which became Company F of the 12th Louisiana Regiment. He was promoted from a private to orderly sergeant, and then elected lieutenant, as which he served till the surrender at Greensboro, N. C. He was with the regiment in all important engagements except Hood's campaign from Atlanta to Nashville, and was a gallant soldier. He served as Commander of the Camp at Arcadia from its organization to his death, and was lieutenant colonel on the staff of twelve major generals of the U. C. V., being on the staff of General Castleman as Assistant Quartermaster General at the last.

[The editor of the Veteran wishes to add to the above a tribute to the worth of this friend and comrade. Since the first publication of the Veteran he had been an interested and zealous worker for it, and to such as he is due much of the success to which the publication has attained.]

Ramsey.—Charles A. Ramsey died at his home, in Greensboro, Ala., March 1, 1908, in his sixty-first year. When a youth of sixteen he joined the forces of the Confederacy as a member of a company commanded by Capt. James Winston, of Sumter. He was of Forrest's escort, and a valiant soldier.

Bishop Ellison Capers.

Bishop Ellison Capers was born in Charleston, S. C., in October, 1837, and was the fourth son of Bishop William Capers, of that State. At an early age he entered the South Carolina Military Academy as a cadet, and graduated in the class of 1856. After graduation he was appointed adjunct professor of English literature at his *Alma Mater,* and continued as such until 1861, when he entered the Confederate army and was made major of the first Regiment of Rifles. In



BISHOP CAPERS.

1862 he became colonel of the 23d South Carolina Regiment, and served as such with distinction. He was severely wounded at Jackson, Miss., and again at Chickamauga, where, on recommendation of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, he was promoted to brigadier general for gallant and meritorious services. At Franklin, Tenn., he was again wounded. Rejoining his command at Bentonville, N. C., he was at the surrender of General Johnston's army in 1865.

General Capers had begun to prepare himself for the Episcopal ministry before entering the army. Immediately after the close of hostilities he was appointed Secretary of State by Governor Orr, holding this position until his State was given over to the radical reconstruction of Republican rule. Soon after his resignation of this civil office Bishop Capers was consecrated a priest in the Episcopal Church and called to the parish of Greenville, S. C., where he remained for over twenty years, greatly beloved by the people of all religious denominations. In 1893 he was unanimously elected Bishop of South Carolina by the Diocesan Convention to succeed Bishop Howe, and continued to minister with singular devotion to the wants of that large and growing Diocese. No one member of the House of Bishops was more beloved or more highly respected than Bishop Capers.

For several months prior to his death—which occurred at his home, in Columbia, S. C., on the 24th of April, 1908—Bishop Capers suffered from a stroke of paralysis. He bore up with great fortitude; and although in great physical pain, he was always cheerful and perfectly resigned to the will of a gracious Providence. Just after the Easter dawn his strength began to fail rapidly; and while conscious to the last, it was apparent that the end of his long, beautiful, and useful life was at hand. Surrounded by his devoted family and friends, this great and good man's life went out "as sets the morning star, which goes not out behind a darkened west or sets obscured amid the tempests of the sky, but melts away into the light of heaven." A few seconds before the last breath left his body his face became radiant with a smile of triumph, and he exclaimed: "Cease firing; the victory is won!"

Deaths in a Georgia Camp.

The Veteran takes from the carefully prepared annual report of Charles E. Jones, Georgia, Historian for Camp 435, U. C. V., the names of nineteen members of the Camp who have died within the year:

J. J. Hickok, 20th Virginia Cavalry, at Richmond, Va., May, 1907; George F. Agee, 26th Georgia Regiment, A. N. V., May, 1907; William T. Butt, 45th Alabama Regiment, Army of Tennessee, June, 1907; M. E. Hanlon, Cobb's Cavalry Legion, July, 1907; C. J. Godbee, 27th Georgia Battery, July, 1907; W. F. Alexander, major and assistant quartermaster to quartermaster general C. S. A., August, 1907; Richard B. Morris, 63d Georgia Regiment, Army of Tennessee, August, 1907; Rev. George P. Bush, first lieutenant 2d South Carolina Artillery, Johnston's Army, September, 1907; J. A. Fulcher, 3d Georgia Regiment, A. N. V., September, 1907; Frank G. Ford, second lieutenant 5th Georgia Infantry, October, 1907; James Cole, Washington Artillery, Charleston, S. C., November, 1907; Thomas H. Stafford, of J. K. Jackson's Brigade; T. L. Holsonback, Smith's Division; John M. Weigle, sergeant 1st Augusta Battalion, February, 1908; Corporal W. D. Shaw, 2d Georgia Battalion of Sharpshooters, Army of the West; Herman H. Perry, major and assistant adjutant general Benning's Brigade, March, 1908; Edward E. Pritchard, Artillery C. S. A.; Thomas F. Butler, Chatham's Artillery, Savannah, Ga.; and W. King Parnell, 12th South Carolina Regiment.

Judge James D. Watters.

The recent death of ex-Judge James D. Watters at his home, in Bel Air, Md., is a reminder of the part taken by so many young Marylanders for the South in the sixties. When the war broke out, he, as a Southern sympathizer, crossed the Potomac River and fought gallantly for the Confederacy, most of the time as a member of the cavalry regiment under Col. Ridgely Brown. When the war ended, he accepted the result and gave his influence toward uniting the divided sections of the country. He studied law and began its practice in November, 1865, soon becoming prominent for the supremacy of the party most friendly to the South, and in company with William Bouldin established the Harford Democrat. In 1871 he was elected one of the associate judges of the Third Judicial Circuit, in which position he served with distinction for thirty-two years, and his splendid career as a jurist added new honors to the fame of the Maryland judiciary.

Judge Watters was of a good Maryland family, and was born in Harford County in January, 1834, the son of Henry G. Watters, a man of prominence in his day.

Col. Robert Hough.

Robert Hough, a loyal and gallant Confederate, died at his home, in Baltimore, March 18, 1907, his death due to congestion of the lungs.

Colonel Hough, who was sixty years of age, was in the employ of the United Railways and Electric Company at the time of his death, having charge of the suburban parks of the company and of the old Baltimore Traction Company before that corporation was absorbed by the United. He spent the afternoon downtown, and but a short time before he died had been chatting with his daughters, Mrs. Mary Dickinson Dunott and Miss Fannie Tilghman Hough.

When Colonel Hough was stricken, about nine o'clock, it was seen at once that it would be fatal. Messages were sent to his children, and they arrived but a few minutes before he died. Mrs. Hough started to California the day before and was recalled.

Colonel Hough was born in Baltimore in September, 1841. At the outbreak of the Civil War he served Col. Robert E. Lee as a volunteer aid in Virginia. He was later transferred to the staff of Gen. Albert S. Johnston, and toward the close of the war served as an aid on the staff of Gen. E. Kirby Smith in the Valley of the Mississippi. (After the war he served as a colonel on the staff of Governor McLane, of Maryland.)

At the close of the war Colonel Hough became a member of the firm of Robert Hough & Sons, but severed his connection in 1877 and took up farming near Easton, Md. He returned to Baltimore in 1887, and became secretary to ex-Governor Brown when Mr. Brown was postmaster at Baltimore. In 1889 he was associated in the formation of the Pimlico Driving Club, and was secretary of the club until the end of 1895. When Governor Brown became President of the Consolidated Railways, Colonel Hough went with that company as manager of suburban resorts, and it was under his jurisdiction that Lakeside Park, Gwynn Oak Park, and Point Breeze (now known as River View) were developed.

Racing horses were a hobby with Colonel Hough. He was a charter member of the old Maryland Club in 1870, and had been secretary of the Maryland and Virginia circuit and other trotting and horse show associations, and for about ten years had been an official starter throughout the State.

Colonel Hough married Miss Fannie Tilghman in 1873 in St. John's Church, Miles River, Md. His widow, one son, and two daughters survive.

U. C. V. Comrades in Mississippi.

J. M. Bailey, Conehatta, Miss., reports the passing of comrades who were members of Patron Union Camp, No. 272:

Thomas Faucett, Company C, 13th Mississippi Regiment.
H. J. Brown, Company B, 2d Mississippi Regiment.
Rev. A. M. McBryde, Company K, 5th Miss. Regiment.
John W. O'Brien, Company D, 9th Kentucky Regiment.

Ware.—At his home, in Amherst County, Va., April 11 Mr. Lud Ware, who was a member of Capt. Thomas Kirkpatrick's Battery, of Lynchburg, Va., died in his eighty-fifth year. He was born in that county, and lived there all his life with the exception of the four years in the Confederate army.

Stevens.—On April 10, 1908, Mr. Solon Stevens passed away at his home, in Amherst County, Va. He served as third lieutenant of Company G, 51st Virginia Infantry, under Capt. J. W. Henley, of that county. He was in the seventieth year of his age.

William Joseph Bynum.

William Joseph Bynum, youngest son of Britton Sugust and Virginia (Dupree) Bynum, was born August 3, 1826, in Greenville County, Va. His father was a planter and slaveholder, and built the first cotton gin in that part of Virginia. His mother died September 8, 1828, and his father October 8, 1834, at which time he became a member of the family of his eldest brother and guardian, Maj. Benjamin C. D. Bynum. He was educated in a private academy near his home, and moved with his brother's family and a company of relatives and neighbors from Virginia to DeSoto County, Miss., in 1844. His brother bought land from Martin Colbert, Chief of the Chickasaw Indians, and built his home by that of the Chief; and thus they lived as neighbors for more than a year, the families becoming great friends. He was married to Miss Martha Gibbs December 18, 1855. His wife and their infant child died in less than two years after their marriage. On September 21, 1859, near Horn Lake, Miss., he was married to Miss Katherine Anne Walker. To this union seven children were born.



W. J. Bynum.

William J. Bynum entered the service of the Confederate States early in the war as a private in Company A, 7th Tennessee Cavalry Regiment, W. F. Taylor captain, and was wounded in the right arm on September 9, 1862, near Byhalia, Miss. This wound left the arm almost useless, causing great suffering at times the remainder of his life. On July 23, 1863, he was honorably discharged as unfit for further service; but in 1865, when the Confederacy's needs were so great, though crippled and disabled from long suffering, he went back to his command. When Lee surrendered, he returned home with his comrades.

During the days of reconstruction he stood as a pillar of adamant against the terror and ruin that tried the endurance and character of Southern manhood. He was appointed sheriff and tax collector soon after the war closed. Fearing to cause trouble and loss to his bondsmen through clashes with the Freedmen's Bureau, he resigned the office and entered the mercantile business at Horn Lake. In November, 1875, he was elected sheriff and tax collector, being the first Democrat to be elected to any office in DeSoto County after the war. After serving several terms, he retired to his home, near Horn Lake, where he lived until October, 1903. Ill health carried him from the country he loved, and with his wife and youngest daughter he moved to Amarillo, Tex., to join his other children.

For nearly sixty years he lived in DeSoto County, and his life was interwoven with the traditions and history of its early settlement. He knew and loved the people, and his interest extended to rich and poor, white and black.

He became a Christian in September, 1862, while in the hos-

ital suffering from the wound which left him a cripple rough life. He tried to live by the teaching set forth in ie thirteenth chapter of Corinthians. He died at Amarillo, ex., December 10, 1907; and Camp W. B. Plemons, Amaillo, of which he was a member, drew feeling resolutions on is death. His body was laid to rest in the old churchyard f the New Bethlehem Church, near Horn Lake, Miss.



ANDREW R. BLAKELY.

A Special Order from headquarters United Confederate Veterans, New Orleans, La., April 10, 1908, states:

"With a profound sense of loss, the General commanding announces the death of his warm friend, Col. Andrew R. Blakely, of this city, which sad event took place this morning at ten o'clock after a very brief illness. This bare announcement will shock Confederates in all parts of the land, for no man was more extensively known or more universally loved.

"Colonel Blakely was born in Banger, Ireland, on the 24th of January, 1841, and had therefore but just passed his sixty-seventh birthday. He was a member of the famous Washington Artillery of New Orleans, and served with the most distinguished gallantry in all the engagements in which he took part, losing his right eye at Second Manassas.

"He was engaged in the hotel business almost all of his life, and as the proprietor of the St. Charles Hotel made the acquaintance of men from all parts of the world. Amiable in disposition, with all the wit and humor of his native land, full of life and energy, kindly and considerate to all with whom he was associated, generous, noble, and lovable, the void left by his untimely death cannot be estimated and can never be filled.

STEPHEN D. LEE, *General Commanding.*
WILLIAM E. MICKLE, *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.*"

The editor of the VETERAN seldom records the death of a comrade with deeper personal sorrow.

Colonel Blakely (or Corporal, as he preferred to be called) was a man whose genial nature, kindly humor, and ever-courteous attitude toward his fellow-man did much to eliminate the word "stranger." No man felt strange in his presence, for he was every man's friend, and those who knew his generous graciousness as a host will rarely if ever look upon his like again.

An estimate of Comrade Blakely's character in no sense exaggerated, and worthy of being preserved in the VETERAN, appeared in the New Orleans Times-Democrat at the time of his death:

"Pæans of praise from lips unused to flattery, the tears of women and the moistened eyes of men, the hush of reverence, the sigh of profound regret, the grief unspeakable of the chief mourners, and the sorrowful attitude of a community that had lost one of its cherished friends and valiant champions marked the funeral services of Andrew R. Blakely.

"It was no conventional demonstration. The tribute to Andrew R. Blakely was a spontaneous outpouring of the hearts of the people, with no distinctions of rank or class, for he came up to the measure of the man who was described as the 'favorite of all circles and the idol of his own.'

"The opulent banker, the prosperous merchant, the high and mighty political chiefs, the leaders in journalism, art, law, medicine, commerce, and labor—all were there at his bier and gazed with reverent affection at the placid face that even death could not rob of its benevolent aspect. The big heart whose every pulsation had throbbed in sympathy with the sorrows of humanity had ceased to beat; the smiling lips that had carried comfort to many a despairing soul had conveyed their last message of hope and bore the seal of eternity; but the resolute soul that had done so much for humankind still seemed to hover over the inanimate frame that once sheltered it, as if reluctant to leave the scene where it had so long battled for God and humanity, dropping here and there seeds that will make for the betterment of men and women even unto the humblest of their kind.

"All day people of all classes passed before the bier, gazing reverently and affectionately upon the features of him that some knew only from hearsay, while others had reason to bless his memory for timely acts of thoughtfulness and kindness. Grouped around his bier were faithful sentinels, a detachment of veterans of the Soldiers' Home, commanded by Superintendent Ward. For hours they sat there, silent, tearful, gray-robed figures of rugged manhood, honoring the remains of a departed comrade and testifying their attachment to one of the beloved defenders of the cause. They brought no flowers; but of all the elements of the pathetic picture that the funeral ceremonies of Andrew R. Blakely presented, there was none more touching than the sight of those gray-clad veterans, with uniforms faded by time and themselves tottering on the brink of the grave, waiting to do honor to the memory of a public benefactor and a devoted comrade."

DEATH OF A LOVELY WOMAN.—The Southern people generally will sympathize deeply with Col. W. H. Knauss and his son-in-law, Mr. J. T. Gamble, in the death of the latter's wife. Mrs. Gamble was the elder daughter of Col. Knauss. She attended the Richmond Reunion last year with her husband and seemed to be very happy that the Confederates had so joyous a time. The thousands of friends throughout the South will sympathize the more deeply with the family because of the severe illness of Mrs. Knauss, which has continued for some time. She has attended many gatherings of Confederates with her husband, and participated heartily in the work he has so faithfully done for our dead in Camp Chase.

Mrs. Mary Gentry Hillman.

The funeral of Mrs. Mary Gentry Hillman took place in Nashville from the residence of Mr. D. C. Scales, being conducted by Drs. D. C. Kelley and R. Lin Cave on May 21, 1908.

The death of this noble and gifted woman causes widespread sorrow. She was the oldest child of Meredith Poindexter Gentry, who is remembered with fondest admiration. He was a native of Williamson County, Tenn., and at an early age began public service as a member of the United States Congress, and later served in the Confederate Congress. He purchased a large estate in Bedford County and erected a palatial residence, where he entertained lavishly eminent men of Church and State.

His royal integrity and gift of eloquence gave him a princely place among the people; and although an ardent Whig, he was most highly esteemed by the Democracy. While loyal to his party, he was forceful in its councils. The strongest illustration recalled of his power in the Whig party was in his opposition to Scott's nomination for the presidency. His first defeat was by Andrew Johnson, with whom he canvassed the State for Governor. It is believed that a more gifted orator was never known. Mary and Emily were daughters by his first marriage, while two sons, Albert and Charles, were of a second marriage. The second wife died early, and it devolved upon Mary to be mistress of the magnificent home. With gifts of her eloquent father, she presided in the home so charmingly that there is to this day by those who knew her ardent admiration and esteem.

All the people loved her; and however distinguished their guests from a distance, the plain people of the neighborhood were made to feel entirely at home with the other guests. The hospitality of Hillside was ever without stint, and the many servants were proud of belonging to Mr. Gentry.

The school days of Mary Gentry were principally at the Nashville Academy under Prof. C. D. Elliott, and after her marriage the family resided here while the four children (Daniel Hillman, Jr., and a daughter having died) were small.

In later years, as the widow of Daniel Hillman, this gifted woman resided on their large plantation in Kentucky, idolized by the common people, ever diligent for their comfort and happiness. Halting at Cadiz on the way to Nashville for the funeral, there was a brief service to a great gathering of friends who are the more deeply grieved by the suddenness of her death.

The only survivors of the Gentry family are one daughter, Mrs. T. T. Hillman, two sons of Mrs. Daniel Hillman and their families, and the widow and children of Albert Gentry, residing in Clarendon, Tex.

The editor of the Veteran as a boy received inspiration from this great neighbor that continues with him. He procured a life sketch of Mr. Gentry by Alexander H. Stephens, which concludes as follows: "This brief tribute is given to the memory of one of the truest and noblest gentleman the writer ever met with in his eventful life. No profounder philanthropist, no one more devoted to constitutional liberty ever lived in this or any other country than Meredith Poindexter Gentry."

The last prolonged conference the writer ever had with Mr. Gentry was about the great and good Gen. R. E. Lee, and as eloquence flowed from his lips tears ran down his noble cheeks. In Dr. Kelley's remarks at Mrs. Hillman's funeral he had with him and read from the Veteran a tribute to Mr. Gentry by Alexander H. Stephens. While opposed in the outset to the war, Mr. Gentry and his family were steadfast for the South, and upon this noble woman the editor relied for succor in his last trying emergency.

S. B. Pyrom.

S. B. Pyrom in his life presented a splendid example of true Southern manhood. He began early in life to establish that high character which ever guided him to a coveted position in the minds of thinking men. His rugged integrity, his devotion to family, the moral purity of his life, his exhaustless energy in varied useful and unselfish undertakings, and his loyalty to his friends, combined with the shirking modesty peculiar to refined natures, placed him near the head of the column of his fellows, fighting the battles of life always manfully and well.

He was a member of Company G, 2d Regiment Tennessee Cavalry, Bell's Brigade, Forrest's Command. His record as a soldier stands untarnished by a single unworthy deed and characterized throughout by the same fidelity and loyalty of purpose as exhibited in his daily walks of life as a citizen. At the final roll call he will gladly greet his old comrades.



S. B. PYROM, WITH HIS WIFE, SON, AND DAUGHTER.

An illustration of Comrade Pyrom's devotion to the Confederate cause is recalled. In 1897, at the close of the Centennial Exposition, Mr. Cox, who had charge of the government exhibit, remained over to visit the battlefield of Nashville with the editor of the Veteran. Mr. Cox's father was an officer in the Federal army, and this son, having a pony, had roamed the hills about Nashville and was amazingly familiar with the old lines. Halting at the tollgate, copies of the Veteran were handed to Comrade Pyrom, not realizing that he had ever seen one. "Wait a minute!" said he; and going into the house, he soon returned with bound volumes of the Veteran from its first issue.

Rev. L. W. Crawford.

Rev. L. W. Crawford, the beloved Chaplain of Guilford Camp, of Greensboro, N. C., died at his home, in Asheville, in February, 1908. He had been a prominent minister of the Methodist Church, and was presiding elder at the time of his death. The burial was at Greensboro, his former home.

Comrade Crawford entered the Confederate army at the age of seventeen, and was a lieutenant in the 41st North Carolina, making a gallant soldier. He returned home from Delaware when the war closed, and in 1868 was ordained a minister in the North Carolina Methodist Conference. He was a man of much ability, well known, and beloved.

Three Morristown (Tenn.) Comrades.

During the first months of 1908 Morristown (Tenn.) Camp has lost three of its most prominent and influential members, Captain Hodges being Treasurer:

J. C. Hodges, captain Company H, 60th Tennessee; died at his home, in Morristown, March 22.

J. W. Godwin, orderly sergeant Company F, 1st Tennessee Cavalry; died at his home, in Jefferson City, March 22.

O. D. Lacky, private Company D, 3d Engineering Corps; died January 17.

John Thompson.

Sad news comes to the Veteran from Lewisburg by John R. Freeman in reporting the death of John ("Sheep") Thompson, who was a messmate of the editor during much of the war—in Company B, 41st Tennessee Infantry. From schoolboy days and on to his death he had been a zealous, faithful friend. John Thompson deserves what honor is due to a plain countryman whose family owned no slaves, but who was steadfast through the long, hard ordeals of a private in the Confederate army. He endured privations as a prisoner in Camp Morton for six months, and through all of the trials of the four years no murmur escaped his lips. John Freeman, who reports the sad event, telling how gently our comrade fell sleep, has had a marvelous experience. In the first battle he was so daring that his death was expected momentarily. Then he was so ill in prison that his life was saved evidently by the irritation of the surgeons.

Samuel J. Sullivan.

Samuel J. Sullivan was born in Baltimore January 17, 1842; and died at his home, in River Forest, Ill., April 19, 1908. Mr. Sullivan enlisted in the Confederate service from Baltimore in 1862 in Morgan's command, and in 1863 was taken prisoner and was confined at Camp Douglas until near the close of the war, when he was paroled for exchange by Secretary of War Stanton as the result of a personal interview with the Secretary on the part of his mother. One of the touching incidents of Mr. Sullivan's long illness preceding his death was the daily solicitude of Federal veterans, who called him "comrade" because he was a good neighbor and a brave enemy in the old days. John Humphrey, a Union soldier, felt honored when asked to serve as pallbearer with two Confederate veterans, Mr. Forrester and Mr. Bradley.

M. P. Dellinger.

On the night of April 17, 1908, the spirit of M. P. Dellinger, a soldier tried and true, passed into the better land. He was a native of Lincoln County, N. C., and since the war he had been associated with his brother, David Dellinger, at Shelby, N. C., as a contractor and builder, where he was most highly esteemed. Among the first to take up arms for his beloved Southland, he went to the front as a member of the Cleveland Guards, under Capt. Augustus Burton, which was assigned to the 2d North Carolina Regiment. He was terribly wounded in the battle of Brandy Station, his skull being crushed by a piece of shell, the sight of one eye being entirely lost. Several years ago his remaining eye was so injured as to cause the loss of sight in that also, and during all these weary years of suffering and affliction he bore it with the fortitude of the soldier which had distinguished him on many battlefields.

Surviving Comrade Dellinger are two brothers and a niece, Miss Mattie Adams, who tenderly ministered to him in his last hours. His wife died some seven years ago.

Three North Carolina Comrades.

W. A. Curtis, Adjutant Charles L. Robinson Camp, U. C. V., Franklin, N. C., reports the deaths of three comrades and members since the beginning of 1908:

B. M. Allen served as a private in Company A, 65th Regiment (6th cavalry) North Carolina troops; died January 17.

H. G. Trotter was a private in Company I, 62d Regiment North Carolina Infantry; died January 19. He was Commissary of Camp Robinson.

W. P. Allison served as a private in Company B, 62d Regiment North Carolina Infantry; died April 10. He was Third Lieutenant Commander of Camp Robinson at the time of his death.

R. G. Childress.

R. G. Childress was born in Marshall County, Ala., in 1838; died at Roscoe, Tex., April 30, 1908, after an illness of six months. He went with his parents to Texas in 1845, settling in Rusk County, and during 1854-55 he served in the company of Rangers commanded by Captain Boggess. Volunteering for the Confederacy in 1861, he served most of the time in the Army of Tennessee and Georgia. For two years he was a scout in the command of Gen. L. S. Ross, and was a great favorite with that gallant commander. After the war he was for a period in Mississippi, but returned to Texas in 1870 and settled in Bosque County, whose people he afterwards served as Justice of the Peace, Judge of the County Court, and as Mayor of Meridian for two years. He was married in 1866 to Miss Mary Holmes, of Mississippi, and leaves a family of seven children.

Comrade Childress was Calendar Clerk of the twentieth, twenty-first, twenty-second, and twenty-third sessions of the Senate of Texas, and was prominent in the ranks of Masons. He was admitted to the bar in 1887.

James Chamberlayne Jones.

Few more popular men than Capt. James C. Jones have ever lived in Shelby County, Tenn., and his death in June, 1907, removed one who had established himself worthily in the regard of his people. He was born in Lebanon, Tenn., in 1844, the son of Hon. James C. Jones, who served Tennessee both as Governor and in the United States Senate. The family came from Virginia to Tennessee, and in 1849 removed to Memphis. Comrade Jones left college to bear arms for the Confederate cause, enlisting as a private in Company A, 7th Tennessee Cavalry, under W. F. Taylor, afterwards colonel. Efficient service won for him a lieutenancy, and later he was an adjutant general on the staff of Gen. W. H. Jackson, of Forrest's Cavalry.

After the surrender, Captain Jones returned to Memphis, where he was in business until 1878, when his health failed and for some time he was an invalid; but undiscouraged, he established a school and devoted his energies to the work of teaching. Closing his school in 1901, he became a private tutor in Mississippi. He was elected to the office of County Register of Shelby County, Tenn., in 1902, and reëlected to the same office in 1906, being the only man who ever succeeded himself to this office. He was married in 1878 to Miss Alice Tait.

In the business life of the city of Memphis Mr. Jones held an honored place. He was intensely public-spirited, honestly and actively interested in the development and prosperity of his city. He graduated hundreds of young men from his school, most of whom have done him honor.

SWORD OF CAPT. CHARLES S. MONTGOMERY, U. S. A.—Mrs. N. V. Randolph, President Richmond Chapter, U. D. C., Richmond, Va., wishes to locate a sword taken from Capt. Charles S. Montgomery, of the 5th New York Volunteers (Duryea's Zouaves), when he was wounded and captured in the second battle of Bull Run. On the sword were the names of his four brothers: Henry F. Montgomery, Thomas C. Montgomery, H. M. Montgomery, William R. Montgomery. Captain Montgomery was paroled and exchanged, returned to his regiment after the battle of Antietam, and in time to take part in the battle of Fredericksburg. He was instantly killed in the battle of Hatcher's Run. A reward will be given for the return of the sword.

CHARLES SUMNER'S ESTIMATE OF NEGROES.—February 24, 1834, Charles Sumner on his trip to the South: "For the first time I saw slaves, and my worst preconception of their appearance and ignorance did not fall as low as their actual stupidity. They appeared to be nothing more than masses of flesh unendowed with anything of intelligence above the brutes. I have now an idea of the blight upon that part of our country in which they live."

[The foregoing is from a letter of young Sumner to his parents while making the journey from Baltimore to Washington. Had he lived longer, he might have expressed his appreciation of what the South did to develop the slaves.]

GERTIE ROGERS ZUBER.

Gertie Rogers, now Mrs. John W. Zuber, is well known among Confederates. She was born and reared in Chattanooga. As her father is a traveling passenger agent (N., C. & St. L. Railway), she began traveling with him at the age of five, and continued to do so until twenty years old. She went with her father to Camp Chase to decorate the graves four years in succession; was at the unveiling of the monument there, and took an active part in the exercises. She has luxuriated in the Atlantic Ocean at four different places, and also in the Pacific Ocean. She has been on the great lakes of the North and the Gulf of Mexico. Her faith in her father to make good his promises to her never failed her. Her faith was so great that she once received a card from a lady in the City of Mexico addressed to her as "Miss Gertie Rogers, the sweet child of faith." When a small child she demonstrated absolute trust in her father by perilous leaps into his strong arms. Those who witnessed such action learned a lesson of childish trust that it is pleasant to remember.



GERTIE ROGERS.

GRAVES OF TWO OFFICERS IN MACON, GA.

The Daughters of the Confederacy of Macon, Ga., wish to reach the relatives of two officers buried in Macon, inscriptions from whose monuments are given below. Replies may be sent to Adjutant of R. A. Smith Camp, Macon, Ga.

"Wallace Estill, M.D.,
Born in Monroe County, Va., Feb. 12, 1793;
Died in Americus, Ga., Nov. 9, 1864,
While in the service of his country.
He was Brigadier Surgeon of Bee's Brigade,
Also in charge of Bragg's Hospital.
Erected by his daughter,
Agnes Colyar."

"Lieut. John Andrew Turner,
Born in Sumter County, Ala., April 25, 1839;
Died at Macon, Ga., July 23, 1864.
Served first in Col. John Scott's La. Cavalry,
Then in Huwald's Battery, Robinson's Battalion,
Army of Tennessee.
His Record is on High."

ANGUISH OF RECONSTRUCTION IN CUBA.

A letter published on March 24, 1908, in regard to reconstruction in Cuba will elicit the sympathy of all Southerners. It is given as "Observations of Lloyd Damron," of a prominent insurance company, in the Rome (Ga.) Tribune, he having recently spent some time in Havana:

"That the spirit of the Kuklux, who redeemed the Southern States from the shadow of Africa forty years ago, is not personified by clans in Cuba to-day is due perhaps to temperamental differences of the Anglo-Saxon and Latin nations, but mainly to the unwelcome intervention of the United States government.

"The beautiful Prado, once the joy of Havana, harbors now an incongruous assembly of people. Once the dons and doñas were out almost nightly, circling about the Prado with the music of Spanish and Cuban bands, enlivening the paseo on gala occasions. The great parades followed the course of the Prado or boulevard, which is the main street of the city, for hours in the day and into the morning hours. Recently, however, the Prado has lost much of its charm to the traveler or native who reveled in its joys during the reign of the haughty Spaniard. Then the don and the doña and the caballero and the señorita walked hand and hand in the affectionate way of these romantic people and shied coquettish glances at each other, oblivious to the invasion and conquest of the beautiful parks and boulevards that overshadowed them. The negro, whom the Spanish grandees trained to tread the narrow calles, or streets, now jostles along the quaintly narrow sidewalks, while perhaps the proud doña keeps to the middle of the street to avoid measuring rights with the negro, to whom the amended Constitution of the United States guarantees a form of social equality.

"The ways of the races in Cuba are reminiscent of local reconstruction incidents, even up to the characteristic inclination of the overindulged black man to shunt into the street white women whom he meets on the narrow sidewalks.

"'You people in the Southern States,' said a native Cuban to me the other day, 'understand the proper control of the negro, and I am told that you exercise a very good control in spite of this Constitution of yours which we do not yet understand perfectly. We have the United States to thank for our present troubles with the negro.'

"This is pretty generally the feeling in Cuba when one is asked to fix a responsibility for the precipitate change in social conditions which has driven the Spaniard and the equally proud Cuban, through whose veins courses the noblest Castilian and Caucasian blood, from the beautiful Prado, parks, and boulevards, adorned more than ever by the hand of the American government of intervention, back to the Malecon, the boulevard by the sea, which the negro has not yet captured in his sweeping movement for recognition in Cuba.

"There is some danger even of electing a negro for Vice President in Cuba at the next election, which takes place in October. Whatever the result of the election, riots will be imminent and possibly revolution. The mailed fist of Uncle Sam is the restraining influence in the island to-day without which the races would clash. President Roosevelt is talking of withdrawing many of our troops in the island, and it is freely predicted that this course will be followed by bloodshed. The negroes declare openly that they will not be ruled



by white men. Since the Spanish inhabitants of the island are debarred from voting, the negroes may very easily in votes outnumber the Cuban whites. In the meeting of their Sociedad Secreta, or secret society, which includes most of the negroes on the island, they lay their plans secretly and with great cunning, using the native African tongue, which they still cling to in some measure in their junta. The whites, of course, revolt at any suggestion of Ethiopian domination, and they resent the growing tendency toward social equality, daily evidences of which are furnished in the commingling of the lower classes. The haughty Spaniard and the proud Cuban of to-day are sensitive to the intrusion of the negro; but they cannot offer protest when files of the darker race usurp the benches along the Prado or when the negroes are interspersed among their daughters in audiences of theaters or in refreshment places, for they are overawed by the United States and its Constitution. On the surface all is quiet, remarkably so; but I was impressed that a land constantly in warfare for generations and centuries, which shows few visible traces of warfare over its broad, sunny expanses might even now be resting on a volcanic race problem the extent of whose eruption may convince the United States government of the difficulties which beset the Constitution as it follows the flag.

"It is true that the business men in the higher classes are largely in favor of the annexation of the island to the United States. This is due to the fact that business interests have been much more prosperous since the United States has interfered to put down the perennial riot and rebellion of the island. Even the Spaniard, who has been accused of sinking the Maine, is equally desirous with the Cuban of coming under the stars and stripes if he has money invested in Cuban business interests. 'Cuba Libre,' typified by the flag which floats over the Cuban business houses to-day, doubtless will fade finally into a territorial form of government administered by this nation; for the substantial business interests of Cuba now demand such course, and the dominant political party of this country doubtless will lend a sympathetic ear. One of the problems to be worked out, however, is the proper adjustment of social conditions in the island under the uncompromising restrictions of the fourteenth amendment of our Constitution. The magnitude of this undertaking may be appreciated when it is understood that the thousands of negroes in Cuba, who still cling largely to their native gibberish, were freed from slavery only thirty years ago."

In connection with the foregoing, a delightful picture of home life is given. Mr. Nicolas Altuzarra, looking to closer relations with the United States, purchased a residence in Atlanta, Ga., when his children were small, and kept his family in Atlanta, Ga., for several years, until the English language became quite familiar to them.

This residence of Mr. Altuzarra, on the Paseo Marti, Havana, is an excellent example of the best Spanish-American domestic architecture. The ornate, two-story façade, with double balconies, is more than fifty feet in height, giving the ample ceiling space for both stories so necessary in a warm climate. Within is a large court, ornamented by flowers; and leading from it to the second floor, which is the residence proper, there is a wide marble staircase. The large door at the right of the front is a *porte-cochere,* and within are quarters for the carriage and horses as well as for the servants. The house is much larger than it appears, containing fourteen rooms, besides servants' quarters.

The notable difference between it and the houses most of us are accustomed to is in that its yard is inside. This gives great privacy along with the abundant ventilation which that climate demands. In the rooms which open on the *patio* within there are wide windows and doors, and a balcony runs around these courts on the second floor, which is the resort of the family by day or night whenever it is pleasanter outdoors than in. The front balcony of this house commands a fine view of the Paseo, or Prado, as it is called. In a sense in which it is not even known to us such a house is its owner's castle. The great door (which has a small door within it) is kept closed and barred and in charge of a porter day and night. The few outside windows are protected by iron gratings. But there are no more hospitable homes than these of the better class in Spanish America.

"We can all be philanthropists; a kind word is as thankfully received as a dollar."

A NEW BOOK—"THE ARTILLERY."

Capt. John W. Morton, Forrest's chief of artillery, will soon issue from the press a volume of three or four hundred



CAPT. JOHN W. MORTON.

pages, giving account of the services, remarkable in many respects, of the artillery with the intrepid Wizard of the Saddle, Gen. N. B. Forrest. The theme will thrill the reader.

FROM AUTHOR OF "CONFEDERATE ECHOES."

A. T. Goodloe, Nashville, Tenn., writes: "Our Confederacy is not dead, and it will never die if I can assist in preventing such a melancholy catastrophe. The editor of the VETERAN paid me a great compliment in calling attention to the advertisement of 'Confederate Echoes' when he said that I was one of the most unreconstructed of Confederate survivors. And Mrs. Sue Mooney, the gifted Southern writer, also paid me a tribute when she said, 'He is the best illustration I have ever known of a man who would not change his colors nor his coat,' thus reminding me of the old saying, 'I can wear an old coat, a worn coat, a torn coat, but never a turn coat.' Let me quote another thing, this from the Nashville American, 1893: 'There is no page in the history of any people which should arouse deeper sentiments of love for its heroes and admiration for their sacrifices than should the memories of the Confederate cause inspire in the hearts of Southern people for those who dedicated themselves to its service. This feeling is strongly intrenched in the Southern breast, yet it should be brought more to the surface that it may not possibly grow less. A good publication has been needed to keep in activity these patriotic memories. This want is now supplied by the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published monthly in Nashville and edited by Mr. S. A. Cunningham. The first number has just been issued, and contains thirty-two pages replete with interesting articles,' etc."

FIRST IN THE CLASS.—The first man in the class of 1829, in which Robert E. Lee graduated second, was Charles Mason, of New York, who was assigned to the engineers, but resigned in 1831 to become a lawyer. He was for two years editor of the New York Evening Post, and then went to Iowa, where he became Chief Justice of the State. Later he was a railroad president, and then returned to the practice of the law. He practiced law in Washington during the war.

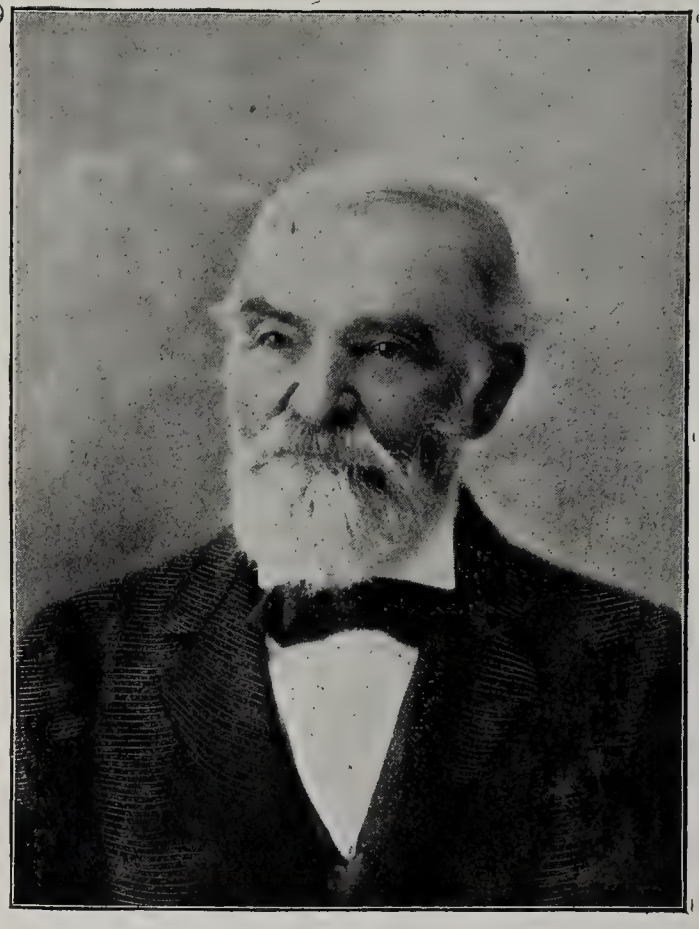
GEN. R. E. LEE ON TRAVELER.

Good photographs of this fine life-size painting, by Mrs. L. Kirby-Parrish, as seen by delighted thousands at the Jamestown Exposition, can be obtained from the artist. The picture is in two sizes: 20x24 inches, $3; 12x15 inches, $2. Mounted on best white cardboard, with wide margin, ready for framing.

This is admitted to be the most striking and lovable portrait of the great Southern commander. It is based on the only life photograph ever taken of Traveler, and consequently the only one of General Lee on his famous war horse.

Address orders, with remittance, to Mrs. L. Kirby-Parrish, 1908 Grand Avenue, Nashville, Tenn.

One of the most fascinating war books ever written is "Two Wars," by Gen. S. G. French. His history of the Mexican War is one of the most interesting accounts of that period on record, and deserves place in all libraries.



GEN. S. G. FRENCH.

Then his part as a major general in the Confederate army is vividly presented. As a West Point graduate, thoroughly trained, what he writes must be of interest to all soldiers, and then his account of reconstruction experiences deserves the special consideration of every student of history who desires the whole truth and nothing else.

The price of the book, postpaid, $2.

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

REPORT OF TREASURER TO APRIL 20, 1908.

Receipts.

March 21, 1908, balance on hand	$4,337 17
April 1, 1908, Missouri Division, U. D. C., through Mrs. J. B. Gannt, President	25 00
April 20, 1908, Camp 171, U. C. V., Washington, D. C.	150 00
Total receipts	$4,512 17

Expenditures.

March 31, 1908, W. Streater, reimburse't for bond	$ 15 00
March 31, 1908, Sudwarth Printing Co., stationery	30 50
April 18, 1908, Mrs. Drury C. Ludlow, postage	5 00
Total expended	$ 50 50
April 20, 1908, balance on hand	$4,461 67

Respectfully submitted.

WALLACE STREATER, *Treasurer A. C. M. A.*



LAST HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL FORREST.

Gen. N. B. Forrest surrendered in this house to Gen. E. R. S. Canby in April, 1865. It is now the home of Mr. Gray Ellis.

THE VETERAN'S CROSS OF HONOR.

(To the air of "The Old Oaken Bucket.")

How dear to the heart of each gray-headed soldier
  Are the thoughts of the days when all wore the gray,
While memory recalls every trial and danger
  And scenes of the past live in battle array!
Though long since discarding our arms and equipments,
  There's one thing a Veteran most surely will note:
The first thing he sees on the form of a comrade
  Is the little bronze cross he wears on his coat.

Chorus.

The little bronze cross, the sacred bronze cross,
The U. D. C. cross that he wears on his coat.

"How much did it cost?" said a man to a soldier,
  "That little flat cross you wear on your coat?"
"A fortune in money," he answered the stranger,
  "And four years of marching and fighting to boot.
The wealth of the world cannot purchase this emblem,
  Except that the buyer once wore the gray too;
For it shows to mankind the full marks of a hero—
  A man who to honor and country was true."

Then let us be proud of this emblem of honor,
  And wear it with spirit both loyal and bold;
Fraternally welcome each one who supports it
  With love in our hearts for the comrades of old.
Each day musters out whole battalions of wearers,
  And soon will be missed this token so dear;
But ages to come will remember with honor
  The man who'd the right this bronze emblem to wear.

H. H. Sturgis, Fort Pierce, Fla., writes: "I was born in Monroe County, Ga., and my father was the founder of the Monroe Female Academy and its first president. I was reared in Dallas County, Ala., and entered the cavalry service during the war, but was ill from typhoid fever and discharged. As soon as I was able I enlisted in Company G, 44th Alabama Volunteers, and remained in the service until the surrender. I have been in the ministry since the war, and am living at Sanford, Fla."

[See article on page 277 of this issue of the VETERAN.]

GAVELS FROM BEAUVOIR FOR NEW CHAPTERS.—The General U. D. C. have offered a gavel made of Beauvoir wood to all Chapters organized during 1908 that shall be named for President Davis, any member of his family, or any of his three homes. The birthday of many Camps and Chapters during the month of June would be a splendid tribute to the sentiment back of the centenary to be celebrated by thousands of Southerners who revere the name and memory of Jefferson Davis. During this year every loyal son and daughter of the South should be interested in all that concerns the character of President Davis.



MORRIS HOTEL, HEADQUARTERS FORREST'S CAVALRY.

Through Gen. E. W. Rucker Mr. B. F. Eborn has assigned to Gen. H. A. Tyler, commanding Forrest's Cavalry Corps, his large and elegant office, corner of the hotel and first floor, for use during the Reunion.

GENERAL LEE'S SERVICE TO ST. LOUIS.

Cornelius H. Fauntleroy, of St. Louis, mentions a fact in connection with the career of Gen. Robert E. Lee that is either often forgotten or entirely overlooked, and he gives it as one of several reasons why the new high school at St. Louis should be called "The Robert E. Lee Memorial School." He says: "When he was an engineer officer of the United States army, stationed here sixty years ago and in charge of the improvements of the Mississippi River, he devised and carried through a plan to prevent the river from leaving its natural and usual channel some miles above St. Louis and cutting close to the bluffs in Illinois east of the present site of East St. Louis, the result of which, unless it had been stopped by General Lee, would have been to leave St. Louis on a swamp or slough instead of a navigable river, and instead of the splendid city it is to-day St. Louis would be a straggling village."

COTTON TAX FOR CONFEDERATE PENSIONS.

At a regular meeting of Lowden Butler Camp No. 409, U. C. V., held in Benton, La., March 14, 1908, it was proposed that a bill be introduced in Congress by some Southern Congressman with a view of having the internal revenue tax collected on cotton during and after the war given to the respective Southern States to be used in pensioning Confederate veterans.

It being the sense of this Camp that it would be impossible for the owners to establish their claims at this late day, and believing that all having claims would be glad to see the national government return to each State the amount of taxes collected in said State on cotton, the same to be used as a fund for pensioning worthy Confederate soldiers and their widows, the introduction of the bill was recommended. This would enable the States to increase the pensions of soldiers to the amount that would give them a support, as at present it is sadly difficult.

It was further ordered that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to J. T. Watkins, our representative in Congress, also to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, soliciting coöperation.

[The paper comes officially signed by J. H. Nattin, Commander, and W. D. Lassiter, Adjutant.]

GALLANTRY OF TIPTON DAVIS JENNINGS.

Hon. Tipton Davis Jennings is a native of Lynchburg, Va., which was founded by his ancestor, John Lynch, son of Charles Lynch, of colonial fame. Being descended from a race of men of unusual mental endowment, he combines a brilliant mind with the modesty of a woman. Throughout the War between the States Mr. Jennings served with distinguished gallantry as sergeant major of the 11th Virginia Regiment, being twice severely wounded.

In the Daily Republican of Lynchburg, Va., Thursday, June 2, 1864, appears the following under the head of "Gallantry:" "In the recent fight near Drewry's Bluff a young gentleman of this city was conspicuous for gallantry and daring. In the charge upon the fortifications of the enemy Sergeant Tipton D. Jennings, Company G, 11th Virginia Infantry, rushed ahead of his comrades, and amidst a shower of bullets won the high distinction of being the first to reach the enemy's works. Arrived there, he vaulted upon the breastworks and commanded a surrender. Two Yankee colonels surrendered to him in person and delivered him their swords. These trophies of his valor the hero bore off in triumph.

Mr. Jennings is Commander of Garland-Rodes Camp, U. C. V., having previously served that organization for ten or twelve years in the capacity of Adjutant. Many positions of honor and trust in his native city have been held by him, he being for four years postmaster; also serving as bank director and cashier, on Board of Stewards M. E. Church, South, and as Master of Marshall Lodge, A. F. and A. M.



CAPT. T. D. JENNINGS.

Mr. Jennings has for ten years represented Lynchburg in the Legislature of Virginia, where he is considered one of the most watchful and forceful members of the House, and he is a thoroughly equipped business man of varied qualifications.

DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY DOUGLAS JARNAGAN.

O woman! thou unexplained puzzle of all the ages; the unsolved problem of wise men, poets, and sages. The world sees her as she goes about in a quiet, mysterious way, with angel hand gathers the debris of man's ruined and desolated home, and builds for herself a temple, at whose shrine her heart worships, until the fires of love die out upon its altar. Then she takes the cold ashes of his dead hope, and with immaculate hand places them in Memory's urn; then hides them away in the silent chamber of her desolate heart, where the inquiring gaze of the world can never enter. Yet the Invisible Hand that holds the little stars in their places and bids them shine for Him, takes the cold, dead ashes of woman's despair and plants them in the flower of a new hope, which will bud and blossom on the "evergreen shore" forever.

Jefferson City, Tenn.

FOURTH LOUISIANA REGIMENT.

BY W. R. CAMPBELL, ROGILLIOVILLE, LA.

In the April VETERAN, page 202, I notice an article by Col. D. F. Boyd and mention of the death of John T. Harris, of the 4th Louisiana (Hays's) Brigade, and further mention that the writer cannot locate the 4th Louisiana, that it must have been in the Trans-Mississippi Department. This is incorrect, for the 4th Louisiana was organized early in 1861 at Camp Moore, La., with Robert H. Barrow as colonel, who was soon succeeded by H. W. Allen. The regiment was assigned to duty on the Louisiana and Mississippi Gulf Coast, with headquarters at Ship Island, and remained in that locality until Shiloh, where they went with rejoicing after long and trying inactivity.

They went into the Shiloh engagement with twelve hundred men, and many were left lifeless on that bloody field. After Shiloh the regiment was ordered to Vicksburg, where it thoroughly reorganized, and did arduous picket and fatigue duty at that place until July 1, 1862, when the 4th and 30th Louisiana Regiments were put in a brigade commanded by Col. H. W. Allen, and went with Gen. J. C. Breckinridge to the battle of Baton Rouge, La. There many more offered their lives on the battlefield, many in sight of their homes. Colonel Allen was desperately wounded, being shot through both hips. He was never able to take the field again. He was promoted to major general, and was afterwards elected Governor of Louisiana.

The 4th remained in and around Baton Rouge until October, when they were sent to Port Hudson, and the fortifying of that place was begun. It was then brigaded with the 30th Louisiana, 42d, 43d, 48th, 53d, and 55th Tennessee Regiments, and a battalion of Texas sharpshooters and put in command of Brig. Gen. S. B. Maxey, and stood the heavy bombardment of Port Hudson. Later we left on an expedition to capture Grayson's raiders, missed them, and campaigned in Mississippi around Vicksburg until it surrendered. We then retreated to Jackson and fought there for two weeks, and later crossed to Mobile, from which place we were ordered out in various engagements, always losing men.

In October General Maxey was promoted and went to Texas, and Col. W. A. Quarles commanded us until June, 1864, when the 4th and 30th Louisiana Regiments were transferred to Gibson's Louisiana Brigade, Army of Tennessee. When we left the Gulf Department, May 20, 1864, the 4th Louisiana mustered eight hundred guns and full quota of officers.

I was severely wounded the last of July, 1864, and remained many months in a hospital; but in March, 1865, I went to my command at Mobile and found eighteen men and one third lieutenant, all that was left of the noble old regiment.



MISS BESSIE CAROTHERS,
Maid of Honor for Kentucky Division at Birmingham Reunion.

VALUABLE WORKS ON CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

JOHNSTON'S NARRATIVE. By Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. A history of the operations of his command and a masterly vindication of his plan of operations. In half morocco, $3.25; sheep, $2.75, postpaid.

RECOLLECTIONS AND LETTERS OF GEN. ROBERT E. LEE. Compiled and written by his son, Capt. R. E. Lee. A collection of letters written to his family which bring out most interestingly the domestic side of General Lee's character, while the connectional comments by Captain Lee add much to the entertaining qualities of the book. Bound in cloth. Price, $2.50.

REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR. By Gen. John B. Gordon. Doubtless the most interesting personal narrative on the War between the States, presenting the part taken by this great soldier and magnetic man. A late edition of this book has been issued in cheaper form, so as to be within the reach of any Confederate survivor. In cloth, $1.50; the first edition, cloth, $3; memorial edition in half morocco, $4.

LIFE OF GEN. N. B. FORREST. By Dr. John Allan Wyeth. This book has become well known as standard authority on the "Wizard of the Saddle," therefore needs no further commendation. This book was written with great care, every important statement being verified by unquestioned testimony. Illustrated. Cloth-bound. Price, $4.

TWO WARS: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Gen. S. G. French, of Florida. A handsome volume of four hundred pages, illustrated, giving an interesting account of his services in the Mexican and Civil War. Bound in cloth. Price, $2. This is one of the most interesting histories ever written. The limited edition suggests its procurement without delay.

TWO YEARS ON THE ALABAMA. By Lieut. Arthur Sinclair. A companion book to that by Admiral Semmes by one who served under him during the wonderful career of the Alabama. Only a few copies of this volume on hand. Price, $3.

MEMOIRS OF HON. JOHN H. REAGAN, Postmaster General of the Confederate government. Occupying this position in President Davis's Cabinet throughout the war, Mr. Reagan was regarded as one of the masters who shaped the fortunes of the Confederacy. A notable volume. Price, $3.24, postpaid.

HANCOCK'S DIARY. By R. R. Hancock, a member of Forrest's command, whose record includes a history of the 2d Tennessee Cavalry under Forrest. Reduced to $1.25.

Prison Life of Jefferson Davis. By Dr. John J. Craven, chief medical officer at Fortress Monroe at the time of Mr. Davis's imprisonment and whose friendly attitude toward the distinguished prisoner led to his removal. Price, $1.50.

Camp Chase. By Col. W. H. Knauss, a veteran of the Federal army, who gave his services freely toward the preservation of the Confederate Cemetery at Camp Chase, and in this book gives its history during and since the war, with a list of those there buried. Cloth. Price, $2.20, postpaid.

Old Tales Retold. By Mrs. Octavia Zollicoffer Bond. Some of the most interesting events in Tennessee history rewritten by this talented daughter of Gen. Felix Zollicoffer and published in an attractive volume. Price, $1.

Bright Skies and Dark Shadows. By Dr. Henry M. Field, D.D. A series of sketches in his travels through the South. Fifty pages devoted to the battle of Franklin are worth the price. Cloth. Price, 50 cents (reduced from $1.50).

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War Songs and Poems of the Confederacy. Compiled by Dr. M. B. Wharton. Cloth. Price, $2.

Southern Poets: Father Ryan's Poems. Cloth, $1.50. Other bindings procurable. Poems of Sidney Lanier. Edited by his wife. Price, $2. Poems of Henry Timrod. Cloth, $1.50. Memorial Edition.

Robert's Rules of Order. Adopted by the United Daughters of the Confederacy as their guide. Price, 75 cents.

The Immortal Six Hundred. By Maj. J. Ogden Murray. A new edition of this thrilling narrative has been issued, and orders can now be promptly filled from this office. The author was one of the six hundred Confederate officers held as hostages and exposed to the fire of their own friends in the siege of Charleston, S. C., and he has given a worthy and true account of the heroic suffering and strength of character developed by this trying ordeal. In a modest way he has made his contribution to Confederate history, and the book should have a place in every library over the country. Nicely bound in cloth and illustrated. Price, $1.50.

Confederate Echoes

(OUR ABIDING CONFEDERACY)

By REV. A. T. GOODLOE, M.D.

"I hope for this book many readers. I am sure the reading of it will tend to conserve and preserve the traditions of the elders, and crystallize sentiment for that noble band, the Sons and Sires of the Old South—the noblest type of which the pen of historian, bard, or poet ever sang."—*Mrs. Sue F. Mooney.*

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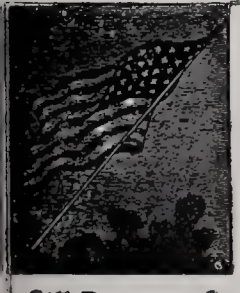
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A. Weber, Hickory Withe, Tenn., inquires for any surviving members of the 15th Tennessee Infantry.

A Book for Sons and Daughters of Confederate Veterans

A NARRATIVE OF THE CIVIL WAR
BY A. E. SNYDER

This is a truthful narrative of the facts and events of the great war between the States, the Civil War, written in a plain style and chronologically arranged. It is designed especially for the young people of the South, and covers the entire subject in a way that makes it intensely interesting and of great value to all who wish to know correctly about the war and its various phases. The book is handsomely bound and contains many interesting illustrations. Price, postpaid, **60 cents.** Send all orders to

THE EPWORTH ERA, Nashville, Tenn.

The Reily-Taylor Company, of New Orleans, Coffee Importers and Roasters, was organized in 1903, and did business for three years in a small building on South Peters Street. Two years ago they purchased the large four-story building now occupied by them fronting on Magazine, Girard, and Constance Streets, and increased the size of their roasting plant from two to eight cylinders. In four years their business has increased more than six hundred per cent. They are particularly proud of the success they have met with in the sale of their famous Luzianne Coffee. So good is the quality of this coffee (and its being sold at the popular retail price of twenty-five cents) that they are having orders for it from Boston, Mass., to San Francisco. The Vice President of this concern, Hon. D. W. Pipes, of Clinton, La., is a Confederate veteran, having served for four years in the Army of Northern Virginia with the Washington Artillery of New Orleans.

What is a gentleman? Men connected with the newspaper trade have a canon of their own. "Mr. Editor," said a patron one day, "how is it you never call on me to pay for your paper?" "O," said the man of types, "we never ask a gentleman for money." "Indeed!" the patron replied. "How do you manage to get along when they don't pay?" "Why," said Mr. Editor, "after a certain time, we conclude he is not a gentleman and we then ask him."—*Selected.*

If afflicted with SORE EYES use Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

A correspondent sends to the VETERAN some little bricks made from the clay thrown out by the Crater explosion, which have been sold for the benefit of some charity. He wishes the proceeds of these to go on his subscription, and any one wishing such a souvenir can procure one for fifty cents, postpaid.

Benjamin E. Evans, now seventy-eight years of age, a resident of Acorn, Polk County, Ark., wants to make proof of his service in the Confederate army, and any comrade who can testify in his behalf will kindly write him as above. He is old and needy, with failing memory, and is trying to get help in the way of a pension. He enlisted in White's Light Artillery in Sumter, S. C., and was detailed to work on building railroad bridges on the Ashley River nine months, then to the Peedee Navy Yard until the close of the war. He was at home on furlough with a sick wife when the war closed.

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Twenty views of Historic Chattanooga, Chickamauga, and Lookout Mountain. Beautifully colored Mailed to any address.
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AN EFFECTIVE REMEDY, PROMPT IN ACTION AND IMMEDIATE IN RESULT.
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MANUFACTURING DRUGGISTS, LOUDON, TENN.

A mistake was made in giving the address of Mrs. N. E. Edgerton, Treasurer Henry Wyatt Monumental Fund, as Salem, N. C., when it should have been Selma, N. C.

George Jones, Wisner, Nebr., Rural Route No. 2, would like to hear from surviving members of Company E, 12th Mississippi, Featherston's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V.

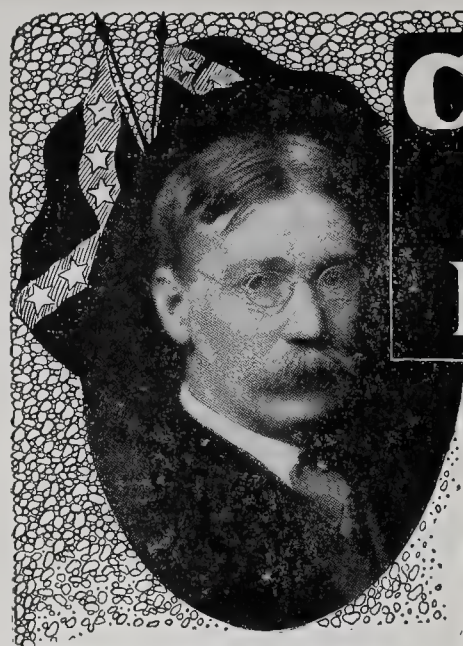
A. H. French, 1427 Third Avenue, Birmingham, Ala., wishes to hear from any surviving members of the 2d Regiment Tennessee Cavalry, also from any members of Morton's Battery—as many as possible—before the Reunion at Birmingham.

A new story is attributed to our popular Comrade Polk Miller, the inimitable imitator of the old-time darky. It is to the effect that the old man offered a turkey for sale to a gentleman who wanted a "tame" one. "Dis is a tame turkey, mars'r. It sho' is." "Well, how is it that bird shot are in it?" "Ah, boss, it's sho'-nuff a tame turkey. Dat shot, you see, was intended for me."

A. S. Bennett writes from Paris, Ark., that he served in the 6th Georgia (Colquitt's) Regiment, Company B, beginning service in 1861. His regiment was sent to Virginia, and kept at Yorktown until that historic place was evacuated by the Confederates, and he afterwards served in many of the severe battles of Virginia. Comrade Bennett hopes to meet members of his old regiment at the Birmingham Reunion.

Alex Russell, 3218 Avenue I, Galveston, Tex., wishes to obtain his father's army record. He was Emanuel Russell, a naturalized Greek, about forty-five or fifty years old when he enlisted. He went from Alexandria, La., a barber by profession and a splendid cook, and the son remembers to have heard him speak of having been cook for General Polk in Tennessee. He thinks he was in the battle of Lookout Mountain and in the company of Capt. Thomas W. Jack, of Texas; also has the impression that he went in the army the second time as a substitute for some one at Alexandria.

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Confederate War Pictures

BY GILBERT GAUL,

NATIONAL ACADEMICIAN.

With Introductory Sketches by

THORNWELL JACOBS.

Exquisitely reproduced in four colors, on heavy polychrome paper.

Those who love the South and her brave old veterans have desired for many years to have their courage, their devotion, their unmatched heroism and the home-life of their families crystallized on canvas. After nearly a half century this has just been done. Gilbert Gaul, of New York, was employed several years ago, and has now finished the series. It is called **With the Confederate Colors, 1861-5,** and consists of six paintings, as follows:

No. 1. Leaving Home.—Shows a typical Southern interior of the period. A lad is telling his homefolks good-bye. One sees the newspaper fallen to the floor, the favorite bird-dog pleading infinitely with his eye, the father, mother, sister, slaves—all done as if a photograph had been magically turned into colors.

No. 2. Holding the Line at all Hazards.—A battle scene. The last magnificent stand of "those who had fate against them." One of the finest battle scenes ever painted.

No. 3. Waiting for Dawn.—A campfire scene. The snow covers the ground. A farm house burns in the distance. The "enemy's" battle line glows on the horizon. A masterpiece.

No. 4. The Picket and the Forager.—Companion pieces sold as one picture. The first shows a lonely picket on duty. The second presents a bread and chicken-laden forager returning to camp after a day's excursion.

No. 5. Betting on the Flag.—The boys in blue are backing their cause with a pile of coffee in a social game of cards between the lines. Southern tobacco is the bet of the "Johnny Rebs" that the bars will be victorious. One of the most popular of the series.

No. 6. Tidings.—A pretty Southern girl is reading a letter from the front to the groups of women and slaves. A grandfather bends forward eagerly to listen, and a wounded soldier on furlough forgets his bandaged arm as he hears tidings from the firing line. A beautiful and touching picture.

Mr. Gaul's strong brush has portrayed with much realism, not their bitterness and recriminations, but their magnificent motive, their magnanimous courage, their unmatched devotion. Those who love the real values of the Old South will prize these pictures beyond price, and indeed they should appeal to every intelligent American, man or woman.

Pictures 15x19 inches, reproducing every shade of tone and motif, and embossed so as to give perfect canvas effect. Each one is a masterpiece, depicting the courage, sacrifice, heroism, sufferings and home life of the Southern soldier.

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United Confederate Veterans,
Office of Commander-in-Chief.
Columbus, Miss., April 1, 1903.

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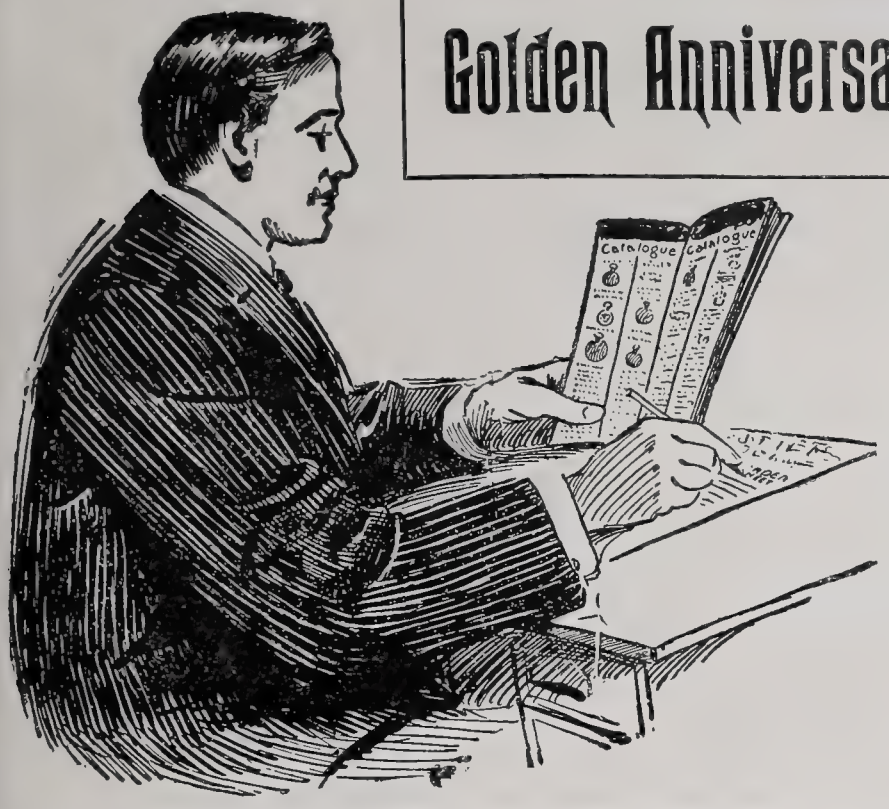
With kindest wishes for the success of your praiseworthy undertaking, I am, Yours truly,

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J. Britt, of Fitzhugh, Okla, seeks to locate some member of his company (D), 31st Alabama Infantry, Capt. Ed Thompson, Stevenson's Division, who can testify as to his service. He wishes to secure a pension.

M. M. Tice, of Morrisville, Mo., who was a private in Company I, 22d Louisiana Heavy Artillery, commanded by Major Marks, Captain Plattsmier, Lieutenant Smith, would be glad to hear from any survivors of his company.



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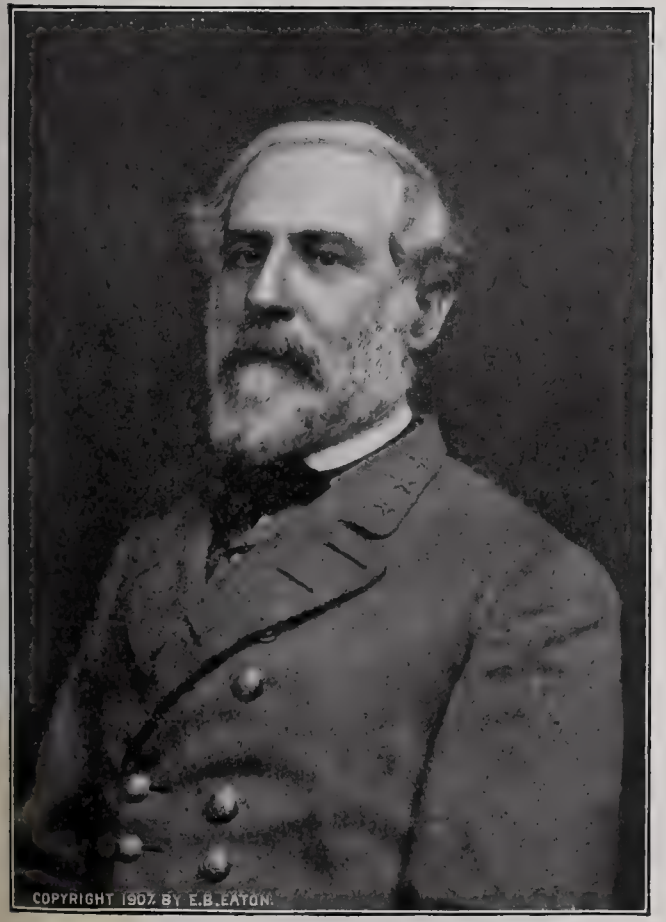
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appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing, therefore we wish to call the attention of all who would enjoy good health, with its blessings, to the fact that it involves the question of right living with all the term implies. With proper knowledge of what is best each hour of recreation, of enjoyment, of contemplation and of effort may be made to contribute to that end and the use of medicines dispensed with generally to great advantage, but as in many instances a simple, wholesome remedy may be invaluable if taken at the proper time, the California Fig Syrup Co. feels that it is alike important to present truthfully the subject and to supply the one perfect laxative remedy which has won the appoval of physicians and the world-wide acceptance of the Well-Informed because of the excellence of the combination, known to all, and the original method of manufacture, which is known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

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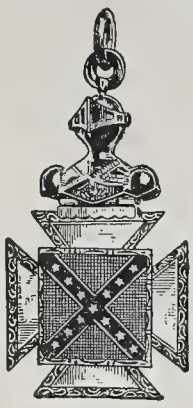
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VOL. XVI. JULY, 1908. NO. 7.



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BY DICKISON DOWD.

There is a land not far away,
A land of song and soldiers gray;
It lies out there just off the shore—
'Tis Dixie land for evermore.

Once Dixie stood in honest fight,
Herself defending, and the right;
Four years her deeds amazed the world,
But ah! too soon her flag was furled.

Four millions came and trod it down,
And crushed her heroes to the ground;
Their bodies strewed o'er all the plain—
O Dixie mine! the slain, the slain!

Her heart was sore, her heroes dead;
To yon fair isle for peace she fled.
No more in war her armor gleams,
For Dixie's in the land of dreams.

Her home is in a wondrous clime,
Yon island in the stream of Time;
The showers that wash its clouds away
Are tears for her dead boys in gray.

To her you cannot find the way
Unless you wore or loved the gray;
The "Stars and Bars" wave o'er the door
In Dixie land for evermore.

'Tis there the Veterans go each year,
And there they hold reunions rare;
With songs and tales and yells the boys
Retaste their bravest, sweetest joys.

The boys that died for Dixie land
Come back and take them by the hand;
And on that glory-lighted shore
They sing their glory songs once more.

There Dixie calls the roll each year,
And fewer, fewer answer, "Here!"
And soon there'll none be left to say:
"I fought with Lee; I wore the gray."

J. W. Cramsie, of St. Paul, Minn., asks for the highest percentage of loss in any regiment of the South. He says that the 1st Minnesota lost seventy-two per cent at Gettysburg.

Valentine Hardt, of Cuero, Tex., has a new set of the "Confederate Military History" which he will dispose of at a reasonable price. Write to him if interested.

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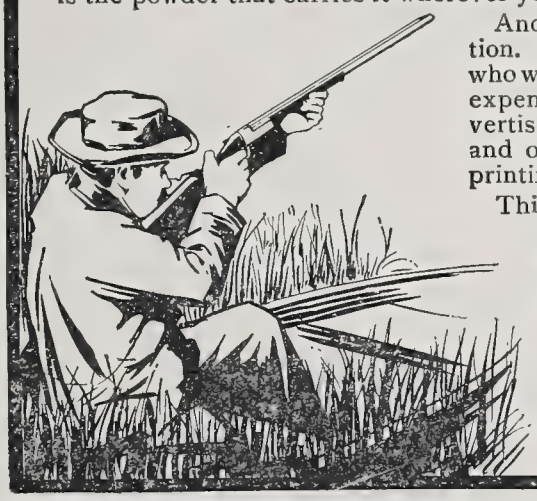
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V. F. Stainsburg, of Abbeville, La., desires information concerning Capt. F. F. Teray, who commanded one of the companies composing the 4th Louisiana Regiment, known as the "Bloody Fourth," and which was afterwards merged into the 7th Louisiana upon reorganization. Captain Teray was a gallant soldier and good officer.

GUNNING FOR ORDERS

is much like gunning for birds. *You* must have a definite aim, because indiscriminate advertising, like indiscriminate shooting, results in empty pockets. The printer furnishes the shot, and postage is the powder that carries it wherever you direct.



And you *must* have good ammunition. Foolish indeed the sportsman who would use pebbles for shot to save expense, yet equally foolish is the advertiser who wastes energy, postage and opportunity on weak, ineffective printing.

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Anyway, let's talk it over.

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The annual Reunion of the S. W. Arkansas C. V. A. will be held on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, 29th, 30th, and 31st of July, 1908, at the "Old Soldiers' Shed," near McNeil, Ark. By order of C. M. Norwood, Commander; C. T. Boggs, Adjutant.

Dr. L. M. McLendon, Pension Examiner for Escambia County, Brewton, Ala., inquires for any surviving members of Company E, 23d Alabama Regiment, or for any one who knows anything about the company. This is in the interest of an old Confederate who needs a pension.

J. D. Harwell, of Meridian, Miss., is anxious to learn something of the fate of his brother, William T. Harwell, Company D, Jeff Davis's Legion, Stuart's Cavalry, who was supposed to have been killed on the 8th of May, 1864, in a skirmish near Spottsylvania C. H., Va., though no one saw him fall nor was his body found after recapturing the skirmish line. It is thought that he must have been captured and doubtless died in prison or hospital. His name was written plainly in the Bible he carried, and should, therefore, have been properly enrolled on prison books or hospital record. Any information that can be given will be highly appreciated.

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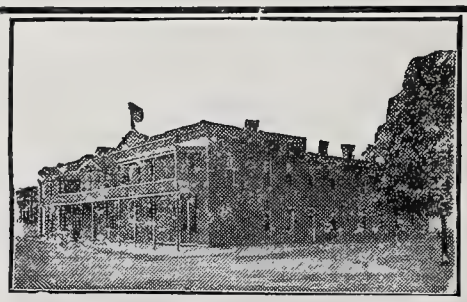
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Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:
UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. XVI. | NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1908. | No. 7. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR.

THE BIRMINGHAM REUNION.

While history records the heroic deeds of the Confederate conflict, the world needs no further evidence of what the South can do in time of war; but if she be asked to furnish proof of her ability to construct and build up in time of peace, let her point to Birmingham, Ala., the Reunion city of 1908, a municipality which came into existence long after the smoldering camp fires had gone to sleep on the breast of mother earth and the "blood of martyrs" had enriched the Southland's soil.

It can truly be said that Birmingham has been reared and attained her majority in these very recent years, and possibly more than any other Southern city illustrates that the South fought for principle and not through animosity, as the children of the war time enemy represent a large part of her citizenship and live in harmony with the progeny of Southern men who fought for the rights of States.

In Birmingham's homes, hotels, public buildings and along the principal thoroughfares and less traveled byways the visitors were welcome guests, although the occasion was especially to do homage to the Confederate heroes.

Only one cloud rested on the Reunion—the very recent passage of the beloved Commander, Gen. Stephen D. Lee—and yet in reflecting on his going to sleep one might contemplate the sinking sun with the comforting knowledge that it is shining elsewhere and will rise in God's own time.

The eighteenth annual Reunion of United Confederate Veterans formally opened in the Birmingham Hippodrome on Tuesday morning, June 9, and during its progress memorable addresses were delivered by Mayor George B. Ward, Governor Comer, Mr. Rufus Rhodes, of the Birmingham News (on behalf of the Sons of Confederate Veterans), Mrs. Charles G. Brown (on behalf of the Alabama U. D. C.), Gen. George P. Harrison, Commander Alabama Division, U. C. V., Gen. W. L. Cabell, Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, and others.

Matters of deep import to the U. C. V. and to Sons and Daughters were discussed and settled. Gen. Clement A. Evans, of Atlanta, Ga., was chosen by the convention as Commander in Chief to succeed Gen. Stephen D. Lee. The Convention voted, as usual, by Divisions in proportion to authorized delegates. It was a spirited contest between Gen. W. L. Cabell and General Evans, although the former in an address in the outset declined to compete for the honor.

Memphis, Tenn., was chosen by the Convention as the meeting place for 1909 over Atlanta, although Colonel Lyon, of Georgia, emphasized the fact that Tennessee has had the Reunion four times, while Georgia had been so honored but once.

It is deeply regretted that so much of the Reunion proceedings deserving place in the VETERAN is deferred. Some official papers have not been accessible in time. Of the deferred reports, action by the Jefferson Davis Home Association, of the Confederate Memorial Association, and of the History Committee will have attention in an early issue; while many incidental features will have attention also.

JUNE 3 AT FAIRVIEW, KY.

It was gratifying on June 3, 1908, to be at Fairview, Ky., where Jefferson Davis was born one hundred years before. Sheltered from the severe rain in the beautiful church that he deeded to the Baptists some twenty years before, there was occasion for reminiscences which included the sentimental interest of millions of people. Concern was added to the event because the multitude present were wondering whether there would be action on the part of Southern patriots to secure lands and erect a memorial there.

Dr. C. S. Stuart, one of the speakers on the occasion, whose aunt lived in the Davis home and nursed "little Jeff" and had often told him many things of the distinguished man's childhood days, said: "It seems only reasonable that deep and general interest at home, coupled with yearning hope and expectation, should cause decided action in the premises in honor of the noble character born in our midst. Let us to-day with our united voices resolve ourselves into a Memorial Association, establishing this day, June 3, to one who was born where this stately temple stands."

The speaker then gave a brief review of the great events with which Jefferson Davis was indissolubly connected, saying: "Such a character commends itself to serious consideration." He urged that we teach the rising generation to emulate the noble example, and that an annual memorial service would tend to general exaltation of character.

An interesting address was made by Rev. Millard A. Jenkins, pastor of the Baptist Church in Hopkinsville; but it was devoted rather to the character of the Confederate soldier than to the career of President Davis.

Other addresses and appropriate songs were given. The excessive rain detracted from the excellence of the service, which the day and the place should have made inspiring.

Hon. W. B. Brewer, master of ceremonies, invited the editor of the VETERAN to address the assembly, which he did briefly, expressing gratitude in being present and in calling attention to the interest of millions of people in Fairview on that centennial day of an event that will be of concern to all educated patriots in this great country while history shall be written.

The people of Fairview are deeply interested in the memorial projected, and are liberal-minded in the main toward helping to secure it. The undertaking of the project by the United Confederate Veterans—who succeed in such undertakings, when they transfer the responsibilities to the United Daughters of the Confederacy—insures success.

Mr. Cunningham presented an approved portrait of Jefferson Davis to the Church, and suggested that the date of the presentation be recorded and that it be placed in the pastor's study if not in the auditorium of the church.

STEPHEN DILL LEE.

That there is one "straggler" less in the "great march," and that the splendid Commander in Chief who uttered the prophetic words should have been summoned to reduce the number by answering to the last reveille on the morning of May 28, is a fact that has caused every Confederate heart to throb and every Confederate head to bow low at the passing of a good man.

Knightly gentleman, chivalrous soldier, Christian man, he was beloved by a multitude, and it is a significant fact that his last earthly service before making his final report to the Great Commander was his eloquent greeting to four regiments of Iowa and Wisconsin troops, old-time enemies whom he had not met for forty-five years.

Stephen Lee's heart was pure, his mind and motives dwelt on the mounts of high endeavor, and his being interpreted the truer, deeper meaning of the Christian ideal.

Of the many worthy beautiful tributes to him from the platform and press, none have equaled that manifested at his funeral by students of the Mississippi Agricultural College, at Starkville. General Lee may be regarded as the founder of that college, and was its president for eighteen years. There were perhaps five hundred of these students, many in mature life, while the cadets were the most conspicuous feature of the procession. The general comment by these men who knew him so well was upon his goodness. They seemed to grieve as though he had been their own father.

Stephen D. Lee was born April 22, 1833, in Charleston, S. C. He graduated from the West Point Military Academy in 1854, and was first lieutenant in the 1st Artillery, U. S. A., from 1854 to 1861. He resigned to go with the South; and beginning at captain, his promotions were regular all the way up to lieutenant general. He served acceptably in both armies, first in Virginia and then with the Army of Tennessee. In 1899 he was made Commissioner for the Vicksburg National Park, which position he held until his death. He succeeded Gen. John B. Gordon as Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans in 1904. He left one son, Blewett Lee, now Assistant General Counsel Illinois Central Railroad.

A pathetic illustration of General Lee's determination was shown in his resolution to go to Columbus. When the fatal illness had almost completed its work, he got out of bed, put on his trousers, and said: "I'm going home."



GROUP PRESENT AT CLOSE OF THE U. C. V. CONVENTION. ON THE THE LEFT SEATED ARE COL. V. V. COOK, GEN. EVANS, GEN. MICKLE, MISS MICKLE, AND MISS VARINA DAVIS COOK.



THIS GROUP IS ON THE LEFT OF THAT ON OTHER PAGE. THE ENTIRE PICTURE WAS MADE AT ONE SWEEP OF THE CAMERA.

On May 8 a friend of the VETERAN wrote from Columbus a personal letter in which the following appears: "On the 7th and 8th Gen. S. D. Lee addressed our entire Industrial Institute and College on 'The Siege of Vicksburg.'" This was making history alive to them. He did it ably and concluded by a broad, patriotic expression of feeling regarding the other side and our country of to-day.

MOORMAN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The many friends of the late Gen. George Moorman, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff U. C. V., from its organization, will be gratified to learn of the organization of an association for the purpose of raising funds for a suitable memorial in his honor, the purpose being to purchase a lot in Metarie Cemetery, New Orleans, and erect the memorial there. General Moorman died in December, 1902, and his remains were temporarily deposited in the vault of the Army of Tennessee tomb; but not having been a member of that organization, the permanent interment had to be elsewhere. General Moorman died a poor man, and the friends who loved and esteemed him wish to honor him with a suitable memorial, for which your contribution will be appreciated. Over $400 has already been promised to the fund, of which there is $164.90 in bank.

The Chairman of the Association is J. A. Harral; Vice Chairman, B. T. Walshe; Secretary, W. T. Blakemore—all of New Orleans. An Executive Committee has also been appointed, and the movement will be carried vigorously forward.

FUND FOR THE ARLINGTON MONUMENT.

Just at press time news comes from Wallace Streater that the Arlington monument fund is still growing. The exact amount is $5,250.92. The list includes $100 from Hon. John Sharp Williams, Yazoo City, Miss.

GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S RELATION TO THE UNION.

Much has been written for the VETERAN concerning the relation of Gen. John A. Logan to the South in the beginning of the war, in 1861. Some of these articles have been published with the view of showing that there were those in sympathy with the South who lived across the border.

Mr. Logan was a member of Congress at the time, and so good a Democrat that the Southern people owed him gratitude. He deplored the threatened war, and sought its aversion, just as did the Whigs in the South; but when sectional lines were established, Mr. Logan put on his armor for the defense of the Union, as did Whigs in the South who gave their lives for the Confederacy.

The unhappy mystery about General Logan was in his ultra position against the South in later years. His wife's people were of the South—Cunninghams of Tennessee—and he might have been a tower of strength in the years of reconstruction; but he wasn't. However, his position for maintaining the Union is so clearly set out in the Congressional Record of April 20, 1881, that the VETERAN accepts it freely.

In a speech on the day in question he said that since 1866 his enemies had persistently pursued him with falsehood concerning his action in 1861. He was "elected to Congress in 1859 as an anti-Lecompton Democrat and not as a Bourbon," according to Senator Hill's intimation in a recent speech. He produced records to show that on January 7, 1861, he fully approved the act of Major Anderson and the course of the President in maintaining all measures to save the Union.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

OF CONCERN TO YOU IF YOU ARE A SOUTHERNER

Many good friends of the VETERAN seem not to comprehend the responsibility of publications. To avoid their embarrassment, the VETERAN receives and publishes long articles which have sorely taxed its space. The extra pages, required largely in this way, have cost the management during the past six months approximately $1,000. Illustrating the lack of knowledge on these points, the statement is sometimes made that if such an article be published extra copies of the issue will be bought—say, ten or twenty copies—with an article that costs to print from $20 to $50. One man who wanted to publish a series of articles wrote that, if accepted, on receipt of the first paper he would "proceed to send a year's subscription." It would save embarrassment if people would before asking for long articles on subjects that are being discussed throughout the land—more than enough of good articles to fill an issue—ascertain from the VETERAN the propriety of procuring such article. Again, impulsive friends will procure photos of the writer or some relative and send to go with the article, and each engraving will cost more than two yearly subscriptions.

It is advised that every paper sent for publication be prepared most carefully and as closely condensed as practicable with scrupulous diligence for the truth. Rigid rules would be exacted in this matter but for the fact that some of our faithful comrades cannot comply. Therefore the appeal is made in faith that those who can prepare legible manuscripts do it in the manner indicated.

VOLUNTEER TO SUBSCRIBE FOR THE VETERAN.

To every Southern family plea is made for patronage. A multitude of people who can easily afford the VETERAN do not take it. Many who are familiar with and enjoy reading it do not subscribe, procuring copies from some neighbor. Many admit that they "ought to take it." Let such consider its merits and its needs. Try it for a year, read half of the issues; and if it is not accepted as worth the investment, the money will be returned. Subscribe for it and then give it to some one who can't pay for it, and you will be doubly compensated. For fifteen and a half years it has proven worthy; hence it may be assumed that it is well established and is meritorious. See to it that the VETERAN is in your own home, and, as proposed, the money will be returned if it be not regarded as worth more than the cost.

Personal friends are asked to give this matter immediate attention. There has never been in the South a periodical so long successful, and surely thousands more would enlist as readers if they realized its value and how interesting it is. Some have said: "The war is over, and its issues should be forgotten." In response to this sentiment, it is stated that for the fifteen years men who fought for the Union have been subscribers, and they are loyal, good friends. Do you feel that for any reason this subject merits your attention?

ANOTHER MATTER OF CONCERN IS ADVERTISING.

The best friends of the VETERAN are surprised at its sparse advertising patronage. Suppose when you order something by mail you suggest advertising in the VETERAN. In truth, it is the best medium in existence for reaching the well-to-do and the rich in every part of the South. The rate is so low that some agencies won't handle it, the higher rate being to them the larger commission. Ask your merchant at home and elsewhere. The result would amaze you.

Gen. Clement A. Evans, the new Commander in Chief of the U. C. V., wrote April 6, 1908: "I design emphasizing the VETERAN in the Historical Committee's report, and will refer to the success of the appeal made by Commanders of Brigades, Divisions, Departments, etc., last year. I shall also mention the VETERAN in my Department Orders and ask the Camps to take the matter up thoroughly. It would be a good move to get the United Sons of Confederate Veterans to take up the success of the VETERAN as being now their specific work. It has been founded and sustained by the Veterans, and they desire the Sons and Daughters to carry it forward to complete fulfillment."

The author of the poem, "The Veteran's Cross of Honor," published on page 297 of the VETERAN for June, is H. H. Stevens, of Byhalia, Miss. This statement is made that Comrade Stevens may have due credit for the production.

WORK ON THE SAM DAVIS MONUMENT.

The committee appointed by the Tennessee Legislature with authority to erect the Sam Davis monument on Capitol Hill, in Nashville, is diligently at work now, and expects to have the monument—a bronze statue eight feet high—mounted on a magnificent pedestal. The monument will be more elaborate than the funds in hand warrant, but it is expected that the additional amount will be secured readily.

The funds for this monument come from so broad an area that the committee desires to be able to say that they are from every State and territory in the United States. Let it not be forgotten that the lead in this movement was taken by the Union soldiers who were present at the execution; so every Northern State is desired in the list as well as each of the Southern. There are contributions already from all of the States except Colorado, Delaware, Idaho, Indiana, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Rhode Island, Utah, Vermont, West Virginia, Wisconsin.

GEN. CLEMENT ANSELM EVANS.

The new Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, Gen. Clement A. Evans, was born and educated in Georgia. He practiced law and served as judge of the county court for some time prior to the Civil War, and in 1859 he was State Senator.

He enlisted promptly in the South's effort for independence, going to the army in Virginia, and was promoted to major, colonel, and brigadier general, and commanded a division as major general late in the war.

After Lee's surrender at Appomattox, he returned to Georgia and practiced law. Later he engaged in literary work, and is at present a Prison Commissioner for the State.

In the Veteran organization he commanded the Georgia Division, U. C. V., until the death of General Gordon, when Gen. S. D. Lee was promoted to Commander in Chief, and General Evans was advanced to command of the Army of Tennessee Department, and then at Birmingham he was elected successor to Gen. S. D. Lee.



GEN. CLEMENT A. EVANS, ATLANTA, GA.,

Commander in Chief United Confederate Veterans.

PRESIDENT C. S. M. A. PRAISES BIRMINGHAM.

In writing of the Birmingham Reunion, Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, states:

"It was one of the finest we have ever had in numbers and enthusiasm. It was equaled only by that of Richmond, Va., in 1907. The Executive Committee deserves the highest praise for the admirable manner in which the crowd was handled and for the generous provision made for the several organizations there in convention.

"The Confederated Southern Memorial Association returns thanks in a special manner to the members of the Executive Committee, to the officers and members of the Pelham Chapter, U. D. C., to his Excellency, Gov. and Mrs. B. B. Comer, and to the Southern and Country Clubs for numerous courtesies extended to us during the convention; to the citizens of Birmingham for their hospitality, to the press for accurate reports of all meetings, and to the Mayor and members of the City Council for use of Council chamber, where our sessions were held daily."

CAREER OF JEFFERSON DAVIS FOR SCHOOLS IN MISSISSIPPI.

Dunbar Rowland, Director Department of Archives and History State of Mississippi, writes from Jackson, Miss., May 27, 1908, to Mrs. W. J. Behan, President Confederated Southern Memorial Association: "I have your letter of the 29th advising me of the generous donation made by the Times-Democrat of a pamphlet bearing on the life of our beloved 'Chieftain of the Confederacy' in which you ask me if I would take charge of the distribution of the pamphlets to the public schools of Mississippi. The performance of such a labor of love is a pleasure to me, and I not only esteem your request as a compliment, but count myself fortunate in being placed in position to do such honorable service to the people; and I assure you that the opportunity of serving the noble organization of which you are the honored head is a pleasure to me as well as a duty."

LOVING CUP TO MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.

A very pleasant incident took place in the parlor of the Hillman Hotel on Thursday, June 11, after the veteran parade had been disbanded. It was the presentation of a handsome loving cup to Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, Secretary of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association. The loving cup was a testimonial from friends who had learned to love the sweet-mannered, gentle Secretary and who desired to express their appreciation of her efficiency and faithful service for eight years. Miss Hodgson, who was completely taken by surprise, thanked the kind friends who had thus honored her with their friendship, and said laughingly: "If this were not a dry town, we would fill the cup and drink the health of those near and dear to us."

To Mrs. J. C. Lee, of Montgomery, Ala., is due the credit of this happy thought, and it was a cause of general regret that she was prevented by reason of ill health from being present at the presentation. At her request Dr. Thomas M. Owen presented the "testimonial in the name of Mrs. Lee and other friends."

ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT OF THE U. D. C. FOR THE SUMMER.—The address of Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, President General U. D. C., will be Blue Ridge Springs, Va., from July 1 until October 1. She has removed her office and work to a cooler climate for the summer months.

SKETCH OF GEN. STEPHEN D. LEE.

BY GEN. W. L. CABELL.

General Lee was born in the city of Charleston, S. C., September 22, 1833, and had nearly reached his seventy-fifth birthday. He graduated from West Point Military Academy in the class of 1854, in which were many who took leading parts in the great war of the sixties. On the breaking out of hostilities he was at the front, and as an aid on the staff of General Beauregard he bore the notification to Colonel Anderson that fire would be opened on Fort Sumter on the morning of April 12, 1861—the first guns of the great conflict. Thence his promotion was most marked and rapid, passing through all grades till commissioned lieutenant general, June 23, 1864. He enjoyed the distinction of earning the highest commendation in each arm of the service; and so great was the value placed on his ability by the President of the Confederate States that in recommending his promotion from one rank to another Mr. Davis expressed regret that he could not serve in both, as the position from which he was transferred would feel the great loss of his presence.

Since the war, in addition to educating the minds of the young of the South like his great namesake, he, as was the case with his predecessor in the U. C. V., bent his energies to healing the wounds left by the conflict, and there is something peculiarly touching in the fact that his death was brought about by his efforts in this direction. On Friday, two weeks ago, he threw himself with enthusiastic whole-heartedness into the entertainment of the visitors who were at the park in Vicksburg, thereby rendering all most proud and happy; but becoming overheated, complications were brought about which resulted in death. He would have desired no more beautiful end to life.

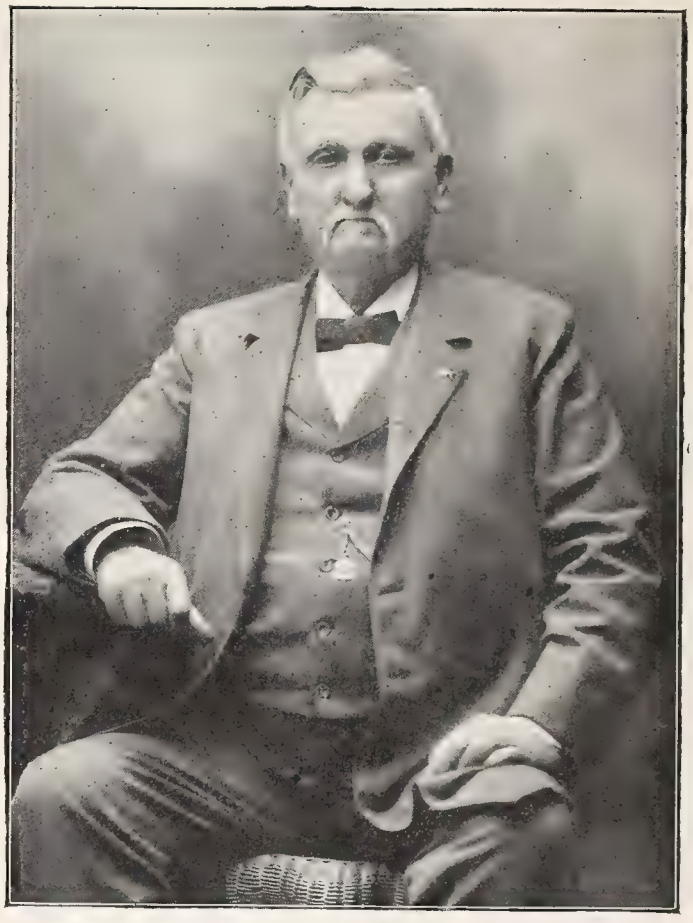
As a citizen with a character as pure as snow, as a Confederate soldier with a record equal to the best, as a husband, father, and brother measuring up to all the requirements, as an officer and consistent member of the Church, he lived a blameless life, and has gone to his reward universally loved and respected, leaving another great break in the ranks of the United Confederate Veterans.



GEN. S. D. LEE AS THE VETERANS PASSED IN REVIEW AT LOUISVILLE REUNION, JUNE 16, 1905.

Gen. W. L. Cabell's Appeal for Organization.

My old comrades, I greet you with a sad heart full of love and affection. Noble sons of these brave old gray-headed men, I greet you also with love and affection. I appeal to you by the memory of your brave fathers and brothers who died on the battlefield, in prison, or from wounds to organize! I appeal to you by the memories of the sufferings and



GEN. W. L. CABELL.

hardships borne by the noble women of the South—your mothers and sisters, who with tears on their cheeks will tell you with pride of the heroism of the husband and brothers—to organize! In the name of all that is dear to our past history, be ready to take the place of the old gray-headed men who are the heroes of more than a hundred battles. Be ready.

Noble Daughters of the Confederacy, I greet you with a heart full of love, admiration, and affection. Continue your glorious mission. Beautiful young women of our Southland, proud daughters of the noblest women that ever lived in any country or in any age, I greet you with the heart of an old Confederate soldier, and I urge you to continue your good work and encourage your brothers and other young men to remain steadfast and true to the memories of the past. I heard that grand old soldier, Gen. Bernard E. Bee, a son of glorious old South Carolina, at the battle of Bull Run say to his men, "Stand steady, boys, stand steady," when the Federal bullets were flying thick and fast.

"Remember the Alamo," was the battle cry of the Texans at the battle of San Jacinto. Then let the battle cry of the young men and women of the South be: "Remember the heroism of our fathers. Remember the loyalty, patriotism, and suffering of our mothers."

City of Birmingham, glorious Alabama, in behalf of my old comrades I lay at your feet the thanks of grateful hearts.

OFFICIAL TRIBUTE TO GEN. S. D. LEE.

Mr. William T. Rigby, Chairman of the Vicksburg National Military Park Commission, wrote as follows from Vicksburg, Miss., May 28, 1908:

"To the Honorable Secretary of War—Sir: It is my sad duty to report that Commissioner Lieut. Gen. Stephen Dill Lee died in this city at six o'clock this morning. The country has lost a good and great citizen and each member of the Commission a dear friend. His last public utterance, an address of welcome to the Union Veterans of Lawler's Brigade, assembled in reunion on the battlefield last Friday afternoon, the 22d, was an inspiration to love of country and devotion to its service."

COL. E. L. RUSSELL, ORATOR OF THE OCCASION.

[Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Commander in Chief, had selected Col. E. L. Russell, of Mobile, as the Reunion orator, and he was on hand to comply. His address, it will be seen, was different to what it would have been had General Lee lived.]

COLONEL RUSSELL'S ADDRESS.

Commander and Comrades: It is with the greatest diffidence and misgiving that I undertake to perform the duties assigned to me by our late Commander in Chief, so as to meet your expectations. I recognize my unfitness for the performance of these sacred duties; and when General Lee invited me to be the orator on this occasion, I frankly wrote



COL. E. L. RUSSELL.

him that it was impossible for a variety of reasons, and positively declined to speak to you at this Reunion. General Lee then wrote me a very earnest letter, urging me to reconsider. It was so earnest and full of affection that I could not gracefully further refuse to do as he wished. After reading his letter, I wired him that I had reconsidered and would accept the appointment. He then wrote me the following letter:

"COLUMBUS, MISS., March 14, 1908.

"Col. E. L. Russell, My Dear Comrade: I have your telegram of March 13, saying that at my earnest personal request you had reconsidered your declination to deliver the oration to the veterans at Birmingham and would make the address.

"I write to thank you, for I had my heart set on your doing this last military duty for me, and did not feel like failing. With kindest wishes for you and Mrs. Russell, I am sincerely your comrade and friend, STEPHEN D. LEE."

It is useless to say to you that I value this letter above gems and diamonds. General Lee was acquainted with my record as a Confederate soldier. He knew that I was appointed color bearer of a Mississippi regiment by Gen. Jake Sharp, who lived in the same city as General Lee, Columbus.

I have read you General Lee's letter in order that you might look upon my shortcomings with forbearance and indulgence. Whether I come up to the standard of past orations or not, I shall always feel happy that I accepted the last request of the matchless and fearless soldier, our worthy Commander, General Lee.

The death of our brilliant Commander compelled me to change my entire speech to be made on this occasion. My close personal relations with General Lee for the past thirty years have been such that I feel it my duty to speak to you about my knowledge of his character, not only as a soldier, but as a Christian citizen. In his conduct and intercourse with his fellow-men, his comrades, and the young men of the country his example in support of the Christian religion was as peerless as that of Gen. Robert E. Lee. We have every reason not only to admire the character of Gen. Stephen D. Lee as a soldier, but such was his character as both soldier and citizen as to excite the admiration and pride of every Southern man and woman.

Comrades, we meet surrounded by a pall of gloom and sorrow. Only a few days ago our incomparable Commander was in full health, heroically and patriotically discharging the important duties that had been confided to his trust by the President of the United States.

General Lee lived at Columbus, Miss., a point on the Mobile and Ohio railroad [Colonel Russell has for many years been president and manager of that road]; hence this gave me the opportunity of seeing much of him during the past thirty years, and such has been my occupation that it has brought me into personal contact with a great many of the leading men of this country during the period of time above mentioned—soldiers and statesmen and business men of large affairs—and I can truthfully state that in my opinion Gen. Stephen D. Lee was the most conscientious man, both as a soldier and as a citizen, that I ever saw. Often have we sat and talked over the campaigns and battles that we fought. He was a lieutenant general, commanding a corps, and I was a private until appointed color bearer of a Mississippi regiment, which under the act of the Confederate Congress caused me to rank as a first lieutenant.

The first time I ever saw General Lee was near Atlanta two or three days after the bloody battle of what is known as the "22d day of July, 1864." This battle was fought east of Atlanta, and it was during this engagement that General McPherson, who commanded the left wing of Sherman's army, was killed. You will recall that President Davis removed Gen. Joseph E. Johnston and appointed Gen. John B. Hood as his successor to take command of the army. General Hood had been our corps commander, and on his promotion Gen. Stephen D. Lee as a lieutenant general was appointed to take command of our corps, which was Hood's old corps. He appealed to our patriotism and referred with

pride to the record that the troops composing the corps had made.

On the night of the 27th of July, 1864, he marched Hindman's Division of the corps through Atlanta to a point on the extreme wing of Hood's army. My recollection is that it was about eight miles southwest of Atlanta. On the morning of the 28th of July Hindman's Division, to which I belonged, under the direction of General Lee, assaulted the right wing of Sherman's army. After two hours of fierce and bloody fighting, we, having failed to drive the enemy from his position, were withdrawn to the top of a ridge from the point where we had started. General Lee then re-formed us and supplied us with ammunition, and then ordered us to renew the assault, but to move farther to our left and the enemy's right. In this assault we succeeded in turning the enemy's right, and were pressing them back when we came suddenly into contact with an entirely fresh corps of the enemy's troops. We were not in condition to fight fresh troops, for the reason that we had been fighting for five or six hours, and the day was one of the hottest I ever experienced. We were without any water, and on account of the thirst and heat our tongues were swollen so as to protrude from our mouths.

I can see before me now as plain as on that day the fresh corps of troops pressing down upon us with their magnificent silk flags emblazoned with great golden eagles. They outflanked us, and of course gradually drove us back to the ridge from which we had originally started. On reaching this position we were so exhausted and broken to pieces as to be unable to hold the ridge against fresh troops. General Lee had foreseen from the time we struck the fresh troops what would be the result, and had immediately collected and concentrated about sixty 12-pound brass Napoleon guns and had them planted on a ridge, so that as soon as we passed behind them he could open fire upon the confident advancing column of the enemy. We took position on the side of a ridge behind the artillery, where we were comparatively out of danger. General Lee was on his horse with his sword drawn, holding it in the air and riding back and forth from one end of this great battery of artillery to the other. He was directing the fire of the guns and encouraging his men. The gunners fell thick and fast, but their places were filled immediately; and I do not believe there is a case in history where artillery was more successfully and courageously employed to drive back a victorious army. General Lee looked like the God of War. I can see his face now, positively radiant, as he had these guns to mow down the enemy and check the assault. I expected to see him fall every minute, but the God of battles protected him and spared his life to his country and countrymen. This unequal contest continued for an hour, when he finally succeeded in breaking the enemy's ranks and driving them from the field with his artillery.

The next time I saw General Lee in battle was on the field at Jonesboro. You are all familiar with that terrible and bloody assault that he made upon Logan's Corps. When we struck the enemy's breastworks with the guns under the logs not more than a foot apart, they opened fire upon us, and our troops went down like grain before a scythe. Never did I witness such destruction of life, and those that were left were within forty feet of the breastworks and stood there stubbornly and fought while being shot down without the prospect of accomplishing anything. Again General Lee collected seventy-five or one hundred pieces of artillery, and prevented Logan from capturing the railroad to Augusta.

I served under General Lee the remainder of the war and saw a great deal of him. He was one of the soldiers that refused to take intoxicants. At that time he was as true a specimen of the follower of the meek and lowly Saviour as was to be found throughout our country. Of course you will take proper action to express the affection and admiration that you and every Confederate soldier entertain for Gen. Stephen D. Lee. Our country has sustained a great loss. He was a useful man, full of intense love of old Confederates and his people with whom he lived. There never was a time since the war but that he was perfectly willing to give his life to redeem them from the horrors of reconstruction. Peace to his ashes!

Now, comrades, I will devote a few moments to speaking of the Confederate soldier. It is unnecessary to consume time in discussing the question whether or not the South was justified in appealing to arms to secure the constitutional rights that our fathers had coined out of their sacrifices, hardships, and own blood for our benefit. The world now concedes that they were perfectly justified in going to war. The abolition party, led by the Hon. William H. Seward, had years before the Southern States indulged in secession announced what he was pleased to call "the higher law." He and his followers contended that there was a law higher than the Constitution, higher than the acts of Congress, and that these higher laws had to take the place of the Constitution, which had for their purpose robbing the South of the property which represented the sweat and toil of the Southern people for a hundred years, although it was jealously guarded by the provisions of the Constitution of the United States. Of course the announcement of the higher law was to all intents and purposes revolutionary; and when this party had secured control of the government, it was perfectly natural for the Northern people to assume that the higher law would be put into operation and that it would displace all of our constitutional rights and thus deprive us of legitimate and legal property.

This left the South the option of following one of two courses: First, the Southern people had the right to remain in the Union and draw their swords in preservation of its honor and of its Constitution and laws; second, they had the right, which had been reserved by each State, to withdraw from the Union. They chose the latter course. Whether this was wise or not, it is now not necessary to discuss.

The Southern army was composed of citizens that had enjoyed a peculiar civilization. It was altogether dissimilar in its customs and practices from the civilization of our Northern neighbors. They were a commercial people and a seafaring people, and consequently had different environments, politically and socially, from the Southern people. The Southern people were an agricultural people. They lived at home. They were trained to ride wild horses, use firearms in the chase, and to lead an outdoor life that tended to make them absolutely, independent and rather disposed to be arbitrary. Now when the war was precipitated between the States these Southern men volunteered, and the Southern army was composed of just such a class of citizens. They never had been in the habit of observing any self-restraint or having any power above them to restrain them from doing what they thought was honorable and legitimate. They volunteered, made up their own messes, and never was any army that had more intelligent discipline than the Southern army. These men promptly and cheerfully submitted to every hardship in the camp, on the march, and on the battlefield.

The *esprit de corps* and morale of the Southern army was equal to any that had ever been organized, and another singular feature connected with that army was that these men were allowed to elect their own field officers, lieutenants, captains, majors, lieutenant colonels, and colonels of the regiments, and I challenge history to furnish a parallel where the field officers of any army were superior to those of the Confederate army, although elected by the free ballot of the soldiers themselves. These officers understood their men. They never resorted to cruel and brutal methods to control them. It was not necessary. Their hearts were in the cause, and life to them was not considered when the question of duty was involved. The record of the Confederate soldier was equal to that of any to be found in history. He fought battles that will be the wonder of mankind as long as the world lasts, and that under adverse circumstances, hunger, lack of clothing, and with inferior equipment except where he took it from the enemy.

Comrades, you have the right to be proud of your career as soldiers. The young men and the young women of the South have the right to have their hearts thrill with pride and admiration when the Confederate soldier is even mentioned.

Our comrades lie upon the hillsides of Gettysburg, amid the brambles and briers of the Wilderness. Comrades, the flowers that bloom in the spring on the beautiful plains of Perryville, among the rocks and cedar brakes around Murfreesboro, on the rugged hillsides of Chickamauga, or on the banks of the rippling waters of Harper's Creek are crimsoned with the blood of our comrades.

And now, comrades, a word of tribute to our Southern women, God bless them! Our Southern girls, who had been accustomed to wearing imported bonnets and dresses, were reduced to the extremity of having to go to their mother's looms to weave for themselves homespun cloth out of which to fashion their garments, and then go to their fathers' oat fields to gather straw and with their own deft fingers weave themselves oat straw bonnets. You have seen them thus appareled, and I know that you will agree with me in saying that they looked as sweet, as beautiful, as refined and cultured as any queen that ever sat upon a throne.

During a banquet given to Admiral Luce and his officers in this city some years ago I said to Admiral Luce, who at that time commanded the North Atlantic squadron: "Admiral, our young women had to wear homespun dresses and oat straw bonnets; but when I looked into their clear, beautiful blue or black eyes, I felt a strange sentiment come over me. Perhaps you have felt it, Admiral?" "O yes, I have felt it, and I want to feel it again," he said. I said: "Admiral, I have come to the conclusion that the character of the dress or the bonnet does not have anything to do with causing these strange but pleasing sensations." He replied: "None in the world, Russell, none in the world."

In conclusion, comrades, we are to be congratulated in having a reunited country. The passions and prejudices engendered by the war, as far as the soldiers are concerned on both sides, have disappeared. We have one country and one flag, and none are more loyal in the support of that flag than the ex-Confederate soldiers.

When you cross the river, comrades, you will rest in the shade on the other side, and will again in the spirit land be comrades of Gen. Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Stephen D. Lee, and our other comrades that have gone before.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS ON GEN. S. D. LEE.

DELIVERED BY W. A. MONTGOMERY, EDWARDS, MISS.

Commander, Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen: Death of our beloved ones at any time is sad. Day by day the gray line of Confederate veterans is being thinned out by the scythe of time, and we know that ere long every one of us will have answered to the last roll call of earth. We drop a tear upon the graves of those who fall, and hearts of love go out in tenderest sympathy for those who survive. To-day the climax is reached, as we mourn for him who but for that summons would have presided over this gathering.

Stephen D. Lee is no more in life. He has crossed over the river and rests under the shade of the trees with Stonewall Jackson and associates, that glorious galaxy of Christian Confederate soldiers who have passed over before and whose deeds have made them immortal in Confederate memories. But his life and character will live so long as men love the great and good of earth, so long as heroes are admired and patriots are honored. His life's work stands out prominent for all that goes to make up a well-rounded character. Whether we see him leading his charging battalions where none but heroes dare to go, where the shriek of the shell and whistle of Minies tell that death is claiming the bravest and best, or whether we see him in Anglo-Saxon caucuses of a defeated people devising means in their extremity to preserve the integrity of a race who glory in their ancestral blood and are proud of the mighty deeds of their forefathers; whether sitting in the legislative halls of his State making laws for the government of a people or directing the youth of the land in her classic halls to higher and nobler living; whether in public invoking the blessing of God upon the people and country or at the family altar asking the direction of Providence for himself and his own loved ones—his impress has been left and his country has been blessed and made better.

May I not therefore, before presenting the resolutions that I have prepared by order of the General that assumed command of this organization in his stead, say a few words of the life of our dead chieftain? Born in Charleston, S. C., in September, 1833; educated at West Point Military Academy, where he graduated in the class of 1854; served the United States government faithfully on the frontier and in her petty wars until he resigned his commission as lieutenant and tendered his services to his native State when peaceable secession seemed impossible.

As a Confederate soldier we see him first at Fort Sumter bearing the demand of General Beauregard for Major Anderson to surrender that fort—which demand being refused, there soon is heard the first gun of that war for State rights and constitutional liberty. As the scene changes we see this son of South Carolina on Virginia's fields in command of the batteries in Hampton's famous legion, defending the Southland from the armed invasion of the North.

Promoted to major of artillery in November, 1861, to lieutenant colonel the same year, he took part and won distinction at Williamsburg, Seven Pines, and in the seven days' fight around Richmond and along the Chickahominy. He soon demonstrated that he was a born artillerist. He dragged his wearied horses and men through the mud and water, marching and countermarching with Magruder, and so kept up a constant artillery fire upon the enemy that he held them south of the Chickahominy. There his daring maneuvers at Savage Station and Malvern Hill placed him in the line of promotion, which he received soon afterwards.

At Sharpsburg he won renewed distinction, as he had done at Second Manassas with his boy battalion of artillery, where his magnificent service in the very nick of time brought from Mr. Davis the declaration: "I have reason to believe that he turned the tide of battle and consummated a victory." He always said that it was his "gallant boys of the batteries that placed the wreath around his stars." At Sharpsburg he was moved to tears as he rode up in the heat of the fight to his "boy battery" from Richmond, Va., under Capt. W. W. Parker, and found thirty of them dead or wounded around their guns and the remnant obeying the commands of their officers as gallantly as if on dress parade. After the battle of Sharpsburg, Mr. Davis asked Gen. Robert E. Lee to select his most efficient and accomplished artillery officer for duty on the Mississippi, and Col. S. D. Lee was ordered to report to Richmond, where on November 6, 1862, he was commissioned as brigadier general and sent to Vicksburg.

On the 29th of December following the battle of Chickasaw Bayou was fought, and S. D. Lee commanded the troops that received the assault of Sherman, whose army, according to official reports, consisted of thirty-two thousand men, besides the whole Federal naval squadron on the Mississippi, being at the mouth of the Yazoo River. Lee with twenty-seven hundred men drove him back after he (Sherman) had sustained a loss, according to official returns, of 1,652 men.

At Champion Hill on May 16, 1863, he was conspicuous for his gallantry in attempting to rally the Confederate forces after the repulse of General Stevenson's Division. Three horses paid the penalty of his personal daring.

In was on this field that I first met him. After the fall of Vicksburg, he was soon exchanged and promoted to major general and placed in command of all the cavalry of the department. This was in August, 1863. While in this position I made many reports to him as a scout, and on the famous raid of General Sherman to Meridian in the winter of 1864 I became intimately associated with and learned to love him, and my admiration for him grew stronger and stronger until the day of his death. At Ezra Church on July 28, 1864, when the tide of battle seemed to turn against him I saw him ride to the color bearer of a South Carolina regiment and, taking the flag, seek to advance it himself, when our distinguished comrade here, Gen. C. I. Walker, said to him: "General Lee, I am the lieutenant colonel of this regiment. Give me that flag, tell me where you want it planted, and it shall be done." We see him again at Nashville holding Overton Hill till the left and center of our army is driven back. And again the next day, the day of the retreat, we see him severely wounded in the foot as he meets charge after charge of Wilson's Cavalry. He surrendered when the army of Johnston capitulated as the commander of a corps. His military career was ended. His chieftain, Mr. Davis, said of him: "He was a great and good soldier."

Great as was Stephen D. Lee in war, he was greater still in peace. I served a session with him in the Mississippi Senate before he took charge of the State A. and M. College. His wise counsel and splendid services as a citizen did much in helping us in our defeat to rise above the calumny of our enemies and stand before the world in peace, as we had stood in war, the greatest citizen soldiery who ever trod the earth, the greatest people who ever suffered defeat.

I saw him on May 22, before he died on the 28th, standing upon the historic field of Vicksburg in front of the remnant of the Iowa Regiment that assaulted and crossed the breastworks of which he had command forty-five years before, when he made the grandest speech of his life, sending conviction to those men that he was a true and patriotic American citizen, loyal to his country, and proud of her achievements; but bade them "remember that he and his comrades fought for constitutional government as it had been taught them by their fathers and defended homes and American liberty, and that a united country would learn that she was not the loser by the sacrifices we had made." We loved him in life and are true to his memory in death. As he commanded the respect of a nation who placed her flags at half-mast on the day of his funeral, so he commands our regard; therefore be it

Resolved: 1. That this organization of United Confederate Veterans do hereby express to the world and to each other our esteem for him by rising with bowed heads. We feel deeply our loss. The South has been deprived of a knightly defender, the whole country of a patriotic citizen, and Mississippi of an adopted son of whom she was justly proud.

2. We declare our love for him as a Christian gentleman and citizen, whose life and character we commend to the generations who are to follow us as worthy of emulation. He was a man without guile, true to every duty that devolved upon him, and filling the Psalmist's description of a citizen of Zion: "Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart. He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor."

3. We admired him as a soldier worthy of the cause for which he fought and bled, and as one of our comrades whose rise to distinction entitles him to be honored by the true soldiers of our country for all the years that are to come; the embodiment of chivalry, as knightly as any soldier who followed the banner of Charlemagne or planted the Roman eagle on conquered turret or tower, whose courteous manner to every foe challenged the admiration of his enemies.

4. We cherish his memory, so full of love for his fellowmen, fired with so much zeal for the uplifting of the youth of our land, so tender in manner toward his loved ones, beloved by them and by us. We tender our deepest sympathies to his family with the cheering comfort of having so glorious a heritage as to be the descendants of Stephen D. Lee.

5. That the Adjutant General be requested to communicate these resolutions to the Camps and send a copy to his family.

Their adoption was made by rising vote.

GREETING PREPARED BY GEN. S. D. LEE.

[The following address was prepared by Gen. Stephen D. Lee shortly before his fatal illness to be made by him at the Birmingham Reunion; but fate decreed that this last greeting, which throbs with the noblest sentiments of which the human heart is capable, should be delivered by another. These parting words of the beloved leader of the Confederate hosts will be cherished by every survivor of the Confederate cause so long as one remains to pay tribute to those who have fallen.]

Text of General Lee's Address.

It is now fourteen years since the Confederate Veterans enjoyed the hospitality of this Magic City. We remember gratefully the courtesy of our former unsurpassed welcome, but to-day we are ready to believe that Birmingham can surpass itself. Then there was with us the incomparable Gordon,

soldier, statesman, and orator, who along with the valorous Longstreet and the gallant Wheeler were Alabama's Paladins in the armies of the Confederacy. It was from Alabama that Yancey's voice, like a silver trumpet, called the South to arms with an eloquence more potent than Clan Alpine's fiery cross. Alabama was the cradle of the Confederacy. Here was installed the provisional government of the new nation, and here her illustrious chief took the oath of office which no man but himself was ever to take. And from Alabama came the great admiral who floated the stars and bars upon every sea and single-handed swept the nation's commerce from the waves.

Since the war I have heard many addresses to Confederate Veterans. Our orators have been rich in arguments to demonstrate the correctness of State rights views and the soundness of the interpretation of the Constitution held by Southern statesmen. They have displayed the firm historic basis of our political faith; they have spoken in comforting words of unexpected beneficent results of the war, of the preservation of the rights of the States in the Union, of the discipline of adversity which prepared us to meet the terrible race problem with unflinching courage, indefatigable patience, and united strength; they have taught us that the Confederate cause was not wholly lost, that the best fruits of the great conflict came to the South when the master was freed from the slave, and the old icebergs of sectional hate were set adrift in the warm gulf stream of a new national patriotism.

Nevertheless it has not seemed the whole truth to me that the Confederate soldier went into battle to vindicate a constitutional argument. He went to war because he loved his people, because his country was invaded, because his heart was throbbing for his hearthstone. Here was the land which gave him birth; here was his childhood's home; here were the graves of his dead; here was the church spire where he had learned it was not all of life to live nor all of death to die. No hostile foot should ever tread this consecrated ground except over his dead body. It was the prospect of invasion that made the men of the border States with bleeding hearts go and cast their lot with the Confederacy. He who could have expected a Lee to do battle against Virginia or a Hampton to draw his sword against South Carolina has never learned the language of the human heart. Nothing but the most devoted love of country could ever have sustained the Confederate soldier in his unequal and terrible struggle.

It was not necessary to find a reward for the Confederate soldier in unexpected good results of the great conflict. The reward of noble actions lies in the capacity to do them. The Confederate soldier who fought with unflinching courage had the reward of being a brave man. He who loved his country had the reward of being a true patriot. He who faced the cannon's mouth for those he loved dearer than life had the reward of being a hero. He who was faithful unto death had the reward of a stainless honor. What other course could a Southerner have taken?

Behind him were the great traditions of his English race. There were Hastings and Cressy and Agincourt; there were Naseby, Blenheim, and Quebec; there were King's Mountain and Valley Forge. In his veins flowed the blood of a thousand years of chivalry. He could face the line of fire, but not the shame of standing back.

"All merit comes
From facing the unequal;
All glory comes from daring to begin.
Fame loves the State
That, reckless of the sequel,
Fights long and well, whether it lose or win."

"If it might be imagined," said Seneca, "that the Almighty should take off his thought from the care of his whole work, what more glorious spectacle could he reflect upon than a valiant man struggling with adverse fortune?"

Not long ago I read from an English review these words: "When all is done that man could do and all is done in vain, the human heart goes out to the weaker side, to the soldiers who fought on ragged and starving to the bitter, inevitable end, to the leaders who would never admit that hope was lost, and to the noble women of the South who gave of their bravest and their best without a murmur."

"States are not great, except as men shall make them;
Men are not great, except they do and dare."

These men fell bleeding and with broken swords before the altar of their country. Their reward was the imperishable knighthood of their service. I imagine that the knights of the Holy Grail never sought other reward than just to serve. The Confederate soldier was the flower of noble and heroic courage. Duty laid her kiss upon his brow and love of country folded him in her arms. He enriched the world in honor; he added to the spiritual riches of mankind. The memory of his deeds is the treasure of his people, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. No noble action is ever lost, no brave deed shall ever pass away. They are written upon the everlasting pages of the universe, they are inscribed upon the heart of God. The mountains and hills shall be made low and there shall be no more sea, but nothing of moral worth shall perish. Upon the coral of such lives as these God's islands lift "their fronded palms in air." But if religion were superstition and faith were folly, if death ends all and icy night awaits the world, these men lived the only life fit to be lived.

To those who keep alive in loyal hearts the memory of the Confederate dead I would say these men chose the noblest part. This is the best life offers any man: to strive for the highest, the greatest, the bravest that he knows. Is it not better to achieve these things, even at the cost of life itself, than to purchase length of days by mean and sordid living, by cowardice or craft, by surrender of the fine ideals of manhood in base compliance to dishonor? In the heart of every man the everlasting has made answer. If the cause failed, the men were not lost. Looking beyond the little span of human life into the white light of eternity, what better could we have wished for the Confederate soldier than to have played his part as he did? He has left heroic memories that chasten and purify the hearts of all who shall come after him. He has lifted life above the low level of the commonplace into the realm of precious and immutable things, which abide above all change, beyond the reach of years.

The story of the dying Sidney, who gave his glass of water to a wounded soldier, saying, "Thy necessity is greater than mine," is one of the fine memories of the English race. I would that the pen of Milton or Gibbon were mine, that I might place beside it the story of Pat Cleburne at Franklin as he drew off his boots to place them on the bleeding feet of a comrade and then rode on to lead the fatal charge! He fell near the breastworks of the enemy, saying: "I'm killed, boys; but fight it out!"

"Far out on the crest of the battle,
Up, up toward the death—
'To die for one's country is sweet!' he remembered,
And then, out of breath,
Met the shock and the pain and the terror
Unflinching, and knew
In one instant's unbearable brightness
It was true! It was true!"

Of him also it might have been written:

"Right in the van on the red rampart's slippery swell,
With hearts that beat a charge, he fell
Forward, as fits a man;
But the high soul burns on to light men's feet
Where death for noble ends makes dying sweet."

The old masterful type of Southern statesmen passed away with slavery. Whatever may be said of that institution, it trained men for leadership and government. The presence of the bondman wrought in the master a love of liberty which has been the portion of Southern men for so many years. May it be the lot of our children to perform the duty of freemen in a republic with as willing hearts as ours, but at no such fearful cost!

The reason why I have this hope that the old-time Southerner shall live once more is because the Southern boys love and cherish the freedom and a sense of honor that will never be surpassed. Wonderful men those old Southerners were: great in counsel, great in battle, but greater than all in the integrity which felt dishonor like a wound. They would have fallen upon the sordid plunderers which in later times have infested public life like Elijah upon the prophets of Baal. I cherish the hope that our Southern blood will produce the type again; that with renewed prosperity we will again introduce into public life a class of men able and willing to devote themselves with pure and unwavering fidelity to the public service. The deeds of their ancestors they do not forget. The ideals of the fathers are real to the sons. The homage these young men pay to us old Confederates is sweet to our declining years, but sweetest of all because it bespeaks a love for the dreams which we cherished and a willingness to die for them if need be.

The story is told of Bertrand Du Guesclin, the national hero of France, that just before his death he succeeded in the reduction of a fortress. The commander refused to surrender to any but Du Guesclin himself. So the body of the great leader was laid upon his bier, and the stern defender gave his fortress boys into the hands of the dead. There have been brave soldiers and pure statesmen since the days of the sixties; brave sailors, too, as none better than Alabama knows; but the keys of our Southern hearts were laid long ago in the hands of Robert E. Lee and Jefferson Davis.

These two great souls before they passed from us gave us the same counsel. They advised us to accept loyally the results of the war and to devote ourselves to the upbuilding of our wasted country. That counsel was accepted. The Confederate soldier has given to the government at Washington the same faithful support which he gave to the government at Richmond. His patriotism has expanded its boundaries without losing its quality. He yields to no man in his love of the whole country and his devotion to her cause. In the war with Spain he gave proof that his sword was not asleep. It is all his country wherever the flag floats which his ancestors filled with stars. That he has rebuilt the prosperity of the South, that he has restored the commercial majesty of this glorious land, this great city is witness. The brain of a Confederate soldier conceived it, and the hands of Confederate soldiers have been busy in its work. They served their country in peace as in war. They point their children to the busy, happy, prosperous land, beautiful as the dawn, strong in developing resources, rich in promise of all that makes a State, and say:

"Behold our greatest victory!
They loved their land
With love far brought
From out the storied past and used
Within present, but transferred
Through future time by power of thought."

We old soldiers are sitting in the twilight of life waiting for the evening detail, waiting for the shining angel

"With things like chevrons on his wings."

We are the stragglers in the great march. The victory is already won, and our comrades expect our coming to share the glory of their triumph. In the little time left us before we report to our great Commander let us acquit ourselves like men. When the pale sergeant comes, we shall listen for voices in the upper air saying: "Welcome, comrade! Do they love us still in Dixie?"

Do They Love Us Still in Dixie?

(Answer by Emmet Rodwell Calhoun, Birmingham, Ala.)

Do they love you still in Dixie?
Ah, how they love you still!
The deathless courage of your lives
Makes every true heart thrill
And beat with loving warmth and pride
At deeds so nobly done;
So shall it be throughout the years
Till quick and dead are one.

Do they love you still in Dixie?
Ah, could you have a doubt
That Dixie sons of Dixie sires
Would ever turn about
And worship at a lesser shrine
Than that you raised so high?
Its matchless glory cannot wane,
Its stars yet pierce the sky.

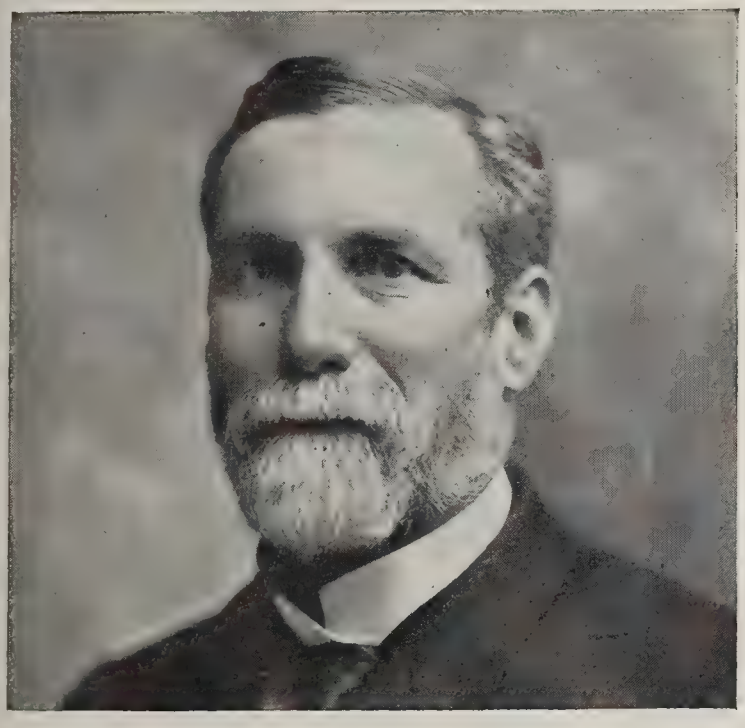
Do they love you still in Dixie?
Ah, can they e'er forget
How nobly strove those ranks of gray
When Hope's fair sun had set,
And bleeding died their cause to save,
Nor dying won the day,
Though cause more just man ne'er has known
Or deadlier yet the fray?

Yes, we love you still in Dixie!
You and your sweethearts, too,
For your sweethearts are our mothers—
Can you doubt that we are true?
Though your ranks now fast are melting
And the Stars and Bars are furled,
Yet the South will live forever
In the glory of your world.

JEFFERSON DAVIS—A JUDICIAL ESTIMATE.

BY BISHOP CHARLES B. GALLOWAY, JACKSON, MISS.

[The following address by Bishop Galloway is not given in full, but such parts of it as apply directly to the great character of Mr. Davis. Let every man and woman who reads it be warned in advance that it is without extravagance of praise. The editor was blessed with a cordial personal friendship with the man, and believes that the able and distinguished Bishop has in no instance made an extravagant statement.



BISHOP GALLOWAY.

"When the roll is called up yonder," one of the brightest stars will answer to the call for Jefferson Davis. Read this address without prejudice. The VETERAN would be glad for its readers to give the Bishop their approval.]

The unanswered question in England for two hundred and forty years was: "Shall Cromwell have a statue?" It required nearly two and a half centuries for public opinion to reach a just estimate of the most colossal figure in English history. The great Lord Protector died at Whitehall and was laid to rest with royal honors in Westminster Abbey. But when the monarchy was restored and Charles II. ascended the throne, his body was disinterred, gibbeted at Tyburn Hill, and buried under the gallows, the head being placed on Westminster Hall. Now a magnificent statue of the great Oliver stands opposite where his head was exposed to the jeers of every passer-by—England's sane and final estimate of the mightiest man who ever led her legions to victory or guided the course of her civil history. In this new world events move faster, popular passion cools quicker, and calm judgment more speedily reascends its sacred throne. After only forty years since the Civil War, the nation's estimate of Jefferson Davis, the Oliver Cromwell of our constitutional crisis, has almost entirely changed, and points to the not far-off day when no place in our Federal Capitol will be too conspicuous for his heroic statue. Mr. Davis can no more be understood by reading the heated columns of the political newspapers and historical writers of times immediately succeeding the Civil War than Oliver Cromwell could be judicially interpreted by the obsequious littérateurs of the reign of Charles II.

Mr. Davis had his limitations, and was not without his measure of human faults and frailties; but he also had extraordinary gifts and radiant virtues and a brilliant genius that ranked him among the mightiest men of the centuries. He made mistakes because he was mortal, and he excited antagonisms because his convictions were stronger than his tactful graces; but no one who knew him and no dispassionate student of his history ever doubted the sincerity of his great soul or the absolute integrity of his imperial purpose. * * *

While I would not needlessly stir the embers of settled strife or reopen the grave of buried issues or by a word revive the bitter memories of a stormy past, it is due the truth of history that the fundamental principles for which our fathers contended should be often reiterated, in order that the purpose which inspired them may be correctly estimated and the purity of their motives be abundantly vindicated.

If the condition of affairs in 1860 be thoroughly understood and one has a clear and accurate knowledge of the nature and character of the Federal government, together with the rights of the States under the Constitution, we need not fear the judgments that may be formed and the conclusions that will be reached. * * *

Upon his weary shoulders have been piled the sins of the South, and he has been execrated as the archtraitor of American politics. * * *

[After comparing Mr. Davis to military Confederates, the Bishop said:]

I know there is a certain glamour that gathers about a military hero which commands admiration and calls for extravagant laudation. One who braves the shout of battle and wins the chaplet of victory is unconsciously invested with a halo more brilliant than the crown of any civilian, however marvelous his gifts or magnificent his achievements or immortal the results of his public labors. People will applaud the returning conqueror while they forget the founder of an empire or the author of a nation's constitution. * * * In the North he was charged with everything, from the sin of secession to the "horrors of Andersonville" and the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. In the South he was held accountable for everything, from the failure to capture Washington after the first battle of Manassas to the unsuccessful return of the peace commission and the surrender of Lee's tattered legions at Appomattox. * * *

The son of a gallant revolutionary soldier and with the finest strain of Welsh blood flowing in his generous veins, Jefferson Davis was born in the State of Kentucky. In infancy he was brought by his father to Mississippi. At the county school he was prepared for Transylvania College, from which at the age of sixteen he passed to the United States Military Academy at West Point. In that institution he was distinguished as a student and a gentleman, and in due time was graduated with high honor.

Jefferson Davis began life well. He had a clean boyhood, with no tendency to vice or immorality. That is the universal testimony of neighbors, teachers, and fellow-students. He grew up a stranger to deceit and a lover of the truth. He formed no evil habits that he had to correct, and forged upon himself no chains that he had to break. His nature was as transparent as the light that shone about him, his heart was as open as the soft skies that bent in benediction over his country home, and his temper as sweet and cheery as the limpid stream that made music in its flow through the neighboring fields and forests.

Graduating from West Point in 1828, he was commissioned

a second lieutenant in the regular army, and spent seven laborious years in the military service, chiefly in the middle Northwest, and had some conspicuous part in the Black Hawk War. In 1835 Lieutenant Davis resigned from the regular army, married the charming daughter of Gen. Zachary Taylor, and settled on his Mississippi plantation to follow the luxurious, literary life of a cultured Southern gentleman. But the untimely death in a few short months of his fair young bride crushed his radiant hopes and disappointed all his life plans. After seven years, spent mostly in agricultural pursuits and in literary study, especially the study of political philosophy and constitutional history, he entered public life, and almost immediately rose to trusted and conspicuous leadership.

In 1844 Mr. Davis was elected to Congress, and ever thereafter, up to the fall of the Confederate government, was in some distinguished capacity or other connected with the public service of his country. When he entered the halls of Congress, the "Oregon question," the reannexation of Texas, and the revision of the tariff were the stormy issues that divided the nation into two hostile camps. The scholarly young representative from Mississippi soon appeared in the lists, and by his thorough mastery of the questions involved attracted national attention. The venerable ex-President John Quincy Adams, the "old man eloquent," at that time a member of the House, was greatly impressed with his extraordinary ability, and predicted his brilliant parliamentary career. Referring to his first set speech in Congress, a recent biographer makes this just and suggestive observation: "He manifests here in his early efforts as a legislator some of the larger views of national life and development which have been so persistently ignored by those who have chronicled his career."

In that first great speech, which had all the marks and carried all the credentials of the profoundest statesmanship, Mr. Davis made this broad declaration, from the principle of which he never receded: "The extent of our Union has never been to me the cause of apprehension; its cohesion can only be disturbed by violation of the compact which cements it."

Believing, as he did, in the righteousness of the conflict with Mexico, Mr. Davis earnestly advocated the most liberal supply of means and men to prosecute the war, and announced himself as ready, should his services be needed, to take his place in the tented field. In June, 1846, a regiment of Mississippi volunteers was organized at Vicksburg, and Jefferson Davis was elected its colonel. He accordingly resigned his seat in Congress, hastened to join his regiment, which he overtook at New Orleans, and reported for duty to General Taylor on the Mexican border. At Monterey and Buena Vista, crucial positions of the war, his command rendered conspicuously heroic service. Our American knighthood was in fairest flower that day, especially on the plains of Buena Vista, when Colonel Davis, against overwhelming numbers, snatched victory from almost certain defeat and won immortal fame for himself and his gallant Mississippi Rifles. By a brilliant tactical movement he broke the strength of the Mexican army and sent General Santa Anna southward with only half the force of the day before. Though severely wounded, he remained in his saddle, refusing to quit the field, until the day of glorious triumph was complete. Gen. Zachary Taylor, commander in chief of the American forces, paid this eloquent tribute to the soldierly courage and genius of the distinguished Mississippian: "Napoleon never had a marshal who behaved more superbly than did Colonel Davis to-day."

Returning from Mexico, having won the highest honors of war, Colonel Davis and the brave remnant of his magnificent regiment were everywhere welcomed with boundless enthusiasm. He was tendered the position of brigadier general of volunteers by President Polk, but declined on constitutional grounds, holding that such appointment inhered only in the State.

Within two months after his return from Mexico Mr. Davis was appointed by the Governor to represent Mississippi in the United States Senate, a vacancy having occurred by the death of Senator Spaight. When the Legislature met, he was elected unanimously for the remainder of the unexpired term, all party lines having disappeared in a universal desire to honor the brilliant young colonel of the Mississippi Rifles. That was a position most congenial to his tastes and ambitions, and there his superb abilities shone with a splendor rarely equaled in the parliamentary history of America. He was an ideal Senator, dignified, self-mastered, serious, dispassionate, always bent on the great things that concerned the welfare of the nation. * * *

When Jefferson Davis entered the United States Senate, the glory of that upper chamber was at its height. Possibly never at one time had so many illustrious men sat in the highest council of the nation. There sat John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina; Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts; Henry Clay, of Kentucky; Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri; Louis Cass, of Michigan; Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio; Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois. In that company of giants Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, at once took rank among the greatest, "eloquent among the most eloquent in debate," and worthy to be the premier at any council table of American statesmen. The historian, Prescott, pronounced him "the most accomplished" member of the body.

One who spoke by the authority of large experience with the upper chamber thus correctly characterized our brilliant and accomplished young Senator: "It is but simple justice to say that in ripe scholarship, wide and accurate information on all subjects coming before the body, native ability, readiness as a debater, true honor, and stainless character Jefferson Davis stood in the very first rank, and did as much to influence legislation and leave his mark on the Senate and the country as any other who served in his day."

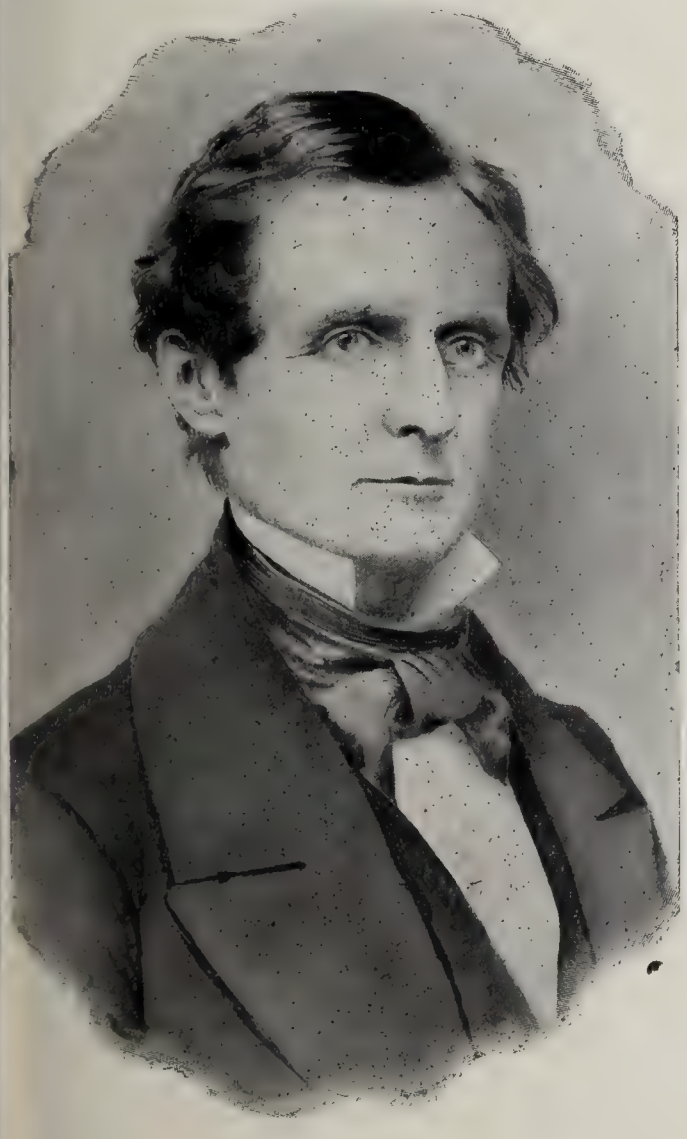
Senator Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, afterwards spoke of him as "the clear-headed, practical, dominating Davis."

That which preëminently signalizes the public character and parliamentary career of Jefferson Davis was his sincere, unwavering devotion to the doctrine of State sovereignty and all the practical questions that flowed therefrom. He held with unrelaxing grasp to the fundamental fact that the Union was composed of separate, independent, sovereign States, and that all Federal power was delegated, specifically limited, and clearly defined. The titantic struggles of his entire public life were over this one vital issue, with all that it logically involved for the weal or woe of his beloved country. The Articles of Confederation declared in express terms that "each State retains its sovereignty, freedom, and independence, and every power, jurisdiction, and right which is not by this Confederation expressly delegated to the United States in Congress assembled," and that principle was transferred intact to the Constitution itself. And as one function of sovereignty was the right to withdraw from a compact, if occasion demanded, he planted himself squarely upon that doctrine, and never wavered in its able and fearless advocacy—a doctrine, by the way, that was never questioned by any jurist or statesman for forty years after the Constitution was adopted. * * * And it is an interesting and suggestive fact that the latest

torians and writers on constitutional government sustain fundamental contention of Southern statesmen. * * *

The position of Jefferson Davis, though by his enemies en denied and persistently obscured, was that, while contently and unanswerably defending the right of a State to ede, he never urged it as a policy and deplored it as a posle necessity. Or, to use the language of the resolution opted by the States Right Convention of Mississippi in ne, 1851, drawn by his own hand, "Secession is the last ernative, the final remedy, and should not be resorted to der existing circumstances."

t may be interesting in this connection to inquire where exercise of a State's right to secede had its first and most eatening assertion. Alexander H. Stephens affirms that the ht of a State to withdraw from the Union was never de-d or questioned by any jurist, publicist, or statesman of aracter and standing "until Kent's Commentaries appeared 1826, nearly forty years after the government had gone o operation." And it is historic truth to state that the first eat to exercise this right universally recognized in the ly days of the republic was not heard in the South; "it st sprang up in the North." Not only so, but from 1795



JEFFERSON DAVIS JUST BEFORE BEING INAUGURATED.

1815 and again in 1845 there was an influential party in ew England who favored and threatened the formation of a orthern Confederacy. * * *

In a famous speech delivered by Josiah Quincy in Congress on January 14, 1811, against the admission of Louisiana into the Union as a State these sentiments were defiantly uttered: "I am compelled to declare it as my deliberate opinion that if this bill passes the bonds of this Union are virtually dissolved; that the States which compose it are free from their moral obligations; and that, as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some to prepare definitely for a separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must." It must not be forgotten that these are not the words of Jefferson Davis. * * *

The right or wrong of slavery we need not discuss or attempt to determine who was most responsible therefor. The institution is dead beyond the possibility of resurrection, and the whole nation is glad. The later geographical limitations of slavery in the United States were determined not by conscience, but by climate. It was climate at the North and the cotton gin in the South that regulated the distribution of slave labor. I have scant respect for a conscience too sensitive to own certain property because it is immoral, but without compunction will sell the same to another at full market value. Had the slaveholders of the North manumitted their slaves and not sold them because their labor ceased to be profitable, there would have been more regard for their subsequent abolition zeal. * * *

But apart from the ethical question involved as we now see it, slave property was recognized by the Constitution and existed in every State but one when the Union was formed. And a clear mandate of the Constitution required slaves to be delivered up to their owners when escaping into another State. Congress passed laws to enforce the same, and their constitutionality was sustained by the Supreme Court in the famous Dred-Scott decision. Daniel Webster, too great to be provincial and too broad to be a narrow partisan, in a noble speech at Capon Springs, Va., in 1851 made this emphatic declaration: "I have not hesitated to say, and I repeat, that if the Northern States refuse willfully and deliberately to carry into effect that part of the Constitution which respects the restoration of fugitive slaves and Congress provides no remedy the South would no longer be bound to observe the compact. A bargain cannot be broken on one side and still bind the other side. I say to you, gentlemen in Virginia, as I said on the shores of Lake Erie and in the city of Boston, as I may say again, that you of the South have as much right to receive fugitive slaves as the North has to any of its rights and privileges of navigation and commerce."

And yet Charles Sumner, speaking for a great party growing in strength and dominance with the rising sun of every day, said the North could not and would not obey the law. William H. Seward declared that there was a "higher law" than the Constitution which would be the rule of their political conduct.

Now the insistence of Mr. Davis and his compatriots was that the Constitution and laws should be obeyed, that the individual, sovereign States must regulate their own domestic affairs without Federal interference, and that their property of whatever kind must be respected and protected. They resisted any invasion of the State's right to control its own internal affairs as a violation of the sacred Federal compact. Over that one fundamental question an "irrepressible conflict" was waged for many stormy years. The advocates of State sovereignty were charged with disloyalty to the Union, while the Federalists were denounced as enemies of the Constitution and usurpers of the rights of the States.

And, by the way, our present-day political discussions are

eloquently vindicating the patriotic jealousy of Mr. Davis for the rights of the States. The most significant fact of these strenuous times is the solemn warnings in endless iteration and from both political parties against the ominous encroachment of Federal authority. More and more the nation is seeing that Jefferson Davis was not an alarmist or an academical theorist, but a practical, sagacious, far-seeing statesman, when he contended so persistently for the rights and unconstrained functions of each member of the Federal Union. * * *

Horace Greeley, a most potential voice in the councils of his party, did not hesitate to say: "I have no doubt but the free and slave States ought to be separated; the Union is not worth supporting in connection with the South."

William Lloyd Garrison, at first derided as a fanatic, but afterwards followed as the voice of an apostle, thus advocated the cause of disunion: "The Union is a lie. The American Union is an imposture, a covenant with death and an agreement with hell. We are for its overthrow. Up with the flag of disunion, that we may have a free and glorious republic of our own." * * *

But through all the years this storm was fiercely raging the cool, sagacious Jefferson Davis never lost the clearness of his vision or allowed himself to be swept from his political moorings. He fought with all his superb skill and herculean strength for the rights of the States and warned his opponents that continued Federal invasion might drive them from the Union. * * *

In an eloquent speech delivered at Portland, Maine, in 1858 Mr. Davis strikingly demonstrated the fact that State pride and devotion to State integrity strengthened rather than weakened our attachment to the Federal Union; that the larger love we have for our national flag is fed by the passionate devotion we manifest in the welfare of an individual State. He said: "No one more than myself recognizes the binding force of the allegiance which the citizen owes to the State of his citizenship; but the State being a party to our compact, a member of the Union, fealty to the Federal Constitution is not in opposition to, but flows from, the allegiance due to one of the United States. Washington was not less a Virginian when he commanded at Boston, nor did Gates and Greene weaken the bonds which bound them to their several States by their campaigns in the South. In proportion as a citizen loves his own State will he strive to honor her by preserving her name and her fame free from the tarnish of having failed to observe her obligations and to fulfill her duties to her sister States. Do not our whole people, interior and seaboard, north, south, east, and west, alike feel proud of the Yankee sailor, who has borne our flag as far as the ocean bears its foam and caused the name and character of the United States to be known and respected where there is wealth enough to woo commerce and intelligence to honor merit? So long as we preserve and appreciate the achievements of Jefferson and Adams, of Franklin and Madison, of Hamilton, of Hancock, and of Rutledge—men who labored for the whole country and lived for mankind—we cannot sink to the petty strife which saps the foundations and destroys the political fabric our fathers erected and bequeathed as an inheritance to our posterity forever."

And a few weeks thereafter, when on a visit to Boston, addressing a great audience in Faneuil Hall and speaking not only for himself, but for the entire South as well, he uttered sentiments as broadly and loyally national as were ever spoken by Thomas Jefferson or sung in the Battle Hymn of the Republic. "As we have shared in the toils," said he, "so we have gloried in the triumphs of our country. In our hearts, as in our history, are mingled the names of Concord and Camden and Saratoga and Lexington and Plattsburg and Chippewa and Erie and Moultrie and New Orleans and Yorktown and Bunker Hill. Grouped all together, they form a record of triumphs of our cause, a monument of the common glory of our Union. What Southern man would wish it less by one of the Northern names of which it is composed? Or where is he who, gazing on the obelisk that rises from the ground made sacred by the blood of Warren, would feel his patriot's pride suppressed by local jealousy?"

As late as December 20, 1860, after the presidential election and when events were hastening to a crisis, on the floor of the United States Senate Mr. Davis reannounced his passionate love for the Union and pathetically pleaded for a spirit of conciliation that would make unnecessary the withdrawal of the South from their national fraternity. He said: "The Union is dear to me as a union of fraternal States. It would lose its value if I had to regard it as a union held together by physical force. I would be happy to know that every State now felt that fraternity which made this union possible; and if that evidence could go out, if evidence satisfactory to the people of the South could be given that that feeling existed in the hearts of the Northern people, you might burn your statute books and we would cling to the Union still."

Instead of conspiring to disrupt the Union, as has been charged, Mr. Davis loved this great republic with passionate ardor and sealed that devotion with his richest blood. He served his country with a conscientious fidelity that knew no flagging. He went out at last in obedience to what he felt was imperative necessity, and the going almost broke his great heart. So reluctant was he to sever relations with the Union that some more ardent friends became impatient with his hesitation and almost suspected his loyalty. Despairing of any fair and final adjustment of the issues that had agitated the nation for more than a half century, and believing that the election of Mr. Lincoln would embolden his party to greater aggressions upon the constitutional rights of the Southern States, he at length with many a heartache yielded to the inevitable and joined his people in the establishment of a separate civil government.

In a letter to his special friend, Ex-President Franklin Pierce, in January he thus expressed the grief of his patriotic heart: "I have often and sadly turned my thoughts to you during the troublous times through which we have been passing, and now I come to the hard task of announcing to you that the hour is at hand which closes my connection with the United States, for the independence and union of which my father bled and in the severance of which I have sought to emulate the example he set for my guidance." * * *

And so consistent was his entire public career and so conspicuous the unstained purity of his motives that when nearing the close of his eventful life he could challenge the world and triumphantly say: "The history of my public life bears evidence that I did all in my power to prevent the war; that I did nothing to precipitate collision; that I did not seek the post of Chief Executive, but advised my friends that I preferred not to fill it."

Long after Yancey and Rhett and Toombs and others had thrown hesitancy to the winds Mr. Davis still wrought with all his great ability and influence to preserve the Union. He favored and earnestly advocated the "Crittenden resolutions" on condition that the Republican members of the peace com-

mittee would accept them. Had they not stubbornly refused (and they did it on the advice of Mr. Lincoln), war would have been averted and the dissolution of the Union prevented or postponed. All the undoubted facts go to prove that Jefferson Davis, at the peril of sacrificing the confidence of his people, exhausted all resources consistent with sacred honor and the rights of the States to stay the fatal dismemberment of the Union.

Jefferson Davis's farewell to the United States Senate, in which he had so long towered as a commanding figure and where he had rendered his country such distinguished service, was one of the most dramatic and memorable scenes in the life of that historic chamber. Mississippi by solemn ordinance and in the exercise of her sovereign right had severed her relation with the Union, and he as her representative must make official announcement of the fact, surrender his high commission, and return home to await the further orders of his devoted people. It was a supreme—a fateful—hour in our country's history. The hush of death fell upon the chamber when Jefferson Davis arose. The trusted leader and authoritative voice of the South was about to speak, and an anxious nation was eager to hear. Every Senator was in his seat, members of the House stood in every available place, and the galleries were thronged with those whose faces expressed the alternating hopes and fears of their patriotic hearts. The fate of a nation seemed to hang upon that awful hour.

Pale, sad of countenance, weak in body from patriotic grief and loss of sleep, evidently under the strain of sacred and suppressed emotion, and yet with the calmness of fixed determination and settled conviction, the majestic Senator of Mississippi stood, hesitant for a moment, in painful silence. The natural melancholy in his face had a deeper tinge, "as if the shadow of his country's sorrow had been cast upon it." His good wife, who witnessed the fatal scene and felt the oppressive burden that almost crushed the brave heart of her great husband, said: "Had he been bending over his bleeding father, needlessly slain by his countrymen, he could not have been more pathetic and inconsolable."

At first there was a slight tremor in his speech; but as he proceeded his voice recovered its full flutelike tones and rang through the chamber with its old-time clearness and confident strength. But there was in it no note of defiance, and he spoke no word of bitterness or reproach. He was listened to in profound silence. Hearts were too sad for words and hands too heavy for applause. Many eyes unused to weeping were dimmed with tears. And when he closed with these solemn words, there was a sense of unutterable sorrow in the entire assembly: "Mr. President and Senators, having made the announcement which the occasion seemed to me to require, it only remains for me to bid you a final adieu." Senators moved softly out of the chamber, as though they were turning away from a new-made grave in which were laid their dearest hopes. Mrs. Davis says that the night after this memorable day brought no sleep to his eyelids, and all through its restless hours she could hear the oft-reiterated prayer: "May God have us in his holy keeping, and grant that before it is too late peaceful councils may prevail!"

In this open, manly, but painful way the Southern States withdrew, with never a suggestion of conspiracy against anything or anybody. The men of the South wore no disguises, held no secret councils, concealed no plans, concocted no sinister schemes, organized no conclaves, and adopted no dark lantern methods; they spoke out their honest convictions, made their pathetic pleas for justice, and openly announced their final, lamented purpose if all efforts at a peaceful adjustment should fail. And at length, whether wisely or unwisely, feeling that nothing else would avail, they determined to take the final step and fling defiance in the face of what they considered an aggressive, overbearing, tyrannous majority.

As Alexander H. Stephens admirably and correctly says, the real object of those who resorted to secession "was not to overthrow the government of the United States, but to perpetuate the principles upon which it was founded. The object of quitting the Union was not to destroy but to save the principles of the Constitution." And it is a significant fact that the historic instrument in almost its exact language became the organic law of the Confederate government. The Southern States withdrew from the Union for the very reason that induced them at first to enter it—that is, for their own better protection and security.

Secession was not a war measure; it was intended to be a peace measure. It was a deeply regretted effort on the part of the South to flee from continued strife, feeling that "peace with two governments was better than a union of discordant States." Horace Greeley himself said: "If the cotton States shall decide that they can do better out of the Union than in it, we insist on letting them go in peace." And, while fearing the direful possibility, the Southern States seceded without the slightest preparation for war. As Dr. J. L. M. Curry said: "Not a gun, not an establishment for their manufacture or repair, nor a soldier, nor a vessel had been provided as a preparation for war, offensive or defensive. On the contrary, they desired to live in peace and friendship with their late confederates, and took all the necessary steps to secure that desired result. There was no appeal to the arbitrament of arms nor any provocation to war. They desired and earnestly sought to make a fair and equitable settlement of common interests and disputed questions." And the very first act of the Confederate government was to appoint commissioners to Washington to make terms of peace and establish relations of amity between the sections.

Some days after his farewell to the Senate Mr. Davis returned to his home, in Mississippi, to await results and render any service to which his country might call him. He did not, however, desire the headship of the Confederacy that was in process of organization. But the people who knew his preeminent abilities and trusted his leadership declined to release him. By a unanimous and enthusiastic vote he was elected to the presidency of the young republic, and felt compelled to accept responsibilities from which he hoped to escape. It was the thought of his countrymen, voiced by the eloquent William L. Yancey, that "the man and the hour have met." He could well say, therefore, in his inaugural address, delivered a few days after: "It is joyous in the midst of perilous times to look around upon a people united in heart when one purpose of high resolve animates and actuates the whole, when the sacrifices to be made are not weighed in the balance against honor and right and liberty and equality." His address was conservative and dispassionate, but strong and resolute, not unequal to the luminous and lofty utterances of Thomas Jefferson. If others failed to measure the awful import of that epochal hour, not so the serious and far-seeing man about to assume high office, who was at once an educated and trained soldier and a great statesman of long experience and extraordinary genius.

To rehearse in detail the well-known story of the four years of carnage and struggle is not within the purpose of this discussion. Nor is it necessary to consider at length the many

and perplexing problems which signalized the administration of the young nation's first and only President. It is sufficient to say that he conducted the affairs of the stormy government with consummate wisdom, meeting the sternest responsibilities, awed by no reverses, discouraged by no disaster, and cherishing an unshaken faith that a cause could not fail which was "sanctified by its justice and sustained by a virtuous people." Even after Richmond was evacuated and the sun of Appomattox was about to go down amid blood and tears, a final appeal was issued in which he said: "Let us not despair, my countrymen, but meet the foe with fresh defiance and with unconquered and unconquerable hearts."

Mr. Davis was a great President. In administering the affairs of the Confederate government he displayed remarkable constructive and executive genius. Considering the resources at his command, all the Southern ports blockaded and without the recognition of any foreign nation, with no opportunity to sell cotton abroad and import supplies in return, having to rely entirely upon the fields and strong arms of the home land, and constantly menaced by one of the greatest armies of the world, it was remarkable that the young nation could have survived a few months instead of four memorable years. And much of that wonderful history is due to its Chief Executive. In answer to one who sought General Lee's estimate of Mr. Davis as the head of the government, he thus replied: "If my opinion is worth anything, you can always say that few people could have done better than Mr. Davis. I know of none that could have done as well."

And on the other side harsh criticism is giving way to generous and discriminating judgment. The Hon. Charles Francis Adams in a recent review of the latest "Life of Jefferson Davis," which has issued from the press, pays fitting tribute to the extraordinary ability displayed by the Confederacy's great President. "No fatal mistake," says he, "either of administration or strategy was made which can fairly be laid to his account. He did the best that was possible with the means that he had at command. Merely the opposing forces were too many and too strong for him. Of his austerity, earnestness, and fidelity, it seems to me there can be no more question than can be entertained of his capacity."

Mr. Davis has been charged with cruelty to prisoners, and on his shoulders have been laid the so-called "horrors of Andersonville," a charge as utterly baseless as it is despicably mean. No more humane or gentle spirit ever walked this earth than Jefferson Davis. As a matter of fact there was no deliberate purpose on either side to maltreat prisoners of war or fail to make proper provision for their care. The sufferings endured were only the exigencies of the awful days when great armies were in the death struggle for mastery. All that humanity could suggest and the meager resources of the South could provide were freely given the brave men captured in battle. Mr. Davis said they were given exactly the same rations "in quantity and quality as those served to our gallant soldiers in the field, which have been found sufficient to support them in their arduous campaigns." On the contrary, goaded doubtless by false reports from the South, the United States War Department on April 20, 1864, reduced by one-fifth the rations issued to Confederate prisons.

"With sixty thousand more Federal prisoners in the South," said Senator Daniel, "than there were Confederate prisoners in the North, four thousand more Confederates than Federals died in prison." If those figures are correct, the very repetition of the charge is an insult to intelligence and blasphemy against truth. The real reason for so much suffering and mortality among the men in Southern prisons was tha the Federal government refused to observe the cartel agree upon for the exchange of prisoners. And General Gran boldly assumed the responsibility for such refusal in thes words: "It is hard on our men in Southern prisons not t exchange them, but it is humanity to those left to fight ou battles. If we commence a system of exchanges which lib erates all prisoners taken, we will have to fight until th whole South is exterminated. If we hold those caught, the amount to no more than dead men. At this particular tim to release all Rebel prisoners North would insure Sherman' defeat and compromise our own safety here."

If any unfortunate prisoner was not comfortably provide for, it was not because the South would be cruel to a brothe but on account of her exhausted source of supply. Durin the last year of the war General Lee had meat only twice week, and his unusual dinner was "a head of cabbage boiled i salt water, sweet potatoes, and a pone of corn bread." I the peerless commander in chief of the Confederate armie was reduced to such scanty fare, the government could no well provide very liberally for the gallant men in the rank or behind prison doors.

Now with this very imperfect sketch of a most remarkabl career, I shall briefly refer to some of the qualities tha made this heroic history a sublime possibility.

He was an accomplished orator and a magnificent debater Having always complete mastery of himself and of the sub ject in hand, he became a veritable master of assemblies He met Sargent S. Prentiss in debate—that inspired wizar of persuasive and powerful speech—and his friends had n occasion to regret the contest. Stephen A. Douglas foun in him the mightiest champion with whom he ever shivere a lance. During an exciting discussion in 1850 Henry Cla turned to the Mississippi Senator and announced his purpos at some future day to debate with him a certain question "Now is the moment," was the prompt reply of the brillian Southern leader, whose intrepid courage and diligent studen habits kept him fully armed for the issues of any hour.

"He was an archer regal
Who laid the mighty low,
But his arrows were fledged by the eagle
And sought not a fallen foe."

One of Mr. Davis's biographers, well acquainted with his parliamentary career, who knew his mastery in debate and his superb power as a statesman and an orator, and who witnessed his brilliant gladiatorial combat in the Senate with Stephen A. Douglas, gives this discriminating estimate of the great Mississippian: "In nearly all of Mr. Davis's speeches is recognized the pervasion of intellect, which is preserved even in his most impassioned passages. He goes to the very foundations of jurisprudence, illustrates by historical example, and throws upon his subject the full radiance of that light which is shed by diligent inquiry into the abstract truths of political and moral science. Strength, animation, energy without vehemence, classical elegance, and a luminous simplicity are features in Davis's oratory which rendered him one of the most finished, logical, and effective of contemporary parliamentary speakers." * * *

His sensitiveness to personal and official honor and his exceeding conscientiousness in the discharge of public duties were among the chief characteristics of this serious and stainless man. "Great politicians," said Voltaire, "ought always to deceive the people." But such was not the sacred creed of

Jefferson Davis, who held that public men should invariably and scrupulously be honest with the people, having no confidences from which they are excluded and no policies in which they are not invited to share. Free from conscious sophistry and the very soul of candor, he never sought to conceal or obscure, but to make the truth so luminous that he who ran could read. His own eloquent characterization of President Franklin Pierce might be fittingly applied to Jefferson Davis himself: "If treachery had come near him, it would have stood abashed in the presence of his truth, his manliness, and his confiding simplicity."

In official life he knew no word but duty. When in Congress a rivers and harbors bill was pending on one occasion, and seeing that combinations had been formed to secure certain local, trivial appropriations, he opposed the measure with characteristic vigor. In the course of the debate he was asked if he did not favor appropriations for Mississippi, in response to which he retorted sharply and concluded: "I feel, sir, that I am incapable of sectional distinctions upon such a subject. I abhor and reject all interested combinations."

He was the very soul of chivalry. No plumed knight of the Middle Ages ever had higher regard for the virtue of woman or the integrity of man or the sacredness of a cause. Sensitive to wrong, cherishing above measure his stainless honor, he never in the least betrayed it nor allowed another to impugn it. * * *

His was a proud, but a noble and affectionate nature. Some have thought him a cold, austere, severe man, lacking in the gentler elements and sympathies of a generous soul. But nothing could be farther from the fact. His affections were most ardent, his friendships partook of the pathetic, and the tenderness of his heart often dimmed his eyes with tears. And he was at all times most approachable. No citizen was so poor, no soldier so humble, no man so obscure as not to have ready access to his presence and sympathetic attention.

Mr. Davis was a statesman, with neither taste nor ability for mere political manipulation. * * * He was a profound, philosophical statesman with a thoroughly trained intellect and an exalted sense of moral responsibility. In his logical processes he quite resembled the illustrious John C. Calhoun, whose genius he greatly admired and with whose political creed he was in substantial accord. And when Mr. Calhoun passed away, amid the lamentations of the whole nation, the great party he had led with such consummate skill turned instinctively to Jefferson Davis as incomparably the ablest exponent of the basic principles for which they fearlessly stood. His superb and commanding leadership vindicated their generous confidence and vastly enlarged the strength and measure of his national influence.

As Secretary of War in the Cabinet of Franklin Pierce (and by common consent he was the premier in that body of statesmen), it is no disparagement of others to say that no abler or more accomplished Secretary ever sat at the council table of an American President. * * *

The verdict of history will be, notwithstanding the fall of the Confederate government, that he was preëminently the man for a crisis. His genius was most resplendent when the clouds were darkest and the danger was nearest. When passion swayed the hour, he was in the most perfect command of his highest powers and seemed to exercise the coolest judgment. He was cautious without timidity, intrepid without rashness, courteous without condescension, pious without pretense. * * *

Mr. Davis was a devout believer in the fundamental verities of our Christian faith, and sought to make them the inspiring rule of his daily life. He was acquainted with the Scriptures from a child and knew the place and power of prayer. His unshaken faith gave him sublime courage for duty, a serene fortitude in calamity, softened the rigors of the cruel prison, and made radiant the evening's skies of life's long, stormy day. His intimate friend, the eloquent Senator Benjamin H. Hill, of Georgia, paid this heart tribute to the beauty and consistency of his Christian character: "I knew Jefferson Davis as I know few men. I have been near him in his public duties. I have seen him by his private fireside. I have witnessed his humble Christian devotions, and I challenge the judgment of history when I say no people were ever led through the fiery struggle for liberty by a nobler, truer patriot, while the carnage of war and the trials of public life never revealed a purer and more beautiful Christian character."

When, after their capture, his friend, the Hon. John H. Reagan, the Postmaster General of the Confederacy, was separated from him to be sent to a Northern prison, while he remained at Fortress Monroe, Mr. Davis said: "My old friend frequently read the twenty-sixth Psalm. It has often given me the surest consolation." While enduring in agony and chains his imprisonment at Fortress Monroe—a cruelty that will ever be a blot upon our country's fair name—he wrote thus cheerfully to his anxious and devoted wife: "Tarry thou the Lord's leisure, be strong, and he will comfort thy heart. Every day, twice or oftener, I repeat the prayer of St. Chrysostom." Again from his dungeon he wrote to a friend: "Separated from my friends of this world, my Heavenly Father has drawn nearer to me."

When his two pitiless years of improsonment were ended, broken in health, but unbroken in spirit, and when the short court proceedings were concluded in Richmond which restored him to liberty and the bosom of his family and a party of friends had joined Mrs. Davis at the hotel, the venerable chief of the Confederate cause turned to his pastor and said: "Mr. Minnegarode, you have been with me in my sufferings and comforted and strengthened me with your prayers; is it not right that we now once more should kneel together and return thanks?"

After his release, in shattered health and poverty (his fortune having gone with the cause he served and for which he suffered), but rich in the affectionate devotion of the people who vied with each other in doing him honor, he returned to his beloved Mississippi and here spent the remnant of his heroic years. Out of fire and tempest and baptism of blood he came with an unfaltering purpose and an unclouded sky.

There is something strangely beautiful in the old age of a great and good man. No sun sweeping through the opening gates of the morning has ever the radiant glory of its calm setting. Beautiful and buoyant as is the springtime, it fades before the color and splendor of the autumn. And so there is a sweet serenity and chastened beauty about the evening of a cheerful, well-spent life that far exceeds the brightness and bloom of its fair young morning.

The last days of Jefferson Davis were peaceful and beautiful. They were spent in dignified retirement, cultivating the sweet companionship of books, enjoying the association of friends, and in writing a masterly exposition of the great principles of government that had been the creed of his political faith and the ground of his people's hopes. This was

his last will and testament to those "who have glorified a fallen cause by the simple manhood of their lives, the patient endurance of suffering, and the heroism of death."

Though never an indifferent observer of passing events, he wisely took no part in public affairs and rarely ever appeared on public occasions. When occasionally one of the numerous invitations with which he was overwhelmed was accepted, it was to speak words of encouragement and hope to his people, urging them with stout hearts and strong hands to labor for the largest good of our reunited country.

In a notable address before the Legislature of Mississippi in 1884, when in age and feebleness extreme, standing in the old hall where in the days of his splendid prime he swayed enraptured audiences as with the wand of a mighty magician, he thus spoke to the people who had ever held the highest place in his affectionate heart: "Reared on the soil of Mississippi, the ambition of my boyhood was to do something which would redound to the honor and welfare of the State. The weight of many years admonishes me that my day of actual services has passed, yet the desire remains undiminished to see the people of Mississippi prosperous and happy and her fame gradually growing wider and brighter as the years roll away. * * *

And now, young men of our reunited country, sons of heroic sires, proud of the flag that floats over us and jealous of its increasing and unfading glory, glad that there is a star on it that answers to the name of Mississippi, I commend to your emulation the words of solemn counsel and patriotic encouragement with which Mr. Davis concluded his masterly and monumental work, "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government:" "In asserting the right of secession, it has not been my wish to incite to its exercise. I recognize the fact that the war showed it to be impracticable, but this did not prove that it was wrong; and now, that it may not be again attempted and the Union may promote the general welfare, it is needful that the truth, the whole truth, should be known, so that crimination and recrimination may forever cease, and then on the basis of fraternity and faithful regard for the rights of the States there may be written on the arch of the Union, 'Esto Perpetua.'"

By the sacred political convictions which had inspired his every public and patriotic service he consistently lived to the end, and went down to his grave without laying any sacrifice of repentance upon the altar of his conscience or his country. Without compromise or modification and with never a suggestion of contrition or concession, he died in the accepted faith of his fathers. And for that fearless and unshaken fidelity to his honest conception of truth and duty the South will continue to adore him, the world will never cease to admire him, and with a wreath of unfading glory the genius of history will not fail to crown him.

For the future he had not fear. In the last public paper that emanated from his pen, representing himself and his countrymen, he calmly reiterated his unfaltering faith in these words: "We do not fear the verdict of posterity on the purity of our motives or the sincerity of our belief, which our sacrifices and our career sufficiently attested." Had he ever recanted or even receded, had he ever apostatized or even compromised, had he shown in any way that his often reiterated doctrines were not the undying convictions of his sincere soul, had he ever pleaded for pardon on the ground that he had misconceived the truth and misguided his people, the South would have spurned him, the North would have execrated him, and the verdict of history would have deservedly and eternally condemned him. But in the calm consciousness of having done what sacred duty and the cause of constitutional liberty seemed to demand, to the end of his days he walked with a steady step that knew no variableness or shadow of turning. The banner under which he fought went down in clouds and gloom, but was never furled by his hands.

For us to be honestly and absolutely loyal to the whole country and our glorious flag we need not and will not forget or cease to venerate the exalted character and splendid virtues and unsullied patriotism of Jefferson Davis and his compeers.

"Time cannot teach forgetfulness
When grief's full heart is fed by fame."

Over the portico of the Pantheon in Paris are these words in large letters: "To Great Men, the Grateful Fatherland." Fellow-Mississippians, I cannot repress the painful regret that it is not the proud privilege of Mississippi to be the "Grateful Fatherland" of the greatest Mississippian and to keep holy watch and ward over the sacred dust of her most illustrious son.

He was great to those who knew him best—those who were nearest to him in intimate, confidential companionship—and he will grow greater with the growing years. Caleb Cushing in introducing him to a vast audience in Faneuil Hall said he was "eloquent among the most eloquent in debate, wise among the wisest in council, and brave among the bravest in battle." Senator Reagan, of Texas, the Postmaster General of the Confederate government, said: "He was a man of great labor, of great learning, of great integrity, of great purity." The great-hearted and eloquent Senator Hill, of Georgia, said: "I declare to you that he was the most honest, the truest, gentlest, bravest, tenderest man I ever knew."

He died without citizenship here, but he has become a fellow-citizen with the heroes of the skies.

Marvelous, many-sided, masterful man, his virtues will grow brighter and his name be writ larger with each passing century. Soldier, hero, statesman, gentleman, American, a prince of Christian chivalry, "the uncrowned chief of an invisible republic of loving and loyal hearts," when another hundred years have passed, no intelligent voice will fail to praise him and no patriotic hand will refuse to place a laurel wreath upon his radiant brow.

"Nothing need cover his high fame but heaven,
No pyramid set off his memories
But the eternal substance of his greatness—
To which I leave him."

ABOUT ESCORT TO PRESIDENT DAVIS.

BY S. A. HORNBECK, SHEPHERDSVILLE, KY.

I wish to indorse every word in the March VETERAN from Comrades Overby and John Lewis, of Lexington, Ky., in regard to President Davis's last escort. The account is perfectly true as I remember it, and I recall the events of those days more vividly than more recent happenings.

I was a member of Company D, 1st Kentucky Cavalry, and was with the escort every day and hour from Charlotte to the end. Having approved this, let me add a bit of history concerning Gen. John S. Williams, familiarly known as "Cerro Gordo" Williams, who prior to Breckinridge commanded the Kentucky Cavalry Brigade. He disobeyed orders and whipped the enemy at Saltville, Va., and was placed under arrest until Mr. Davis reinstated him with his old command at Abbeville. I have been told that this was the last official act of Mr. Davis.

SANFORD THEODORE KINGSBERY.

The South, and particularly Georgia, his native State, can boast of no truer patriot, braver soldier, or one more loyal to the Confederacy than Capt. Sanford T. Kingsbery, who is yet numbered among the noble survivors of the tragic drama of the sixties.

Carrollton, Ga., was his birthplace, November 12, 1837. Captain Kingsbery attended school at Derby, Vt. Returning home, he completed his education at Carrollton Masonic Institute, after which, in 1858, he began reading law with Buchanan & Wright, Newnan, Ga., and in 1859 was admitted to the bar. He had located at Quitman, Ga.; and when the first roar of cannon had sounded from Fort Sumter, Captain Kingsbery enlisted as a private with the Piscola Volunteers. He was made commissary sergeant of his company, and remained with the Volunteers until after the Seven Days' fight around Richmond. In these battles he displayed much gallantry. In 1862 he was elected without his knowledge second lieutenant of a cavalry company organized at Carrollton, and was accordingly transferred to this command. With this company he did valiant service in Eastern North Carolina and in Southeast Virginia until the advance of Grant on Petersburg. His command, the 7th Confederate Cavalry, was assigned to Brig. Gen. James Dearing's command. He remained with General Dearing until October, 1864, at which time his regiment was reorganized into the 10th Georgia Cavalry, Gen. P. M. B. Young commanding.



SANFORD T. KINGSBERY.

In the same year Comrade Kingsbery was made captain of the company, and so continued until the surrender. His command was disbanded at Greensboro, N. C.

Captain Kingsbery encountered many dangers. He was under fire one hundred and thirty odd times, had nine horses killed under him, and was hit only once, and that on the memorable day of Grant's advance on Petersburg, when a spent ball struck him on the knee. After the bloody struggle he returned home without having been paroled, discharged, or surrendering, still loyal to the cause.

Captain Kingsbery's two brothers, Joseph and Charles, also returned to Carrollton with him. As they neared home they looked upon the venerable form of the old father toiling patiently behind the plow in the endeavor to earn a livelihood. Meeting these adverse circumstances bravely, the brothers went manfully to work.

Captain Kingsbery returned to South Georgia, where he and his wife taught school during 1866; he then resumed his practice of law at Quitman. During the reconstruction period he efficiently discharged the duties of Secretary of the County Democratic Committee. In 1874 he became local attorney for the Atlantic & Gulf Railway, retaining the position until 1883, when he became Assistant General Counsel for the Savannah, Florida & Western and the Charleston & Savannah Railway Companies. In 1902 Captain Kingsbery removed from Savannah to Valdosta, Ga., where he resumed general practice, but still retained the position as Assistant General Counsel for Georgia of the S., F. & W. Railway.

In his days of activity Captain Kingsbery ranked among the foremost of his profession. In his career as a lawyer he was never known to take a case when he believed his client to be in the wrong, however large the fee.

In 1900 his health began to fail, and one by one his professional duties were given up, until February, 1905, when he was forced to abandon all business matters. Since that time he has had a much-needed rest, free from business cares.

Captain Kingsbery's wife was Jane Margaret Smith, daughter of Rev. John Brown Smith, formerly an eminent Presbyterian minister of North Carolina, and she was a lineal descendant of "Light-Horse Harry" Lee, of Revolutionary fame. She passed away in August, 1900.

Captain Kingsbery was a Council Mason, and as long as health permitted was Master of the lodge at Valdosta, being untiring in his efforts for the upbuilding of the order at that place. In token of their appreciation a movement has recently been set on foot to have a life-size portrait of him placed in the lodge room at Valdosta.

In South Georgia he is familiarly known as "Captain," and has many friends who love and honor him and regret that he is no longer able to be actively at work. He has three children living: James S. Kingsbery, of Texas, and Edwin P. and H. Annie Kingsbery, of Thomasville, Ga.

ANNUAL SERMON AT DALTON, GA.—When Rev. J. T. Lowe was asked to preach the annual sermon for the soldiers at Dalton, Ga., his answer was in part: "When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there. I have my parole, dated April 26, 1865, Greensboro, N. C." He was licensed to preach before the war, and might have kept out of the conflict on this plea, but he preferred to do otherwise. He served throughout the war in Company H, 39th Georgia Regiment, and Comrade R. P. Neal, of Company C, same regiment, says of him: "He served his country and his Creator. He planned always to have suitable persons conduct prayer meetings in the command. On one of these occasions an intelligent soldier was heard to offer the prayer: 'Lord, if the war is sent us as a punishment, grant that its form may be changed.'"

A FORGOTTEN HERO—R. C. KENNEDY.

BY EDWARD A. JACKSON, YAZOO CITY, MISS.

"R. C. Kennedy, Rebel spy, executed January, 1865." So reads the inscription over one of the bravest and truest of Confederate soldiers, who in life served his country and in death is forgotten.

Robert C. Kennedy went to West Point from the Shreveport district of Louisiana, and graduated in 1856. His Confederate rank was lieutenant in the 1st Louisiana, General Gladden's old regiment. He was captured, and for a time was confined in prison; but escaped to Canada, where he met some fifty of us, who had escaped from various military prisons. I was twenty-two years old, a member of the Wirt Adams Cavalry Regiment, captured in Jefferson County, Miss. I escaped from Camp Morton, and for a time I roomed with Kennedy at Toronto.

We were commanded by John Y. Beall, and were employed by the Confederate government to annoy the Federals in as many ways as possible. It seemed to us that if our fifty could detain some fifteen or twenty thousand Federal troops on the Northern frontier—troops that otherwise would have helped in crushing our comrades down South—we were doing as much for the cause as any fifty men in the ranks. We ran, besides, risks greater and more fearful than those faced by the regular service, as was proved by the fate of Beall and Kennedy.

We did things that one regrets being obliged to do; but we were responsible for our obedience, not our orders. We did what was commanded by our lawful superiors, and our actions were all legitimate under the horrible usages of war. The Federals fought us with fire and we fought them with fire; but it was a weapon that we did not love as did Sherman, Sheridan, Butler, and others, and we in no way inconvenienced the crows, as they did.

At last we lost our chief, John Y. Beall, and our party began to break up and scatter. Twelve of us remained with Kennedy for a time; but finally we parted, the twelve going by way of Halifax; while Kennedy, being the boldest of men, undertook to make his way directly through the hostile States.

Amongst the truest and bravest is often found a traitor, and amongst us was one who betrayed Kennedy's movements to the enemy. He was arrested at Suspension Bridge as quickly as he entered Federal territory, was taken to New York Harbor, confined in Fort Lafayette, and, like Beall, was soon condemned to die as a spy. Beneath the gallows he sang some lines which ran somewhat as follows:

"Trust to luck, trust to luck,
Stare Fate in the face;
Your heart will be easy
If it's in the right place."

When the executioners would have blinded him, he refused the black cap, saying: "I'll show you that a Southern soldier can die facing you fellows. If I had a dozen lives, I'd give them all for the same cause. Turn my face to the South; crack your whip; I'm ready."

Seven years afterwards (1872) I visited the grave of my friend, which lay some two hundred yards back of Fort Hamilton; and while sitting there the Federal commandant of the fort, Captain Sinclair, came up to me and asked: "Did you know that young man?" I told him of my intimacy, and he seized my hand with evident pleasure, saying: "I'm glad to meet anybody who knew Bob Kennedy. We graduated together from West Point in the class of 1856." He told me the story of Kennedy's last hour, took me over the fort, showed me every attention, and proved himself in every way a gentleman and a most agreeable man; but all his courtesies were meant as honor to Kennedy, and by me so taken.

So far as I know, Kennedy still lies in that unhonored and all but dishonored grave under that misleading inscription. Some new building may have covered him, all marks may have been obliterated, he may have been thrust away somewhere else; but wherever he lies he does not lie in Southern soil nor under a stone testifying to his patriotic devotion. Beall sleeps with his comrades in the land for which he died, but Kennedy among strangers in the land which overwhelmed his people.

I think it were only worthy of such a man's comrades that we should do his poor body such inadequate honor as we now may. Forty years is long enough to have left him in exile; let him come home and sleep with us. Will not some comrade who knew him second my motion?

KENNEDY'S DEATH SONG.

Trust to luck, trust to luck, stare Fate in the face;
Your heart will be easy if it's in the right place.

Though Luck may betray, though Fate may destroy,
Be faithful to Duty, and she'll give you joy.

O, had I a score of lives, I would give
One and all to my Southland; I'm hers, die or live.

Though life it is sweet, though earth it is dear,
To die for my country brings heaven more near.

Take away your black cap; I'll look in your eye.
No, don't turn it from me; see a Southerner die.

Turn my face to the South; it follows my heart.
I'm ready; crack your whip, sir, and on with your cart!

—R. B. Mayes, Yazoo City, Miss.

CAPT. JOHN REDDICK.

BY MRS. GRAFTON FENNO, LYNN, MASS.

I have sent the VETERAN office many things from time to time relative to New England history, and I realize the unsuitableness of such matter for a Confederate war paper; but those who wore the gray may be interested in some of the knowledge that came to me of Capt. John Reddick through his friendship with my husband during the California days when the two men were interested in mining.

John Reddick in early life was a slaveholder in the South, and during the progress of the Confederate war he traversed the State of California, working and speaking against the Union League. He was imprisoned in San Francisco Harbor, and the Union League officials took possession of his personal and private papers, including his discharge from the Mexican War and a daily journal in which were recorded conversations between Generals Grant and Sherman and himself.

Captain Reddick's wife was the daughter of Rev. James B. Gage, a Baptist minister, and her two brothers were surgeons in the Confederate army; but they did not survive the war. I have been told that Mrs. Reddick made and raised the first Confederate flag that floated in Mississippi, her native State. During the war she visited on the plantation of a Mr. Saunders, and I have in my possession pieces of dress cloth that she and her sisters and "old black mammy" wove and colored.

On a photograph of Captain Reddick, which I am sending the VETERAN, I copy a fragment of his history which he wrote

in my autograph album at Los Angeles, Cal., in 1893: "I was born in Fairfax County, Va., January 19, 1809. My early home was near the battlefield of Bull Run. I was a graduate of West Point, and Gens. Robert E. Lee and Joseph Johnston were my schoolmates. I was captain of Company C, 1st Regiment Dragoons; fought Santa Anna at Buena Vista, and went through the Mexican War. I commanded the first train of emigrants from Missouri to Southern California through the Southern route in 1849. I was in the Black Hawk War under



CAPT. JOHN REDDICK.

Captain Hall, Col. Sam Briggs, and General Dodge. I was in the battle of the Alamo under Fannin, John Duval and myself making our escape by swimming the river. I settled in San José, Cal., in 1849."

A portrait of Captain Reddick and his complete history will be placed in the Essex Institute, Salem, Mass., along with all my Confederate souvenirs, pictures, and books. There is a good picture of Gen. Robert Lee in the Civil War Department. Reddick died a few years ago of neuralgia of the heart.

I hope I have not tried the patience of your readers; but I do want the brave ones to be honored and remembered, and I am working for all such where opportunity opens the way.

J. D. Harwell, Meridian, Miss., Seeks His Brother's Bible.—For forty-three years I have believed my only brother was killed near Spottsylvania C. H., Va., on the skirmish line May 8, 1864, as he was reported killed by his company and his body supposed to have been buried by a farmer living near by. We have endeavored in vain to locate his grave at different times since the Civil War. Last August at a Reunion of old Confederate veterans at Demopolis, Ala., I met, for the first time since July, 1861, his old messmate and best friend, who was on the line that day with him, and he told me that my brother was not hurt the last he saw of him, but another comrade named Ben Rayfield was shot through the head and killed, and was left on the line when they retreated; that my brother (who was a bright Christian) was sitting down reading his Bible when the sudden advance of the Federals took place and the order to retreat was given. They thought he was with them until they reached their horses. The next day they drove the enemy beyond that line and found only one body, which had been buried by a farmer who lived close by, and it was shot through the head. I now know this was Ben Rayfield, yet some of the company reported to my family that it was my brother. If any Federal has my brother's Bible, I would be glad indeed to get it, and also to correspond with the one who has it, for I am convinced that brother was captured and possibly wounded, but died either in prison or hospital North. His Bible had his name, company, and legion written in a beautiful and legible hand in it; and if he died in prison or hospital, the records should show his name—William Thomas Harwell, Company D, Jeff Davis's Legion. His captain's name was A. K. Ramsey, and he was under J. E. B. Stuart. The date of his disappearance was May 8, 1864, on picket line near Spottsylvania C. H., Va. Any information regarding the Bible would be gladly and gratefully received, and I sincerely hope that through the valued magazine, the Veteran, I may some day gain it.

COMMENT OF A UNION VETERAN IN MAINE.

BY A. I. MATHER, ROCKLAND, MAINE.

I have noticed in the columns of the Veteran frequent allusions to the spirit of comradeship and brotherhood that prevailed during the Civil War between comrades of the blue and the gray. I have seen numerous incidents of the same, proving beyond dispute that there was not that animosity that many people of to-day imagined did exist.

I remember well one April day, 1865, we were halted for a few hours waiting to form a junction with Sheridan. It was at the edge of a piece of woods. Just across the narrow road there had been fierce fighting the day before, and I strolled through the wood where the fight had been the hottest,

"And there I saw distorted limbs
And many an eye aglare
In the soft purple twilight of
The thunder-smitten air;
Along the slope and on the sward
In ghastly ranks they lay,
And there was blood upon the blue
And blood upon the gray."

Our surgeons were busily attending to both friend and foe. Compassion had supplanted animosity. One who wore the gray, shot through the body, was breathing his life away; yet one of our men had rigged a shelter over him to keep off the glare of the sun, and was moistening his lips with water. The dead and dying were being ministered unto by those who the day before had sought their lives. It was a scene of true brotherhood.

Who that were present on that memorable day at Appomattox will ever forget that fraternal scene when word came down the line that fighting was to cease? Men wept and embraced each other, the blue and gray mingled together as one, rations were shared, and brotherly love prevailed everywhere.

Dear loyal old comrades, comrades who wore the blue and the gray, all brothers and comrades, my heart is tender to you all to-day and a moisture in my eyes as I rake up the scenes of long ago. As we stood together shoulder to shoulder for what we deemed right, so may we all in other lives to come be again reunited and once more press onward in an unbroken phalanx of brotherhood and plant firmly on the battlements

of selfishness and error the standard of eternal truth that shall wave in triumph through æons of time. Dear old comrades! Many, very many are now sleeping the long sleep and time is mustering us out rapidly. Many are lying in unknown and neglected graves,

"Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the blue,
Tears and love for the gray."

On the battlefield mentioned above I picked up many letters, weather-stained and worn. Some of these I have now. They are as follows: To Col. Garrete, from Anne Busbee. To W. T. Purcell, at General Lee's headquarters, from S. Hatcher. Emily Dautneys, of Front Royal, to her brother, C. P. E. To "Miss Mollie," from D. Painter. One dated Front Royal, signed Lucy A. Roberts. To "Dear Husband," from C. S. F. Jones. Petition to the Hon. James A. Sedden, Secretary of War, signed John H. Coffey. From Halifax, to "My Dear Son," from Sarah G. Woodhall; also in the same letter another to "My Dear Peter," signed Sally Woodall. To "Dear and Affectionate Son," signed Samuel Rader. To "Dear Cousin ——" (name illegible), signed Annie E. Hunt.

Should these meet the eye of interested parties, they will be forwarded to owners. These letters have never been out of my possession and have been safely guarded. It is more than probable that some of the above recipients were killed during that fight.

A LETTER FROM CAMP.

[Below is a letter written by Mr. Bob Whitaker in camp on the Chattahoochee July 16, 1864, to his sister, Mrs. Bettie Askins, President of Charity Green Trevathan Chapter, U. D. C., Union City, Tenn. It is hoped that the letter will call forth some expression from the comrades who were with brave Bob Whitaker during his last hours on earth.]

On the Chattahoochee River.

Dear Sister: I have passed through the mills since I last wrote to you. We have marched hard, worked hard, and fought hard. Our efforts commenced at Dalton, Rocky Face Ridge, where we skirmished two or three days. Had seven men slightly wounded. We next met the enemy at Resaca, where we built breastworks and waited for an attack, which was made after two days of heavy skirmishing and cannonading, though not on our part of the line. However, we were not destined to miss the fight. Our brigade was sent to the right and marched forward to meet the enemy, whom we soon encountered. We fought about fifteen minutes, when we were ordered to fall back. Night came, and we retreated.

The next place, New Hope Church and Kennesaw Mountain, we held the enemy in check three or four weeks. We were under fire most of the time, and suffered much from the heat of the sun. It was on this line of battle that the enemy attacked our line the first time. We fought behind breastworks. They came on us in five lines of battle, and drove in our pickets; but before those of our regiment had got in the right of the brigade were pouring in volley after volley, the fire running along down the line until all were engaged. The fire was most terrific. On they came until within a few feet of the breastworks. The contest now became doubtful. However, there was no time to be lost, and every man rapidly loaded and discharged his piece.

The enemy pressed on until they planted their colors on the top of the breastworks; but they did not remain long, the position being too hot for the bluecoats. They tore their colors down and took to their heels in confusion, leaving their dead and wounded on the field. They did not fall back far before they stopped and fortified under the hill within thirty yards of our works.

All was quiet for two days, when the odor of the dead bodies of the Yankees began to be intolerable for them as well as for ourselves. A flag of truce went over, hostilities ceased, and the dead were buried. During the time some of the boys were engaged in traffic with the Yanks, giving tobacco for canteens, old clothes, coffee, sugar. Our loss was only twenty-five or thirty in the brigade, while that of the enemy was five hundred.

We are now on picket on the bank of the Chattahoochee. Our whole division is out here in front of the army watching the enemy and keeping them from crossing the river. Our line is on one bank and the Federals on the other. We have established a kind of friendly picketing, and there is no shooting done. I was on picket duty the other night when a hard storm came up, blowing down a great many trees, one of which killed one of the boys who was on duty with me. We were under shelter trying to keep dry, and the wind was blowing so hard that some of the boys had left the shelter to get out of the way of the trees. I had just started when the alarm was given, and I made good my escape. We had to stand out and take the rain, wind, and hail. Our men have done extremely well, being in every fight since we left Dalton.

Everything seems to be at a standstill with both sides. The soldiers seem to have the utmost confidence in Johnston. They think it will all be for the best, and all seem confident of success. I think when the time comes for a regular open field fight we will whip them very badly.

HENRY A. STEUART—REBEL SPY.

BY RICHARD D. STEUART, OF THE BALTIMORE SUN.

On the little knoll to the left of the main entrance of Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore, stands a granite shaft which marks the grave of a son of the late Gen. Roger Pryor, United States army. Within the shadow of the column is a grave with a white headstone bearing a cross and inscription:

"In the Old Capitol Prison,
Henry A. Steuart,
Son of
Ann and William F. Steuart,
In the twenty-first year of his age."

A captain in the Confederate army, young Steuart was a blockade runner, and his daring trips through the lines were made under the direction of the Confederate government. His baggage consisted mainly of medical supplies for the sick and wounded soldiers, which the Federal government had declared contraband and munitions of war. The story of Captain Steuart's life and death is a part of the history of the great Civil War. In his veins flowed the blood of St. David, Robert Bruce, Lord Robert Steuart, and of Sir Dudley Digges, who fell fighting under the banner of Charles I. His family had served the old State of Maryland, and his father, brothers, and kinsmen wore the gray and filled every rank from private to major general.

Henry Augustus Steuart was the eldest son of Dr. William Frederick Steuart, afterwards chief surgeon of the brigade of his kinsman, Gen. George H. Steuart. He was born at Pemberton, near West River, Anne Arundel County, in 1841, and at the time of his death was not twenty-one years old.

When the boom of Sumter's guns first sounded, Harry Steuart was among the first to leave his father's home, and with a few comrades made his way across the Potomac into Virginia. He enlisted as a private in the Black Horse Cavalry, a troop superbly mounted and equipped, organized in Fauquier County sometime before the outbreak of the war by Col. John Scott.

Young Steuart was engaged in the battle of Manassas, where our cavalry made several brilliant charges upon the enemy's infantry and won a name which the lapse of years has not erased. Not long after the victory at Manassas young Steuart was selected as a special agent of the Confederate States, with the rank of captain, and ordered to Baltimore to procure medical supplies. Captain Steuart's appointment was a high tribute to his courage. In his capacity as agent for the Confederate government he made several trips through the lines, carrying medical supplies, fuses, and musket caps. His route was through St. Mary's County and by ferry across the Potomac.

While passing from Baltimore to Virginia "Our Harry" obtained relays of horses at Mount Airy, the manor house of his kinsmen, the Calverts, in Prince George's County, about sixteen miles from Washington. At the auction sale of the treasures of Mount Airy held in Washington in February, 1903, there was sold a gutta percha ring bearing the label: "Presented to Eleanor A. Calvert by her cousin, Harry Steuart."

Official war records show that on October 29, 1861, Captain Steuart wrote to Hon. Judah P. Benjamin, Confederate Secretary of War, as follows: "The gentleman who will hand you this comes on very important business with the Navy Department. * * * Anything that I can do for you here let me know immediately. Any communication directed to Mr. Hermange, Sun office, Baltimore, will reach me safely. This is a better arrangement than the one mentioned in my former letter. General Dix has announced his intention of hanging me as a spy if he can find me. That for his intentions."

No official data concerning Captain Steuart's arrest can be found; but newspaper accounts say that he was captured about December 15, 1861, at the home of Mr. Henry J. Carroll, St. Mary's County. Tradition says that Captain Steuart left Baltimore in charge of a wagon loaded with medical supplies and military stores, and was near Camp Parole, Anne Arundel County, when halted by a detachment of United States cavalry. Captain Steuart charged through the lines of the cavalry and made his escape, hotly pursued. With the evident intention of returning to Virginia, he made his way to Mr. Carroll's home. Here he was placed under arrest.

Captain Steuart was taken to Capitol Prison, in Washington, charged with being a spy. His roommates in prison were Mr. Rudolph Watkins and Mr. Judson J. Jarboe, of St. Mary's County. In February the trio received a recruit in the person of Mr. William I. Rasin, afterwards captain of Company E, 1st Maryland Cavalry. Mr. Rasin was arrested at Stoneton, Kent County, the residence of Mr. Price, on the night of February 12 by two detectives, and he was hurried in a closed carriage to Elkton and taken thence to Washington, charged with being a spy.

Captain Steuart had been in confinement only a few weeks when he began to look about him for some means of escape. He found that the thought of escape was foremost in the minds of both Mr. Rasin and Mr. Watkins, and the three became bound by the tie of mutual confidence and a common purpose. One of the trio knew of a rope which had been woven from an old manila door mat found in the prison by Mansfield Walworth, a political prisoner who had been reduced to solitary confinement. This rope was concealed in a certain mattress.

A letter to friends outside of the prison had been sent safely through the guards, and was answered through a box of cigars sent to Mr. Rasin. The box was opened and examined by the prison authorities and delivered to Mr. Rasin.

In the seclusion of their room the three prisoners took the cigars from the box and bit off the end of each. About half of the cigars had been thus treated when one of the prisoners gave an exclamation. His teeth had struck a pin. Then the three men stripped the cigar of its wrapper and crumbled up the tobacco to disclose a tiny ball of paper. The ball was carefully straightened and smoothed out and the answer to their communication was eagerly read. It furnished detailed information of a valuable nature to the anxious prisoners.

The next important thing to be done was the removal of one of the heavy wooden bars on the outside of the window. A common table knife was procured, and teeth were filed in it. With this improvised saw the work of cutting was begun. The work could be done only on dark nights, the prisoners taking turns at the task, and at the end of two weeks the bar was sawed.

One day, when the work of sawing was about half completed, Colonel Wood, prison superintendent, entered the room and demanded to know why a curtain was hung over the window, at the same time pulling the curtain aside. Mr. Watkins quickly replied: "O, that's our pantry, Colonel. The curtain keeps the flies off the preserves." The jars and other rubbish concealed the cuts in the bar, and Colonel Wood was satisfied.

For nearly a month the prisoners waited an opportunity to put their plan in operation. On a dark, stormy night it was determined to make the attempt. Cards were cut to decide who should go first, and Mr. Rasin cut high. Quickly removing jars and bottles from the window, the sawed bar was broken, the rope produced and fastened to another bar, and all was in readiness for the escape. Mr. Rasin swung himself out of the window and started down the rope hand over hand, when it broke and the two waiting prisoners heard their comrade's body fall with a thud upon a cellar door many feet below. Then all was quiet.

Believing that the game was up and that Rasin was either dead or maimed and captured, Captain Steuart and Mr. Watkins replaced the sawed bar in position, concealed the end of the rope, and retired to their bunks to await the morning's developments. Shortly before daybreak a strong gust of wind dislodged the sawed bar and it fell with a clatter on the cellar door beneath. A few minutes later several guards rushed into the room occupied by the prisoners, and then both guards and prisoners learned to their amazement that Mr. Rasin had escaped.

Mr. Rasin had landed squarely on his feet on the cellar door, and the wind had carried the sound away from the two guards, who were engaged in a quiet flirtation with a girl. Summoning all his nerve, Mr. Rasin walked directly toward the guards and passed between them, they saluting, undoubtedly believing him to be one of their officers. For three days Mr. Rasin lay concealed in Washington while the city and surrounding country were being scoured for him. He escaped in disguise and was soon with the Army of Northern Virginia.

Colonel Wood instituted a rigid but fruitless examination

to ascertain if any prisoners were implicated in Mr. Rasin's escape. Mr. Rasin carried his end of the rope with him, and the other end was burned by Captain Steuart. So the prison authorities concluded that Mr. Rasin had performed the feat of dropping to the ground.

The failure of their own attempt to escape was a terrible blow to Captain Steuart and Mr. Watkins, and made the former desperate. Mr. Watkins says that he seemed to lose all discretion, and frequently walked about the prison at night with yarn socks over his boots, trying to bribe some of the guards into letting him pass. Mr. Watkins and other friends warned him of the danger, but he was heedless. His prison mates noticed him often in conversation with a guard, and suspected that Steuart had made a proposition to him. On the night before his death he was seen to count fifty dollars and roll the notes in paper and tie a string around it. As he did so he appeared as buoyant as a child. As he placed the money in his pocket one of his roommates said to him: "Harry, are you going to trust that devil with your life?"

"It's all right," was the cheery reply. "Please don't say anything to discourage me."

Mr. Watkins, when he heard that Captain Steuart had made an arrangement with the guard whereby the latter for fifty dollars agreed to permit him to drop from the window to the ground and then, if he escaped the fall uninjured, allow him to pass, endeavored to dissuade his friend from the desperate attempt, but in vain.

In an article published in the Rockville (Md.) Sentinel nearly twenty years ago Mr. Watkins, Captain Steuart's prison mate, gave the following details of the shooting of Steuart on the morning of Sunday, May 11, 1862:

"My bunk was under Steuart's in a tier of two that occupied the space from one wall of the corridor to the other against the locked door opening into the corridor in a little room formed by throwing a partition wall across the corridor. This little room opened into the larger room.

"When I turned in, I left Steuart leaning on the sill of the window with the sash thrown up and his head pressed forward against the 'guard crib.' Several times during the night I awakened and saw him in the same position, and once I asked him to come to bed, but he gave me no audible answer. In my sleep I heard some one calling, 'Come on,' and I think the calling continued for some time, and Steuart, I have no doubt, had dropped asleep.

"At last, in a half-wakened condition, I heard the voice in a low tone say: 'Come on; it will soon be too late.' Then I saw Steuart climb over the crib, and he must have rested his feet on the granite ledge below the window to steady himself before letting go his hold; but he had scarcely passed over the crib when I distinctly heard the guard say, 'Halt!' and almost at the same instant came the report of a rifle and the ball tearing the plaster from above my head.

"He got back and fell on the floor under the window before I could reach him; in fact, it seemed that he was blown in, he got back so quickly. The first thing I did was to raise his head and place my pillow under him. Then I ran my knife blade through his clothing and boot and removed them, when the wounded joint, the knee of the right leg, was exposed, with blood spurting out.

"A tourniquet was brought from the hospital steward's room and applied above the wound, but it had very little effect in checking the flow of blood. He was bleeding from 4 A.M. until his leg was amputated late in the forenoon, and he received no surgical treatment before 9 A.M. There was not really any reason for his being allowed to die; but it did not seem to us that a prisoner's sufferings were regarded as of any material importance by any authorities except Colonel Wood He on this occasion did everything in his power, but he could not do much, owing to circumstances.

"Steuart's sufferings were dreadful, the Minie ball having ground the joint to atoms. He seemed to care little for self, his sympathy for his mother being uppermost. Later I saw her bending over him as he lay dead in the ward; and though it has been twenty-five years since then, I can see her still, the most sublime and exquisite picture of grief I ever looked upon."

Senator Mahoney, of Iowa, in his interesting book, "The Prisoner of State," gives particulars of Captain Steuart's death, and says: "The fifty dollars was found in the young man's pockets wrapped for the sentry, and written upon the paper containing the funds was the sentence: 'This is the money I promised you.' The bribery was fairly proved, the deliberation attending the murder was apparent and proof that the sentry called him was ready, and yet the authorities did not even punish him, but actually put the villain on guard afterwards. The same sentinel deserted and was brought back to Old Capitol a prisoner."

The sentry who shot Captain Steuart was a member of the 86th New York Volunteers.

Captain Steuart's family found difficulty in getting his remains from the prison authorities. Through the intercession of Mrs. Voorhees, however, wife of Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, the body was finally delivered to Steuart's parents.

WHAT A LETTER MAY DO.

A letter of inquiry is a simple but oftentimes potent missive, and the VETERAN may take a pardonable pride in its success as a detective agency. Every month brings to light the revival of old friendships by establishing the identity or abiding place of many an old and loved comrade who would otherwise remain in obscurity to the friend who seeks him.

Can there be a more touching picture than the one the mind conjures of an aged veteran of a splendid conflict standing so near the border of two worlds and seeking the whereabouts of a comrade dear to memory who may have already journeyed to that other land, where the soldier rests whose warfare's o'er? To find and unite the living and to be the bearer of messages is a service in which the VETERAN rejoices, and in this connection a story is told that will furnish interest to many readers.

UNCLE JOHN COATS.

One of the most thrilling and daring incidents of the war has come to light within the past few months, the central figure being Uncle John Coats, of Montevallo, Mo. Mr. Coats enlisted in the Confederate army while but a youth. He fought like a hero and served the cause he had espoused with great bravery and was a daring scout. Just before the battle of Jenkins's Ferry Coats and a comrade were sent out ahead to locate the Federals. He and his comrade went out horseback, and suddenly saw just ahead of them ten Federal soldiers and other evidences that told them they had passed the Federal pickets and were between the pickets and the Federal army. Coats's comrade put spurs to his horse and escaped, but Mr. Coats rode up and was halted. When asked who he was, he said, "I am a Confederate soldier;" and, firing two shots from his big trusty revolver, rode away. He soon came to a house, and, having eaten no food for many hours, asked for his dinner. The good woman of the house

told Coats that she could give him something to eat, but for him to stop would mean his capture, as he was still between the pickets and the Federals. Coats replied that he knew his danger, but he would take the chances. When asked who he was and where he came from, he told her that his name was John Coats, and that he came from Holden, Johnson County, Mo.; and this information is responsible for his being located at this time.

Coats went into the house, took a seat at the table, and placed his two revolvers on each side of his place. In front of him, behind him, and at one side were windows, and at the other a door. His horse was tied where it could be quickly reached in time of emergency. When Coats had about half finished his meal, he was startled by the command to surrender. The unwelcome command came from two windows, and quicker than a flash Coats grabbed his two revolvers, fired at each window, and kept on firing until he reached his horse and then mounted, and as the bullets whizzed around his head he returned the fire and speedily left the place. He escaped; but never knew what effect his shots had until a short time ago, when he learned that his aim was true to the mark.

The good woman who prepared his dinner could never locate Mr. Coats, though she sought for his whereabouts through many channels. Her daughter determined to continue the search, and through the CONFEDERATE VETERAN was rewarded by a reply from Mr. Coats himself.

In answer to Mr. Coats's reply through the VETERAN, Mrs. Bettie Taylor, of Springfield, Mo., wrote the following letter:

"ATLANTA, GA., July 5, 1907.

"*Mr. John Coats:* It is with inexpressible pleasure that I tell you I received your most welcome letter. I have unceasingly tried to locate you since the war. I put several notices in the St. Louis papers, then in the Warrensburg paper, in Johnson County. About a year ago I met Captain Blucher, of Arkansas. He said he knew you very well, and that he met you in Kansas City some three years ago. That gave me new courage, and I sent a notice to the Kansas City Times, but got no word. Captain Blucher said he had been in several engagements with you; said you were as brave a soldier as ever fired a gun. I told him I was a witness to that. Last February I sent a notice to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and am very thankful that my last effort was crowned with success. You don't know how glad I am to know you got home to your dear kindred and friends and have passed so many happy years with them.

"I will answer your questions. Yes, I am the girl that was there. I married a Confederate soldier when I was twenty-three years old. He went through the war with my father. He is sixty-five and I am fifty-nine. We live in Springfield. I am in Georgia visiting my parents. My father is eighty-four and my mother eighty-one.

"You want to know if you hurt any one on that never-to-be-forgotten day. I will tell you, and then you can judge for yourself. When you got up from the table, there was a man at each window. They both fell dead. As you went out the back door you killed two more; the one east of the house who told you to stop also fell dead. The one who shot at you jumped over the fence and fell mortally wounded when you fired back and died four hours later at our house. I don't think I ever grew a particle after that day. My mother and I walked four miles that evening to my uncle's; and when we got there, we found two more Yankee soldiers wounded. We told them what had happened at our home, and one of them said: 'That is the very Rebel that shot us.' One of them died at my uncle's and the other one got well. He said he was from Pettis County, Mo. I told him what you said your name was, and he said he knew a John Coats, of Windsor, Mo., and you had a brother-in-law in Pettis County named Bell; but he did not think it could be you, for you were too young. His name was Elliot. I wrote to Mr. Elliot after the war asking him about you, and he answered saying he did not know anything of you and had no desire to see you. So now you can judge for yourself whether you hurt any one or not.

"My mother prayed for you thousands of times that you might live to get home. O, I shall never forget how you looked as you rode away and looked back with pistol in hand, bidding defiance to all pursuers.

"The Yankees came next day and buried their dead. They made us take care of the wounded man till he died. We expected to be burned out and perhaps killed, but the officers were very kind to us; did not allow anything molested. My mother told them it was no fault of hers. The officer told her if six United States soldiers let one Rebel get away he thought the credit was due to the Rebel. * * *"

SCOUTING IN GEORGIA.

BY W. A. CAMPBELL, COLUMBUS, MISS.

While on a scout inside Sherman's lines near Marietta, Ga., we heard that a foraging party was advancing. Our captain laid his plans to take them in; and coming across some infantry scouts, we enlisted them in our well-laid plans. We hid our horses in a thick skirt of wood, leaving one man to guard them.

The infantry scouts were to hide in the woods at the head of a long lane, while we made our way back of the open fields and came out at the lower end of the lane. This we did along the worm of the rail fence. Our scheme came near failing just here, as the foragers had left a picket, who had dismounted and was sitting on the horse block at a little country church. The picket saw us break from the cover of the fence, and he started to raise his gun; but he was immediately covered with several of our carbines, and in a low tone told to throw up his hands. This he did, and in a moment was a prisoner. He and his horse were turned over to a guard. The foraging party by this time had passed up the lane nearing the head, when our infantry scouts fired on them from ambush.

The lane had a good high fence on both sides, and the enemy came tearing down our end of it, the driver of the wagon lashing his horses to a dead run. The wagon was loaded with men, and all but the driver, seeing us, fell down in the bottom of the wagon and a few men mounted in the rear. We signaled to surrender; but as the driver failed to check his team, some of our men fired at him, and he tumbled over in the wagon to avoid the balls. I was near enough to touch the horse on my side of the road, and had to spring aside to avoid being run over. That foraging party got through without a scratch, and a sillier-looking set of scouts you never saw as we looked each other in the face. The only man of the entire number who looked as if he could smile was the captured picket, and it would have been dangerous for him to have smiled too broadly. We took our prisoner and made tracks for our horses, lest our enemy might come back and try it again. We did not tell this when we got back to our command.

Some of them were from Saginaw, Mich.; and if any of them should see this, they would laugh again at how they got away from the Mississippi cavalry.

MEMBERS OF GENERAL LEE'S STAFF.

BY DR. E. D. NEWTON, ATHENS, GA.

Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget. —*Kipling.*

How few of our veterans and the general public know who constituted the staffs of Gen. Robert E. Lee, the noble commander of the Army of Northern Virginia! Col. W. H. Taylor, now the President of the Marine Bank of Norfolk and for four years a member of the staff of General Lee, gives me a list of the staff members. For the benefit of the survivors of Lee's army, for the Confederate army, and for the future historians of the War between the States, I ask that you find space in the VETERAN for this list. Gen. E. P. Alexander, in answer to my request to inform me who of said list were living and who were dead, wrote:

"SOUTH ISLAND, S. C., May 8, 1904.

"*My Dear Dr. Newton:* I have remembered you most pleasantly from the days of my boyhood when I was a West Point cadet on furlough and madly in love with one of the most beautiful and charming young ladies of Athens, Ga., and on down through the war. I am delighted to hear from you again and to know that you are alive and well. I only wish I could answer your questions about old associates of the Army of Northern Virginia. I return herewith Colonel Taylor's letter, General Lee's adjutant general. I have notes in pencil opposite each name, the State, and whether alive or dead, as far as I know. I am living here on my plantation and rarely see anybody. I am trying to write out my recollections of the war, and am busy at it all the while. Progress, however, is slow. I have been at it two years, and am just half through."

[It is well known that the book has been published and is very interesting.—ED. VETERAN.]

COLONEL TAYLOR'S LETTER.

NORFOLK, VA., May 11, 1903.

* * * As you are no doubt aware, all the records of the headquarters of the Army of Northern Virginia were destroyed by our own men on the retreat to Appomattox, and my memory is not equal to the task of giving any more than the chief officers of the several departments of the army who were attached to General Lee's headquarters at the different periods of his service during the years of 1861-65. And even in an attempt to do this I would only claim to be approximately correct.

General Lee's first service in the field was in the western part of the State of Virginia. In this campaign he was attended at first by his aids-de-camp, Col. John A. Washington and Capt. Walter H. Taylor, and after Colonel Washington was killed by his one remaining aid.

During his three months' service in South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida he had the following staff: Virginia—Capt. Thornton Washington, Assistant Adjutant and Inspector General, dead; Capt. W. H. Taylor, Assistant Adjutant and Inspector General, living; Maj. A. L. Long, Chief of Artillery, dead. Connecticut—Captain Ives, Chief of the Engineers, dead; Captain Maffitt, Naval Aid-de-Camp. South Carolina—Capt. James Manigault, Volunteer Aid.

On his return to Richmond, under a special act of Congress, the following constituted his staff: Col. A. L. Long, Military Secretary; Maj. Walter H. Taylor, Aid-de-Camp; Maj. T. M. R. Talcott, Aid-de-Camp, living; Maj. Charles S. Venable, Aid-de-Camp, dead; Maj. Charles Marshall, Aid-de-Camp, dead.

After the wounding of Gen. J. E. Johnston and the assumption of the personal command of the Army of Northern Virginia by General Lee, he carried with him the staff last named and continued in their several positions all of the officers of the general staff of General Johnston except Col. Thomas Jordan, who accompanied General Johnston in his temporory retirement.

In the Seven Days' battles around Richmond the personal staff and the chiefs of the several departments of the service embraced the following officers: Personal Staff—Col. R. H. Chilton, Assistant Adjutant and Inspector General, Virginia; Col. A. L. Long; Majors Taylor, Talcott, Venable, and Marshall, Aids; Capt. A. P. Mason, Assistant Adjutant and Inspector General, Virginia, dead. Chief of Departments—General Pentleton, Artillery, Virginia, dead; Lieutenant Colonel Corley, Chief Quartermaster, South Carolina, dead; Lieut. Col. R. G. Cole, Chief Commissary, Florida, dead; Lieutenant Colonel Alexander, Chief Ordnance, Georgia; Surgeon Lafayette Guild, Medical Director, dead; Col. G. W. Lay, Assistant Inspector General; Lieut. Col. E. J. Harvie, Assistant Inspector General, living; Lieut. Col. W. H. Stevens, Chief of Engineers, New York, dead.

At a subsequent period (I will not attempt to give dates) the staff of General Lee was reorganized and continued to the end as follows: Personal Staff—Lieut. Col. Walter H. Taylor, Adjutant General; Lieut. Col. Charles S. Venable, Aid-de-Camp; Lieut Col. Charles Marshall, Aid-de-Camp. Chief of Departments—General Pendleton, Chief of Artillery; Lieut. Col. J. L. Corley, Chief Quartermaster; Lieut. Col. R. G. Cole, Chief Commissary; Lieut. Col. B. G. Baldwin, Chief of Ordnance, dead; Lieut. Col. H. L. Peyton, Inspector General, dead; Maj. G. B. Cooke, Assistant Inspector General; Surgeon Lafayette Guild, Medical Director; Maj. Henry E. Young, Judge-Advocate General, South Carolina; Capt. Samuel Johnston, Engineer Officer, Virginia.

Surgeon Lafayette Guild was the chief medical staff officer attached to General Lee's headquarters during the periods mentioned—and, indeed, from Richmond to Appomattox—and the following officers were assigned by order of the War Department to report to Surgeon Guild as his assistants in the performance of the duties that devolved upon him, Surgeon Wingfield, Surgeon Herndon, Surgeon Newton, Surgeon Clagett, all of whom rendered most faithful service. General Lee made special and most favorable mention of the services in his campaigns by the officers of the medical corps in several of his reports, and I can testify to the efficiency of the medical department of that army and the very high esteem in which it was held by our great commander.

What tender memories are evoked by the recalling of all of the names written above! The circle that incloses the names of those now living who stood shoulder to shoulder in the eventful days of 1861-65 is growing smaller and smaller, and those of us that yet remain should be drawn all the more closely together.

I will amend the list of medical officers on duty at headquarters A. N. V. My associates were: Dr. Lafayette Guild, Chief Surgeon and Medical Director, of Alabama, and a surgeon of eighteen years in the old United States army, died at Oakland, Cal.; Dr. R. J. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, died at Houston, Tex.; Dr. J. H. Wingfield, of North Carolina, died at Towsontown, Md.; Dr. W. H. Giddings, of South Carolina, Medical Purveyor, died at Aiken, S. C.; Dr. James C. Herndon, of Virginia, died of yellow fever at Fernandina, Fla.; Dr. Edwin D. Newton, of Georgia, living at Athens, Ga.; Dr. Joseph E. Clagett, of Maryland, living at Baltimore, Md.

He was surgeon in charge of the receiving and forwarding hospital and ambulance train, A. N. V. The following, who were members of his immediate staff, are all dead: Dr. Samuel H. Moffitt, of Virginia, Surgeon; Dr. John D. Butts, of Maryland, Assistant Surgeon; Dr. Charles M. Hunter, of Virginia, Assistant Surgeon; Dr. J. W. Sears, of Virginia, Assistant Surgeon.

In his book, "General Lee, His Campaigns in Virginia, 1861-65," Colonel Taylor produces the parole signed by General Lee and the members of his staff: "R. E. Lee, General; W. H. Taylor, Lieutenant Colonel and Assistant Adjutant General; Charles S. Venable, Lieutenant Colonel and Assistant Adjutant General; Charles Marshall, Lieutenant Colonel and Assistant Adjutant General; H. E. Peyton, Lieutenant Colonel and Assistant Adjutant and Inspector General; Giles B. Cooke, Major and Assistant Adjutant and Inspector General; H. E. Young, Major and Assistant Adjutant and Inspector General. Done at Appomattox C. H., Va., 9th April, 1865."

Colonel Taylor, Maj. H. E. Young, and Maj. Giles B. Cooke are the only survivors. Major Cooke wrote recently inquiring for Colonel Peyton.

MEMORIAL DAY IN JACKSONVILLE.

Many features of the Memorial Day observance in Jacksonville, Fla., were distinctively impressive. Heretofore the exercises have been carried out under the united direction of R. E. Lee Camp and Martha Reid Chapter. This time, however, the programme bears the inscription: "Under the auspices of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 58, U. C. V., and Martha Reid Chapter, No. 19, U. D. C., Jacksonville Chapter, No. 1128, U. D. C., Annie Perdue Sebring Chapter, No. 1136, U. D. C." This is significant of the fact that Martha Reid Chapter is proud to initiate her two young sister Chapters (one not yet a year old, the other scarcely two months) into the work she has so long and zealously furthered.

Judge J. L. Doggett, the young and talented orator, thrilled the audience with his splendid memorial address. The musical programme followed under the direction of Mrs. Estelle T. Oltrogge. Threatening skies diminished the number of singers, who were equal to the occasion, and sang "The Sword of Robert E. Lee" and also "In Memoriam," the music set to the latter having been composed by the gifted directress. This song should be in the possession of every Chapter of the U. D. C. to be used on similar occasions.

In addition to the usual programme of distributing crosses of honor, firing the salute over the graves, the soft-sounding "taps" from the bugle, Judge Doggett was presented with a cane cut from the battlefield of Murfreesboro, Tenn. Comrade A. G. Tompkins had no idea of the fact that the company of which the young man's father had been captain had camped during battle in the identical cedar grove from which the cane was cut until the presentation took place.

Judge Doggett's Address.

Ladies and Gentlemen: A communistic or universal custom has most always been the result of a good individual habit. All religious beliefs even were originally cradled in an unattended mind, and thereafter eventualized into a collection of concurrent and confederated faiths. It is indeed, however, most interesting to note that in the evolution of the decoration of the grave our beautiful and sentimental custom at time of burial is unquestionably the product of a most humane and material theory.

Antique history gleaned from physical relics teaches us that the earliest form of grave decoration (if I may use the term in this sense) evidenced itself under the strange belief that the body (the spirit), the tangible entity, needed sustenance and material cheer during its long silence; and hence, whatever form the shroud took, be it of cloth or of stone, there were placed with it in the sarcophagus little grains of wheat and of corn, as if emblematic of the accepted belief now that with every death a new and simpler life begins. And, too, those very little cereal grains have, after thousands of years of silence and of sleep, been resurrected from those graves, sown on good ground, and in a burst of life again their fruition has been plucked by the hand of the latter-day civilization. Thus it seems that with the ancients the decoration of the grave was a material necessity; with us it is a sentimental but beautiful memorial.

While there had for a long time been in vogue the individual custom of having little flowers star the elastic sod beneath which a body awaits another bugle call, yet it took internal strife in this great republic, a fratricidal war, and the sudden making of thousands upon thousands of widows and orphans to create one memorial day. And though it is a cruel and an iniquitous historical truth that ever since nations were formed they have warred with each other, and although throughout the ages death has scattered itself in the wake of contending armies like the trail of a great serpent that went widowizing and orphanizing homes with its hissing, it was left to a sweet, sympathetic, and patriotic Madonna who, though her heart was dead within her, yet with a smile on her face and a kiss on her lips bade you go forth and do your duty, then sat at home and thought and mourned you dead and heard the little voice at her knee of your child, who was too young to understand, "Where is papa?" then sewed and stitched, made bandages out of her skirts, nursed the wounded, soothed the dying—I say it was left to the Southern woman out of the fullness of a bleeding but patriotic heart, and too while the war was in progress, to originate and send sounding through the ages to come the virgin and inspiring custom of a memorial day.

Let me digress and ask you a question. Don't you think there should also be a memorial day for the Daughters of the Confederacy? I consider that the moral and material aid the Southern woman so cheerfully gave in that crisis had as much to do with handing down to posterity the wonderful achievements of the Confederate soldier as did all the lead that was fired throughout the war.

It is, therefore, pardonable pride on my part as the son of an intensely patriotic Southern woman at this season of vernal bloom and at this hour which we memorialize, under these gnarled and sturdy oaks, while nature smiles and adds her little flower faces to the scene, to also remember and pay homage to the memory of another Confederate soldier who gave her heart and life to the cause of the stars and bars because she also thought it was right—the Confederate woman, as grand and as brave a soldier as ever charged to the jaws of death-belching artillery. And she too had a crown of thorns pressed upon her brow; but by the angelic force of her soul it sat like a dove upon her loyal face, where goodness, sympathy, and sorrow had harbored together so long and where the passion of bitterness may have flitted but found no resting place. Place a little flag upon her grave, for she was indeed also "a poor Confederate soldier."

But it is of the former Confederate soldier that I would now speak to you, and I am unable to make any distinction between an officer and a private, for a general, after all, is only a soldier leading or directing other soldiers. And so it

was amid the armies that bore aloft the flag that stood for the distinct sovereignty of the States, an aggregation of Southern gentlemen, all soldiers and aristocrats, and yet the most democratic body of men that ever graced a field of battle in the history of the world.

Of the many, many attributes that I have known of the Confederate soldier that compel me to love him and his memory, there is one that stands out preëminently in bold relief, that to me characterizes him as at once the most unique and at the same time the most genuine soldier yet recorded.

Europe, Asia, and Africa have each had their frequent and frightful baptisms in the blood of their soldiers; but it has rarely, and certainly not generally, if ever, been otherwise than that there was a deep, broad line of demarcation from a social and material standpoint between the officer and the so-called common soldier. The serfs, the liegemen, the retainers, the peasants most always formed the soldiery class among the nations of the world and did the real fighting; while with us we are an agricultural people, and every white man was his own liege lord and every liege lord was a Southern man and every real Southerner was a real gentleman.

Hence the uniqueness and incomparableness of the Confederate soldier. History never recorded before whole armies being composed of such soldiers—each soldier with a musket by his side, the equal, if not the peer, of any man in the world, save possibly another Southern gentleman. And they were the same in adversity and defeat as they were in temporary good fortune and seeming victory. They were as identical on the mournful slopes of Missionary Ridge as they were on the carmine banks of the Red River. It made no difference whether they were provisioned and equipped at glorious Manassas or foot-sore, covered with rags and hungry, when the sun went down forever at Appomattox.

Let the flag of State sovereignty be elevated, and for that principle alone they cheerfully took each other by the hand, dragging foot after foot, procrastinating even with the hope of sustenance, putting off until another day the despair of beggary; but with head erect and eyes upon their shattered banner, a mere rag in appearance, but incasing ever within its folds the Southland heart, they marched proudly to their Calvary and crucified themselves upon a cross of political righteousness.

Indeed, the Confederate soldier exemplifies the quaintest composite picture in the history of the world—a plain soldier, a proud aristocrat, and an actual democrat.

While it is a beautiful fact, I say there were no classes among the soldiers of the Confederate armies; yet that war as well as all others in a measure organized the Confederate soldier into two parts, the army of the dead and the regiment of the living; and yet again the dead into two divisions, those with marked and those with unmarked graves.

Many of us who are here to-day at this garden of everlasting sleep have a partial crumb of cheer and comfort in that our dead are at least here or identified in other graves; but what of the sons of the South whose graves are unidentified and never decorated, who were buried where thy fell, thus sanctifying and making holy that poor soil that has not a voice to heave into sound the secret of its consecrated bosom? 'Tis indeed fitting that they are not forgotten. They performed the very highest function of a soldier. They gave a death gasp on the field of battle in an attempt at the preservation of the true sovereignty of their State that was heard all over the world and will echo through successive ages of heroism as the sterling enthronement of sacrifice, the veritable coronation of patriotism. No, indeed, they are not forgotten. Their graves are kept green and fresh in the minds of every son and daughter of the South, and that emblem of Southland chivalry and valor waves proudly over them in the hearts of all living Southerners, as it will with their loyal posterity in this land that loves, reveres, and cherishes the memory of a dead Confederate soldier.

All glory to the sons of the South who to-day sleep in undecorated graves! May the dews of heaven continue to refresh your immortal spirit, as the tears of the living keep green your imperishable and immortal sacrifice!

"But beneath a cedar or a pine
In solitude austere,
Unknown, unarmed, but not forgotten,
Rests a faithful volunteer."

To you, the living heroes of that sanctified army, was left the duty of memorializing the dead and vitalizing the throttled industries of your desolate and shattered Southland. What you, brave soldiers, did since that war can be measured only by what you did during the war. You had to clear new fields because the forests had begun to grow in the old ones. You had to construct new mills, because the old ones had felt the demolishing hand of war. You had to build new homes, because the old ones were burned and charred. You had to again immolate yourselves upon the threshold of patriotism and accept the kind of government that your victors demanded that you accept. But the same heroic spirit that immortalized you a soldier, praise be to God! remained with you a citizen.

And now, since it cannot be undone, it makes no difference to you whether the Union soldiers whipped you or whether you wore yourselves out whipping the Union soldiers, this Heaven-protected confederation of States is again a solid compact and an enduring national Union, and this Southland and that Northland now grasp the shaft of the bonny blue flag and raise it aloft amid the nations of the world and bid them listen to the grand hymn sung by the Union and Confederate soldier, imparting the tidings that in this reunited nation now and forever political liberty and religious freedom worship and glorify God.

LAST GUN FIRED IN JOHNSTON'S ARMY.

BY J. B. WHITSITT.

There was one engagement of the late Civil War of which I have never seen any account, and I claim that the last gun fired in Joseph E. Johnston's army was fired by General Ashby in person. This occurred a few days after the battle of Bentonville, N. C. The Federals attempted to take and cross a small stream that was held by a part of General Ashby's Brigade. A courier was sent to inform the General, and he soon appeared on the scene with his staff and escort.

In a short while the enemy advanced on the ford with treble our number, but the dashing little Ashby held the place. We were sheltered somewhat by trees, and the only loss I now remember was the horse of Capt. James Lester, of Ashby's staff, which was shot in the neck. This was late in the afternoon, and the next morning the armistice was declared.

I think Capt. George Guild was in this engagement. I never saw General Ashby appear to better advantage than he did on this occasion. There are scores of us yet who mourn the untimely end of our beloved chieftain.

The South Carolina Division, U. C. V., will hold its State Reunion at Greenville August 11, 12.

THIRTEENTH VIRGINIA INFANTRY—HUMOR.

BY ALEXANDER HUNTER.

(An episode of the war from a private's notebook.)

For a limited time no regiment in the army had more glorious enjoyment than the 13th Virginia Infantry. Fully they deserved it, for it had been their first opportunity during the war of falling into a soft place. They were in the van of Ewell's Corps when he advanced, and had taken a distinguished part in driving Milroy out of Winchester in June, 1863, and capturing his entire stores.

Such an abundance of plunder they had never seen before, and each man in the regiment was arrayed in style: among other things, linen, underwear, shining patent leather boots, and black slouch hats to cap the climax. There were creature comforts and almost forgotten delicacies too numerous to mention which went far to swelling the full tide of that earthly content which rolled in upon each man's soul and reflected itself in every lineament of his face.

The 13th was then placed on guard duty in Winchester while the army moved on its invading march. Ah, what a bright, sunny spot they found it, amid all the desolation of want, of woe, of hardship! It shines out like a rare, bright jewel from a jet setting, and makes for a brief period the memory of a soldier's life the happiest to him in the world. Scores of barrels of liquor had been captured from the common stone fence for distribution among the rank and file and the delicate "Otard" for the general and staff. Shades of old Bacchus! what a splendid judge of whisky was old Milroy! We pardoned his numerous shortcomings, his cruelty as we drank his favorite brands.

These stores were placed under charge of the 13th, and in truth they kept them well. Especially faithful in seeing that none were wasted was Company A, for the time Colonel Terrill's bodyguard. Theirs was only clerking duty, such as sorting the liquor, counting the stores (which had a lamentable way of getting mixed so as to require arranging every day), and attending the Colonel. The other nine companies had the watches, the details, and the guarding to do. They also had flat beer to drink, while Company A regaled itself on wine. But then flat beer to the thirsty is palatable enough, so who could complain? Not Company A, forsooth, who never touched it.

What a jovial set were those choice spirits of the regiment! men Prince Hal and Jack Falstaff would have loved, courtiers who would have made the rafters ring over poor Yorick's quips, cranks, and jests.

There was Captain George, the quartermaster, the oracle and wit of the 13th, a fellow like Foote of most infinite mirth, irresistible when he chose, and capable of bringing tears of laughter from the face of grim, grave Ben Jonson himself. There too was Towles, he with the remarkable memory, who never forgot anything except his debts; a queer, Dutch-built-looking individual who could tell more marvelous yarns and get drunker quicker than any other man. Then who could forget Tom Beckham or Dick Bernard,

> "The best comrade in a feast
> And the best friend in a fray,"

and withal the most generous, the most genial, the kindest of heart, and the sweetest singer that ever sang and—died? His voice, a baritone, was rich and deep, and lingered in one's memory like an echo; his laugh thawed and warmed like sunshine. Men loved and women adored him, and both grieved sorely when, after two short months, they laid him in the grave. "Whom the gods love die young."

It was an idle life we led, sleeping late, drinking Milroy juleps, smoking Milroy Havanas, and in stunning toilet visiting the "Flying Artillery."

Where was the officer or the gentleman private in the ranks who did not know them—those beauties, the names and fame of whom were household words in the Army of Northern Virginia, sweet Annie and Katie and Alice? No princess or duchess ever commanded half your universal homage! On parade, in the pauses of the dance, in the parlor with the lamp turned down, arm in arm *au claire de la lune,* hundreds told their love.

In the meantime high ran the words, many and heated were the arguments in every mess room and camp over the comparative beauty of the three. Venus herself would have taken the golden apple back; for, while she would have given it to one alone unchallenged, yet when together she saw them in their glowing loveliness she must have despaired and left it for mortals to decide. Annie was a blonde of purest type, with a face like a water nymph's and a bust like Juno's. The sentimental and romantic gathered about her. But both Katie and Alice were brunettes of the most pronounced type, with such full, voluptuous figures as Rubens loved to limn. Talk of the "Arabian Nights," with its Scheherazades and Fatimas painted in such glowing colors; how might they compare one hour with this trio of living beauty?

At this time they were holding court at Winchester, and later on in Richmond; but wherever they might be, their parlor was thronged daily by soldiers of every grade, from the major generals down to the private in the rear rank. In one continuous stream the throng of visitors poured in. They were called the "Flying Artillery" for two reasons: the first on account of the execution they did among the infantry, and second because they were ladies of accelerated gait—not too fast, but just fast enough.

The morning passed in this charming society only too soon; but about sunset, after Milroy's health had been drunk at dinner in draughts of his own generous wine whose fumes had been slept off in evening naps, Captain George appointed regular details to do the courting, or rather to relieve those who had guarded the "Flying Artillery" during the forenoon. He would so arrange his relief that only three at a time should visit that trio of charms, those three rosebuds in the rosebud garden of girls, and their time was allotted to one hour apiece—only one short hour to listen to the voice of the sirens—and then the relief would remorselessly enter and assume the posts.

The girls never interfered with one another. Each had her lovers; and while Kate sat in the entry, Alice would occupy the parlor, so cool, so dark, so refreshing in contrast to the flaming heat outside. Annie would be in the sitting room, where old Mrs. C. (mother of Annie and Katie) in a capacious arm-chair would sit and slumber peacefully for hours. Apparently she was asleep, but she was a wise mother and kept one eye open. Should you wish to prove it, just become a little too ardent in your behavior, and see if a snuffle and a grunt would not bring you back to your senses.

She kept away the married men most determinedly. Many and many an officer swore to her he was single in a way that, could his spouse have heard him, would have turned her hair gray. Old Mrs. C. seemed to have an army roster of her own, and knew more than a life insurance agent or the adjutant general himself.

"My girls," she would say, "have to marry, and I don't want them to fool away their time on nothing."

At eleven o'clock to the minute this maternal hen called her chicks together, and close up the house she would. No prayers, no entreaties availed. A mule could not have been more obdurate or the sphinx deafer. No one could manage the old lady except Captain George. He could talk like an angel, and then he had charge of the captured stores besides. It might be that the barrels of flour, the hams, the sugar and coffee which were rolled gently into the back yard might have come from him; if so, the mother said nothing, and the Captain was silent. At any rate, no one but a suspicious Paul Pry of a fellow would have cherished the idea for a moment or imagined these divinities cared to eat. No, it was the Captain's winning tongue.

At midnight—that time when, as popular superstition hath it, the churchyards yawn and spirits walk abroad—the regular fun commenced. As the clock struck that solemn hour the provost marshal's office would be closed, the doors and shutters barred so that not a chink of light could glim mer through, blankets were hung on all crevices, and even the keyholes were plugged, and silence and slumber reigned without. But within were gathered the quartermaster and the choice spirits of Company A. They would run a long table through the room, on which were many candles stuck in bottles, the general commanding having forgotten to leave the plate behind him. On one end of the table were bottles of every kind, while several kegs were rolled into the center of the room. The soldiers would stand ready, and Captain George would pass the wine. Every cup would be filled with Chambertin, for with that the Captain always commenced. Each man stood expectant while in a resonant and loud voice the quartermaster gave the leading toast: "Here's to our friend, General Milroy." And the wine would be drunk with a rousing hurrah.

Bernard would then make the roof ring with his magnificent voice, Bob Rogers would outpick the celebrated Joe Sweeney on the banjo, Towles would give us an oration, Beckham would sing a comic song with the whole company as chorus, and the mirth would grow fast and furious. The bottles with heads knocked off are empty now and pitched with a crash into the corner; the kegs have taken their places. Cans are emptied without waiting for the sentiment. Faces have flushed and articulation grown indistinct; a perfect babel of commingled sounds arises, every man talking as rapidly as he can, regardless of his listeners.

"Said I to her, 'Kitie, I'll swear you are'"— "Little, you may be sure, only half rations and"— "Well, old fellow, here's to you and me"— "Give me Annie forever"— "The Colonel says"— "I kissed her, and then the old lady woke up and"— "Hair black as the raven's wing"— "The bullet struck him fair in the"— "Forty-five miles we made that day, or else I'm a"— "Confounded moon calf came in just as Katie was about to"— "Open with the guns." And so on in a ceaseless babble.

At last would come a double knock on the door, the signal of a friendly guard notifying us that the day was breaking. The office would be made tidy and the men dispersed to their quarters, those who could not walk being carried to the captain's rooms, where he kept every requisite to sober a drunken man.

Our little squad of men transferred to the cavalry began now to look out for their horses, and for two hundred dollars apiece we each secured a mount, and a good one at that. We bought them without asking questions and kept them in a deserted stable, declining Captain George's invitation to place them in the officers' stalls, a declination afterwards much to be regretted.

At this time horse-stealing had come to be a fine art, and in our army so thorough and established had the system become that it possessed every horseman with a feeling of insecurity. Many desperadoes made it a business, and plied their trade with such success and so fearlessly that no cavalryman could sleep away from his command without the end of the halter in his hand. For outside of the regular camp a stray horse would disappear as suddenly and certainly as the night would come and never be heard of again.

It was an easy and a safe business, this horse-stealing, with the chances of detection at zero. A horse once gone, it was well-nigh impossible to trace him among so many thousand; and then the purchaser (even though he found that his money had been paid for a stolen animal) would be far more apt to conceal his bargain than yield the horse to the rightful owner.

It would have been rather an unfortunate thing for the thief to have been caught in the act by any one of the cavalry. They hated this class of culprits worse than they did even a deserter, and would have shot any such offender on the spot without judge or jury, as they did several during the war, whose "taking off" was somewhat different from their expectations.

The sultry days of July, 1863, passed swiftly, an era in the lives of the soldiers, who were tasting the very romance of war, such as had come to them in dreams, but which was all too rare in the experience of the volunteers of the Rebel army. In the meanwhile the "Flying Artillery" kept up their levees, and with many the situation was becoming desperate; even Captain George was alarmed. "I cannot let any of these youngsters become involved," he said. "I will even be glad when the march commences. The Old Scratch only knows how many of them mean business."

Yes, it was true: the "Artillery" were securing their victims by scores, and many were the offers of marriage. But mamma shook that cool old head of hers: "No." For the courtiers who aspired to be sons-in-law were either officers from the far South, who probably had living wives, or nameless poverty-stricken privates with never a dollar in their pockets or the hope of any. Sometimes a big fish would be nearly landed or some young innocent eligible, but for some unexplained reason the affair never culminated in marriage.

Why this was so became a mystery no one could solve. It could not be that they lacked beauty, it could not be that they were averse to the state matrimonial, for they took particular pains to impress the fact that marriage was the chief aim of a woman's life. Who of the fortunate ones of the old army cannot recall over an after-dinner's cigar sweet Katie C—— as in the soft summer night she would rest her head upon the masculine shoulder and murmur that couplet from "Lalla Rookh," which had worked the mischief with so many,

"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one?"

But it was the leave-taking that was the touching part of the whole experience, calculated to put feeling into a stone. Why, it was worth a month's pay in advance to hide behind the curtains and hear the vows registered on high of deep affection, unalterable attachment; to watch the tears glisten in Katie's eyes, blue as summer ether, while she promised to be faithful, probably about the thirtieth time that day; to hear her murmur,

"Farewell! a word that hath been and must be
A sound that makes us linger."

About the middle of July our army passed through Winchester *en route* to their old camping grounds. The battle of Gettysburg had taken many thousands from the ranks; still, no eye could tell the difference. Their step was as proud, their lines as well dressed as when they advanced to battle. With colors flying, bands playing, they filed for hours in one unbroken, unceasing line through the principal streets of the town.

In the evening Colonel Terrill, acting provost marshal, received orders to evacuate Winchester the next morning, and in accordance therewith he commanded his subordinates to make the necessary preparations.

Upon the receipt of this intelligence Captain George, the quartermaster, called an informal meeting. Speeches were made and a committee duly appointed, who returned with the following resolutions, which were at once acted upon:

"Whereas the order to evacuate Winchester has been given, thereby deranging our plans and causing the hearts of the girls to grow heavy at our leaving;

"*Resolved,* That we hereby bequeath them our memories to cherish.

"Whereas, being good and loyal soldiers to the Confederacy, we feel bound to obey the order to retreat;

"*Resolved,* That we appoint Dick Bernard and Tom Beckham to wait upon the Flying Artillery and assure them of our lasting love and regard; and also to request of the said Flying Artillery that eighteen of us may have a ten-minute walk each in the moonlight, the names to go alphabetically.

"Whereas, owing to the uncertainty of the future and the many and various vicissitudes of war, it is doubtful—nay, improbable—whether the comrades in arms herein assembled will after to-morrow ever meet in this world again; and whereas we have to leave in the morning; it is

"*Resolved,* That our last night together shall be one to commemorate the sad occasion; that we will celebrate it by a final banquet; that at twelve o'clock sharp the present company is requested to meet at the provost marshal's office."

That evening the appointed committee of two returned from their interview with the "Flying Artillery," from whom they brought a favorable answer. At the hour decreed the aggregate swains repaired in a body to bid farewell to their enslavers. The mass of them remained at the front gate while each lover took his prescribed ten minutes. Vows were breathed, tears wept; and if locks were exchanged with all, the young ladies would have been as bald as a squash.

Punctual to the time, the party assembled at the guardhouse; and after going through the formula of securing the doors and concealing the lights, the business of the night commenced. Captain George took the chair, and alluded feelingly to the last meeting of congenial comrades who to-morrow would each go on his separate path, acting well his part, doing his duty whatever it might be, or else yielding up his life in willing sacrifice on his country's altar. He hoped every man would live to see the end of the war and the triumph of the cause he espoused. Lastly, he paid a high compliment to the good taste of our predecessors who had left behind such fine liquor; and as the toasts were now in order, he would give the usual one—"To Johnny Reb's best friend, Quartermaster General Milroy."

Some one then gave the sentiment which always followed, "The Flying Artillery," adding, "May they each get a rich husband, change their names, and cease to be camp belles!"

Just here he was interrupted suddenly by a young soldier, who arose and with flushed face and unsteady voice begged leave to inform the company that he did not intend to listen to remarks about those ladies, since one of them, whose name was too sacred to be handed from lip to lip at a mess supper, was his affianced wife. He would consider the first repetition an insult to himself.

A storm of laughter broke out, and he was pulled peaceably down, while the toast was drunk with honors.

Dick Bernard's toast, "To the women of Virginia, who clothe us in the field, who nurse us in the hospital, who cheer and comfort us in all our sorrows," was drunk standing. His rich baritone voice rang out in song once more on the theme he best loved, while not a sound interrupted when he sang:

"No ribbons nor stars would a soldier prize,
Such baubles could never inspire him,
Were the ribbons not loved for the hand that ties,
The stars for the eyes that admire him."

Now Pat Keely has broken in upon the pause with a toast of his own: "To my countrymen of New York City, the true sons of the Auld Isle, who kicked up the first shindy against the draft. May they always have a head to crack!" After it was drunk, he had commenced in a high but not unmusical voice,

"I like to lie down in the sun
And drame when my faytures is scorchin';
And when I'm too old for more fun,
I'll marry a wife with a forchin,
And then"—

when the song came to an untimely end.

A tremendous crash was heard and the door was burst in by the shock. Instantly the room was filled with soldiers with their guns at a charge, and behind them was the colonel. In a strange voice he cried: "Fire, men, fire!"

Paralyzed by the suddenness of the assault, not a man moved at first; but when the meaning of the order broke in on our astonished minds, we dropped flat on the floor with simultaneous alacrity and crawled under the table with haste, all except one cool hand, who with a comprehensive sweep knocked the lights off the table and shrouded the place in utter darkness. Lying flat upon the floor, the crowd awaited developments.

After a while a light was struck, and behold, the group crouching on the ground and the guard gone! Had there ever been a guard or had it been all a dream? We rose and stared at one another in blank amazement, until Captain George returned with a solution of the mystery.

"The Colonel is very drunk," he said; "and having heard a noise in the office, he gathered a file of soldiers and broke open the door. Hardly knowing what he was saying, he ordered the guards to shoot, which of course they refused to do. Had they been green soldiers, the consequences might have been deplorable. As it was, with a glance they understood the condition of affairs, and went off laughing at our terror. The sudden darkness seemed to have sobered the Colonel, and he will apologize to you to-morrow, for I made him understand how he had compromised himself by being intoxicated and then ordering his escort not only to fire upon his own men but actually upon his own staff."

This affair effectually ended all desire to continue the revel; so the late feasters hied off to bed.

The next morning the 13th was drawn up in line, and the little squad of recent infantrymen hastened to get their horses. But on reaching the stables we found that they were gone.

We stood for a moment trying to realize the situation. Two hundred pounds of baggage and saddles, bridles, and horses gone! No money and two hundred miles from the command! Those mountains to cross on foot! It was a cruel summing up, and strong expletives expressed it; for a Black Horse cavalryman on foot was a forlorn being to be jeered and mocked at.

With the vindictive hope that we might meet the rogues face to face (and the horses), we returned to the barracks, threw away two-thirds of our clothes, put ourselves in light marching order, took our places for the nonce in the ranks of Company A, and filed down the street with them.

We passed out of the town, and by the little cottage sitting back into the yard, fraught with so many fond recollections, there were the three Graces, looking lovelier in their tears than they ever appeared in their joy. The troops made the marching salute, the flag was lowered in their honor, the band broke into those familiar strains, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and, striking southward, we left the pretty "Artillery" and Winchester far in the distance.

In about two weeks of leisurely marching we reached our commands, then picketing the Rappahannock near Fredericksburg.

HAMPTON'S LEGION AND HOOD'S BRIGADE.

BY E. SCOTT CARSON, SUMTER, S. C.

To avoid apparent egotism I have refrained from writing some things for the VETERAN; but after reading the statement of a Federal officer, who says, "The only criticism I have to make is that there is not enough of personal experience of the boys from your side," I feel impelled to lay aside my modesty. I had the honor of being a member of the Hampton Legion in Hood's Texas Brigade, and was present at the battle of Sharpsburg. My senior officer having been killed in the early part of the engagement, the command of my company fell upon me. I have often wished that some dear comrade who was present would write some account of the part taken by the Hampton Legion, but I have seen none.

While in the Texas Brigade our regiment did its hardest fighting, having been with them at Second Manassas, Boonsboro, Sharpsburg, and elsewhere, and I have no hesitancy in saying that no troops ever exhibited such bravery as did the Texas Brigade at Sharpsburg. In referring to my regiment, in our immediate front there came up three successive lines of Federal troops. We repulsed the first two; and as the third came on, being reënforced with those who had fallen back, it seemed that the whole world was in arms against us. A grander sight I never witnessed. Their new, bright flags were waving in every direction. They had, as I then thought, massed in our front. The firing was fast and furious at very close range; a gun becoming too hot or a ramrod lodging in a foul barrel, the gun was thrown down and replaced with one that had fallen from the hands of a comrade either killed or wounded.

Our regiment, like the Texans, was thinned down to a mere skirmish line. Officers and men fought with the rifle, and the dead and wounded lay in heaps. The sun was obscured by the smoke that hung over us, and partly hid the horrible sight from view. Our flag fell time and again until the entire color guard was swept away, when our gallant Maj. Harvey Dingle took it up and was instantly killed, the flag falling over him. Immediately the order to "fall back and take care of the colors" was given by our Col. Mart Gary, and with a few others I brought out the dear old flag.

I heard Colonel Gary ask General Hood if we would get reënforcements. The reply was, "I have sent for them, but they are not to be had;" and General Hood wiped his eyes as the tears ran down his cheeks. I thought the day had gone against us, for we fell back, passing through the woods by Dunkard church. Coming into a field, we made another stand in the edge of the woods, awaiting the Federals, who were following us up not far off. When we fell back again, my heart leaped with joy, for I beheld the field full of fresh troops—the long-looked-for reënforcements. Kersham's South Carolina Brigade was at hand marching in column of regiments, their brave old general at their head. They had come from Harper's Ferry; and as we passed his brigade to the rear, the General waved his hat and said: "Cheer up, men! South Carolina is not whipped yet; here are more of her boys." I thanked God and felt like a new man. They had not gone far when they wheeled into line and drove the Federals beyond Dunkard church. The Hampton Legion when halted made four or five stacks of arms and had saved the colors of their regiment. The Legion resembled an ordinary company, and did not regain its regimental appearance until we recrossed the Potomac and went into camp at Winchester, Va.

The Hampton Legion was sometime afterwards placed in Jenkins's South Carolina Brigade. Think of it! six regiments of South Carolinians, the flower of the old Palmetto State, a noble and brave body of young men with as fine a man, as gallant an officer to command them as ever lived. While in East Tennessee, after our failure to capture Knoxville, Colonel Gary received orders to have his regiment mounted. In the meantime he was promoted to brigadier general. Leaving Jenkins's Brigade and marching across the Blue Ridge Mountains, we came to Greenville, S. C., and received twenty days' furlough to visit home, get horses, and report back mounted to Columbia.

The Legion then went to Virginia and was brigaded with Haskell's South Carolina Cavalry and the 24th Virginia Cavalry, all under the command of Gen. Mart Gary. He had the implicit confidence of his old regiment, who had served under him from the time he was made colonel, at the reorganization of the army at Yorktown, Va. He was a brave and fearless officer with a heart full of love for his old regiment, an officer who always studied the comforts and wants of his men, and did not hesitate to show by promotion his high appreciation of gallantry on the part of an officer or the most humble private in his command. Such was Gen. Mart Gary, and his blessed memory follows me through life.

During our stay in Hood's Texas Brigade there had sprung up a feeling of brotherly love between the Hampton Legion and the Texans. We placed great confidence in our Texas brothers that lasted through the war. On more than one occasion I heard the question, "What troops on our right or left?" and when the reply would come, "The Texans!" a feeling of delight and confidence would thrill the breasts of the entire regiment.

I have mentioned only a few facts in connection with my old regiment, trusting they may reach the eyes of some of my comrades. I was taken prisoner a night or two before the surrender, and after the surrender was taken in a box car to Farmville, Va. To my old comrades I would say: "When thinking of friends and loved ones whom death claimed on many hard-fought battlefields and your eyes moisten with tears, harbor no feeling of resentment, but add a fervent prayer for the good of our common country and teach our children to love it and our flag!"

REMNANT OF ARMY THAT CAN'T BE INCREASED.

[Part of Gen. Bennett H. Young's address before the United Confederate Veteran Association in Birmingham in 1908.]

The United Confederate Veteran Association in many respects is one of the most remarkable institutions in the history of the world. Its plans, organization, and membership give it a commanding position amongst those who understand its purposes and witness its workings.

It is composed of a fixed and given number of men. Not a single additional recruit can ever find a place on its rolls. Day by day death with relentless hand and tireless pursuit strikes down its members; but none can be called to fill the ever-decimating files, and a gradual but speedy extinction awaits this unarmed host that with souls full of heroic courage stand without fear to meet the only foe that Confederate legions could not defeat with even chances.

Hundreds of thousands would gladly take the places of those who have fallen; but the inexorable decree of fate will not allow another name to be entered on that immortal scroll which contains the names of those who so grandly and fearlessly "followed the stars and bars" and stood so manfully and faithfully for the honor and the independence of our beloved Southland.

This great aggregation seeks no profit and asks no power. Its best achievements are in the past, and the records of those who compose it are so glorious that they would not efface a single line nor add a single word to the story of what they did, dared, and suffered.

Its insignia everywhere is a passport to the companionship of the good, the true, and the brave, and the shout of its decreasing legions is an inspiration to the noblest courage and loftiest patriotism. Unnumbered millions could not buy a place in its ranks nor sign one name to its roster. It represents the survivors of the superbest volunteer army that ever aligned under any flag or fought for any cause. In all that made dauntless valor, noblest heroism, fearless intrepidity, and magnanimous chivalry the Confederate soldier takes second place to none. Neither spoils nor personal glory nor national aggrandizement nor lust for power animated his bosom or nerved his arm. He contended for the most precious principle that ever dominated a human soul, the inalienable right of self-government, and he bared his heart to the storms and dangers of war only to defend his fireside and home. No army of equal numbers ever covered a wider territory of defense or sacrificed a greater percentage of its numbers in any conflict of which history has kept an account. Three hundred thousand dead on battlefields or in hospitals, one-half of all its enlistments, tell the world how brave were its legions and how unconquerable their spirit, and challenge Time, the keeper of all human records, to produce from his annals any who have exhibited higher consecration to duty or more faithful performance of all that manhood could suggest.

This splendid organization has for its primary purpose the conservation of the story of the courage and daring of the men who wore the gray, and it seeks to place in printed forms what these men did for the cause to which they swore allegiance and offered their lives; and with that truthfully told, they calmly and fearlessly appeal to the judgment of mankind for the splendor of their service and the loyalty of their devotion to that holy cause which called them into the greatest war that was ever waged between civilized people in any age.

Here to-day the living and the dead meet in sweetest communion. The past and the present are in harmonious accord. The dead brood over the living with affectionate inspiration, and the living defend and glorify the dead as amongst the noblest of earth's heroes. Together we stand for a true history and a just portrayal of what was done on the two thousand battlefields that tell the story of Confederate courage and achievement from 1861 to 1865, what was said and decreed in the councils of the Confederate government; and with such record, fairly and honestly made, the men of the South confidently and serenely appeal for vindication and justification to those who shall follow them in ages to come.

POEM BY FATHER RYAN NOT IN THE BOOK.

[Mrs. Jo W. Allison, of Texas, is responsible for the appearance of a poem by Father Ryan that has never appeared with his published poems; though one that conveys the same thought is found in the complete collection under the title "Remembrance." Mrs. Allison sent the poem to the Ennis News, and it appeared in that paper in January. It was written and dedicated to a friend in deep affliction.]

In the eclipse of your soul
How oft the shadows fall
On you and me and all
In life's lonesome days of dole!
And when you cry,
"O God, give less of dark and more of light!"
And when you sigh,
"Sweet Christ, give more of day and less of night!"
And when you pray,
Heart wearied of some cross your soul must bear;
And when you say,
"How hard the crown of thorns my brow must wear!"
Hard when your eyes are showers of tears;
And when your lips the home of sighs—
Then ponder this thought that floats from me,
Veiled in the song I sing to thee:

Every sorrow is the shadow
Of God closely passing by;
He is near us when we are smiling,
He is near us when we sigh!

He is by us in our gladness,
When our hearts are all at right;
He is near us in life's daytime,
He is nearest in the night.

He is with us in joy's losses,
With a love that never parts;
He is with us when life's crosses
Seem to crush our very hearts.

SHARING CREDIT WITH GENERAL WHEELER.

BY S. B. LOVE, RICHLAND, TEX.

Reviewing my VETERAN, I notice an article from D. M. Guthrey (page 267, 1905) in which he claims that Wheeler's command had not received the credit it deserved for its services around Atlanta. This no doubt is true; but it seems to me that he is claiming too much, as he ignores the presence of W. H. Jackson's Division, composed of General Armstrong's Brigade of Mississippians and Ross's Brigade of Texans. Jackson's Division commenced the pursuit of McCook at nine o'clock at night July 28, and did not halt for any purpose until about four on the 29th.

We overhauled the Federal command and charged it in column, scattering quite a number of them in the woods and

demoralizing them to such an extent that sixteen surrendered to a citizen, and he turned them over to Ross's Brigade. Some three hours after we commenced the fight we learned that a part of Wheeler's command had come to our assistance. I never saw them, but understood that General Wheeler was in command of the entire force after he arrived. I do not know to whom the surrender was made; but Ross's Brigade took charge of them, and the writer of this was one of the detail to take them to headquarters.

I also know that the captured horses were left to the control of Ross, as I was afterwards detailed by Ross in person to go to Newnan and order the captured horses up to the command, and I exchanged my own for a Federal horse.

Wheeler's command has enough to its credit without attempting to claim more than is due.

CONCERNING BATTLE OF SHILOH.

BY W. B. PIPPEN, SHEFFIELD, ALA.

I am writing this article because I take considerable interest in the battle of Shiloh. I was a member of Company E, 28th Tennessee Infantry, Statham's Brigade, Breckinridge's Division, consequently was in the very heart of the battle of Shiloh. Sometime ago I saw an article in the VETERAN from Mr. Alex Van Winkle, of Franklin, Ill., wanting to hear from some one through the VETERAN concerning the fighting on the ground near where General Johnston was killed. Statham's Brigade fought near this place from eleven in the morning till one o'clock in the afternoon. About one o'clock General Breckinridge rode through our lines and ordered us to cease firing, to fix bayonets and fall in line; that we had been giving them hot lead all day, and now we would give them cold steel; that the enemy could not stand cold steel, for he could feel that they were giving way. As soon as we were in place (and this was quickly done) the General ordered us forward on quick time, he riding in front of the 28th Tennessee Regiment. As he gave the order, "Forward on double-quick time; come on, boys," the Rebel yell thrilled as never before.

The enemy formed in the ravine where Johnston died, and they held it till our forces came within forty yards of them. As they were crossing the ravine we fired upon them, and this volley seemed to cut down about one-half of them. Breckinridge ordered us to reload and fire, saying that this volley got half and another would get the other half.

I heard the General say after the battle that this charge was the bloodiest that was made. It is generally admitted that Johnston came to the front in the afternoon and stated that this position was the "key to the landing" and we would have to "unlock it" with bayonets. This was evidently Statham's Brigade, as there was no other charge made on this part of the field till Statham's and Stevens's Brigades made a dash through the Bell peach orchard and fell back to where some of our men had been fighting at the Bloody Pond. I have heard men of different regiments say they saw General Johnston taken off his horse. Mr. Latimer, of the 20th Tennessee, says that he saw him taken off, and that there were no other troops on the ground except Statham's Brigade. I never saw General Johnston on the field where he died, but he evidently expired on the ground where Statham had been fighting in the forenoon. I think Latimer was right, for Isham G. Harris said that he left the General and went to place Statham in position south of the peach orchard, and that when he returned he saw General Johnston reel in his saddle and conveyed him to where the monument stands on the battlefield, taking him off his horse and carrying him down in the ravine, where he died.

If my recollection serves me right, my regiment fought the 9th Illinois. If I am wrong about what I have written, I would be glad to be corrected. I wish particularly to hear from some one in my regiment as to the correctness of my recollection. Major Reed has told me that Statham never made any report of the battle. General Statham died in Vicksburg, Miss., in 1862. Major Reed has told me that I was the only man of this brigade who had ever been on the



W. B. PIPPEN.

field to locate any ground. He informed me that if I would locate any ground that we fought on before we formed south of the peach orchard at 2:30 P.M. he would have it marked.

On the 6th of April I went on the battlefield, and met there Mr. Alex Van Winkle, of the 31st Illinois, and several others who fought on this particular ground. We talked over the battle, relating different experiences, and spent a very pleasant time together—very different from our experiences in that fearful deluge of blood. They told me that they had never known before whose brigade fought against them till we met there.

Mr. Van Winkle told me that he had examined every report of the battle, and there was nothing to show who fought on that ground. I would be glad to meet some of my brigade there next spring, so that we could show that the soldiers of the brigade did as hard fighting there as any others; and, in fact, closed the battle by charging the Hornets' Nest and capturing Prentiss's Brigade.

Mrs. A. J. Emerson, Denver, Colo., writes: "In a recent daydream a mental picture came to me of the great memorial building to be erected at Richmond. I saw splendid memorial windows in the edifice, and my imagination supplied scenes from the Confederate war as subjects for these windows: Lee and Jackson at Manassas, Lee to the rear. Death of Stonewall Jackson, execution of Sam Davis, negroes defending their mistress, burial of Latane, putting manacles on Jefferson Davis, 'Gloria Victis' (by Ruckstuhl), Merrimac and Monitor, Lee as college president. This may act as a hint or suggestion when the edifice and its windows materialize."

BATTLE OF BELMONT.

BY R. F. LEWIS, PITTSBURG, TEX.

I read in the April VETERAN four accounts of the battle of Belmont, November 7, 1861. At that time I was clerk in the general commissary department under Maj. W. W. Guy, with headquarters on the wharf boat at Columbus. My business was to receive all commissary stores from the transports and railroad. I had ten or twelve drays with negro teamsters. When the fight opened, the negroes all left me. As the saying is, "they burnt the wind." My recollection is that Colonel Tappan's 13th Arkansas Regiment and some of Jeff Thompson's Missouri troops, a small cavalry force, and perhaps two pieces of light artillery constituted all the forces we had on the Missouri side; but when the enemy began landing a force on the Missouri side, General Pillow with the 22d Tennessee Infantry was sent over. A part, if not all, of this regiment was poorly armed. I know one company in this regiment was armed with flintlock muskets, and I think the rest of the command was armed with old British muskets with buck and ball cartridges. I could see the soldiers who took shelter under the bluff for protection at the time of the engagement. There were about seventy-five or a hundred of them there, and none of them were run into the river, as stated by a correspondent of the VETERAN. I talked with one of these soldiers who was under the bluff several days after the fight, and he told me that after firing five or six rounds he lost his flint, and he didn't see any use in staying in line as a target for the enemy.

Getting a gun from one of the wounded that had been brought over, I crossed the river with the 154th Senior Tennessee Regiment—the regiment I enlisted in at its organization. Generals Polk and Cheatham crossed at the same time. My recollection is that we had but one boat at Columbus at the time the fight commenced, which I think was the Charm. On the trip this boat made before we crossed a part of her stairway was shot off by a cannon ball. When we started across the river, the enemy started for their transports. When we landed, we struck the ground at a double-quick, not taking time to form. When we got to their transports, a distance of about two miles, they were backing out in the stream, and kept as close to the opposite shore as possible. We ran to the bank of the river and commenced firing, every man getting the best position he could. The enemy's gunboats did most of the firing at us, being well out near the opposite shore and having good range at us.

One of these transports was the City or the Belle of Memphis, which I fired several shots into. On our route to the transports I saw only very few of the dead and wounded of the enemy, as they had all the time needed to remove them. Within thirty minutes of the time we landed there was not a Federal on the field except dead, wounded, or prisoners. We had about three thousand engaged in this fight, and from my best information the enemy had about seven thousand. We captured about one hundred and seventy-five of them. There was one field officer in this squad, and he was badly wounded in the foot, which was amputated by our surgeons. In trying to save a part of his foot the operation didn't prove successful, and in about fifteen days afterwards it was cut off above the ankle. We captured two fine horses, one dark stallion and one dapple-gray horse. One of Company K of the 154th picked up on the field a fine rain coat marked under the collar "U. S. A." We supposed he sold it to Lieutenant Chairs, of the same company. The enemy captured about twelve or fifteen of our men.

The first or second day after the fight General Grant came down to Columbus with the prisoners for exchange. At that time we had no boat in port to meet them out in midstream, and they were allowed to land at the landing. There was a newsboy selling papers. One of the Yankee officers on board got permission from our commanding officer to buy a paper. The boy sold him the paper; and when he gave a silver coin, the boy threw the coin in the river, saying: "I don't want any Yankee money."

This artillery we had on the Missouri side, I think, was captured. I think there were but two pieces, maybe four. I was talking with one of the Memphis Light Dragoons several days after the fight, and he told me about dragging a slough up the river for these guns, thinking the enemy in their scramble hadn't time to get them on their transports. The enemy fired one shot into Columbus with light artillery (a 6-pounder solid shot) and one shot from the gunboats (24- or 32-pounder), which landed close to our heavy batteries. This shell or solid shot was sent to Memphis, and was on exhibition there for some time. The people of Memphis at that time were greatly enthused, and wanted to change the name of Union Street to Belmont Street.

In the April VETERAN some witnesses think this battle badly managed. I don't see how it could have been managed better. The reason we didn't send troops over sooner was, I understood, that we were looking for an attack on the Columbus side from Paducah.

I notice that the city of Memphis, after a lapse of forty-seven years, is going to restore the motto, "The Union Must Be Preserved," on Jackson Monument in Court Square. I suppose there are not many living who know much about the chiseling off of this motto. I was many a mile from Memphis, and it was a long time ago, when I first heard of it.

ABOUT BATTLE OF BELMONT.

BY WILLIAM TAYLOR, ALTUS, OKLA.

I belonged to Company H, Russell's 12th Tennessee Infantry. In the fall of 1861, or at the time of the Belmont battle, our brigade (Pillow's), composed of the 12th, 13th, and 21st Tennessee Regiments, was in line in the morning with orders, as we understood, to move to Bowling Green, Ky. I was detailed to go with Jackson's Battery when the brigade had moved up opposite Columbus from our camp below the railroad. There seemed to be a hurried demand for troops across the river, and our brigade was sent at once to the Belmont side. When I heard the firing and learned that our command had been sent to the Belmont side, I left the battery immediately, crossed the river, joined my company, and remained with it until the fight was over.

There was no command or any part of any command of the Confederates driven across or who went across to the Columbus side until Grant's command were on their boats or well up the river. Grant's loss in killed and wounded was not less than one thousand or twelve hundred, while ours did not exceed two hundred. I think the loss in killed and wounded in the 12th Tennessee was thirty-two. Our company lost B. Hale (killed), and Capt. B. H. Sandeford, Lieut. W. W. McDowell, Jim Johnson, and William Thomas (wounded). Johnson died a few days later.

Our company was nearly out of ammunition, and had to fall back to the river for cartridges when the boat arrived. We then went back to the line and remained to the end.

If Grant's other reports are as incorrect as his report of Belmont, they would make bad history.

Lieutenant McDowell was wounded while we were falling

back to the river, and not, as your former correspondent said, while loading a charge. When wounded he was showing as fine courage in being behind and keeping his men in line as he could have displayed in leading the most desperate charge. While some of your correspondent's statements were wrong, he was right when he said McDowell was kind to his men. He was the kindest and most thoughtful of the welfare of his men of any officer I ever knew.

About the middle of February, 1862, our company was sent to the upper part of Columbus on guard duty. We were to be relieved at 4 P.M. At two o'clock Captain Sandeford carried all the company back to quarters except the third relief, and that kept me on guard. McDowell was left with us, and the relief company did not arrive until six o'clock. The day was very cold and my position was exposed. McDowell came around the line about four; and seeing that I was suffering from cold, he took my gun and told me to go to the house and get warm. I was gone nearly an hour, and returned comfortable and ready for duty. He was certainly brave and kind.

My staff as Commander of the Third Brigade, Oklahoma Division, is: Lieut. Col. Robert Heath, of Mangum, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff; Maj. W. C. Sears, of Frederick, Inspector General; Maj. E. S. Cook, of Altus, Quartermaster General; Maj. Martin Hentin, of Greer, Commissary General; Maj. James Baker, of Headrick, Chaplain.

GEN. A. P. HILL AT SHARPSBURG.

BY C. A. RICHARDSON.

The kindly light of day on the 17th of September, 1862, broke with quiet, tender beauty over the lovely valley of the Antietam, a locality so soon destined to be ever-memorable in American annals. This day of bloody strife dawned upon the mighty hosts that there confronted each other in battle array, conscious that the issue not only of a campaign but of the war itself hung on what should that day be done. The collision was not delayed, and with early light the morning stillness was broken by the rattle of musketry and the hoarse clamor of more than two hundred guns.

The writer requests only brief space to say a few words in reply to Comrade R. T. Mockbee in the April VETERAN, "Why Sharpsburg Was a Drawn Battle," an admirable contribution splendidly and graphically descriptive of Gen. A. P. Hill and his "Light Division" and their heroic work at Sharpsburg about 4 P.M. September 17, 1862. Comrade Mockbee writes with beauty, vigor, and truthfulness anent the grand exploits of A. P. Hill's "two thousand men" that memorable September afternoon when the "dubious tide of battle" hung in the balance ere Burnside was hurled back and Sharpsburg thus became a "drawn battle." Every surviving ex-Confederate knows the gallant and heroic reputation of Gen. A. P. Hill's "Light Division." It is well known how A. P. Hill was regarded by Generals Lee and Jackson; he was to these great commanders the tried and invincible soldier that Marshal Ney was to Napoleon.

There was no need or occasion for Comrade Mockbee to recite A. P. Hill's career, including in part his timely service at Mechanicsville and Gaines's Mill, Frazier's Farm, Cedar Run, and Second Manassas. The survivors of the "Light Division" and all of us will ever cherish the memory of the peerless soldiers who contributed so greatly to making the battle of Sharpsburg or Antietam the "drawn battle" that history records it as duly ascertained by facts and results.

In the first of several published articles on the Sharpsburg fight it was the writer's privilege to coin the expression: "The gamest fight of the nineteenth century." He cheerfully admits that Gen. A. P. Hill's "Light Division" largely contributed to this truthful phrase.

"MY BAMBOO BIBLE"—A WAR RELIC.

BY LEOLA T. PARK.

'Tis not inscribed with letters from inspired hand;
'Tis not a book of canons well and nobly planned.
'Tis just a wooden trinket whittled while in camp—
A toy mailed to mother with a queer Confederate stamp,
That the little one at home might have at Christmastide
A Santa Claus remembrance Southern stores could not provide.
But like as love divine is conned from Holy Writ
An earthly father's love I humbly read in it.

ROCK ISLAND PRISON.

BY W. J. BOHON, DANVILLE, KY.

I have read with much interest "Inside and Outside of Rock Island Prison," by J. W. Minnich. I was a prisoner there from June, 1864, to March 6, 1865, and was started from there to Richmond, Va., for exchange.

I was a member of the Seven Confederate Knights, and took oath with the other members of that order to suffer death rather than swear allegiance to effect a release from prison. I regret to say there were some who yielded to the temptation, but I have no unkind word for any of those poor sufferers from disease and starvation. The world should know these facts, for the Confederacy has been persistently misrepresented by the Northern press, either through prejudice or ignorance.

All who have informed themselves know that the South did all in her power to care for those of the North in Southern prisons; and when medicine could no longer be furnished for the sick or necessary comforts provided, thousands were tendered to the United States government without demanding an equal number of men in exchange. But the government not only refused to receive their own sick men, but also denied them medicine and comforts in the face of assurances that physicians and nurses might be sent to minister to their prisoners and that we asked nothing at their hands for our own stricken fellows.

The world knows how they persistently refused to exchange able-bodied prisoners. Every word Mr. Minnich has written is true, and yet the half has not been told. I saw a prisoner shot down in cold blood for picking up a loaf of bread which was thrown into the prison from the "calf pen" (the place of confinement for those who had enlisted in the United States army "to go to fight Indians"). This man was strictly within the bounds marked off for the prisoners, not being within fifty feet of the "dead line."

The most humiliating ordeal to which the prisoners were subjected was after the "calf pen" became well filled with "Indian fighters." Each morning a squad of soldiers was brought into the prison and a detail of prisoners from our barrack were marched at the front of bayonets and muzzles of rifles into the "calf pen" and compelled to carry out the filth. Only a coward could have conceived any such system. What weight has a protest from an unarmed man to a coward with a gun in his hand?

I cannot refrain from mentioning the article of Mrs. Kate E. Perry Mosher, known to the prisoners as "Faithful." It is thrillingly interesting and adds much to Mr. Minnich's book. This splendid woman, known as "Faithful," has long

been crowned a queen of all that is beautiful and lovable in the hearts of every prisoner of Rock Island who ever heard of her bravery and unselfish devotion. Through her I received money sent from my home which otherwise would never have reached me. My earnest prayer is that she may receive the reward due one who is ever striving to lessen the tide of human sorrow and increase the sum of happiness.

FIFTEENTH ILLINOIS CAVALRY REUNION.

Gen. William J. Palmer, who commanded the 15th Illinois Regiment early in the war, has set an example for rich Southerners who ought to be proud of their less fortunate comrades. General Palmer lives in Colorado, and he extended an invitation to his old soldiers to hold their reunion (the thirty-fifth) for 1897 with him in Colorado Springs, becoming his guests from the time of leaving home to their arrival there again. The two hundred and sixty-seven survivors who went were gathered from twenty-five States. The special train of seven Pullman cars and two dining cars was moved by the pleasantest possible schedule. Every delegate was supplied with a bronze badge, the face of General Palmer being its leading feature. He was presented with one of these in solid gold. The railroad fare for the comrades cost $32.90 each—nearly $9,000—besides the Pullman and dining car service.

At the banquet table were seated two hundred and sixty-three of the old regiment, besides quite a number of other invited guests, among them Maj. A. W. Wills, of Nashville.

HOW GENERAL SEDGWICK WAS KILLED.

BY V. M. FLEMING, FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

Thinking you would like an interesting incident connected with the life of an old Confederate veteran who passed away April 5, 1908, in his eighty-fourth year, I give you the following:

Thomas Burgess, the subject of this little notice, was born in Spartanburg County, S. C.; and died at Jonesville, S. C., some fifteen miles below the town of Spartanburg. He belonged to Company H, 15th Regiment South Carolina Volunteers, Anderson's Division, Longstreet's Corps.

At the battle of Spottsylvania, May 9, 1864, Jenkins's Brigade was thrown on the right of General Lee's line and left of Spottsylvania C. H. to watch the enemy approaching in heavy force. This body of Federal troops was commanded by Gen. John Sedgwick, one of the finest corps commanders in General Grant's army. Jenkins's Brigade was massed in a body of timber with open field in front. Beyond this open space and some four hundred yards in front was a very heavy pine thicket in which Sedgwick's Corps was concealed.

A number of Confederate pickets were thrown out in front of their lines to determine the exact locality of the Federal force, with positive instructions not to fire, so as to conceal the whereabouts of Jenkins's command, but to watch the movement of the Federal forces. Thomas Burgess, of the 15th South Carolina Regiment, was one of these pickets. While on duty and concealed in front of the Confederate line they discovered several Federal officers who rode out in front of their lines reconnoitering and selecting positions for the artillery. The opportunity being inviting, Burgess, contrary to orders, fired at one of these officers, who proved to be General Sedgwick. The shot was fatal, and Sedgwick was carried back into the Federal lines. I think he was killed instantly. Burgess was the only picket who fired, and the fact was incontestably settled that he killed Sedgwick; there can be no question about this.

Burgess never recurred to the circumstance in after life and when the matter was mentioned in his presence, he always changed the topic of conversation or retired. Somehow he was sensitive on the subject, and could never divorce the thought from his mind that the occurrence was something akin to murder. A less sensitive nature would never have viewed the matter from his angle of observation. During his last night on earth, though, a week ago, his mind wandered back to the scenes of that campaign—the "Bloody Angle," Spottsylvania, and the tragic death of Sedgwick.

I was at Jonesville, S. C., a few days after his death, and was informed that he would wake up in his passing hours and relate the whole occurrence. This is a statement of facts and an addition to history.

DESTRUCTION OF FEDERAL GUNBOAT.

BY MISS CLARA BACOT, U. D. C. AUXILIARY, CHARLESTON.

In the spring of the year 1862, just before Charleston was evacuated, the people were annoyed by a small Yankee gunboat that ran up Warpool Cut and fired on the city from the rear. General Beauregard picked twelve of the Stone Scouts that had done heroic work in defense of the forts and the city of Charleston to put a stop to this boat's destructive work.

These scouts, with Mr. Jerney for captain, at the dead of night carried the only old cannon that could be spared from the forts in a rowboat to an old barn that overlooked the cut; there they cut a door in the back of the barn, hauled the old cannon in, loaded her to the muzzle with grape and canister and silently awaited the coming of the Yankee boat. Soon the boat rounded the curve into the cut and began throwing shell into the city.

Upstream she came till in front of the old barn, where she turned to go back; but as her prow directly turned to the barn she stuck, throwing the pilot house about twelve yards from the muzzle of the old cannon in the barn. As quick as lightning the barn door was thrown open and the old cannon with a roar like thunder, belched forth its contents into the boat; and when the smoke cleared away, the scouts saw that the pilot house was gone and that most of the men were dead or dying on board and that the boat was tossing from side to side, while the remaining men were trying to get her turned and started downstream to get back to the fleet, thus giving the scouts time to load the old cannon again. Just as the boat started Captain Jerney pulled the lark string, and with another roar the old cannon burst, but sent its content as true as before; and this was the first, last, and only Yankee boat that threw shells into Charleston from the rear.

INQUIRY FOR AND ABOUT VETERANS.

W. H. Duff, of Monroe, La., seeks information of the commander of a detail from his regiment. This detachment of Pioneers, as they were called, was of details from companies in the 16th and 25th Louisiana Regiments.

Comrade Duff writes: "The Pioneers were commanded by a Lieutenant or a Captain McPheatas or McPheely, of the old 16th Louisiana, and was in Dan Adams's Brigade, Breckinridge's Division. Our position was on the left of Johnston's army, south of Jackson, and where the breastwork crossed the railroad. West of the railroad and between the contending armies was a family residence, and the family had left it on account of the danger they were in. The Pioneers were ordered to take possession of this house and protect it. As the enemy began to advance near this point the Pioneers were ordered to burn the house to prevent

the enemy's sharpshooters from occupying it. The Pioneers took from this house a piano and carried it back to the Confederate breastworks and left it at the position of the fifth company (Washington Artillery), where the piano remained during the siege, and in a few hours it fell to my lot to apply the torch that destroyed the beautiful home of the unfortunate family. On the 12th of July the enemy made a heavy assault against our line east of the railroad and were repulsed with heavy loss. On the 14th the Pioneers were ordered to bury the dead. Col. Seth C. Earle, of the 53d Illinois Volunteer Infantry, was among the slain, and I assisted in burying him under the shade of a tree near the railroad. During the past few years I have received pleasant letters from members of the 53d Illinois Regiment who were with it in that battle."

Comrade Duff prints a letter from Miss Minnie Hemstreet, of Pontiac, Ill., whose father was killed and his body buried by Confederates. Of course Miss Hemstreet grieves that no trace of his grave can be found. She and her mother visited Jackson in 1906, but sought in vain for the grave of their dead. "I had never realized how the South suffered as I did by going down there. It was my first trip there. They lost their men and property as well. The people we met in the South were very nice to us, and I liked them very much.

Comrade Duff thinks his commander of that detail lived in the southern part of Mississippi. He would like to know if he survived the war, and would be glad to hear from any one who knew him and saw him after he left Jackson. If there are any living who were in any way connected with the Breckinridge hospital during the siege of Jackson, he would appreciate it very much if they would write him.

He concludes as follows: "For forty-two years I did not know whose house we burned or the name of the colonel we buried at Jackson, and I wrote a letter to the Adjutant General of the State about the house, asking him to find out if possible whose house it was. A few days later I received a letter from Mrs. A. Q. May, of Jackson, telling me that the house that was burned was the Cooper home, and at that time was the property of Mrs. Cooper, the grandmother of Mrs. May, and that the piano belonged to Mrs. May's mother and was in Memorial Hall, New Orleans, La. Mrs. May sent me a picture of the piano as it is shown in the hall."

Comrade J. P. Churchman, of Field Creek, Llano County, Tex., wishes to correspond with any survivor of Company F, 8th Missouri Infantry who may aid him in his application for a Confederate pension.

Rev. W. E. Towson writes from Boston, Ga.: "James Fitzgerald, who went out from Prattville, Autauga County, Ala., with Company I, 61st Alabama, Colonel Swanson, afterwards Col. Lewis Hill, is anxious to hear from any survivor of his company. Address James Fitzgerald, Box 42, Boston, Ga. In the battle of Petersburg only Mr. Fitzgerald and five others survived of his company as far as he knows. He was taken prisoner at High Bridge, Va., on the 6th of April, 1865, and paroled June 12. He is seventy-eight years old; but he plans to be at the Reunion at Birmingham, where he hopes to meet some of his old comrades."

John T. Rowe, Medina, Tex., refers to an account in the Veteran some time ago on the reorganization of Govan's old brigade, 1st Arkansas, at Greensboro, N. C., into one regiment, of which Lieut. Col. Peter Snyder was made commander. He is anxious to get the number of that regiment after its reorganization, saying: "I learned that Colonel Snyder died in North Carolina without ever assuming command. We lost Col. John E. Murray on the 22d of July at Peachtree Creek, near Atlanta, Ga., near the spot where Major General McPherson was killed."

M. J. Clark, Mobile, Ala., writes: "I am an old Confederate who went out at the age of sixteen, and am now in the best of health, though I served as a private through the four years of the war. I served two years in the 11th Mississippi Infantry in Virginia and two years under the grand N. B. Forrest in the 1st Mississippi Cavalry. I am a member of Semmes Camp, No. 11, U. C. V., of this city, and the time of our meeting, the third Thursday night, is the best night in every month."

J. T. Brady, Kosse, Tex., writes: "I am one of the old roosters of the Merrimac at Hampton Roads March 8 and 9, 1862. I was reared in Charleston, S. C., and for twelve months after the war commenced was with the harbor and coast defense of South Carolina on board the gunboat Lady Davis, Lieutenant Pelot, commander. After Sumter we shipped on the Patrick Henry at Richmond, but could not get out. After the blowing up of the Merrimac, we were marched to Drewry's Bluff, where we fought the Galena about six hours. I was one of the boys who helped to capture two Yankee gunboats on the Rappahannock below Fredericksburg, Va. Our commander was Colonel Woods, of Richmond. One of our boys helped in the capture of the Underwriter at Newbern, N. C., under the same commander. If any of the old comrades read this, I should like to hear from them."

W. E. Thompson, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "Though unfortunately too young for service, many of my people entered. My father's brothers, William H. Thompson and Ivy F. Thompson, were in Rock Island from the siege of Knoxville until the end of the war. They had a cousin there, William Thompson, who was killed by the blasting of rocks by the Federals among the prisoners on the island. My wife's brother, Benjamin Waller, was similarly killed in the same prison."

Letter to Mr. Newton Cannon, Franklin, Tenn., from J. E. Gadsey, Greenwood, S. C.: "You do not know how my heart rejoiced to hear from you, for you know we all loved you and you were the idol of our company. I could not help shedding tears when I saw your name, and my wife asked why I was crying, and I could not tell her, for I did not know exactly why—only that I could not restrain the tears when the memory of your happy little face in the old long ago came back to me. Even the mention of dear old 'Sockdolager' stirred my emotions. I am glad to hear of the old comrades still living. Newt, if I could see you as you were in the old days, I would ask for no greater pleasure. * * * I want one of those crosses of honor. Do you think I was worthy of it? I do not recollect disobeying one of your orders, and I tried to do my duty to my country while I was in the C. S. A."

J. T. Fitzpatrick, Royse City, Tex.: "During July, 1862, I was in the penitentiary at Nashville, Tenn., with several hundred other Confederate prisoners. One dark, rainy night we were called into line about midnight and the roll called, when thirteen of us were selected from the number, formed in a squad with a double guard, and then marched to the dungeon, which we afterwards learned was the jail. We never knew why we were put in there; but the rumor was that we belonged to General Forrest's command and were not entitled to the treatment of prisoners of war, but would be safe there

for retaliation purposes. Will McFadden, of Murfreesboro, Tenn., and George Poindexter, of Fayetteville, are the only two I have ever seen or heard of who were in there with me. If there are any of the others living, I would be glad to hear from them."

W. S. Ray, De Queen, Ark., writes: "In a private letter Capt. T. D. McGillicuddy says: 'I was pleased to hear from you and to know you are a subscriber to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and I am glad you read my Grant paper. I think all the old boys in gray should take it.'" W. S. Ray met Captain McGillicuddy, who was provost marshal, at Corinth, Miss., in 1863, while going into town for the purchase of clothing and pistol caps for a scouting party to which he belonged. Thinking Ray to be a farmer boy, the provost marshal showed him many kindnesses; and when McGillicuddy's letter appeared in the VETERAN, Ray wrote to him and told him how he had treated a Rebel boy who scouted with "Dock" Smith in 1863. Ray belonged to Jeffrey Forrest's Regiment, Roddy's command.

J. W. Todd, Jefferson, N. C.: "In the fall of 1861, while we were encamped near Centerville, Va., our Col. R. Ransom, 1st North Carolina Cavalry, went on a scouting expedition with about half of his men. We traveled northward toward the Potomac, seven or eight miles, then turned to the right and came to a place called Vienna. There we found signs of a body of horsemen going southward and were informed that Colonel Averill, 3d Pennsylvania Cavalry, had just passed with his a regiment, also on a scout. We turned and followed him, soon overtaking him, when Colonel Ransom ordered the charge to be sounded. Averill and his men soon showed us their heels, and, having good horses, made their escape. We secured twenty-six prisoners, however, and I think we killed two or three men. Lieut. James L. Gaines, of Nashville, Tenn., may recall the day, as he was with me and was in the act of killing one of Averill's men when he discovered that the poor fellow was surrendering the best way he knew how—in death."

George H. Brown, Norfolk, Va., writes: "I was reared in Petersburg, Va., and the 'Crater' and the locations of the forts and breastworks around the city are all familiar to me. I was detailed and carried a special pass signed by General Lee, for I had the repair of the cannon along the lines. I was orderly sergeant of Company D, Hood's Detailed Battalion, which was composed of the mechanics of Petersburg. I worked on the powder mill and on the railroad cars and repaired the Light Artillery when brought to Tappey's Foundry in Petersburg. The 10-inch Columbiads and 8-inch seacoast Howitzers, which were on the lines, I kept in order. I was with Hood's Battalion on the 9th of June, 1864, when Kantz and Spear made the first advance on Petersburg and were repulsed, and was with them on June 15 when General Grant crossed the James River and twenty-five hundred men and boys held General Smith with sixteen thousand men in check from 10 A.M. until sundown, when General Beauregard, with the advance of Lee's army, arrived. Gen. E. P. Alexander, in the Century, calls this the 'crisis of the war;' and I believe if the twenty-five hundred old men and boys and soldiers from the hospitals, with some companies of General Wise's Brigade and two or three companies of artillery, had given way and the advance of General Grant's army then taken Petersburg, the war would have ended nine months before it did. There were in the City Battalion of Petersburg five hundred boys under the age of eighteen years who were in these engagements and who served around Petersburg during 1864 whose history has never been written."

L. H. Ridout, of Beaumont, Tex., writes of having secured his father's war record by inquiry through the VETERAN, and adds: "I will certainly remain a permanent subscriber to the VETERAN, as I well know it depends on the children of Confederate veterans to perpetuate such a worthy magazine, and I feel proud of having enough patriotic blood in my veins to be one to help perpetuate it."

J. S. Thomas, Clarendon, Ark., writes: "In the VETERAN for April there is a statement from L. H. Kemp that reminds me of other days. I belonged to the 4th Arkansas Battalion; was surrendered at Island No. 10 April 8, 1862, and was exchanged at Vicksburg, Miss.; was acquainted with Lieutenant Gibson, who was shot in front of No. 11, if my memory is correct, and I was among the number attending his burial. There was great excitement over the murder. I have a drawing of the military prison made by Capt. J. T. Hogane, topographic engineer of Gen. Jeff Thompson's Division, who was a prisoner at the time. The drawing was concealed in my clothing and brought South with me, and is now framed and hangs in my office, the only relic of the war that I have."

Mrs. T. J. Rutledge, 3528 Avenue O, Galveston, Tex., makes inquiry for Capt. James M. Dedman, commanding Company B, 20th Alabama Infantry. He entered the service September 11, 1861, at Selma, Ala., and he became major, then colonel of the same regiment. She wishes to know of his birthplace, where, when, and whom he married, and where any relatives may be living.

Capt. D. H. Bruce, Joppa, Tenn., asked sometime since that correction be made as to his article on the battle of New Market, Va., page 553 of the December (1907) VETERAN, wherein it is stated that his regiment, the 51st Virginia, lost five per cent of its men in that battle, when it should have been twenty per cent. He says one hundred out of five hundred men were killed and wounded, mostly wounded. He was captain of Company A.

T. A. Nettles, Tunnel Springs, Ala., writes: "I was nineteen years old September 24, 1861, and started to war next day. I was detailed with my company to guard a boat load of Yankee prisoners to Mobile, Ala. We thwarted their plot to run the blockade below Mobile, and turned them over safe when we reached the city. My company, M, Wirt Adams's Cavalry, went to Memphis and from there to Bowling Green. After Shiloh we detached, doing active scout duty; but later joined the 3d Alabama Cavalry, under Gen. Joe Wheeler. I was captured at Shelbyville in June, 1863, imprisoned at Nashville a few days, and from there was carried to Camp Chase, where we hoped for speedy exchange. In about two months we were placed on some box cars and in August were imprisoned in Camp Douglas. On the night of our arrival, August 24, there was a big frost. We were first guarded by Chippewa Indians and Michiganders. We fared tolerably well for a time as to rations, but most of us were thinly clad and in poor shape for the approaching winter. By spring they reduced our rations, as they thought they had learned how little it took to keep a man alive; but they failed on their calculation, for several who had been hearty eaters died for want of nourishment. I was fortunate enough to secure the address of a lady at Georgetown, Ky., who sent me clothing,

and she has since visited my home in Dixie. We were not allowed at Camp Douglas to wear our top clothing when we went to the sinks at night, to prevent us from scaling the prison walls."

A. K. Sharp, Port Gibson, Miss., writes: "I wish to add my experience to an account I read in the October VETERAN of the defense of Fort Gregg. I was a member of Davidson's Battery and on the front line near Fort Gregg on the morning of April 2, 1865. The enemy charged over the works to our left near Fort Alexandria, then charged down the line, killing three men of my company and wounding seven. We were ordered to fall back to Fort Gregg. There Captain Chamberlain gave our men muskets and we charged with the infantry. We recaptured our guns, held them twenty minutes or more, and were again ordered back to Fort Gregg. I have been a subscriber to the VETERAN for ten years."

W. Wood King, Blackburn, La., writes: "Referring to an article in the VETERAN that gives a record of two families furnishing sixteen soldiers to the Confederate army, I take pride in stating that the family of which I am a member gave eight brothers to the service. These represented four States: Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, and Arkansas. They belonged to the 52d Georgia, 47th Alabama, 14th Alabama (two in this), 19th Louisiana, 10th Cavalry, 3d Arkansas, and 6th Alabama Cavalry. They endured many hardships, some being captured and imprisoned and others wounded; but all were alive and returned to their homes at the close of the war, and five of the eight are still living. The family lived at Dadeville, Ala., before the war."

J. T. Wilson, Sherman, Tex., writes: "I have noticed the unjust criticism in the April number in regard to Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's shelling Carlisle, Pa. General Stuart was not at Carlisle. Gen. Edward Johnson's Division of Ewell's Corps was encamped within three miles of the town a part of June 29 and all of Sunday, the 30th, leaving there very early on July 1 for Gettysburg. I spent much of June 30 in Carlisle. Only the barracks and government property were burned by a detachment of cavalry, but General Stuart was still in Maryland and had not yet joined General Lee with the main body of his command; therefore he could not have given any orders for the alleged shelling of the town."

R. C. May, Miami, Fla., writes: "There is an article in the April (1908) number charging Gen. J. E. B. Stuart with shelling Carlisle, Pa. This is the first I knew of such. I was with General Stuart from 1862 until his death, and never knew him guilty of any inhumanity or allowing his guns, great or small, to be fired on a noncombatant. General Stuart had his cavalry command on a road between Washington, D. C., and Gettysburg, and did not reach the battlefield until the last day of the fight, when the army moved southward toward the Potomac, which route carried them east of Carlisle. If he had shelled it out of existence, it would have been no worse than Sheridan, Hunter, and others' devastation of the Valley of Virginia, General Grant's shelling of Petersburg, Va., or Sherman's burning of Atlanta, Ga., and Columbia, S. C. Both of these last-named cities went through the bombarding ordeal before they were cremated. Before the Pennsylvania campaign General Stuart raided Carlisle and burned the government property, the evidence being plainly visible when the battle of Gettysburg was fought."

LETTER FROM UNION VETERAN IN FLORIDA.

W. W. James, Commander Eustis Post, G. A. R., Florida, writes: "I am an old soldier who wore the blue for four years in that fearful conflict of the sixties; but having made Florida my home for the past eleven years, and in that time having been thrown in contact with the old boys of the gray, I am in a position to state that without exception they have been true friends and comrades. Our relations have been such that we have on several occasions held joint Camp fires, and in every instance they have proved enjoyable."

On the anniversary of William McKinley's birth Commander W. W. James, Eustis Post 5, G. A. R., invited Confederate Camp 279 (H. H. Duncan, Commander) as guests, and Rev. E. L. Guerrant, late captain in the Confederate service, was orator of the day. He is an earnest Christian soldier of the Lord and doing much good for the mountaineers among whom he labors. Three years ago the Presbyterian college of Florida opened at Eustis without equipment in some lines, and on its opening day Commander James, of Eustis Post, announced to the president of the college that in the near future the members of G. A. R. Post and Confederate Veteran Camp would furnish the college with a United States flag. The flag was volunteered without authority; but when Commander Duncan, of Camp 279, was consulted, he approved of the action, and invited Commander James to attend the annual meeting of the Camp at Umatilla to be held on Lee's birthday. Upon accepting this invitation Commander James stated the proposition of presenting the flag, and they not only agreed unanimously on the presentation but elected Commander James an honorary member of Camp 279.

Capt. H. H. Duncan made the presentation address on February 22 of that year. This one incident has done more to cement the comradeship of the blue and the gray and establish love and good will in this section than anything that has transpired in many years.

LIVING HOUSTON (TEX.) CONFEDERATE HEROES.

BY ABBIE FRANK SMITH.

At the celebration of Confederate Heroes' Day at the First Baptist Church of Houston March 19, in the presence of members of various patriotic associations, Col. Philip Fall, Commander of Dick Dowling Camp, U. C. V., made this addition to the interesting Confederate folklore of Texas:

"Having been ordered by the ladies of R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., to ascertain who of the Houstonians that went to the war from Houston are yet living in Houston, and having received my instructions only last evening, I fear the record I shall present will prove to a great extent incomplete. However, I know that whenever an ex-Confederate soldier fails to comply with any demand made upon him by the Daughters of the Confederacy he is unworthy to be a recipient of their courtesies.

"Forty odd years have passed since so many noble and gallant men offered their lives to their Southland, and of that number perhaps not one-tenth live to-day. The tottering forms of gray-headed men whom we meet daily upon our streets were once young and active, filled with a love of Houston first, Texas next, and then their whole Southland; and for that Southland the moment that the Federals brought their thousands of Hessians to old Virginia's soil these patriotic Houston boys bade good-by to mother, sister, sweetheart, and pressed to the front in defense of their country.

"It brings a bitter pang to our hearts to know that so many of Houston's noble youths laid down their lives and are sleep-

ing their last sleep in Virginia's soil. All over the Southland and wherever a prison existed in the North there may be found the grave of a Houston boy. You have a few of them with you yet; but soon not one will be left to remind the younger generation of that bravest, grandest, most patriotic army, such as the world had never before witnessed and will never again see.

"In the short time at my disposal I have endeavored to collect and present to you to-night the names of this band of patriots who are still living in their beloved Houston.

"There is Albert McKinney, the dear old soldier who made war his business. He expected the enemy to kill him, and he killed all of them that he could.

"William E. Paschall was a true and noble boy.

"Capt. B. F. Weems, a brave soldier of Terry's Rangers, still clings to Houston.

"Almarion F. Amerman, so much beloved by his fellow-citizens and old comrades, is yet a vigorous man and could engage in another war if necessary.

"Capt. Sam Ashe and Gaston Ashe were mere boys of Terry's Rangers, and both are now beloved and respected citizens.

"George Herman, a plain, unvarnished citizen, just as he was a soldier, obeyed orders while a Confederate soldier and received an honorable discharge from the army. He is a benefactor to his Camp and those who served with him in the army.

"Theodore Lubbock, Thomas Ewing, Curtis Noble, John Farmer, and Samuel McIlhenny are still with us.

"M. E. McCloud, as true and brave a soldier as ever trod Virginia's soil, is Flag Bearer of Dick Dowling Camp, and he would defend it with his life as he would his regimental flag away back in the sixties.

"Ed H. Wilson still holds himself straight and soldierly as in the days of war.

"Sam M. Williams when he tells of the fun he had in Vicksburg fighting in Waul's Legion causes a smile to mount to the face of the unsophisticated. Sam really believes that the whistling shell and the zip of the Minie were fun. Had one found him, his broad grin would have been less broad.

"F. M. Poland, a Hood's Brigade veteran, still looks serious from the memory of thrilling experiences, and his comrades appreciate his many noble qualities.

"Poor John Cameron, over eighty years of age, walking with crutches, yet remains. John was one of the bravest, and he is surprised that he ever got back to Houston after having passed through his wonderful experiences.

"Comrades Leverton, Coleman, White, and Hardy are also living in our city.

"Maj. Pat Christian, a Houston-reared boy, eagerly joined the command which proved to be the banner regiment of Texas. When the war closed, he was in command of Terry's Texas Rangers. General Wheeler in his history alludes to Major Christian as the bravest of the brave. Severely wounded, he would not be retired, and he remained with his regiment until the close of the war.

"Captain William Christian, a brother of Pat, was also reared in Houston. He was a captain in the 2d Texas Infantry, and at the siege of Vicksburg he killed more of the enemy than he had men in his command. He is one of Houston's most beloved and respected citizens.

"Last, but not least, there is William D. Cleveland, who fought in Terry's Texas Cavalry. He never showed the white feather during the four years; and when the war closed, he came back to Houston, pulled off his coat, and went to work. To-day his name is a household word throughout all Texas, known as that of a Christian gentleman, an honest, upright man. He accumulated his wealth by being just to his fellowmen, which course of action inspired such confidence in him that business was forced upon him.

"If I have overlooked any of my dear old comrades, it is not my fault, as I had such short notice to secure their names. God bless them one and all!"

So identified with Houston is Colonel Fall himself that a voice cried out: "You have overlooked Philip Fall." "No," replied the Commander of Dick Dowling Camp, U. C. V., "Philip Fall went into the service from Vicksburg."

GAVEL FROM FAMOUS TREE.

Mr. J. J. McSwain, of Greenville, S. C., has in his possession a gavel made from one of the trees under which the speakers stood at Abbeville at the great mass meeting in 1860, when the first action was taken in South Carolina looking to immediate secession. It is related that venerable Judge Wardlaw addressed the assembly, and urged that no radical action be taken such as would precipitate war, and that he raised his hands over the crowd as a father would bless his children, and with tears streaming down his cheeks stated that if all present lived through the struggle thereby made certain they would regret their action and wish they had listened to his counsel. However, when secession was finally decided upon, Judge Wardlaw and all his family cast their lives and fortunes with the Confederacy. Action on the part of the North was worse than such men expected in many ways.

This gavel was presented many years ago to the South Carolina Sons of Confederate Veterans, and came into possession of Mr. McSwain while he was Commander, from 1903 to 1906. He was not present when his successor was elected; but he will deliver the gavel to Commander Hon. George Bell Timmerman at the Reunion in Greenville this summer.

"LEST YE FORGET"—VIRGINIA PATRIOTISM.

BY E. H. LIVELY, ABERDEEN, WASH.

At the outbreak of the war of the sixties Col. James Magruder, near Somerset, in Orange County, Va., had five sons. He was an old-time Whig and loved the Union; but when the tocsin of war sounded, his boys went to the front, together with the old gentleman's son-in-law, Edward T. H. Warren, afterwards colonel of the 10th Virginia Infantry. The oldest of the boys was wounded seven times. Colonel Warren was killed in battle; the second son was killed in battle. The next son was a doctor, but became a captain of one of the companies of Ashby's Regiment, and was killed in a charge near Rochelle, Madison County, almost in sight of his home. The next son, David, died of wounds soon after the war. George was killed in battle in the Valley of Virginia. Thus passed away five sons and a son-in-law.

Virginians, come to attention, uncover, and listen! Lancelot Burrus, of the same county, had six boys, one of whom was too young in 1862. Of the five, in one battle (Gaines's Mill, near Richmond, Va.) three were killed outright and the other two wounded. The youngest joined the army in 1864, and was shot in the head near Luray. Of the other two surviving, Lancelot was seven times wounded, and Tandy in every battle with his regiment.

The fathers of these children, old-line Whigs nevertheless, would have sent the last of twenty more children to maintain the well-understood civilized theory of government, as imbibed

by the mother's milk of State rights, the shibboleth between the North and the South; otherwise our *E Pluribus Unum* would be unstable as a rope of sand.

REMINISCENCES ABOUT GENERAL SHERMAN.

The death, which occurred recently in Atlanta, of Mr. John C. Peck, a remarkable octogenarian or nearly so, recalls reminiscences of "Joe Brown's Pikes." These pikes were blades of steel mounted on handles about the size and length of those used for garden hoes. They were intended for the same kind of emergency that the dirks and bowie knives were, which were supplied by thousands to soldiers in the early days of service. These "war togs" were made at Graysville in a stone building that still stands by the Chickamauga River. This event recalls a journey by that place with General Sherman, who remarked on seeing the splendid stone building: "In that house an Englishman made swords for the Confederate army." Other reminiscences are recalled in that connection. In passing the unchanged condition of Chickamauga Station he pointed to a spot where he said that a negro stepped upon a gun that lay in the mud which fired and wounded three of his soldiers.

Another circumstance is recalled that shows how unappreciative he was of our law-abiding people. When the train stopped at Cartersville, there was an assembly of about two hundred men, knowing he was to pass. On seeing the crowd he went out on the platform. There was no demonstration, but as he looked over the crowd one man in the distance said, "General, we have improved since you were here," and he replied promptly: "Yes, we left a clean field for you." Just then the bell rang to start, and he added: "I see you have the same depot, but you put a new roof on it." He was traveling wholly unattended, and this just as the South was emerging from reconstruction. However able this Federal commander, the South will recall in sorrow that he never manifested a spirit of kindness toward the people whose homes he desolated even after the Union was "restored."

AMBROSE M'EVOY, INVENTOR.

Mr. Hayden Church has recently treated the press readers of the country to an intensely interesting article on Charles McEvoy, the young author of "David Ballard," who, the writer predicts, is to be the coming "prophet of the 'new drama.'"

Charles McEvoy's name has peculiar interest for readers of the VETERAN, he being the son of Ambrose McEvoy, once of Virginia, the celebrated inventor of submarine mines and who manufactured many explosives for the Confederate army.

Ambrose McEvoy died in Europe in 1905, and the writer says: "It would be a tragical thing if America knew how her old veterans are living and dying all over Europe." Mr. McEvoy had the wolf more than once approach his door. The life of this remarkable man is filled with stirring incidents. He was a native of Wexford County, Ireland, and went to Baltimore, Md., with his parents in 1828. He ran away from home at the age of sixteen and embarked for Cuba, but was wrecked on the Virginia coast near Cape Henry. Later he was adopted by a wealthy Norfolk family. He joined the militia, and was one of the force who captured John Brown. He told his son in later years that he was permitted to visit the noted abolitionist in his cell. With the outbreak of the war Ambrose entered the service and became a captain in the Confederate army. He numbered Lee, Jackson, and Mosby among his friends, and a Confederate physician named Whistler was also his friend, the relation later leading the inventor to form a friendship with the physician's famous brother, James MacNeill Whistler, which lasted for nearly a half century.

Ambrose McEvoy's first invention was a fuse for the use of shells, and this was brought to the notice of General Lee. "Go and see Brook," was the General's instruction, and the Brook referred to is Colonel Brook, now residing at Virginia Military Institute, at that time in charge of the ordnance department. Mr. Church says: "Brook instantly saw the merit of McEvoy's idea, adopted it forthwith, and shells of the type suggested thereafter were turned out in millions at the Richmond arsenal. It was many months later that McEvoy turned his attention to the problem of submarine mines, which he solved so brilliantly."

He went to England after the war, married, and settled there.

"As the only man who knew anything about submarine mines," says Mr. Church, "he did not lack for attention from the British admiralty, and England is defended to-day by his mercurial circuit closer. Another of Mr. McEvoy's later inventions was the 'Spar' torpedo, which remained in general use until the advent of the 'Whitehead,' and the famous 'Elswick Sights' were also devised by him."

H. C. White, who was a member of the 3d Arkansas Infantry, writes from Crossett, Ark.: "A year or two ago I copied the following from a headstone in the cemetery of the Soldiers' Home at Mountain Creek, Ala., which may interest some VETERAN readers:

'Gabriel Capers,
Company C, 40th Tenn. Regt.;
Died Feb. 11, 1905,
Aged 107.'"

It seems unreasonable that so old a man was in service.

A prominent Confederate of Maryland requests that the VETERAN get the sentiment of Confederate veterans generally on the matter of titles now given to officials of Confederate Veteran Camps. He says: "We have generals, colonels, majors galore. Possibly nearly all were good soldiers; I believe and hope so. Some few I know were not. But the giving of these titles is wrong, all wrong, and should be abolished. It is most confusing to history, and the few gallant generals and colonels who won their titles in battle are overwhelmed and lost sight of in the myriads of new generals and colonels with their wreaths and stars. You will do all of us veterans a favor by having all these imitation titles abolished."

Alex Moore, of Checotah, Okla.: "I was on outpost and scouting duty in all the fighting around Mobile Bay, and I think we had the last brush with General Canby's forces at Eight Mile Creek, east of the river. I was the officer who met Major Perkins (General Canby's adjutant general) and arranged a meeting place for General Canby and General Taylor at Dr. Burden's home, in the village of Citronelle, Ala. Colonel Spence came with an escort with General Taylor, and we together witnessed the surrender to the men we had so long defied. I can think of Colonel Spence only as one of the most gallant soldiers of the cause of self-government and the government established by our revolutionary sires."

GOVERNMENT PENSIONS FOR CONFEDERATES.

BY GEORGE M. JONES, SPRINGFIELD, MO.

Is it possible that anybody could have thought it wrong for a wounded Confederate soldier to accept a drink of water from the canteen of a Union soldier? Surely it was not dishonorable for the men of Lee's army when surrendered at Appomattox to retain the horses "needed to cultivate their crops" when given permission to do so by General Grant.

It was my good fortune to be able to visit historic "Arlington on the Potomac" recently; and of the many points of interest in that wonderful place, the one which retains first place in my memory is the large and well-kept plot of ground devoted to the burial of Confederates, all under the care of the government.

With these thoughts and recollections in mind it seems strange that there should be any opposition to the passage by Congress of law granting a pension to worthy and needy ex-Confederates who might want it. As has been well said, the pension would not be forced on those who did not want it.

I hope never to want or need a pension, but I will not put myself in the way of those who so badly need and who would so gladly receive a pension from the government in the way now open.

MONUMENT TO EMMA SANSOM IN GADSDEN.

The ceremony of dedicating a monument to Emma Sansom at Gadsden, Ala., called forth her version as follows:

"As we got to the top of the hill we saw the rails were already piled on the bridge and were on fire, and the Yankees were in line on the other side guarding it. We turned back toward the house, and had gone but a few steps before we saw a Yankee coming at full speed, and behind were some more men on horses. I heard them shout: 'Halt! and surrender!' The man stopped, threw up his hand, and handed over his gun. The officer to whom the soldier surrendered said: 'Ladies, do not be alarmed; I am General Forrest. I and my men will protect you from harm.' He inquired: 'Where are the Yankees?' Mother said: 'They have set the bridge on fire and are standing in line on the other side; and if you go down that hill, they will kill the last one of you.' By this time our men had come up, and some went out in the field and both sides commenced shooting. We ran to the house, and I got there ahead of all. General Forrest dashed up to the gate and said to me: 'Can you tell me where I can get across that creek?' I told him there was an unsafe bridge about two miles farther down the stream, but that I knew of a trail about two hundred yards above the bridge on our farm where our cows used to cross in low water, and I believed he could get his men over there, and that if he would have my saddle put on a horse I would show him the way. He said: 'There is no time to saddle a horse; get up here behind me.' As he said this he rode close to the bank on the side of the road, and I jumped up behind him. Just as we started off mother came up out of breath and gasped: 'Emma, what do you mean?' General Forrest said: 'She is going to show me a ford where I can get my men over in time to catch those Yankees before they get to Rome. Don't be uneasy; I will bring her back safe.'

"We rode out into a field through which ran a branch or small ravine and along which there was a thick undergrowth that protected us for a while from being seen by the Yankees at the bridge or on the other side of the creek. This branch emptied into the creek just above the ford. When we got close to the creek, I said: 'General Forrest, I think we had better get off the horse, as we are now where we can be seen.' We both got down and crept through the bushes, and when we were right at the ford I happened to be in front. He stepped quickly between me and the Yankees, saying: 'I am glad to have you for a pilot, but I am not going to make breastworks of you.' The cannon and the other guns were firing fast by this time, as I pointed out to him where to go into the water and out on the other bank, and then we went back toward the house. He asked me my name and asked me to give him a lock of my hair. The cannon balls were screaming over us so loud that we were told to leave and hide in some place out of danger, which we did. Soon all the firing stopped, and I started back home. On the way I met General Forrest again, and he told me that he had written a note for me and left it on the bureau. He asked me again for a lock of my hair."

MAJ. GEORGE B. HUNT.

A recent newspaper article says the survivors of the class of '59 at Chapel Hill, N. C., are to have a reunion:

"Chapel Hill was a great educational center for Southern boys before the sixties, and the class of '59 numbered ninety. They were a band of noble young men of the flower of the South. Twenty-six of these survive. One of them, Maj. George B. Hunt, was a native of Washington County, Miss. His earthly career was brief, but was marked by duty nobly done, by faith strongly exemplified, and by courage undismayed during the four years of bloody war, even in the storm of battle.

"Washington County, though sparsely settled at that time, furnished over six hundred men to the Confederate army. The Erin Guards, all Irishmen, was raised and equipped by Capt. G. B. Hunt, who rose to the rank of major by reason of his efficiency as an officer and valor as a soldier. Captain Hunt took his command promptly to the front and took prominent part in the battle of Belmont. From this, his first fight, Captain Hunt pressed on through all the great battles, under General Cleburne mainly, till Cleburne was killed at Franklin.

"Returning to his home after the war, he settled down, as General Lee advised, to build anew the desolate places. Suffering greatly from the effect of two severe wounds received in battle, he yet maintained a cheerful countenance and encouraged all who came near him by his patient continuance in well-doing. Within a decade after Appomattox he succumbed to the effects of wounds, exposure, and overexertion.

"Of over one hundred and twenty-five men he first led, only twelve escaped the marks of war, and far more than half perished on the field of battle. His memory still lives in the hearts of his family, while he rests quietly under the shade of the trees."

CONFEDERATES IN TACOMA, WASH.

The Tacoma Daily Ledger reports: "Interesting reminiscences of experiences as a member of Jefferson Davis's bodyguard were related by Capt. J. C. Weatherred Wednesday night at the Jefferson Davis centenary birthday reunion of Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy in the Tacoma Music Hall. Other stories of 'the late unpleasantness' were related by J. J. Anderson, John B. Fine, J. T. Freeman, Lon Griffith, and Steve W. DeLacey. The programme included a reading by John D. Fletcher, music by Mrs. Libby, and a talk by Attorney Chester. Maunsel Mitchell, a grandnephew of the President of the Confederacy, was present."



"Go to thy rest well earned, thou noble soul!
We hold thy memory green and praise thy name;
Won is the goal, and paradise thy gain,
Leaving a legacy of love and fame!"

NEIL A. McDONALD.

Entering the Confederate army when barely sixteen years of age, Neil McDonald first joined Capt. Kit Allen's company at Edinburg, Miss., about September 1, 1863, and stayed with them until early in 1864. This company had been detailed to gather up the hogs and cattle that had been left in the Big Black and Sunflower river bottoms by the people who had refugeed. At one time they drove one thousand hogs to Demopolis, Ala., and turned them over to the government agents. When that work was finished, the company broke up. Captain Allen was killed afterwards by falling from his horse in Meridian, Miss. Young McDonald then went to Shuqualak, Miss., and joined Company A of the 13th Mississippi Regiment of Cavalry. They went from there to Big Black, Miss., and were in the campaigns around Vicksburg and Jackson, but were not in the siege of Vicksburg. Sherman chased them from there to Meridian, Miss., and they in turn followed him back to Vicksburg, where they were ordered to the Army of Tennessee, which they joined at Dalton, Ga. They were in the battles and campaigns around Atlanta, and from here they were ahead of Sherman on his march to the sea.

Comrade McDonald was surrendered at Ninety-Six, S. C., in May, 1865. He went to Texas immediately after the war. He was a member of Matt Ashcroft Camp, U. C. V., of Sulphur Springs, and was buried under the auspices of his comrades. He had been an invalid for more than a year before death came to his relief on February 14, 1908.

MAJ. WILLIAM M. McGREGOR.

(From a tribute by H. H. Matthews, Pikesville, Md.)

The death of Maj. William M. McGregor, of the Stuart Horse Artillery, A. N. V., is announced. Major McGregor joined the gallant Pelham-Breathed Battery, S. H. A., on their organization near Centerville, Va., November 14, 1861. He, John Pelham, and others were members of an Alabama regiment of infantry at the commencement of the War between the States. They went to Virginia in time to participate in the first battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861. Capt. John Pelham applied for a transfer from his command to the Stuart Horse Artillery that was being recruited and organized at Centerville, Va. When the battery had received its quota of men and orders came from the War Department, young William M. McGregor was elected as junior first lieutenant and James Breathed senior first lieutenant, with the gallant Pelham as their leader. The history of the celebrated battery is well known. It was in eighty-seven engagements.

Lieutenant McGregor was with Pelham and Breathed when Capt. John Pelham received the star of a major of artillery. The 8-gun battery was divided, forming a battalion of two 4-gun batteries, Lieut. James Breathed being captain of one battery and Lieut. William M. McGregor of the other. McGregor and his battery figured in every campaign in which the Army of Northern Virginia participated, operating with Gen. W. H. F. Lee's Brigade. In 1864 Captain McGregor was promoted to major of Horse Artillery, and continued in that capacity until the close of the war, when he returned the guns to the Federals from whom they were captured at Manassas in August, 1862.

At the close of the struggle Major McGregor moved from Alabama to Texas and engaged in business, gaining the love and admiration of all who came in contact with him. About a year ago he was stricken with paralysis while visiting his son. He was afterwards removed to his home, at Cameron, where he passed away, aged about seventy years.

It was my privilege and great pleasure to have known the gallant soldier intimately and to have been classed as one of his friends. When he first came to the battery, we messed together and slept in the same tent. He had a pleasant manner and a most lovely disposition. I was attracted to him by his manly ways, his utter abhorrence of anything that was deceitful or of self-glorification. He, like Breathed, was simple and plain in his habits, easy to approach, loving his soldiers as he did his life. I pay this tribute to the brilliant artillery officer, who always nobly led his heroic men into the very gate of death itself.

VEN. HARRY CASSIL.

Rev. V. Harry Cassil, rector of St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Hardinsville, Ga., died suddenly on May 9. Mr. Cassil had been in a declining state of health for some time, though he was as well as usual the night previous. His sudden death was due to a weak heart.

Mr. Cassil was born at Marysville, Ohio, January 10, 1838, and was in his seventy-first year. He graduated from Ohio Wesleyan University of Law and Theology in 1859. He engaged in newspaper work, and for twenty-one years was an editor, filling positions on a number of leading daily Democratic papers in some of the Western States. He was a Confederate soldier, and served in the 1st Missouri Cavalry under General Price in 1861. He was badly wounded in the battle at Pea Ridge. Last June, though quite a sick man, he and his wife attended the Reunion at Richmond, Va.; and had he lived, they would have been at Birmingham.

He was ordained deacon in 1885 and priest in 1886 by Bishop Alex C. Gregg at Bryan, Tex.; was rector of the Church at Calvert, Tex., with adjoining missions, 1885-90; of San Angelo and Brownwood, Tex., 1890-93; of St. Andrew's, Fort Worth, Tex., 1893-96; of the Church at Sanford, Fla., 1896-97; vicar of the missions in Camden County, Ga., 1897-99; Archdeacon of Savannah, with residence at Brunswick, Ga., 1899 to 1907; and Archdeacon of Macon, with residence in Hawkinsville, 1907-08.

Comrade Cassil was a prominent Mason and also a Past Grand Patron of the O. E. S. of Georgia. Mr. Cassil was a companionable gentleman, and those who knew him best esteemed him most.

He is survived by his wife (formerly Miss Jennie Smith, to whom he was married in 1876) and three children (Mrs. Juanita Burbridge and Mrs. Leila Woodcock, of Jacksonville, Fla., and Mr. Reginald Cassil, of Hardinsville, Ga.).

The following local organizations attended the funeral in bodies: The Veterans, the U. D. C., the O. E. S., and the Masons.

Capt. R. C. Gunter.

On the morning of April 4, 1907, Capt. R. C. Gunter, of Bridgeport, Ala., passed from this life into the great beyond. He was a prominent citizen of that place and a man of strong character and high principles. He was born near where he was laid to rest, in Jackson County, in May, 1846, the son of Augustus Gunter, who went to that community in 1821 from Warren County, Tenn. He married Elizabeth Hobbs, and to them were born three sons: W. M., R. C., and John H. Gunter.



CAPTAIN GUNTER.

Captain Gunter entered the Confederate service with Company H, 4th Tennessee, and served throughout the war except while in prison at Camp Morton. For a long while he served as scout under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, and it was just such a lad as he that the Federals found in Sam Davis. He came out of the war penniless and with no opportunity for education; but his success from humble beginnings was greater than that of many others with better opportunities. He was long associated with the steamboat traffic of the Tennessee River, in which he gained his title. Many splendid crafts were built and operated by him. His excellent business sagacity brought him a fortune, yet his purse was always open to the calls of humanity.

In 1878 Captain Gunter was married to Miss Fannie Johnson, daughter of Dr. J. R. Johnson, of Lebanon, Ala., who survives him.

Capt. Frank Duffy.

After a lingering illness, Capt. Frank Duffy died at his home, in Guthrie, Ky., on May 29, 1908. He was the son of Col. Francis Duffy, who came to this country from Ireland. He was a man of very brilliant mental attainments, and for many years had been in the newspaper business in Tennessee and Kentucky. During that time he edited the Vidette at Hartsville, Tenn., the Franklin Patriot at Franklin, Ky., and the Chronicle at Clarksville, Tenn. He was one of the few remaining forty-niners. He was born in 1829 at Hartsville, Tenn., where he spent his boyhood and early manhood, though the greater part of his life was spent at Guthrie.

When the war broke out, Captain Duffy enlisted in the 30th Tennessee Infantry in 1861, and served with distinction during the entire war. He enlisted in Capt. B. G. Bidwell's company at Springfield, was given the rank of captain, and appointed quartermaster of the regiment until after the battle of Shiloh, when he was assigned to various duties in the quartermaster's department under Colonel O'Bannon. When the 3d Regiment of Engineer Troops was organized in Atlanta, Captain Duffy was appointed captain of the Engineer Corps, in which capacity he served until the close of the war. During the later years of his life he followed the profession of surveyor and civil engineer, being one of the finest ever in that section of country. He was also a notary public. He is survived by his second wife.

Capt. Fred Wolf.

From the resolutions passed by Company A, Confederate Veterans of Memphis, Tenn., in honor of Capt. Fred Wolf, long a member of the Company, the following are extracts:

"Fred Wolf was born in Hesse Darmstadt, Germany, April 26, 1835, and designed by education for the ministry; but he early joined the tide of immigration westward, and at the age of seventeen had arrived in New York City. From there he went to Memphis, Tenn., in 1857, in which city he joined the Washington Rifles and was made its second sergeant. Early in the war this company became a part of the 15th Tennessee Infantry. Soon after the consolidation of this regiment with the 35th Tennessee at Hoover's Gap Comrade Wolf was appointed by the Secretary of War as assistant quartermaster with rank of captain, and he cherished his commission until the day of his death. He participated in many important battles—Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Perryville—and on the Atlanta campaign he had charge of all the ambulances of General Bate's Division, acquitting himself with highest credit under perilous and trying circumstances. Later on he was assigned to McCausland's Brigade, with which he served to the end.

"Returning to Memphis after the surrender, he became a part of the life of that city, entering actively into the work of the Confederate Relief and Historic Association, of which he was an early member along with Jefferson Davis, Bedford Forrest, and other distinguished patriots. He was also an active and enthusiastic member of Company A from its organization, and with it attended many of the Confederate Reunions.

"By nature Comrade Wolf was genial and companionable, and was much beloved by all who knew him. He was married in 1868 to Mrs. Minna Pretzel, of which marriage there are four children surviving."

Maj. Andrew J. Furr.

The John B. Clark Camp, U. C. V., of Fayette, Mo., reports the passing of a beloved comrade and ex-Commander, Maj. Andrew J. Furr, one of its most enthusiastic and devoted members. He made a gallant, fearless soldier, and as a Virginia gentleman was a typical representative of that people.

YOUNGBLOOD.—G. W. Youngblood died on November 7, 1907, at his home, in Stotts City, Mo., aged sixty-four years. He was born in Warren County, Tenn., in 1843, and in 1862 enlisted in the Confederate army under Gen. N. B. Forrest as a member of Company A, 11th Tennessee Cavalry, serving until the close of the war. He took part in many battles, some of which were Chickamauga, Vicksburg, and Lookout Mountain. At the close of the war he returned home without having received a wound or been a prisoner. He was married in 1870, and in 1874 removed his family to Arkansas, thence in 1876 to North Missouri, residing at Golden City until 1888, when he removed his family to Stotts City.

EDWARDS.—Sergeant S. T. Edwards died at his home, in Saluda, S. C., on the 10th of April, in his seventy-third year. He served during the war in Company D, 19th Regiment, S. C. V., Manigault's Brigade, Army of the West; was four times wounded in the engagements around Atlanta, his leg being crushed below the knee. He was captured and his leg amputated by the Federals. An impressive sight was his casket being borne by his four brothers and four sons to his last resting place between the lines of veterans standing with uncovered heads. He was buried in the cemetery of historic old Red Bank Church, where he had for thirty-two years been its Sunday school superintendent.

GRIMMETTE.—Robert H. Grimmette was born in Chattooga County, Ga., in 1835; and died at his home, near Little Rock, Ark., on November 4, 1907. At the beginning of the war he enlisted in the first company raised in Summerville, Ga., afterwards Company G, of the 9th Georgia, and was offered promotion before taking the field, but preferred to remain a private. The regiment was ordered to Virginia, and arrived on the field of Manassas as the Federals were retreating. After a furlough on account of illness, he served the latter part of the war in Monroe's noted cavalry regiment, Cabell's Brigade. He was in Price's memorable raid through Missouri.

MCBRYDE.—Sergeant John A. McBryde, First Lieutenant of Camp 342, New Albany, Miss., died on February 16, of apoplexy. Born in Alabama in 1839, he was taken by his parents to Mississippi when three years old; and he served the Confederacy from that State as a member of the 2d Mississippi Volunteer Infantry, being orderly sergeant of his company. He was captured at Gettysburg, and spent the remainder of the war at Fort Delaware. After the war, he was a farmer with the exception of two terms when he served as sheriff of Union County. He was a noble, big-hearted man, and beloved by all who knew him.

GRAY.—H. T. Gray, member of Breckinridge Camp, U. C. V., Danville, Ky., passed to his reward February 3, 1907. He was born in Harrodsburg County in 1837, and enlisted in Company K, Forrest's Regiment, at Memphis, Tenn., in October, 1861. After the battle of Perryville, he was transferred to Morgan's command, 3d Kentucky Regiment, under Col. Dick Gano. He was captured in Ohio in 1863, exchanged, and at the close of the war received his honorable discharge.

BEALL.—Thomaston, Ga., has met with a great loss in the death of Mr. W. X. Beall, who died in April near the place of his birth at the age of sixty-five. Mr. Beall was a valiant Confederate soldier, a faithful friend, and a man whose influence in the community where he lived was daily exerted for the good of his fellow-man.

BRIGHTMAN.—W. M. Brightman was born in Albany, N. Y., in 1828; and died in Hayneville, Ala., in January, 1908. He enlisted in Company M, 5th Alabama Regiment, Battle's Brigade, A. N. V., and served continuously until the surrender at Appomattox. His war record showed that he was a loyal patriot, and as a citizen in times of peace he proved himself ever ready to suffer the same sacrifices.



JOHN M. WEIGLE.

In the death of Adjutant John M. Weigle, November 20, 1907, Camp 435, U. C. V., Augusta, Ga., lost one of its most devoted and honored members. Though born in Baltimore, Md., he had lived in Augusta from early boyhood. At the first call to arms, in 1861, he enlisted in Company I, 1st Georgia Regiment, and served gallantly in the West Virginia campaign under Garnett, Lee, Loring, and Stonewall Jackson, bearing bravely his share in the fighting at Belington, Laurel Hill, Cheat Mountain, Greenbrier River, and Bath, and suffering all privations of the Laurel Hill retreat. After the 1st Georgia was mustered out, he served as orderly sergeant in Maj. George T. Jackson's Battalion, participating in Griswoldville, East Macon, Honey Hill, and other battles on the Carolina coast. During the forty years since the Southern flag was furled his devotion to memories of the old days was unremitting; he never missed a reunion of his comrades, and for years his leisure had been devoted to conducting a Confederate department in the Augusta Chronicle.

As soldier, as citizen, as friend, as city officer, as an honored Church official, he was faithful in public station and in private life to every charge committed to his care. Gentle and loving and genial, the fragrance of his kindly deeds and loyal, consecrated life will linger as a tender, loving memory for years to come.

GEORGE WASHINGTON COCHRAN.

Comrade G. W. Cochran died at his home, in Newton, N. C., on March 15, in his sixty-seventh year. He served the Southern Confederacy with loyalty and bravery as second lieutenant of Company G, 37th North Carolina Infantry, the sergeant of which was his twin brother, Francis Marion Cochran, who was killed in the battle of Chancellorsville. In this same battle G. W. Cochran lost his leg, and for a number of years after the war was unable to work. He was elected Register of Deeds for Catawba County, and served sixteen years with ability and satisfaction. A widow and seven children survive him.

Comrade Cochran answered the call of the South early, and throughout life carried her cause in his heart. He was ever a friend of the old soldier; and though a man of slender means, he was always ready to divide with his comrades.



CAPT. GEORGE MONROE AUTREY.

George M. Autrey was born near Salem, Tippah County, Miss.; and died at Rockport, Tex., in February, 1907. He was left an orphan at an early age. He enlisted for the Confederacy in March, 1862, at Salem, Miss., joining a company of which Ben Lax was captain, and which afterwards became a part of the 34th Mississippi Infantry in Anderson's Brigade under Beauregard. From Corinth it was with General Bragg on his Kentucky campaign. After returning to Tennessee, the regiment was placed in Walthall's Brigade. Comrade Autrey was continuously with his command until captured in the "battle above the clouds," Lookout Mountain, in November, 1863. He was in prison at Rock Island until March 13, 1865, when he was exchanged. He received a furlough a few days later, but before he reached home General Lee had surrendered.

Comrade Autrey was married at Chewalla, Tenn., in December, 1857, to Miss Angelina E. Wilson, who, with eight children, survives him. He removed with his family to Texas in 1869, settling near Houston. Removing afterwards to Guadalupe County, he served for many years as sheriff; and in 1895 he made his home at Kenedy, Karnes County, residing there until death.

WIGGINTON.—Dr. James D. Wigginton, of Summit Point, W. Va., passed into perfect rest on the 11th of February, known and loved by a large circle of friends. He was born in December, 1840, and had lived in Jefferson County all his life. He served during the whole war in Company D, 6th Virginia Cavalry, and was a member of the J. E. B. Stuart Camp, U. C. V., and prominent in all its undertakings.

TIPTON.—Pleas Tipton was born March 8, 1834; and died February 26, 1908, at Dyersburg, Tenn. He enlisted in the Confederate army in April, 1861, under Capt. (later Gen.) O. F. Strahl, 4th Tennessee Regiment, Cheatham's Brigade. He was afterwards transferred to Forrest's Cavalry, with which he served to the end, and was honorably paroled at the surrender in 1865.

BUTTS.—Baker V. Butts died at Enfield, N. C., in February. He was a veteran of the war, having served with an honorable record from the beginning of hostilities as a member of the 23d North Carolina Regiment, Ransom's Brigade, until desperately wounded at Plymouth in April, 1864. He recovered from his wounds, but was a cripple for life; and after a stroke of paralysis several years ago, he became an invalid and failed rapidly. He is survived by one daughter.

"If we could push ajar the gates of life
And all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery find there a key"

COMRADES IN OKLAHOMA ANSWER.

From William L. Byrd Camp, U. C. V., Ada, Okla., comes report of the loss of three more comrades who, "worn out by the labors of the day, have retired from the battlefield of life to take their well-earned rest in the silent bivouac of departed heroes:"

J. R. Lawrence, Captain Thompson's company, 1st Choctaw Regiment. He was Commander of W. L. Byrd Camp.

W. A. Golden, Company C, Marlin's Artillery.

J. M. Chronister, Company B, 15th Arkansas Regiment.

MOTES.—Mr. Allan Motes, who died at Laurens, S. C., in April, 1908, was ninety-five years of age, and among his papers was found proof of his enlistment in the Confederate army at the age of fifty years. When he volunteered for service in 1862, he was assigned to Company B, 9th Regiment, 1st Corps, South Carolina Reserves.

CAPT. WILLIAM BROUN.

Capt. William Broun, who died in Washington, D. C., on May 15, was of a distinguished colonial family having their home for about three hundred years in Northumberland County, Va., to which place he was taken for interment in the ancestral burial ground. He leaves a wife, son, and daughter.

At the outbreak of the Civil War Captain Broun was a student at the University of Virginia. He returned home and immediately entered the Confederate army in 1861, serving in the 47th Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Jackson's command, and also as assistant adjutant and inspector general of Breckinridge's Brigade, Heth's Division, Hill's Corps, A. N. V. He was captured at Cold Harbor in 1864 and sent to Johnson's Island, from which prison he was paroled in June, 1865. As Adjutant of the Charles Broadway Rouss Camp, U. C. V., of Washington, Captain Broun had served faithfully from the date of its organization, in 1898.

Clarence C. Olney.

Clarence Crosby Olney, Sr., Confederate veteran, Assistant Treasurer of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Company, died from heart disease at Charleston, S. C., March 7, 1908. Mr. Olney, who was for many years prominent in financial and educational affairs in Charleston and connected with its railroad interests over forty years, was a native of that city, where he was born in 1843. He came from a fighting family, his paternal ancestors being famous Indian fighters in colonial times; and his grandfather, Capt. Stephen Olney, of the first Rhode Island Continental Line, was the gallant leader of the assault on the last British redoubt at Yorktown. His father, George Washington Olney, for sixty years a merchant of Charleston, served in the War of 1812.

When the War between the States broke out, Mr. Clarence C. Olney was at school, and he promptly forsook his books to volunteer for the Confederate cause and was sent into the field. His most important army service was with the Palmetto Guard of Charleston in the operations around that city from February, 1862, to April 25, 1865, the date of the final surrender. After the war he went into the service of the Charleston and Savannah Railroad, and when that road became insolvent was appointed its receiver by the courts. It was in 1876, while administering the affairs of the receivership in Savannah, that the fatal yellow fever epidemic of that year broke out there, and, sticking to his post, he devoted his entire time to the succor of the sick, earning the repeated manifestations of the gratitude of that community and almost becoming a victim of the scourge himself. Subsequently he was appointed General Freight Agent at Charleston of the Atlantic Coast Line, and in 1893 Treasurer of the Northeastern Railroad Company, which afterwards became a part of the Atlantic Coast Line System. On the enlargement and reorganization of the system he was appointed Assistant Treasurer at Charleston, holding the place until his death.

He was Vice Commander of the Palmetto Guard Veteran Corps, and at his funeral services, which were held at St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church, Charleston, of which he was senior warden, the honorary pallbearers represented the Veteran Corps, the Church, and the various business interests with which he was connected. He was a brother of the late Capt. Hiram Bartlett Olney, of the 25th South Carolina Regiment, a sketch of whom appeared in the Confederate Veteran of June, 1906, and of Sergeant Alfred L. Olney, of the same regiment, who died at Richmond after the shelling of Petersburg in 1864.

William M. Brightman.

W. M. Brightman was born in New York City in 1828, but went to Alabama in 1850, locating at Hayneville, in Lowndes County. When the war came on, he joined Company K, 5th Alabama, as a private; but for three years he was orderly sergeant of his company, and commanded it after the commissioned officers had been killed or wounded. His service was in the Virginia Army under Gordon and Stonewall Jackson, and he participated in the battles of Seven Pines, Malvern Hill, Second Manassas, Antietam, Gettysburg, Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg, and the Shenandoah Valley campaign, and was always ready for duty.

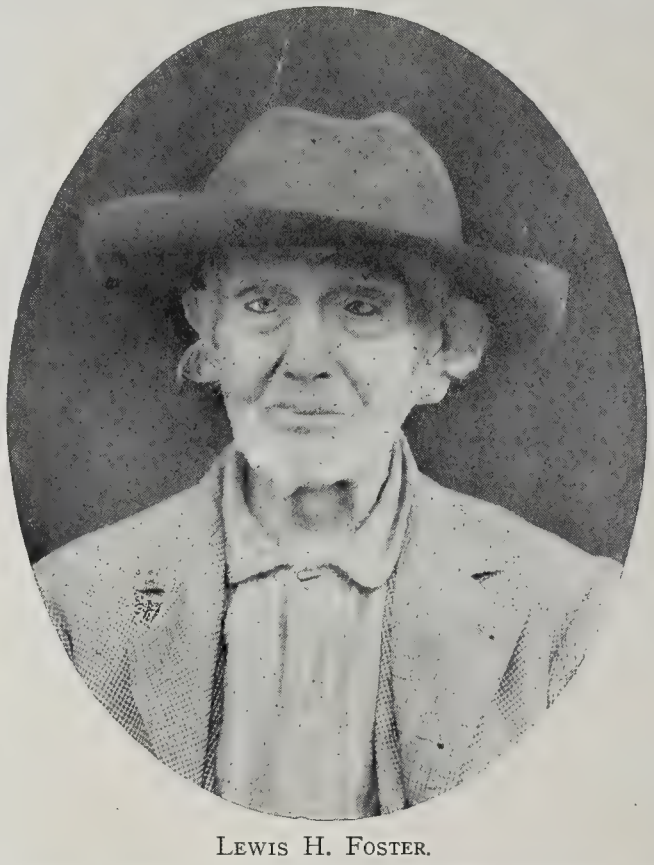
Returning home after the war, Comrade Brightman resumed his business as a merchant, and his name was a synonym of honor and integrity. A devout Christian, he endeared himself to all by his unostentatious benevolence and charity, and in his death Lowndes County lost one of its noblest citizens. He was married in 1856 to Miss Mary Tobler, of Mobile, and leaves a large family of children who are among the best citizens of the county.

Deaths of Comrades at Hillsboro, Tex.

Hill County Camp, U. C. V., of Hillsboro, Tex., reports deaths during the past year of the following members, all noble men and citizens: Lieut. Joe Abbott, Company B, 12th Texas Cavalry; W. T. Allison, Company A, 45th Tennessee; W. L. Booth, Company A, 12th Texas Cavalry; Dr. A. M. Douglas, Company I, 18th Texas; James A. Hill, Company A, 3d Missouri; F. M. McNary, Company H, 18th Texas; Capt. R. M. Williams, Company A, 10th Alabama; J. J. Elliott, Company I, 18th Texas.

Mr. Charles E. Cantzon.

Charles Eugene Cantzon was born on March 18, 1841, in the city of New Orleans, the son of Henry F. Cantzon, of South Carolina, of Huguenot ancestry. His mother was Eliza Ann Paxton, of Philadelphia, granddaughter of Col. James Paxton, an officer of the American Revolution and a member of the Order of Cincinnati. Charles Cantzon enlisted in the third company of the Orleans Cadets, which was later attached to the 18th Regiment of Louisiana Volunteers. He served throughout the war and was paroled on the 6th of June, 1865. His service was under A. S. Johnston, Beauregard, Bragg, and with Dick Taylor's command in Western Louisiana.



Lewis H. Foster.

A veteran of two wars was our venerable comrade, Lewis H. Foster—that with Mexico and the one between the States—and of him an extended sketch was given in the November (1906) Veteran. During his service for the Confederacy he was a member of the North Carolina Battalion of Light Infantry, J. W. Moore commanding, and during the entire war he did not miss a roll call and asked for but one furlough. Death came to him on February 23, surrounded by friends and kindred. As truly was he a veteran of the Lord's army, having been a devoted Christian for over sixty years.

J. H. Myers.

Comrade J. H. Myers died recently at Tracy City, Tenn., at the age of seventy-one years. The local paper, Mrs. Grundy, says of him: "'Uncle Jack,' as he was familiarly known, was well liked by all and was one of the few surviving Confederate veterans of this county. He served in the 16th Tennessee Regiment in the War between the States, and was classed by his comrades as a brave and true soldier. He was ever active in perpetuating the memory of the Confederacy. He was the father of a large family—five sons and three daughters—all of whom and his widow survive him. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. P. Luton, who paid a beautiful tribute to the memory of the deceased."



Maj. William H. Etheredge.

Maj. William H. Etheredge is dead! A Christian hero has passed from earth to eternity! This was no ordinary man, for he fulfilled all the requirements of a clean and true life. He was a faithful, fearless, and magnanimous soldier of the South. He was born on July 27, 1820, near Great Bridge, in Norfolk County, Va.; and died in Norfolk June 3, 1908. He left his farm and family in 1861 to be a soldier, and was elected captain of a splendid company of riflemen, leading it in war until he was promoted to be major of the 41st Infantry Regiment of Mahone's famous brigade.

His first active duty with his company was to guard the Portsmouth Navy Yard while the Virginia was being constructed out of the wreck of the Merrimac. This was a most important mission, for spies and incendiaries were at hand ready for the opportunity to destroy the monster of war, having in view the large reward from the Federal government; but the vigilance of Major Etheredge kept them from her decks, and five attempts to burn the navy yard were frustrated during his service on this mission.

He fought with his company and regiment in the Army of Northern Virginia in all its great battles from the Peninsula to Appomattox, where he surrendered. Everywhere he was a true and brave officer. He was highly complimented for gallantry at Seven Pines by Col. John R. Chambliss, and his courage was conspicuous in the bloody charge of the Crater.

When the war closed, he returned to his native county and gave his unfaltering energies to rebuilding his home. He was a devoted husband, a loving father, a citizen of noble purpose, and a Christian of humble heart. He was stricken with paralysis and lingered long from its stroke, bearing his pains with fortitude and praying unceasingly for God's care. His life passed out as a breath of wind in the June morning.

Reuben M. Martin.

Reuben M. Martin entered into rest at his home, in Rienzi, Miss., on January 2, 1908, after an illness of several months. He was born in Marion County, Ala., in 1840, removing with his family to Rienzi, Miss., when seven years of age. From there he enlisted in the Confederate army under Col. Robert Lowry, of the 32d Mississippi Regiment, serving with Company A, and with this command he participated in most of the fighting under Bragg, Johnston, and Hood. Just before the surrender he was captured at Atlanta and carried to Camp Chase, remaining in prison till the close of the war.

He returned home to take up life with only a stout heart and a resolute purpose to succeed. He was married to Miss Jane Rowland on June 13, 1865, and lived happily with her until death separated them. Children, grandchildren, and many friends mourn their loss.

John E. Best.

John E. Best was born in the State of New York, and went to Arkansas County, Ark., just before the war and settled at St. Charles, on White River. When the war broke out, he was the first man to enlist under Capt. Robert H. Crockett when organizing Company H, 1st Arkansas Infantry, and he served throughout the war, participating in many severe battles east of the Mississippi.

He returned to St. Charles after the war, and resided there until his death, on the 2d of March, 1908, except for the few months he was in the Confederate Home at Little Rock. Comrade Best was seventy-seven years old, and left no relatives in this country.

Maj. Robert L. McWhorter.

One of the oldest of our Georgia veterans, Maj. R. L. McWhorter, died at his home, Woodville, near Athens, on May 20, aged eighty-nine years. He became prominent in early life, and from 1845 until 1861 he served in the Georgia Legislature as Representative and Senator.

He promptly enlisted in the cause of the South when the war began, raising a company for the 3d Regiment, and he made a gallant soldier. He was later promoted to major and attached to the staff of Gen. A. R. Wright. He was noted for kindness to his men. After the war he again entered the legislative life of his State, but retired some thirty years ago.

Capt. R. P. Alexander.

Died in Scotland Neck, N. C., February 7, Dr. Robert Park Alexander, in his seventieth year. He was a son of the Hon. Mark Alexander, of Mecklenburg County, Va., and entered the service of the Confederacy as a first lieutenant in the 14th Virginia Infantry, his company being one of the first to go from Mecklenburg County. He was soon made captain of the company, and later was in the 3d Cavalry and Signal Corps.

Lieut. Col. West Steever.

Lieut. Col. West Steever, who died at his home, in Washington, D. C., in September, 1907, was of a distinguished, wealthy, and influential family of Louisiana, and prior to the war he was a resident of New Orleans. He was appointed second lieutenant Southern Cadets, Louisiana Militia, April 30, 1861, and later first lieutenant of Company C, 7th Louisiana Infantry. He became major of the Jackson Regiment, Louisiana Infantry. He was lieutenant colonel of Walker's Confederate Infantry, and still later lieutenant colonel commanding a battalion of artillery in May, 1862. When lieutenant colonel and chief of artillery of Forney's Division, he was taken prisoner at Vicksburg, Miss., July 4, 1863, but was paroled the next day. In May, 1864, he was lieutenant colonel and acting inspector general at Rome, Ga. In early life Colonel Steever had shown his fitness for a military career, and was sent to France for his education.

He was Commander of the Charles Broadway Rouss Camp, U. C. V., of Washington, for something over a year, and took active part in the efforts of this Camp to establish the Confederate section at Arlington Cemetery, and it was among these comrades that he was laid to rest. He had also been active in securing the appropriation by Congress toward caring for the graves of Confederate dead in the North.

James A. Lathrop.

At the first call to arms, in 1861, James A. Lathrop on January 9, 1861, volunteered at Newberry, S. C., for the Confederacy under Capt. Whitfield Walker, who took his company to Charleston, S. C., and united with Maxey Gregg's First Regiment, S. C. V. They assisted in building forts and batteries until after the surrender of Fort Sumter. He was then transferred to the Virginia forces, remaining at Richmond and Fairfax C. H. until the expiration of his six months' term of service. Upon the reorganization of his company he was one of the first to reënlist for three years or the war. He remained with his command—absent only when wounded, always ready for any duty in camp or on the firing line—until the surrender at Appomattox. His recent death has left a gap in the ranks of his comrades at Newberry, where he was Lieutenant Commander of Stonewall Jackson Camp and one of its most active and zealous members.

James S. Miller.

Of the many faithful and true soldiers of the Confederacy, James S. Miller was excelled by none in his devotion to the cause for which he offered his life. He was born in Lowndes County, Miss., in 1827; but when very young his parents removed to Oktibbeha County, where he grew to manhood and where he lived to a ripe old age. He enlisted for the Confederacy in March, 1862, in a company which became a part of the 35th Mississippi Regiment. As he performed the duties of a soldier in war, no less did his after life in peace exhibit the same qualities of faithfulness.

Comrade Miller's third wife survives him.

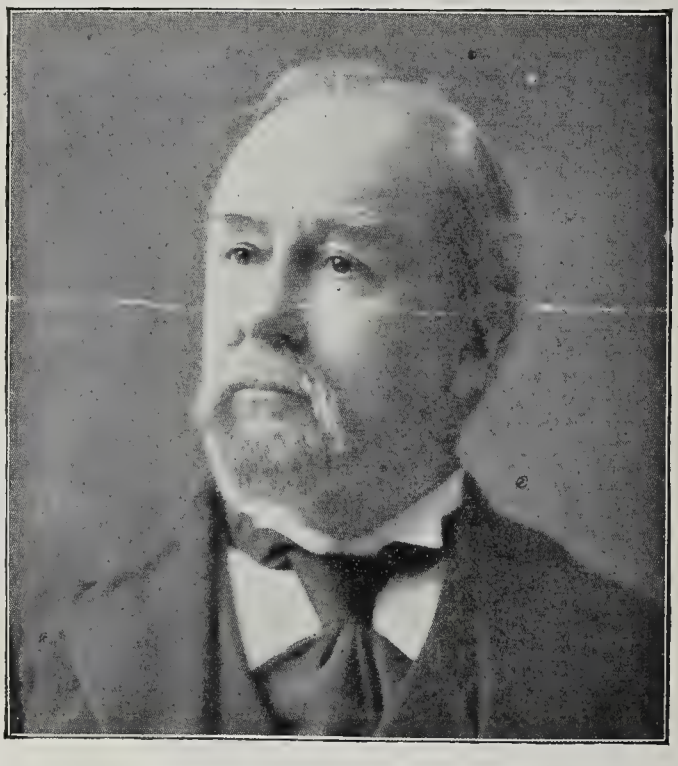
James K. P. Holcomb.

James K. P. Holcomb, one of the old and honorable citizens of Graves County, Ky., died at his home, in Mayfield, on the 16th of March. He was born in Maury County, Tenn., in 1840, and served in the Confederate army as a member of the 1st Tennessee Cavalry, making a brave and gallant soldier. He went to Kentucky immediately after the war.

Just a week after the death of this comrade his devoted wife died, leaving two sons and a daughter.

James Williams.

James Williams, County Treasurer at Austin, Tex., died on the 28th of May. He was born in Travis County, Tex., in 1842, and enlisted in Company C, 1st Texas Regiment, Hood's Brigade, with which brigade he was identified up to the battle of Knoxville, Tenn., where he was severely wounded and captured. He lost his leg from this wound, and was still a prisoner at Camp Chase when the war closed. Though he never acquired much worldly goods, he was rich in the esteem of his fellow-citizens, who honored him with the office of Tax Assessor and then of County Treasurer for many years. He reared a large and highly respected family.



William Ashmead Courtenay.

Capt. W. A. Courtenay, one of the best-known of South Carolina's sons, died at his home, in Columbia, March 19, 1908. He was born in Charleston, S. C., February 4, 1831, and during his life was a valuable patron of art and literature.

Captain Courtenay was practically the founder of the South Carolina Historical Commission, and up to a few months of his death he was the leader in the work of preserving the historical records of the State. It was due to him that the department was finally recognized by the General Assembly and an office established in the State Capitol.

From early manhood Mr. Courtenay was an enthusiastic member of the Washington Light Infantry. He was among the first to respond to the call to arms at the commencement of the war, serving with fidelity in South Carolina and Virginia and rising to the rank of captain.

Jacob Whitley.

Jacob Whitley died on the morning of February 22 at his home, in Ocilla, Ga. He was born and reared in Irwin County, Ga., and made a gallant soldier of the Southern cause, serving through the entire war as a member of Company F, 49th Georgia Regiment, Thomas's Brigade, Hill's Corps, A. N. V., and surrendering with his command at Appomattox. Although in many battles he escaped with but one slight wound, received in the battle of the Wilderness. He was an honored member of Irwin County Camp, U. C. V.

OTHER WORDS FOR DIXIE.

[In the VETERAN for March, 1904, Hon. Joseph M. Brown, of Marietta, now the nominee for Governor of Georgia, wrote the following words to be sung to the tune of "Dixie."]

Comrades, hear the war drum rattle;
Trumpets, too, call to the battle.
Ho, awake! Ho, awake!
Ho, awake, Dixie land!
The voice of Justice cries: "I need you!"
Honor shouts: "Southrons, I'll lead you!"
Ho, awake! Ho, awake!
Ho, awake, Dixie land!

Chorus.

I'm glad I live in Dixie,
Ho, awake! Ho, awake!
In Dixie's land I'll take my stand
To live or die in Dixie.
I will live, I will live,
I will live for God and Dixie.

Hark, the words of proud Oppression,
"Sunny land, Glory's possession."
Ho, awake! Ho, awake!
Ho, awake, Dixie land!
"Thy white cotton fields, I crave them,
Thy mounts rich with gold, I'll have them."
Ho, awake! Ho, awake!
Ho, awake, Dixie land!

Right, which God withholds from no man;
Purity, jewel of woman.
Ho, awake! Ho, awake!
Ho, awake, Dixie land!
Clasp ye hands before the altar,
Swear that ye will never falter.
Ho, awake! Ho, awake!
Ho, awake, Dixie land!

Rouse, ye sons of might and duty;
Wake, ye daughters, types of beauty.
Ho, awake! Ho, awake!
Ho, awake, Dixie land!
Strike, ye brave, like bolts of thunder!
Fair ones, work till foes shall wonder!
Ho, awake! Ho, awake!
Ho, awake, Dixie land!

Hark, the shouts of triumph ringing!
Hark, the pæans fair ones singing!
Ho, awake! Ho, awake!
Ho, awake, Dixie land!
"God of justice, thou hast blessed us!
God in holy love e'er rest us!"
Ho, awake! Ho, awake!
Ho, awake, Dixie land!



MISS ROBERTA FISHER, PENSACOLA, FLA.,
Maid of Honor Florida Division, U. C. V.



FLORENCE LOUISE WEYRICH.

This fair girl is a granddaughter of A. G. Peterson, Past Commander of Ransom Post, G. A. R., St. Louis, and Past Department Commander of Missouri G. A. R. Little Miss Weyrich took one of the leading parts in an entertainment given by the St. Louis ladies who are raising funds for a monument to the Confederate dead of Missouri.

Miss Florence Peterson, his daughter, very popular in Nashville, took an active part for a Confederate cause in this city some weeks ago. The real American soldiers of gentle birth who fought for the Union have ever entertained such sentiments as are shown by the two generations following this genial comrade.

TRIBUTE TO A GOOD MAN.

The recent sudden death of Mr. J. K. Robinson, brother of Mr. A. H. Robinson, of Nashville, at his country place in Connecticut, was a shock to many friends. Mr. Robinson was a man of large affairs, yet his wealth did not prevent a kindly interest in behalf of the less fortunate. One of these, a neighbor, who had been benefited by many of his deeds of kindness, wrote:

"The shadow has left our dial
And a cloud is on the sun,
And death demands our master,
But Heaven's will be done.

Self on him had no bondage;
He left no debt to pride;
He knew his poorest workman
With rich men by his side.

Disinterested kindness
And hidden acts of love
Crowned wealth's responsibility
With blessings from above.

There was blended in his nature
The Godhead's humble plan;
He was ever human master
Unto his fellow-man."

—*T. L. Craik.*

SEEKS HER FATHER'S SWORD.—Mrs. R. M. Galloway, 114-115 Shiel Apartments, Indianapolis, Ind., is making efforts to locate the sword of her father, Lieut. Col. Benjamin H. Myers, of the 83d Regiment Indiana Volunteers, who fell in the battle of Dallas, Ga., about May 23, 1864. He fell near or within the Confederate lines, and his sword, which had been presented to him by his regiment, has never been found.

J. R. Boark, of Koshkonong, Mo., wishes to locate an old sword which he lost near Fredericktown, Mo., sometime in October, 1861. The sword was an heirloom and highly prized. The handle was made of horn with an eagle head carved on it. He will appreciate any information in regard to it.

DID LEE NOT HAVE FAITH IN SUCCESS?

Maj. James B. Hodgkin, "one of Lee's men," wrote the Baltimore Sun from Irvington, Va., in regard to a remark which John S. Wise claims was made by General Lee to him. The battle of Sailor's Creek had been fought, which was disastrous to the Confederate forces, as all will remember, and Captain Wise's statement is that he had been sent by President Davis with a message to General Lee requesting to be kept advised as to the movements of the army and the time of retreat, and that General Lee had said: "How can I tell? A few more Sailor's Creeks and it will all be over—just where I thought it would end from the beginning."

Captain Wise states that his recollection of this has been corroborated by two officers of General Lee's staff, yet there has been dissatisfaction with many statements from this sprightly officer. Major Hodgkin comments thus: "Did Lee say this? I have my doubts. It is so unlike him. After having led his men for four years confidently, as it appeared to us who followed him, courageously, and with a skill that has had no parallel in history, never quailing in the midst of difficulties and never faltering from beginning to end of the most famous campaigns that history has recorded, how could he have felt all the time of those splendid four years that the struggle was futile, that he was wasting his men, wasting his country all for a cause that he felt was foredoomed? For myself, I feel that it was impossible and that no man could have done what Lee did unless he had faith in the results aimed at. Who will not agree to this rather than to anything which would tend to throw a shadow over the spirit which animated our leader?"

Major Hodgkin further says: "There is nothing in the after life of Robert E. Lee to indicate that he entertained such views. That Lee, the nobleman that he was, with a heart full of pity for the men under him—men whom he knew would go unfalteringly to death for him—should have felt when leading them to battle that he was wasting their lives and that the 'cause' was already 'lost' seems simply incredible. Whatever might have been the secret feeling of those who followed him, it seems to me that Lee could not have kept up the sublime courage that he possessed with the feeling ever in his heart: 'All this is in vain, and I am sacrificing lives uselessly.' For no matter what Lee felt and did as a soldier, and no matter how he gloried in deeds of valor, he was first and foremost a man, and a man with a heart. And no man with such a gentle nature as he possessed could have seen his men fall by shot and shell, by disease and famine (for they were often starved) had he really believed from the start that the cause was foredoomed. Until Captain Wise brings better proof I prefer to believe that Robert Edward Lee felt, as did so many of his men, 'Give us a chance, and we'll whip them yet.'"

Wise claims that two staff officers heard the remark; but he does not give their testimony, nor does he even name them.

"RE-ENFORCE THE RIGHT."

BY ANNIE P. CREIGHT.

[Lines suggested by reading of the death of gallant young Adjutant Holliday, 11th Mississippi Regiment, of Aberdeen, who was killed at the battle of the Wilderness. The enemy were pressing the right of Davis's Brigade and about to turn its flanks, exposed by the failure of Perry's Alabama Brigade to connect with it. Adjutant Holliday was sent to the left of the line with orders to have the right of Davis's Brigade reenforced. Just as he reached the right of the 16th Mississippi he fell, mortally wounded, but to the lieutenant colonel of the 16th he delivered his order, "Reënforce the right," and expired. The order was promptly obeyed; the 16th extended its line, and enabled Davis's and Perry's Brigades to connect, and thus repulse the enemy.]

Night brooded o'er the battlefield and on the valleys crept,
And fell with solemn stillness o'er the spot where brave ones slept;
Upon the broad, extended plains that round were widely spread
The cold dews shed a clammy blight o'er dying and o'er dead.

Well might a shade be cast o'er earth, for there in youth's dream time
Lay calm in death a fair, bright boy who scarce knew manhood's prime.
The bright stars from their throne on high cast trembling rays of light
Upon the boy whose dying words were: "Reënforce the Right."

Amid the sons of his fair land upon the glorious field
He strove to drive the Northmen back, determined ne'er to yield.
Where Mississippi's battle flag waved foremost in the fight,
He called unto his comrades brave to "Reënforce the Right."

He fell amid the cannon's roar, that seemed to rend the sky,
And where artillery sent forth a loud appeal on high;
His dreams were free from fear or woe, as on the evening air
Went up from his young pallid lips a meek and fervent prayer:

"O Heavenly Father, on thy throne, if 'tis thy will divine,
Crown freedom's flag with victory and save this land of mine."
He heard the dying words of those who met his darkened sight,
And from the bloody ground he called to "Reënforce the Right."

He gave a thought to his sweet home and loved ones far away,
And how they'd mourn for him who fell upon that glorious day.
He longed to meet his mother's kiss and feel her fond caress;
O that upon his dying brow her tender hand might press!

But that fond mother far away, within his childhood's home,
Heard not, alas! his plaintive prayer nor heard his dying moan.
He sadly yearned for sisters dear, who were his heart's delight;
They'll see no more the boy who strove to "Reënforce the Right"

O God, like that brave boy, we kneel submissive in thy sight
And pray that in our Southern land thou'lt "Reënforce the Right"
Till "home again" our loved ones come, the war cloud passed away,
And star of peace shine o'er the spot where dark strife now holds sway.

MEMORIAL DAY AT CAMP CHASE.—Mrs. D. B. Ulry, President, and Mrs. L. W. Carl, Secretary, R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Columbus, Ohio, announce that Memorial Day will be observed at Camp Chase Cemetery Saturday, June 6, 1908. The Chapter earnestly solicits contributions of flowers or money, and requests that the floral offerings be sent to Room 204 Eberly Building and donations of money to Miss Louise Trabue, 124 South Washington Avenue, Columbus.

"THE SOUTH IN HISTORY AND LITERATURE."

Mildred Lewis Rutherford, of Cobb Institute, Athens, Ga., who has previously published "English Authors," "American Authors," "French Authors," has recently issued a splendid handbook of Southern authors, "The South in History and Literature."

Either with individuals or books we must first become acquainted, and out of the impression created grows a desire for fuller knowledge. Miss Rutherford has introduced the reading world to the better known and humbler writers of the South, and in preparing attractive vistas she has succeeded in furnishing a clearly outlined handbook of nearly four thousand writers who have contributed to Southern literature from the settlement of Jamestown down to the present.

The handbook seems to carry the reader into some dear old Southern library, and the writer's reference to and extracts from books hitherto unknown produce a desire to lift each volume from its shelf. Both from the standpoints of history and literature the book is a valuable outline, and the author's "English" and "style" richly enhance the merit of her work.

"The South in History and Literature." By Mildred Lewis Rutherford. The Franklin-Turner Co., Atlanta, Ga.

"ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS."

Both for his prominence as a writer and the subject he has chosen Mr. Louis Pendleton has contributed a valuable work to the American Crisis Biographies in his "Alexander H. Stephens."

Few men furnished more consistent support during the long struggle between the adherents of State sovereignty and Federal supremacy than the subject of Mr. Pendleton's exhaustive study, and the writer of his biography proves a careful student of the underlying causes of the Civil War.

Careful research and logical discrimination leave the writer free from the charge of partisan bias in the preparation of biography, and Mr. Pendleton has overlooked none of the requirements in summing up the life and personality of the Confederacy's Vice President and Georgia's statesman.

"Alexander H. Stephens." By Louis Pendleton. Being Volume IX. in American Crisis Series of Biographies. $1.25.

"MY LIFE AND MY LECTURES"—FONTAINE.

The "Arabian Nights" furnish no more thrilling reading matter than "My Life and My Lectures," by Lamar Fontaine, C.E., Ph.D. The writer, who was born in 1829, has had a unique history; and as captive, hunter, explorer, traveler, soldier, he has accumulated data which furnish the reader with stirring romance written in virile, animated style, graphic to an amazing degree.

The Confederate war veteran will not willingly lay aside Mr. Fontaine's book while there remains still another page, for the writer's wide experience by land and sea and his active part in the Confederate war, to which he devotes most of his book, add material to the literature of the South.

Neale Publishing Company, Washington, D. C. Cloth-bound, $3; postage, 20 cents.

"ALL AROUND THE CIVIL WAR."

A neat, cloth-bound booklet, purporting to present in concise form the reason why the South seceded, is recently from the pen of Mr. William Hawn, late of the 7th Louisiana Regiment. The work, "All Around the Civil War; or, Before and After," is original in its arrangement, presents salient points with forceful lucidity, and will prove a revelation to the unthinking who prefer to misread history.

The writer's motive for publishing the booklet is an added recommendation for its sale: "'Because man goeth to his long home' I desire to contribute my mite to perpetuating in honor the memories of the heroes who fought for the Southern Confederacy."

"All Around the Civil War." Price, 75 cents. Address William Hawn, 442 Classon Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM M. STEWART."

A book splendidly edited by George R. Brown, being the "Reminiscences of United States Senator William M. Stewart," will interest readers who enjoy facts, anecdotes, and incidents concerning public life and characters as seen by one who for many years has figured conspicuously before the American public. That Senator Stewart is eighty-three years of age and has preserved his rare mental vigor is an evidence that his book will be popular with a large class of readers.

"Reminiscences of Senator William M. Stewart." Edited by George Rothwell Brown. Neale Publishing Co., Washington. Price, $3; postage, 20 cents.

"THE HUNTSMAN IN THE SOUTH."

Alexander Hunter, who has published "The Huntsman in the South," is better qualified than most men to handle such a theme, for his varied experience has given him the key to all lore dear to the heart of the hunter. The book is essentially a huntsman's book and one adapted to interest and instruct boys. Over bog, thicket, stream, and field, by canoe, horse, and cart, the writer leads the absorbed reader until things of the workyday world are forgot, and he finds himself close to the heart of nature.

"The Huntsman in the South." By Alexander Hunter. Neale Publishing Co., Washington. Price, $1.50; postage, 14 cents.

PICTURES OF JEFFERSON DAVIS AND R. E. LEE.

Resolutions adopted by the U. D. C. generally to have the pictures of Hon. Jefferson Davis and Gen. R. E. Lee placed in the public schools of the country have brought many inquiries as to where good portraits of them could be procured. The VETERAN has for some time offered a handsome engraving of General Lee, known as the Lowell portrait, printed in brown tones, at $5. The likeness is considered very fine, and the engraving is most suitable for this purpose.

The most satisfactory picture now procurable of Jefferson Davis, printed in black and white, is a copy of the engraving presented to Miss Sue Tarpley, of Jackson, Miss., by Mr. Davis himself after having been a guest in her home while on his way to Montgomery to be inaugurated President of the Confederacy. This was printed in the VETERAN for May, 1902. The likeness has been commended by Mrs. Hayes, daughter of Mr. Davis, and the picture is nicely printed on good paper. Orders can be sent the VETERAN. Price, $1. A copy will be sent for three new subscriptions. In this way it would be easy for Chapters to procure the picture.

Gen. C. I. Walker, of Charleston, S. C., engaged in the woman's monument movement, is actively interested in behalf of having this picture procured by the schools of the South.

REPORT ON CONFEDERATE GENERALS.

Some corrections made by Mr. Charles Edgeworth Jones in the list of Confederate generals as published in the VETERAN for January have been awaiting attention, which should have been given promptly after that publication. He says:

"Brig. Gen. Shindler's correct name is Wm. P. Shingler.

"Lieut. Gen. Buckner, Kentucky, bore rank from Sept., 1864.

"Five omissions from the list were: John Dunovant, South Carolina, July, 1864; Alfred E. Jackson, Tennessee, February, 1863; George D. Johnston, Alabama, 1864; William H. Wallace, South Carolina, September, 1864; Henry C. Wayne, Georgia, December, 1861.

"The name of Brig. Gen. George B. Anderson (North Carolina, June, 1862) should be substituted for that of the first George T. Anderson in list.

"Brig. Gen. Hogg's correct name was Joseph L. Hogg.

"Brig. Gen. James A. McMurray, Tennessee, should rank from September, 1863."

"THE ARTILLERY."

The manuscript of the book by Capt. John W. Morton, Forrest's chief of artillery, is well advanced and its early issue is anticipated. It will be a handsome volume of some three or four hundred pages, giving account of the remarkable services of the artillery under that most remarkable general, N. B. Forrest. An interesting narrative may be expected.

A VALUABLE CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

BY DR. J. WILLIAM JONES, RICHMOND, VA.

The "History of the Twentieth Tennessee Infantry Regiment, C. S. A.," by the late Dr. W. J. McMurray, is a much more valuable book than its title would seem to indicate. To any of the old members or friends of the regiment it is of course invaluable as a detailed history of the command with which they served or in which they were specially interested, but the book has also other features of great interest and historic value. The treatment of the cause of the war is admirable, clear, able, and accurate. It will be very valuable, especially to our young people, who know so little about the causes of the war, and have been told so repeatedly in Yankee books that it was a fight to destroy the Union and perpetuate slavery on the part of the "Rebels," so that many are growing up to believe these falsehoods, and do not appreciate that on our part it was a fight for the God-given principles of self-government and the defense of our homes and firesides against unjust invasion.

There is another valuable feature of the book: it treats of the Army of Tennessee and tells of its most important battles. The Army of Northern Virginia has been a good deal more talked about and written about and is much better known than the Army of Tennessee, and yet any intelligent Confederate knows that the men who rode with Bedford Forrest, Joe Wheeler, and John H. Morgan, who charged with Pat Cleburne and Breckinridge and Bate, who followed Sidney Johnston or Beauregard or Joseph E. Johnston or John B. Hood were worthy compeers of the men of the Army of Northern Virginia or any other men who ever marched under any flag or fought for any cause in all the tide of time. The book is especially valuable, therefore, as giving some insight into the Army of Tennessee.

Collectors who have not added this book to their libraries may yet do so by applying to Mrs. W. J. McMurray, Nashville, Tenn.

Gen. William B. Bate, its first commander, said: "The 20th Regiment did more to make me a major general than any other command, and this book is the best history of the Army of Tennessee that I have seen."

Gen. Stephen D. Lee wrote of it: "I congratulate you upon your valuable book. It sets forth in logical terms the causes of our great Civil War and the mighty struggle of the Southern people for four years. I am glad to sign myself your friend and comrade."

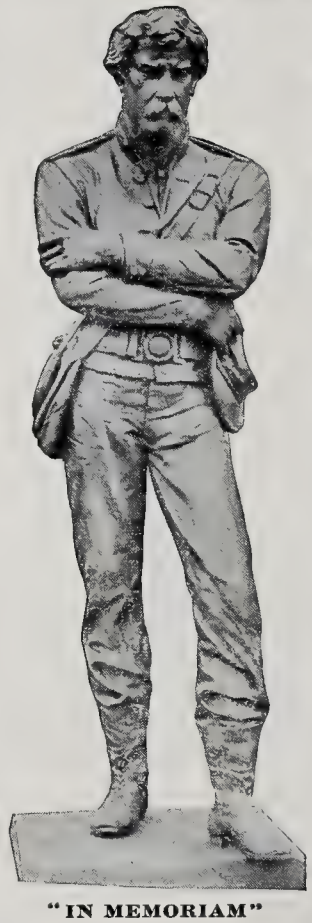
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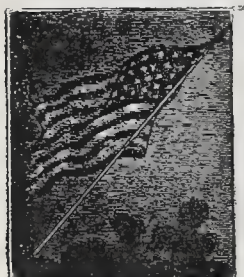


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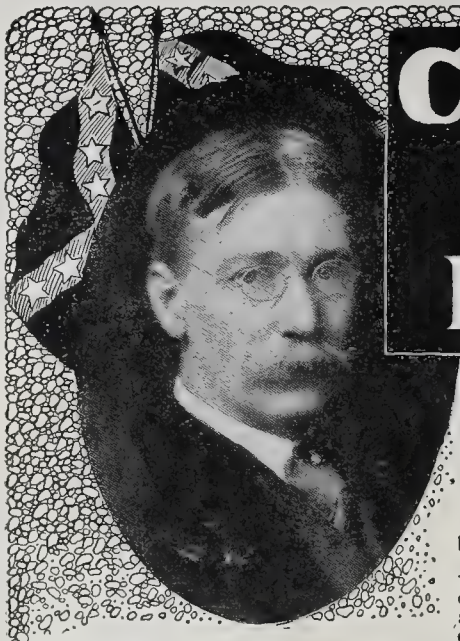
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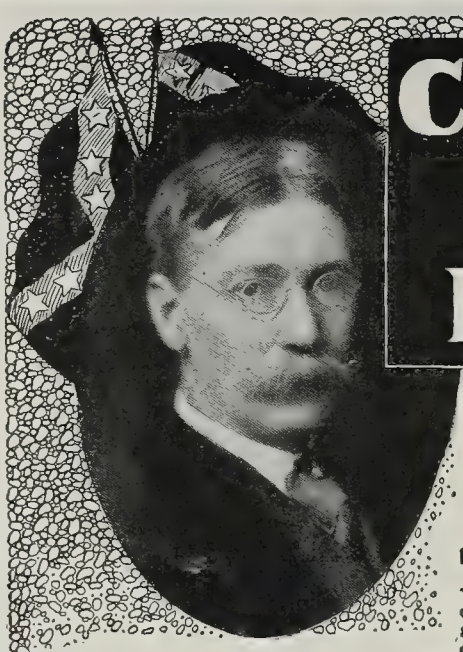
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From the city of great renown,
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To meet his comrades,
Crowned with a deathless crown.

Gone!
Let the shadows flee
And the pages of history
Tell that Stephen D. Lee
Has gone to meet his comrades
Encamped by the crystal sea.

Gone
Into the land of mist,
By the angels kissed,
To meet his comrades
In an immortal tryst.

Gone—
O sweet release!
Chant it, poet and priest—
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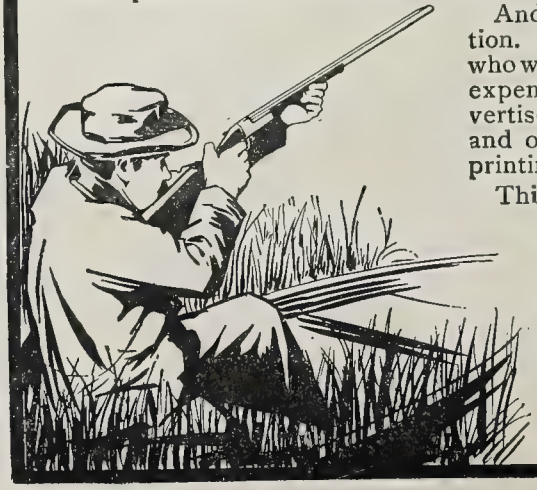
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is much like gunning for birds. *You* must have a definite aim, because indiscriminate advertising, like indiscriminate shooting, results in empty pockets. The printer furnishes the shot, and postage is the powder that carries it wherever you direct.



And you *must* have good ammunition. Foolish indeed the sportsman who would use pebbles for shot to save expense, yet equally foolish is the advertiser who wastes energy, postage and opportunity on weak, ineffective printing

Think it over; then let's talk it over. We have furnished ammunition for so many successful campaigns that we know you will find our experience of value.

Anyway, let's talk it over.

BRANDON PRINTING CO.
NASHVILLE, TENN.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. XVI. | NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1908. | No. 8. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR

CONFEDERATE DEAD AT MARIETTA, GA.

July 7, 1908, was an eventful and happy day to the Confederate women in Marietta, Ga. That lovely, quiet, cultured town was the delight of Confederate soldiers who served in the Army of Tennessee, and particularly in the Georgia campaign. Culture and hospitality were conspicuous characteristics of the people, and refugees from Kentucky and Tennessee made it homelike to many who knew little of Georgia.

The marvelous achievements by the good women of Marietta become the subject of pride and gratitude to the entire South.

A beautiful area of several acres in the part of the cemetery adjacent to the town and close by the railroad, though hidden in part from passengers by the cut for the track, is a worthy location for the sacred purpose. It seems hardly credible that such a Chapter as might be expected in a town of the size could have achieved so much. And, in such proportion, do they merit the gratitude of the entire South.

FROM REPORT BY MRS. R. L. NESBITT.

The Kennesaw (Ga.) Chapter is rejoicing over the completion and dedication of the Confederate monument at Marietta, which event was the culmination of years of persevering struggle against many difficulties.

A brief history of this cemetery through a period of forty-five years is given. The first bodies were interred there on September 14, 1863, and after that the hospital records show how many of our brave men, most of them far away from home and friends, were laid to rest in Georgia soil. During those troublous years the "Ladies' Aid Society" was organized; and as Johnston retired from the section and Sherman advanced, the town was filled with the sick, the wounded, and the dead. This band of devoted women, though borne down by the stress of those fearful events, bravely and lovingly went into the hospitals to cheer the sick, comfort the dying, and aid in burying the dead. When Sherman swept through the town, many families fled; and when they returned to desolated homes, the fierce struggle for bread left little time for the lonely graves on the hill, but they were never forgotten.

The first flowers brought by any organization in the South as loving tribute to our Confederate dead were laid on these graves by the survivors of this Ladies' Aid Society, afterwards merged into the Ladies' Memorial Association. This was in the spring of 1866; and when Mrs. Charles Williams, of Columbus, Ga., conceived the plan of each year commemorating the heroism and the sacrifice of our noble slain by the ceremonies of Memorial Day, Marietta was among the first to join in the movement; and no matter what the stress of circumstances, from then until the present time no Memorial Day has been allowed to pass without the tribute of flowers and words of remembrance.

All along the line of the Western and Atlantic railroad, on the battlefields of Chickamauga, New Hope, Kolb's Farm, in isolated spots in the surrounding country were graves, sometimes marked by rude headboards on which the name and command had been hastily carved or lying underneath the spreading branches of a tree on whose bark the faint lettering was fast disappearing, yet many, alas! unmarked or "unknown."

In the late sixties Mrs. Williams, long gone to her reward, and Miss M. J. Greene, now residing in Atlanta, applied to the Legislature for funds to remove these bodies to Marietta; and this being granted and the land being donated for the purpose, these noble women set about their arduous task, and now three thousand Confederate soldiers, representing every Southern State, sleep on the gentle slopes of this lovely site in full view of historic Kennesaw Mountain and near the historic Western and Atlantic railroad. For a year or so after the bodies were removed the Legislature appropriated money to care for the graves. Then, the task being too heavy for the depleted ranks of the Memorial Association, the cemetery gradually fell into neglect. About fifteen years ago the Memorial Association was reorganized, and, receiving a fresh impetus and fresh courage, determined to rescue the cemetery from ruin. There was not a dollar in the treasury, and the task was one before which hearts less steadfast, less devoted would have quailed.

But by patient, persistent work the Kennesaw Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, our younger and more vigorous sister, has nobly aided in the work, and to-day the cemetery is no longer a reproach. Sewers have been put in, driveways repaired, a speaker's stand of brick and marble built, the six acres seeded in Bermuda grass, shrubbery planted, three thousand marble headstones put in place, and, to crown all, Kennesaw Chapter has unveiled a chaste and artistic monument.

The cemetery now belongs, by deed of gift from the Me-

morial Association, to the State of Georgia, which, having accepted the trust, will doubtless see that the work so earnestly begun by the Memorial Association and Kennesaw Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, is completed at an early day, and that the last resting place of our dead will compare favorably with the beautiful national cemetery just across the town, where are buried over ten thousand Federal soldiers.

Mrs. Mattie B. Sheibley Gives Reminiscences.

"Sweet is communion and kindly sympathy kindled by a common cause." So in the "red-letter day," which on Tuesday marked the happy consummation of Kennesaw Chapter's cherished hopes, the cordial hand of Georgia daughters is extended in warmest congratulations. * * *

Notably inspiring were the silvern speeches emanating from golden hearts throbbing with patriotism and glowing with the spirit of the Confederacy. Perfect the picture thrown upon the background of a faultless day in that holy God's acre when thousands assembled to do homage to a heroic dead. Until time is no more will it proudly live in the memory of the happy promoters.

Like a sentinel upon the crest of the hill, the massive monument stands in symmetry and beauty just above, as General Evans said, "not a cemetery of graves, but a rare garden of heroes." Graven with splendid inscriptions, it tells to generations that shall follow after "the story of the glory of the men who wore the gray." And yet more it recites. As the heroine mothers who lived in the crimson days of battle loved the Southern soldier and applauded his valorous deeds, so their daughters crown him with a halo of reverence and adoration to-day.

Thoughtful is the conception of a monument to the women of the Confederacy, of which Hon. Seaborn Wright spoke so eloquently Tuesday; but after all, in their wholly unselfish work of erecting stones to their heroes, they build memorials to themselves. In honoring valor they are unconsciously doing honor to themselves.

The shaft is a story of fidelity, love, and sacrifice wrought in enduring granite. It points a moral to sister Chapters. The spire is the capstone to a noble work of many years. Many build monuments and glory in a great achievement, but these of Kennesaw Chapter have builded far more. In season and out, in dark days and sunlit ones they have undauntedly striven with Southern courage to bear a burden not wholly theirs.

As their charge, this band of the Georgia Division assumed the care of the Confederate cemetery because it was within their territory, and a most onerous task it was. To keep the several acres neat was of itself a care. This year after year they did, and meanwhile they stored away annually a nucleus of purchase money for headstones. Glad indeed was the day when each mound was marked by gleaming marble. Then was born the thought of a great stone to perpetuate the memory of all who "fought and died and fought and lived."

The loyal one who suggested that beautiful idea to-day sleeps hard by the stone, for long before the consummation of that beautiful dream she had "joined the loved in paradise."

Now the cemetery has by deed of gift from the Ladies' Memorial Association passed into the hands of the State, and no more inspiring words were spoken than the utterances made by President James J. Flynt, of the Senate, when he promised to lend his influence to gain an appropriation to properly keep and beautify this resting place of our own dead. When that is done, this cemetery will be worthy of those who sleep there.

Blessed in deeds, beautiful in fruition, rich in promise, the conspicuous day of July 7 passes into history.

Features of Gen. Clement Evans's Address.

Gen. Clement A. Evans, the orator of the occasion, was introduced by Gen. William Phillips. The principal part of his speech was on the battles of the invasion of Georgia from Dalton to Atlanta, giving the disparity of numbers engaged as being two to one, showing the splendid behavior of the Southern soldiery of all arms—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—in the unusually great number of battles and skirmishes. Sherman was criticised for his very slow march through Georgia from Dalton to Atlanta with double the number of men against Johnston. He did not, in fact, win a battle. His cavalry was kept away from Johnston's rear by Wheeler's magnificent management. Sherman was either afraid of Johnston or he was not his equal. Sherman's army was held back near Marietta for twenty-six days by the superb fighting of Johnston's army. The battle of Kennesaw Mountain was a decided victory over Sherman.

The many battles in North Georgia account for the three thousand Confederates buried at Marietta and the ten thousand Union soldiery in the neighboring National Cemetery. The bodies of these equally brave antagonists dwell together in peace. They rest in perfect concord in the soil of the South. So may the living soldiers forget their animosities while cherishing all the best patriotic memories.

General Evans concluded by describing the successful efforts of the Southern ladies in collecting these three thousand bodies from the woods and fields where battles were fought in North Georgia. Beginning their gracious labors immediately after the war closed, now, in placing a splendid monument in this Garden of Heroes to commemorate the valor of the Southern soldier, they have unconsciously built an everlasting monument to their loving, patriotic work.



MISS ANNE H. SCALES,

Maid of Honor to Miss Charlie Scott, Sponsor for Forrest's Cavalry Corps.

N. W. Phillips, of Weatherford, Tex., who was detailed as a scout from Company B, 43d Alabama Regiment, inquires for a man he intercepted while trying to locate the enemy near Chattanooga in the night while the battle of Chickamauga was on. The man went with this scout back to the 43d Alabama Regiment. Comrade Phillips doesn't recall the name.

FLORAL PARADE AT BIRMINGHAM REUNION.

THE PRIZE WINNER—AND HER MOTHER'S WORK.

One of the special features of the Reunion at Birmingham was the floral parade given in honor of the visiting veterans, which came as a happy diversion from the serious things of war. The VETERAN presents its readers with a picture of one of the prizes for child's turnout and the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Sibley, now of Birmingham, but a family cherished in war days at Augusta, Ga. Those who had the pleasure of attending receptions by the Alabama Daugh-



ters of the Confederacy and later at the General U. C. V. Reunion will recall the charming wife and mother of Mr. Sibley in contributing royally to the social pleasures of those occasions.

The picture comes as a souvenir post card showing the youthful prize winner in her decorated stanhope, flying the colors of the "Bonnie Blue Flag."

The decoration was done entirely by Mrs. John W. Sibley, who designed it all and made the flowers, eight hundred, everything being original. The "single star" was seen in each wheel and on the dashboard in front in white, the rest of sky blue, with the flag of yale blue, a harmonious blending with the sweet faces of the young girls. A large silver loving cup was the trophy.

WORK ON THE SAM DAVIS MONUMENT.

REPORT OF MRS. E. H. HATCHER, TREASURER OF TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. D. C.

It affords me great pleasure to announce to this Convention that plans for the Sam Davis monument have taken definite shape, and it is now the hope of the committee to have the statue ready for unveiling before many months.

About ten years ago the Legislature appropriated a site for the Davis monument in the Capitol grounds at Nashville, and a committee was appointed consisting of Joseph W. Allen, J. M. Lea, J. W. Thomas, J. W. Childress, E. C. Lewis, R. H. Dudley, G. H. Baskette, J. C. Kennedy, and S. A. Cunningham. About $3,000 was in the hands of this committee, having been given in answer to the eloquent appeal made by Mr. S. A. Cunningham through the columns of the VETERAN. Several years ago Mr. Cunningham came from this committee asking help from the Tennessee Daughters of the Confederacy. The matter was discussed in convention, and we decided to take up the work and finish the monument.

At a meeting of the committee held in Major Lewis's office May 6, as your chairman, I was invited to be present. Major Lewis reported a most satisfactory conference with and proposition from Sculptor Zolnay, who submits a most liberal offer for an eight-foot standing figure in bronze for $4,000, the base to be of Tennessee marble and as handsome as our funds will allow. The design for the base made by Major Lewis is very beautiful and admirably adapted to the site in the Capitol grounds. The Zolnay bust of Sam Davis exhibited to a million people at the Tennessee Centennial is the accepted personification of the hero, and the sculptor is designing the full figure of heroic size clothed in his Confederate gray jacket with trousers tucked in cavalry boots just as worn by the martyr when he so heroically met his death.

All who are familiar with the sad story and have observed the pose, features, expression, and air of this conception of Sam Davis will be gratified to anticipate its perfection in complete heroic figure of bronze. Mr. Zolnay is making a two-foot plaster cast of this figure to be approved by the committee. The committee feels most grateful for aid given by the Tennessee Division, Daughters of the Confederacy, and sends you resolutions of appreciation which were unanimously adopted at the last meeting.

The sum collected for the Davis monument during the past year is $223.50 of the $338.50 contributed at the Columbia Convention, leaving a balance of $115 subscribed. I wrote to every contributor and inclosed a stamped envelope for reply. Thirteen contributors only have failed to respond. As Chairman of the Sam Davis Monument Committee I have tried to serve you faithfully. It is true the fund has grown slowly; but we can feel when we look upon the completed statue that it was builded little by little by loyal and devoted people to commemorate the life and deeds of a great hero.

I want every Chapter to have a share in this beautiful work. Let us make it so suitable, so beautiful, so suggestive, so true that those living who knew him and his record for truth and honor and those who may come after and read his story in this monument will feel only pride in the consciousness that they are fellow-countrymen of Sam Davis, of Tennessee.

Amount contributed to the Sam Davis monument at Chattanooga Convention: Caroline M. Goodlett Chapter, $5; Sarah Law Chapter, $10; Kate L. Hickman Chapter, $5; First Tennessee Regiment Chapter, $10; Francis M. Walker Chapter, $5; William B. Bate Chapter, $25; Mrs. T. J. Latham, $5; Mary Latham Chapter, $5; Memphis Children's Auxiliary, $10; Colonel Dinwiddie, $10.

TRUE GALLANTRY AMONG BRAVE MEN.

BY HON. Z. W. EWING, PULASKI, TENN.

The contribution made by the 23d New Jersey Infantry, on the Northern side of the Civil War, to the monument proposed to be erected to the Confederates buried in Arlington Cemetery calls to mind an incident well worth telling as illustrating both bravery and gallantry. It is related by Comrade R. L. Culps, of the 9th Alabama Infantry, now living in Pulaski, Tenn., and an honored and useful member of the County Court of Giles County, Tenn.

In the battle of Salem Church, Va., on May 3, 1863, the 23d New Jersey and the 9th Alabama were opposing each other. The former had been driven back and was being rallied by Gen. E. Burd Grubb, who rode in front and most conspicuously exposed himself to the fire of the Confederates, two of whom were in the act of firing point-blank at the brave leader, when George Stewart, now of Athens, Ala., cried out, "Don't shoot him, boys; he is too brave to be killed!" and the guns were at once lowered and the life of the daring soldier was saved. That he is as noble and generous as brave is shown by his interest in this monument.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

SPACE FOR SALE AT HALF PRICE.

A feature that has long detracted from the VETERAN to the business public has been the trivial space in its pages devoted to advertising, and it is with good reason. There is no other periodical in the United States which accepts advertising at all that has not many times as much space so occupied.

In explanation of the cause of this lack of advertising it is stated that the VETERAN was not launched as a money-making venture. Its merit, however, was at once shown by a subscription patronage that assured prosperity, and no vigilant, systematic plans were adopted to secure a merited proportion of advertising.

Again, it has been very exacting in regard to the purpose for which space would be given, and it has permitted no agency to misrepresent the circulation, which, unhappily, is a rare exception; so there has not been enterprise enough shown in its pages to interest vigilant advertisers.

Another reason which will seem peculiar is that the rate has been so low that agents have declined to undertake its use for the commission. The foregoing is in no spirit of complaint.

PROPOSITION DIRECT TO PATRONS.

The lowest cash rate given for years has been $1 per inch or $25 per page. In order to make a test and to prove the "pulling" power of the VETERAN, the reckless offer is made for the remainder of this year to give

SPACE AT HALF THE PRICE.

This offer is not to affect any contracts now existing; it is not to extend beyond the December issue, and not over a page will be given any person or firm.

Here is, therefore, the offer: One page, $12.50; a half page, $6.25; a column (1-3 page, 9¼ inches), $4.25 for each insertion; less space, 50 cents per inch. No commissions will be allowed on this proposition. With this offer there ought to be a heavy tax on the space at once.

To advertisers not familiar with the VETERAN the statement is made—and any subscriber is referred to—that it is the most popular periodical and is the most lavishly indorsed magazine in the country.

The circulation has averaged above 21,000 per issue for several years, and the low rate given above will be canceled upon failure to prove a circulation of over 20,000 during the remainder of the year—the time of this unprecedented offer.

To all who want to reach the most representative people in every part of the South with articles acceptable, this is the best medium that ever has existed. Contracts will be accepted to extend beyond December, if made before that time, at the low rate, and the double of that beginning with January, 1909. This half rate will be given from August 1, 1908.

SERIOUSNESS OF THE VETERAN CRITICISED.

Though the diminishing ranks of the Confederate Veterans become dearer to the people of the South year by year, and though death has created far too many broken battalions, the recent Reunion at Birmingham leads the thoughtful observer to the conclusion that too much has been said of "the sweep of the Reaper's blade," in spite of the decimated ranks.

In addition to the regularly appointed delegates from various States, numbering over two thousand, there were in Birmingham several thousand veteran visitors, and these marched, cheered, and held their own with the Sons upon whose shoulders the mantles of heroes will some day fall.

Why need the end be near at hand for men who are inspired through the memory of a splendid past to be so alive to the present? With the tramp of soldier feet and the ring of soldier voices still fresh in memory after the glorious Reunion of 1908, the heart throbs with intense and triumphant feeling that those whom the gods love never grow old.

Dear "stragglers" in eternity's march! The world loves you, your enemies of the past are become friends of the present, and the multitude as you pass to-day cries: "Long live the Confederate veterans!"

May God be thanked that you are neither foot-sore, heart-sore, nor hungry, and that you travel paths of peace in a land of plenty, where the arms of your children and your children's children will enfold you when you finally "lie down to quiet dreams!"

PATRIOTIC DAY AT APPOMATTOX C. H.

Confederate interests were revived at Appomattox C. H., Va., in May, 1908, through the bestowal of crosses of honor to more than a hundred veterans of that community. A large number of the members of the Old Dominion Chapter at Lynchburg, with other prominent guests, went to Appomattox and took part in the exercises of the day. Addresses were made by Mr. J. P. L. Fleshman, Rev. Dr. Carter Helm Jones, and Judge William Hodges Mann, the latter making the special address of the occasion. After the bestowal of the crosses, which was specially under the direction of Mrs. Christian, President of the Old Dominion Chapter, the members of Appomattox Camp, U. C. V., through Major Joel Flood, presented to her a beautiful U. D. C. badge in recognition of her generous work in their behalf.

In the afternoon Mrs. C. B. Tate, as State President, reestablished the local chapter as "Appomattox Chapter No. 6," of which Mrs. Joel W. Flood was elected President; Mrs. W. J. Trent, Vice President; Miss Nina Jones, Secretary and Treasurer. Fifty members were enrolled and good work is expected from the chapter.

TEXAS WOMAN STANDS FOR DIXIE.

At the California Chautauqua, recently in session at Venice, there was a lecture on "The Wars of Our Country," the War Between the States being given its due prominence. The lecturer dwelt long and lovingly upon the heroic deeds of the Federal soldiers. At the close Mrs. Simms, of Bryan, Tex., a visitor at the Chautauqua, arose in the audience and said: "Mrs. President, in this large and apparently intelligent audience it seems there is no one to represent the other side. While none will deny that in many instances your Northern soldiers rose to the sublimity of duty, we know that our men were unsurpassed in bravery, endurance, heroism, and nobility. It would require the eloquence of a Demosthenes to do justice to the heroes of the Confederacy, but as a true Southern woman I must tell you that we love and honor the memory of our boys in gray."

As the crowd passed out an old Federal soldier from the Home at Sawtelle, Cal., hobbled across the hall and asked to shake hands with the woman who was not ashamed to show her colors.

UNVEILING CEREMONIES AT GAINESVILLE, TEX.

The centennial of the birth of Jefferson Davis was celebrated at Gainesville, Tex., by the unveiling of the monument erected by the Lou Dougherty Chapter, U. D. C., to the heroes of the South.

In the parade line from City Square to City Park there were many elaborately decorated floats and carriages. But the old veterans proudly marched on foot, their "tramp, tramp" keeping time to the war tunes played by the accompanying band, their hearts keeping time to the long-ago sixties when martial music led them to victory and inspired hopes instead of memories.

Prominent features of the celebration were:

Inspiring music, voice and band

God's blessing invoked by ministers of the Churches.

Welcoming voice of the city through Mayor Leonard.

Address by Mrs. J. M. Wright, President Lou Dougherty Chapter.

Oration by Hon. Morris Shepard, of Texarkana.



THE MONUMENT AT GAINESVILLE, TEX.

There were other addresses by Mr. Clarence Ousley, of Fort Worth, Mr. H. L. Stuart, of Gainesville, and Judge C. B. Potter, of Gainesville.

Pulling the cord, Miss Dougherty and her maids of honor, Miss Houston and Miss Francis.

"Under the stirring notes of 'Dixie' by a touch of the cord the flag of the Confederacy that had lovingly shrouded the marble form of its soldier-champion was slowly lifted by a breeze from heaven, then it reverently hovered, and the rich folds of its glory descended on sponsor and maids, baptizing them as children of the Confederacy," and giving the multitude present a view of the typical soldier herewith referred to by the President of the Lou Dougherty Chapter, U. D. C.

ADDRESS BY MRS. J. M. WRIGHT, PRESIDENT LOU DOUGHERTY CHAPTER, U. D. C.

The Lou Dougherty Chapter extends cordial greeting to all friends and organizations, but especially do we welcome that noble body of men who are veterans in the sacred cause we are assembled to honor. Our devotion to the South embraces those who maintained her birthright—constitutional liberty! Our reverence for Southern history extends to those who wrote in sacrificial blood the record of the War between the States.

Our enthusiasm in glorious memories includes those who made the memories possible!

Our perpetuation of all this in stone finds expression in the heroic form of a Confederate soldier invoking the judgment of God upon our sacred cause, the cause of right against might!

In the sixties the mission of woman was to inspire. Now the mission of woman is to commemorate, and in commemorating inspire future generations to be like the mothers of the South, like the veterans of the South!

"In the camp, on the march, pierced with saber or shell,
crucifixion was your bitter part.
But they bore the griefs and the anguish of war, the Gethsemane's travail of heart;
And never a soldier grew weary or faltered, but some woman's voice from afar
Stopped singing her little one's lullaby song to sing 'Dixie' for those at the war."

In the sixties woman wove the gray uniform and kissed the patriot sword that would defend home and children. Now she plants flowers on Confederate graves and establishes Confederate homes.

In the sixties woman by sacrifice and practical management made possible the maintenance of an army to defend country and rights. Now by sacrifice and practical management she makes possible the erection of monumental stones that perpetuate the principles for which that army fighting died or fighting lived and endured.

Conspicuous among the heroes of Gainesville and Cooke County was Capt. Frank Dougherty, remembered by the younger generation as an honored citizen in the peaceful years of his declining life. But his brother veterans love best to think of him as the gallant young captain who led them forth to make history, to place Cooke County high in the record of Texas! Texas, whose valiant sons made her star one of the brightest in the galaxy of stars on the bonny blue flag!

Not only the Confederate veterans but also the Confederate daughters of this county like best to think of Captain Dougherty as a veteran, and in christening their Chapter have linked his name and that of his wife with the name of the Confederacy he served.

Our Chapter bears the name of Lou Dougherty, the patriotic wife of Captain Dougherty, to whom destiny was kind in making her natal day (June 3) the same as that of the immortal Jefferson Davis—Lou Dougherty, whose mantle of distinction has fallen upon her fair granddaughter in the honor conferred upon Miss Lucie Dougherty of unveiling that mon-

umental embodiment of glorious memories—unveiling it on this 3d day of June, when every son and daughter of the South is kneeling in spirit at the tomb of the Confederacy, is kneeling at the shrine of Jefferson Davis, the dead President of our just cause!

Granddaughter of a Confederate soldier, lift the veil from that shrouded spirit of the past! Lift the veil, and let the sunlight from Southern skies fall in benediction upon the spirit of Confederacy!

ANNIE PERDUE SEBRING CHAPTER.

The Annie Perdue Sebring Chapter of the U. D. C. was organized at Jacksonville, Fla., March 26, 1908, with thirty-three members. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Annie Perdue Sebring; Vice Presidents, Mrs. Mollie Thomas and Miss M. Gertrude Anderson; Recording Secretary, Miss Willie Thomas; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Angela Howard; Treasurer, Miss Vera Parsons; Registrar, Mrs. Caroline Hopkins.

The honored President of this Chapter is a Baltimorean by birth, and figured conspicuously during the war. Just prior to the election of Mr. Lincoln her family moved to Tennessee. Being Southern by birth, environment, education, and feeling, they were true sympathizers with the South. She telegraphed to a very wealthy friend in Baltimore for one thousand rifles to be used by the Confederate soldiers. The telegram, going over the wires to Washington, was caught and taken to President Lincoln, and he said: "See to the gentleman and let the lady go until after the war."

She painted a portrait of Gen. Sterling Price which sold for $375. The proceeds were to buy medicines for soldiers in Arkansas. Many of the army were down with fever; but crossing the Mississippi from Arkansas into Memphis, they soon recuperated, and instead of the money being used for that purpose musical instruments were purchased for a brass regimental band, and on every instrument of the band was engraved "Miss Annie Perdue," and the band was ever called the Annie Perdue Division Band. This was done by Gen. Sterling Price and his soldiers. The band played a prominent part in the conflict.

Miss Annie Perdue crossed the picket lines many times, carrying letters, clothing, and food to the Southern soldiers, and was exiled for so doing. She bore a sacred reputation that had won her honor and fame in the Federal lines, and that was her absolute loyalty to veracity and the South. Her truthfulness was never questioned.

Mrs. Mollie Thomas, First Vice President, is closely related to Henry Clay.

The Second Vice President, Miss Anderson, also comes from the same line of ancestors as the Chapter Historian, Miss Wallace; and Miss Sallie Yewell comes in direct ancestral line with Gen. R. E. Lee.

USEFUL WOMAN MUCH HONORED IN HER WORK.

The appointment by Gen. K. M. Vanzandt of Mrs. Rountree as matron of honor for the Texas Division at the Birmingham Reunion was especially fitting.

Mrs. Rountree's father, John S. McIver, was a member of Company B, 8th Texas Cavalry (Terry's Texas Rangers), whose sister made and presented through him to the Rangers their famous battle flag which occasioned such public notice and created such universal interest in 1899, when Governor Mount, of Indiana, accompanied by his entire staff, the members of the Indiana Legislature, and a large membership of the G. A. R., went on a special train to Texas to return it to the Rangers.

The flag was not captured from the Rangers, but was lost near Gaylesville, Ala., on October 22, 1864, during a retreat.



MRS. J. A. ROUNTREE, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.,
Matron of Honor for Texas Division.

It was not unfurled at the time, but was incased in oilcloth, and in the haste was torn from the staff by the thick underbrush and was found next day by an Indiana regiment and kept by them until 1899, although they freely acknowledged that it was found, not captured.

When the Reunion met in Nashville in 1897, having lost all hope of a return of the original flag, Miss McIver made a duplicate and presented it to the Rangers with fitting ceremony.

Unfortunately when the flag was returned Miss McIver's health prevented her from accepting the urgent invitation of the Rangers to be present; but when in 1906, shortly before her death, the Reunion was again held in Nashville, they called upon her in a body bearing the original flag.

Mrs. Rountree as Miss McIver was reared in Nashville. Her personal work in Alabama is well known. She is a charter member of Pelham Chapter, U. D. C., one of the first Chapters organized in that State, over twelve years ago. She has ever been closely identified with the work of the State Division, having served as Historian, Secretary, Director, Vice President, and President of her Chapter, as well as Chapter Editor of the State for nearly four years. She has been Custodian of the Crosses of Honor for the past two years. She has been doubly honored in being the chaperon of the sponsors and maids of honor of the Alabama Division of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans at the Birmingham Reunion.

JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION.

LARGEST CONTRIBUTOR SO FAR TO THE FUND.

Capt. C. J. VanMeter, who was born May 22, 1826, in Bowling Green, Ky., gives one hundred dollars to the Jefferson Davis Home Association. This great-hearted, patriotic gentleman engaged in the mercantile business early in life and later in steamboating. When the war came on, he was asked by Gen. A. S. Johnston to assist the Confederates; so, furnishing a warehouse, he acted as grain receiver and dispenser for the army for more than two years, doing valuable service. He



CAPT C. J. VAN METER.

transported provisions and grain, and carried mail to different commands, many times at great personal risk.

Since the war Captain VanMeter has lived quietly on his farm, near Bowling Green, in one of the most beautiful homes of Kentucky. He was married in 1878 to Mrs. Woodall, originally Miss Kate Moss, sister to Col. J. W. Moss, a soldier in the Mexican War and also a daring soldier of the Confederacy. He died from the effect of wounds. She had three other brothers in the Confederate army—Gen. Thomas E., L. C., and William Moss. Mrs. VanMeter has been President of the Bowling Green Chapter, U. D. C., for years.

Captain VanMeter has always been noted for his liberality, giving largely to the schools and charity of his town, and is esteemed as one of its best citizens.

HOW FORT PULASKI WAS CAPTURED.

Mr. E. S. Lathrop, of Decatur, Ga., tells the story.

Among the ladies who had gathered to dedicate a monument one of them expressed her ignorance of the fact that Mr. Lathrop was a veteran. To this he replied that he had not only served the entire four years with the Confederates, but that, so far as Georgia is concerned, he began the war.

Mr. Lathrop was a sergeant of the Savannah Volunteer Guards; and when orders came from Governor Brown to the commander of the Guards to take charge of Fort Pulaski in the name of the State of Georgia, they were passed on to Sergeant Lathrop, who, accompanied by a squad of men, marched to the fort. He halted his men near the fort, went alone across the drawbridge, and rapped loudly on the massive door.

His hail was answered by the Irish sergeant who had been left in charge. "Phat does yez want?" asked the Irishman. "I demand in the name of the State of Georgia the surrender of the fort," replied Lathrop. "Faith, an' ye don't get it," replied the Irishman. "Do you see that moat full of water, and do you see that squad of men there? Well, if you don't hand over the keys of this fort immediately, those men will throw you into the water and take the fort, anyway. And if you will surrender, you can go uptown and enjoy yourself for the next two weeks."

The Irishman scratched his head, thought awhile, then turned the keys over to Sergeant Lathrop, and Fort Pulaski was surrendered to the State of Georgia.

AGES OF OLDEST CONFEDERATES.

D. G. Fleming, of Hawkinsville, Ga., writes: "On page 352 of the VETERAN for July mention is made of a headstone over a grave at Mountain Creek, Ala., which bears the inscription, 'Gabriel Capers, Company C, 40th Tennessee Regiment; died February 11, 1905, aged 105 years,' with the comment: 'It seems unreasonable that so old a man was in service.' It does seem unreasonable, but it is not improbable. I will not let an Arkansas man outdo a Georgian in a 'fish story,' so will state an actual fact. In May, 1861, James Argo, Sr., of Pulaski County, Ga., was mustered into the service of the Confederate States as a member of Company G, 8th Georgia Infantry, at the age of seventy years, and did several months' good service, as I can testify, being a member of the same company. If I mistake not, he was actively engaged in the first battle of Manassas. If he had lived until 1905, as Mr. Capers did, he would have been about one hundred and fourteen years old. His grave is certainly entitled to a handsome Confederate monument. His son, James Argo, Jr., who was in the same command, is now living in Ovideo, Fla. We had another old gentleman, Jacob Stephens, nearly as old, who entered as a substitute. Of course neither could hold out when real activities began, and both were discharged after a few months of excellent service."

FIRST SOLDIER KILLED IN THE WAR.

John Quincy Marr, captain of the Warrenton Rifles (Company K), 17th Virginia Regiment Infantry, was evidently the first soldier killed in the war, having been shot through the heart at Fairfax C. H. on June 1, 1861, in a night attack by the Federals under Lieutenant Tompkins, Company B, United States Dragoons, ten days before the battle of Big Bethel, which occurred on June 10. Captain Marr was a son of John and Catherine Inman Marr, born in Warrenton, Fauquier County, Va., May 27, 1825. He was a member of the Virginia State Convention of 1861, which he left for battle. Four soldiers of his company have testified to the facts as stated—Joseph A. Jeffries, of Warrenton, Va., B. L. McCouchie, A. Fletcher, and Capt. J. D. Kirby.

A more extended notice was given this in the VETERAN for July, 1898, page 320.

AUTHOR OF "THE SOUTH IS GOING DRY."

The publication of that amusing poem, "The South Is Going Dry," in the VETERAN for June brought the following tribute to the author from Dr. R. A. Halley, editor of Fuel, Chicago: "Do you know Wilbur Nesbit? He is a poet, and a good one. I have written a little editorial about how everybody is claiming that poem of his entitled 'The South Is Going Dry.' Nesbit wrote it for the Chicago Evening Post and a bunch of other papers which print his matter. It caught on, and a number of papers copied it with due credit. Then others began to appropriate it, the first I heard of being a young lawyer of Houston, Tex., who 'dashed it off' and recited it at an entertainment. Then a man named Moore recited it at the Southern Society dinner in New York, and either knowingly or unknowingly allowed the credit for writing it to be given him. Fifty-eight papers and magazines have named various people as having written it. Most of them just 'dashed it off,' and Nesbit in a short year has been forgotten. I don't know that he cares, but it goes to show how little credit a man gets when he does write a good thing. Seeing it in the VETERAN without the author's name, 'that reminds me.' Nesbit is a nephew of S. L. Ewing, at one time with the Tennessee Centennial Exposition, and then with the Nashville American, but now dead, I think. Nesbit is living in St. Louis, but is a member of the Chicago Press Club. His full name is Wilbur D. Nesbit. He copyrighted the poem at the time of its first publication, but it didn't do him much good."

[The quoted "that reminds me" to the above is a heading that Dr. Halley used for many articles contributed to the Nashville American by this editor over the initials S. A. C. before he began the VETERAN.]

SONS OF VETERANS FAITHFUL TO THE CAUSE.

Referring to the statement by Gen. W. E. Mickle, Adjutant General U. C. V., that in his judgment the sons of Confederate veterans seemed to care very little for the principles for which their fathers fought, R. J. Gosney, of 310 W. 123d Street, New York, says: "If there are such sons of Confederates, they are not worthy of their fathers. I wish to advise that there are no such sons of Confederates in New York as General Mickle describes. * * * I would like to have a ten minutes' talk with any son of a Confederate veteran who does not care for the principles for which his father fought or has lost interest in the Cause (not the lost cause)."

CONFEDERATE CHOIR NO. 1 IN ARKANSAS.

A most successful series of Chautauqua engagements was recently filled by Confederate Choir No. 1, of the Arkansas Division, located at Fayetteville, Ark. This is an entirely new departure for Confederate Choirs, but the signal success of this should be an inducement to others to enter the field. A prelude programme was given to the lecture by Hon. R. L. Taylor at Fayetteville, and in Fort Smith the Choir joined Mrs. LaSalle Corbelle Pickett, furnishing an interesting programme of old Southern songs, including "Dixie," as a preface to her thrilling story of "Pickett's Charge at Gettysburg." Mrs. Pickett was charmed with the Confederate Choir, as they with her, and she was officially made an honorary member of the Arkansas Choir by Miss L. Byrd Mock, Captain of the Choir, and the beautiful Choir pin presented to her.

Another appearance of the Choir in Fort Smith was in a prelude programme to Senator James H. Berry's address, "Twenty-Five Years in the United States Senate." The same programmes were repeated in South McAlester, Okla., where a great ovation was given the Choir. So deeply impressed with their work was Mr. Edward Amherst Ott, the distinguished lecturer and President of the American Lyceum Association, that he is trying to arrange for the Choir to make a tour of the North. Mr. Ott is an instructor in the University of Chicago, and is a Northern man.

The officers and members of the Arkansas Choir are as follows: Miss L. Byrd Mock, Captain; Mrs. Willie Vande-



MISS L. BYRD MOCK.

venter Crockett and Miss Grace Davis, Lieutenants; Miss Annie Rosser, Adjutant; Miss Lillian Chandler, Treasurer; Miss Leah Baum, Quartermaster; Miss Mamie Phillips, Miss Grace Phillips, Miss Marguerite Boggett, Miss Barbara Davis, Miss Georgia Oliver, Miss Eula Evans, Miss Editha Harris, Miss Ruth Wood, Miss Maydelle Benson, Miss Laura Benson, Mrs. B. E. Grabill, Miss Mabel Chapman.

This was the first Confederate Choir organized in the Trans-Mississippi Department.

CONFEDERATE CHOIR NO. 1, MISSOURI DIVISION.

A recent addition to the United Confederate Choirs of America is the St. Louis Choir, organized May 25 by Miss L. Byrd Mock, of Fayetteville, Ark. The Choir was unanimously adopted by Camp 731. Dr. R. C. Atkinson, a former Virginian, the newly elected Commander of the Camp, is very enthusiastic over this Choir. He congratulates them on their new version of "Dixie."

The singing of the new words of "Dixie" brought about a spirited discussion in St. Louis. The majority of the veterans prefer the old words of this immortal song. The discussion thus started was taken up by some of the leading New York, Chicago, and Washington City journals, and lively editorials were written on the subject of "Changing 'Dixie.'" The New York World said, "Let 'Dixie' alone;" while the Globe Democrat, of St. Louis, heartily approves of the change in an article headed "Putting Sense in 'Dixie.'"

The St. Louis Choir made its first appearance at the Jefferson Davis memorial service on the 3d of June. After a rousing demonstration from the audience on hearing the new words to "Dixie," the Choir sang as an encore the original words, knowing that many of the old veterans preferred them. The St. Louis Choir thinks the problem of the new version will be solved satisfactorily only by the Choirs being prepared to sing both the old and the new.

A number of very talented young women belong to the St. Louis Choir. Miss Grace McCulloch is Captain of this Choir,



MISS GRACE M'CULLOCH.

and she is also Major General of the Missouri Division of the United Confederate Choirs of America. She is a fine singer, and is the daughter of Capt. Robert McCulloch, Vice President and General Manager United Railways of St. Louis.

Captain McCulloch has been Commander of the St. Louis Camp of Confederate Veterans for the last five years. He belonged to the Army of Northern Virginia and commanded Company B, 18th Virginia Infantry. He went into service as a cadet from the Virginia Military Institute in 1861, and served in every capacity from drillmaster to captain. He was wounded five times, being shot once through the body.

Mrs. James Bannerman is First Lieutenant of the St. Louis Choir. She has a beautifully trained voice, and is quite an acquisition to the Choir. Mrs. Marguerite Hopkins is Second Lieutenant. Miss May Atkinson, daughter of Commander R. C. Atkinson, is Adjutant. Miss Elizabeth Hickok is Quartermaster. Mrs. A. D. Chappell, a brilliant soloist of the Morning Choral Club, is Director of the Choir. Miss Frances Trumbo, a talented young concert pianist, is the Official Accompanist. Other members of the Choir are: Miss Mary Cocke, Mrs. E. S. Tracy, Miss Roberta Morrison, and Miss Margaret Scott; Mrs. Frank Estes, also a member of the Choral Club, and Miss Edna Ramsey, a gifted singer, just returned from a three years' course of study in Europe.

The Confederate Choir of St. Louis has been most enthusiastically received, and the stamp of approval set on it by both North and South. For example, the following article from the Censor, a St. Louis weekly, whose editor, Mr. Dyer, is a Northern man, will be gratifying to Southern readers: "Mrs. A. D. Chappell, one of the queen bees of the Morning Choral Club, is the Director of the recently organized Confederate Choir. What splendid words those are, 'Confederate Choir!' How the old melodies of the South will tingle in our ears, recalling sad memories, but firing new flames of patriotism, when we hear this splendid band of women sing the old familiar songs! They will appear at all Confederate Reunions and at the funerals of Southern veterans. Miss Grace McCulloch, the well-known singer, is Captain. How jaunty and patriotic the girls will look with their gray jackets and brass buttons, red shoulder sashes and soft gray hats! The Choir is making its first appearance to-day at the celebration of Jefferson Davis's birthday. All hail to the new Confederate Choir of St. Louis! Why did not some one think of such an organization before? They did not, but waited for Miss L. Byrd Mock, whose rank is that of Major General, to come here from the South and bring the idea with her. Miss Mock is herself not only a musician, but a composer, who has written some charming music. It was she who started all this discussion over the question of 'dignifying' the words of 'Dixie.'"

CONFEDERATE HALF DOLLAR COINS.

BY DR. M. S. BROWNE, OF WINCHESTER, KY.

In order to set right Comrade Maj. Ben C. Truman, of Los Angeles, and correct the erroneous impression as to Confederate coinage made by his communication to the VETERAN in the February number, I will state that the coinage was suspended after the coining of the four half dollars by reason of a lack of bullion for the purpose. A careful search some years ago into the subsequent history of those four pieces proved that three of them have been so lost as to make their identification impossible. The fourth one, sent to Memminger, the then Secretary of the Confederate Treasury, evaded a most persistent effort on my part to locate it. I utterly failed to get any trace of his family even. The coins of General Nichols, of Oscar Taylor, of Roberts, of Gen. John Boyd, of Lexington, Ky., and a number of others, of which I have knowledge, are known as "Restrikes." But just the details of these "Restrikes," how many were made before Uncle Sam's secret service men secured the dies, etc., I should like to know. Since the publication in the VETERAN a few years ago of an article by me on "Confederate Coinage" and the "Restrikes," I have traced a few more of the latter and dispelled some delusions of fortunes in a Confederate half dollar.

TENDENCY OF NORTHERN SENTIMENT.

A remarkable grouping of pictures appears on the front page of the National Prohibitionist, of Chicago, remarkable as showing a change in sentiment of the North toward the leaders of the Southern Confederacy. Opposite the picture of Lincoln appears that of Jefferson Davis, while facing that of Grant is a picture of Lee, and with each picture is a quotation of some strong expression by each man. It is a noteworthy grouping of men established in the history of our country.

In this connection an extract from an editorial in the Defender at the time of Mrs. Davis's death seems appropriate: "Of Jefferson Davis as a man the North is ready to render a true verdict. He was an honest man. His convictions were founded upon mistakes, but he was true to them. His hands were clean. No man ever charged him with the sins that have disgraced so many American public men. In ability he ranked among the foremost of Americans. The North will probably never build him a monument, but we are ready at least to concede that in happier times he might have been one of the greatest factors for the upbuilding of our common nation."

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT FOR RICHMOND, KY.

A movement has been started in Madison County, Ky., for the erection of a Confederate monument in the beautiful cemetery at Richmond, the county seat. Commander N. B. Deatherage, of T. B. Collins Camp, and Commander David Chenault, of Waller-Chenault Camp, with a committee composed of Joseph Collins, C. D. Pattie, and James B. McCreary, have sent out a statement with the purpose of interesting others in this cause, and it is hoped that good response will be made.

The greater number of Confederates buried on this lot were killed in the battle of Richmond, Ky. It is hoped that many comrades who were in that battle are still living, are prosperous, and will be inclined to help along this undertaking. Subscriptions can be sent to either of the comrades mentioned above or to the Citizens' National Bank at Richmond, Ky.

CONFEDERATE WHO SERVED IN MEXICAN ARMY.

BY T. W. WESTLAKE, COLUMBIA, MO.

I went into the Confederate army in September, 1861, and served continuously until the close of the war except the three or four months I was in prison. I was captured on Price's raid to Missouri in the fall of 1864, sent to the penitentiary at Alton, Ill., and kept there a prisoner of war until February, 1865, when I with others was sent to Richmond on exchange. From there we were started to Mobile, Ala., as recruits. While traveling through Georgia our train met with an accident (a wheel broke), and I was thrown from the top of the coach, where I was riding, and so badly hurt that I was taken to the hospital at Montgomery, remaining about ten days. By this time orders came to move the hospital, as the Federals were expected at Montgomery soon; so all who could take care of themselves were discharged from the hospital and ordered to report to their commands.

Gen. Joe Shelby's Brigade, to which I belonged, was then in Eastern Texas, with the Mississippi River between us overflowed from bluff to bluff. However, I secured a dugout, crossed over, and got to my command in time to go with Shelby's expedition to Mexico. It started a few days after I arrived. We took several six-mule loads of small arms and a few pieces of artillery with us to the Rio Grande River at Eagle Pass, where we sold them to the Mexican government, then at war with the imperial government under Maximilian. After a division of the money for which the arms were sold, General Shelby and a majority of the men set off for the City of Mexico to offer their services to Maximilian; while thirty-six of us, under Col. Ben Elliott, of Jackson County, Mo., started to Mazatlan, on the Pacific Coast. From there we did not know or care much where we should go. Most all went to California or South America. I alone of the company of thirty-six joined the Mexican army, remaining with it until Maximilian was captured and executed. I was with the Mexican army a little over one year, and still have my discharge, prizing it very highly.

I would be gratified if I could find any of the boys who were in the company of thirty-six from Eagle Pass on the Texas border to Mazatlan, Mex., on the Pacific Coast, whom I will appreciate hearing from at Columbia, Mo.

SPIRIT OF CONFEDERATE REUNIONS.

Of all times, a general Confederate Reunion is the South's most joyous. Care and all animosity are left behind. Veterans who are old and feeble and often bent with age go to these Reunions to have "a good time," and they have it. The same spirit actuates the good women who are still inspired by faith of merit in the cause. Younger people make it the occasion to honor father and mother, whether living or dead. Then the children are happy, of course. Everybody is happy.



HUGH T. MORTON, JR., SNUG IN HIS BABY CARRIAGE.

Master Hugh T. Morton, Jr., illustrates the spirit of his class. His grandfathers were both colonels in the Confederate army, and the little fellow, though but eight months old, was manifestly as happy as older persons. He was evidently the youngest "Rebel" who participated in the memorable occasion of the Birmingham Reunion.

ERROR IN OFFER OF GAVELS TO THE U. D. C.

BY MRS. CORNELIA BRANCH STONE, PRESIDENT.

By an inadvertence gavels were offered to Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy which should be named for President Davis, any member of his family, or either of his homes, Brierfield or Beauvoir.

In a resolution presented by the State of Mississippi and adopted by the General Convention U. D. C., assembled in November, 1907, at Norfolk, Va., the offer was made as follows:

"*Resolved,* That this body does agree to present a gavel made of Beauvoir wood with silver name plate to each literary club or society which shall be organized during the year 1908, provided that each club or society shall be named for Jefferson Davis, any member of his family, or either of his homes, Brierfield and Beauvoir."

This mistake is regretted, as some Chapters, U. D. C., have organized, complied with conditions, and have applied for gavels, which, under the resolution adopted, cannot be given, as the offer is made only to "literary clubs or societies."

ADVICE IN REGARD TO PENSIONS.

BY GEN. JOHN B. STONE, KANSAS CITY, MO.

I read everything published in every issue of the VETERAN from the first page to the last. Almost every item which you publish is interesting to the Confederate soldier, his friends and relatives, and all these should be subscribers to the VETERAN. I would not be without the paper for $100 per year.

I notice in every issue of the VETERAN inquiries from comrades seeking information so as to prove their record in the Confederate army. So many of the old soldiers have died or have moved away from their place of enlistment that it is a very difficult matter to prove a record by living witnesses.

The United States government has a copy of the muster roll of every regularly enlisted company and regiment which served in the Confederate army; and if any Confederate soldier wishing his war record will write to the Adjutant General, War Department, Washington, D. C., his letter will receive prompt attention, and the applicant will get his record with less trouble than by any other method. It is a better and much quicker plan to write or see in person either the United States Senator or Representative of the Congressional district in which the applicant lives and let him apply to the Adjutant General for the desired information.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

FITZHUGH, OKLA., July —, 1908.

The Adjutant General, War Department, Washington, D. C.

My Dear Sir: Will you please furnish me my Confederate war record. I enlisted in Company A, 4th Alabama Regiment, April, 1861, at Selma, Ala. JOHN B. ————.

The information received from the War Department of our government is reliable; and while it may not be complete, it will be of great benefit to comrades who apply for pensions and admission to the State Confederate Homes.

[The VETERAN regrets the fact that the most essential feature to comrades seeking pensions—viz., the conditions of getting out of service—is in many instances not given because of the chaotic conditions at the close. However, he should procure what there is of record at Washington, and then as diligently as practicable establish proof of his parole, even if he never expects to apply for a pension. It is a record that should be preserved in the family.—ED. VETERAN.]

HOME LIFE OF GEN. STEPHEN D. LEE.

BY MRS. GEORGIA P. YOUNG, COLUMBUS, MISS.

[A tribute on the occasion of the memorial exercises of the Columbus Chapter, U. D. C., June 12, 1908.]

By the order of Mrs. Stone, President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, as well as the promptings of our own hearts, we are here to-day to offer a tribute to the memory of our fallen chieftain and honored friend, Gen. Stephen D. Lee. We come not with words of burning eloquence that thrill the soul, but as friend talks to friend of one whom they have loved, one who has gone in and out before them for years, and who when life's weary pilgrimage had ended had "crossed over the river and rests under the shade of the trees."

History has already embalmed in her pages the public career of General Lee—his valor as a soldier, his skill as a military leader, his fidelity as an educator. Ours is the loving task of calling to mind that sphere in which we knew him best—his private life. We will remember him as a neighbor, a friend, a brother, a father, a husband, and, more than all and best of all, as the Christian man. General Lee came into the social life of our community in February, 1865, when he took in holy wedlock as his wife the charming and gifted Regina Blewett Harrison.

Our sister, the late Mrs. Helen Garner, has preserved for us in our Chapter book of "Reminiscences of the War" some of the details of that brilliant social function, the marriage of General Lee and Miss Harrison. She tells us of the gathering of the élite of Columbus in the stately old mansion, of the flash of gilded stars and buttons on the officers and other military men present, and of the lovely bride in her shimmering satin and sparkling jewels. Alas! of all that gay assemblage only a handful remain who can recall the glittering pageant and the joy-filled hours.

Sacred as the subject is, and with no purpose of trespassing upon that inner precinct, the holy relationship of husband and wife, one may be pardoned for recalling General Lee's chivalric devotion to his wife during those long, weary years of her hopeless invalidism. How tenderly he watched over her, how carefully he sought to screen her from every discomfort, how unceasingly he strove to make the rough places smooth, how unfalteringly he labored to alleviate her sufferings, and how almost to the last every new achievement in the science of surgery was levied upon with the hope of removing her unconquerable malady! A more admirable example of marital devotion we have not known.

General Lee was a wise father. To his son, the only child that was given him, he was a companion. Together they read and studied, together they talked and walked. How often we saw them on our streets in this sweet companionship! I was visiting at the home about the time this son, Blewett Lee, in the first flush of his young manhood was called to a professorship in a Chicago university. My mother heart ached in sympathy with these parents, and I said: "General, I cannot see how you and Mrs. Lee can consent to this separation from your only child." With emphasis he replied: "We love our boy too well to stand between him and what we conceive to be his best interests." That little speech impressed me as having the true ring, for too often parental love is selfish, seeking its own ease and pleasure to the detriment of the child.

Separated from his own relatives and living among those of his wife's, he seemed to be thoroughly identified with them. His noble and generous nature manifested itself in many beau-

tiful acts of brotherly kindness from day to day. Sadly indeed is he missed by the "little sister," as he was wont to call her, to whom he was father, counselor, guide, and unfailing comforter.

Loyalty to every cause that engaged him and fidelity to every trust committed to him were two of General Lee's marked characteristics. When some forty years ago he became a member of the Baptist Church, he gave not only his name but his hand and heart to its upbuilding and to the establishment of righteousness within its borders. He was indeed "a pillar" in the Church. Generous in his donations, wise in his counsels, constant in his attendance on its ministrations, faithful in his adherence to its doctrines, he stood as an exemplar of the well-rounded Christian man. One of his last conscious utterances was in reference to a matter he had in hand for the new church building. He expressed the wish to get home that he might give it personal attention. We could wish that it had been the Father's will that he should have lived to see the completion of the noble structure now being erected and for a few years at least to have worshiped within its courts.

Many of us will remember his absorbing interest in the Cates revival meeting of last year. When leading in prayer his ringing voice would fill the large auditorium, and every petition seemed freighted with love for his fellow-man and fired with zeal for the cause of the Great Captain of his salvation.

As a Chapter of the U. D. C. we can never forget General Lee's uniform interest in our organization. Never did he fail to coöperate with us in our plans and purposes, and he always cheerfully and graciously met every demand. In my last conversation with him, when speaking of Dr. Lipscomb's history that our Chapter proposed publishing, I said: "General, I know that you are continually beset with requests, yet I must beg that you will give us your picture and that of your house to be among the illustrations of our book." Heartily he responded: "You shall have them, and I will do anything else that I can for you."

Remembering that General Lee was but a few months over thirty years of age when he had attained the high military position in the Confederate army of lieutenant general, and that added honors came in civil life with added years, we are impressed with the fact that he never exhibited the least spirit of vainglory or self-exaltation. He was as unassuming and modest as he was great.

After one of our Chapter meetings at which a President of a U. D. C. Chapter of another State was present, I asked Miss Harrison if it would be convenient to have my friend meet General Lee. With a soldier's promptness, so characteristic of him, he came directly in. During the little interview allusion was made to his being Commander in Chief of that honored band, the gray-haired, gray-coated veterans. With beautiful modesty (I could almost say he blushed) General Lee closed his eyes and, turning his face upward, said: "I am only chief because my comrades have gone before me."

We who know the story of Sharpsburg, Second Manassas, Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg, and Franklin know that he was the peer of any commander on those battlefields. General Lee never thought of his greatness nor felt himself superior to the lowliest with whom he companied. His was always the kindly word and cordial handclasp. When one brought tidings to King David that Abner, the commander in chief of Saul's army, had been slain by the hand of the treacherous Joab, the magnanimous king burst into a touching eulogy over his fallen foe. That eulogy concludes with: "Know ye not that a prince and a great man hath fallen in Israel to-day?" We may borrow the words and say: "Know ye not that a prince and a great man has fallen in our Israel to-day?" General Lee was great in all that makes for true greatness. He was a prince among men whose chivalry, whose courage, whose fidelity, whose magnanimity, whose integrity, whose purity, whose modesty command our admiration and demand our homage. Let us ever hold him in loving remembrance and hand down his example as a gracious heritage to our children's children.

THE U. C. V. HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

BY GEN. CLEMENT A. EVANS, CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE.

This assembly is representative of the people of that part of the country commonly called the South. It stands as a body for the true citizenry of a powerful section of the United States. The people thus represented have views of true civic virtues and of the true social status and the distinct responsibilities of the American people which are shared by the greater number of our countrymen everywhere. It cannot be suspected without a shudder that their ideas and ideals are scorned by a majority of the people of the Union. In fact, this truly grand gathering represents the intelligence and the energies, the traditions and the history, the intense patriotism and the exalted hopes of a chivalric people whose ancestors were leaders of great prominence in the founding of our constitutional republic.

The special work chosen by the great soldiers' organization here in annual session is purely patriotic, peace-making, beneficial to the whole country and valuable to posterity forever. Its principal objects are to preserve comradeship, to establish justice and purity in all literature, especially in history, to abolish sectional discord, and to promote genuine and generous courtesies among the people whose fathers nearly half a century ago strove for the mastery with bloody severity four years upon many historical battlefields. In proper furtherance of these grand designs, heroism is being also commemorated by durable monuments as well as by every other token that can inspire men with the true heroic spirit and the love of truth which makes a people free indeed. And it must be further stated that among this cluster of starry guides to national glory it has become necessary to place Southern and national insistence that the reasonable claims of the South for better recognition should be allowed, that its local problems should be more fairly considered, and that it should be unhindered in its efforts to maintain under existing embarrassments the social and racial integrity of all that people who developed and civilized North America and established the democratic republican government which we enjoy.

The people of the South have made history which teaches moral and civic virtues by example, and they are greatly concerned in the true narration of their deeds and the fair statements of their motives. In beginning to discharge this duty as to their own recent history, the Southern people were startled by the discovery that the youth of the country were threatened with a perpetuation of sectional strife through the evil influences of sectional literature. History books were complacently presented for adoption by school boards, although infested with sectional unfairness. Statements were

printed in such books which were but half truths, while truths were so adulterated with errors as to be no longer true and pure, while paragraphs were adroitly constructed so as to carry concealed the deadly dagger of misrepresentation. It was evident that duty demanded resistance to this corruption of



MISS CHARLIE SCOTT,
Sponsor for Forrest Cavalry Corps, Birmingham Reunion.

a literature pretending to be historical truth, and it is gratifying to know that the efforts to strike down the pernicious evil has been rewarded by considerable success; but the strict exclusion of all unfair publications must be vigorously enforced, and the books themselves must be consigned to the flames of patriotic indignation.

Southern authorship is winning high appreciation by the public. The South is rich in talents, experience, and other wealth to enter the fields of literature where the greater success awaits only the greater endeavor to achieve it. Glaring wrongs can be best remedied by the Southern writers doing their part in the literature reformation. If the youth of the South shall not hereafter know the splendid history of their own section and the true value of Southern history, that privation will be the fault of their fathers. The fact is lamentable that the passing of forty years has been required to satisfy the public mind that broad generosity and not a narrow animosity should be the pervading spirit of American literature, that praise and not obloquy, fair play and not foul play should distinguish signally and specially the permanent narration of that mighty struggle between the sections which closed without the loss of even one essential principle that lessened the rights and duties of our people, our States, and our general government.

The Southern people of 1861 did not linger long at the tomb of the Confederacy. Their brave soldiers garlanded the ideal sepulcher with their own chivalric glory and committed the Confederate movement to the memory of what it was and what its defenders did to sustain it. The South would not live in the past alone. Its people gazed awhile sadly on the rich and radiant glow of the setting sun, but they firmly faced the duties of the coming day. The severity of the new conditions was appalling, but in battling bravely with their obstacles this heavily burdened gallant people are achieving well-deserved success. Out of extreme desolations the hopeful Southland citizentry have risen majestically by their own splendid achievements without capital except a credit good as gold and a land that responded to the enterprise of its owners. They had a genius for honesty in business and fidelity to the laws of true trade which so directed their financing that they have never in all history produced a financial panic. Their energy is clasping with its glad hand the present opportunities, and with honorable thrift they will preserve their prosperity.

Behold this sunny South! See how it beams in varied beauty, how it exults in its temperate climate, how it teems with products that meet the wants of the world! Glance at its stretches of prosperous domain, from Maryland to Arizona, from St. Louis to Charleston, from Louisville to New Orleans! It embraces seventeen extensive States—more than one-third of the Union—nearly as many as all the great West contains, and twice as many as all the thrifty East. Count its twenty-four millions of people, nearly one-third of the population of the United States. Think of its marvelous natural resources. Hear with gladdened hearts the music of its mills and mines, its commerce and its fields and forests singing in harmonious chorus: "Hurrah for the sunny South!"

There are conditions existing at times in special situations which produce problems for people to solve, and in our country there are varieties of local problems which can be solved only by local wisdom. But our form of government is better adapted to settle such problems in the interest of all the people than any other government on earth. In our Union the responsibilities for good government are shared among the people, the States, and the general government in such a manner that each has sufficient authority to do the duties required, and therefore when special local problems arise the task of solving them presses first upon the locality most concerned.

The Southern States have their own problems, which they desire to solve for the common good. It is true also that there are other questions not exclusively Southern in which the people of the South are concerned equally with all citizens; such, for instance, as the general questions of the just relations between the States and between any State and the general government. But even this problem was made local as to the Southern States and became acutely sectional in the years between 1850 and 1861, when the circumstance that African slavery had become an institution was used to create a dangerous Southern problem.

After many unsuccessful expedients, the States in the South fled for refuge to secession; and that being denied, they were forced to fight; and having failed in that, they surrendered without any settlement by negotiations or war. Hence the old disturbing presence in our country of a people of African descent became more serious than ever because the problem

was loaded from 1865 with new and insupportable conditions. These negroes in the Southern States were merely turned loose with nothing but the power to vote and hold office without qualifications. They were not offered homes anywhere except in the South, and they fell as a load on the Southern people. But the South assumed the burden, and the assertion is here made that no body of people in any age of the world has treated this negro race with real kindness except the people of the Southern States.

All nations have enslaved them, and not one has trained them into that physical, intelligent, moral manhood which is the indisputable qualification of a valuable population. For example, consider the negroes in Africa under European rule. The Southern States have over six millions of this race to care for, and the Southern people are qualified to execute the trust justly, benevolently, and for the general welfare. It is, therefore, insisted that the hindering intermeddling with the purposes to righteously solve this problem shall cease; for whatever the motive may be, such interference is misdirected, hurtful, and often open to suspicion as being accompanied with insincerity, selfishness, or ignorance of Southern conditions.

The mere argument on certain debatable questions of great importance has been exhausted. These issues have been ably discussed in conventions like this for many years with cleanliness, truthfulness, and power by the most eminent men of the country. None of them need further discussion at this hour before this well-informed assembly. The South rests its reasons and its acts in the effort of the States to form a separate government on the law and the testimony with absolute confidence in the justice of its cause.

The Southern people stand upon the firm basis of their sound and solid character and upon the principles of constitutional law, civic right, and moral duty which ruled their actions. With profound satisfaction they contemplate their history from the first settlement in Virginia centuries ago and their immense contribution since then to the greatness of our country. With the purest spirit of patriotism they are yet devoting their energies to the moral, the educational, the industrial, and the financial uplift of all the people to those lofty civic conditions which alone truly exalt a nation.

This attitude of the South thus firmly taken on questions formerly debatable even by war permits in present conditions the fair concession on all sides that "points of view" may be considered and honest difference of opinion may be indulged provided neither side will do the other any harm. The remark has been prominently made in praise of the soldiery of the Confederate and Union armies that "each fought for the right as he saw the right."

This favorite fraternal phrase may be accepted to mean that honesty in opinion as well as valor in action may be found on both sides. Take as illustration: One man could see from his one point of view that the saving of the Union was his supreme obligation, while the other saw clearly that saving the Constitution was his supreme duty; but each may now see that there is an honest way to keep both the Union and the Constitution in perfect safety, and may it not be urged incidentally that as the Union is safe from danger of secession let us save the Constitution from the dangers of perversion?

It will profit our statesmen and all other students of our government if they will fully consider the estimate placed by the citizens of the United States on the present value of the Union together with the intense devotion of the people, also on the Constitution as the protector of their personal liberties and the saviour of the powers and dignities of their respective States from a possible ruthless ravage. These two potent, popular estimates of the Constitution and the Union are consistent and coöperative. They are the indissoluble components of a good government, and both are sentiments very dear to the American heart.

We remember the power of the masterful Union sentiment when the appeal was made to save the imperiled life of the Union, even by war. It was a feeling inherited from our ancestors of the American Revolution, and had been at various



MISS DUNCAN,
Maid of Honor to Forrest's Cavalry Corps, Birmingham Reunion.

times displayed throughout the South and in the North when threats of secession were made by the Northern statesmen. Our fathers felt that in forming this Union they had gained a true government of United States which would abide forever. They were thrilled by the patriotic sensation that safety was secured for all rights and defense was provided against all wrongs. This has been in all our country's history a powerful sentiment, and it is that same love of country which still warms the soul of the true citizen when he sees the Union truly illustrated by the full exercise of all powers delegated and reserved so as to serve every section, to protect the interests of every citizen, to save every right, and thus achieve a durable magnificent greatness.

But there is another element in the enthusiasm of our sires and their sons, which is the twin brother to the Union sentiment. What is that other twin constituent which was laid in the cradle of our government? What is that crowning glory of our country which distinguishes it even as the glory of the sun is greater than the glory of the stars? It is the equally masterful popular sentiment concerning the value of the sacred sentiment which was ordained and established as the "Constitution for the United States of America."

Let us follow that popular sentiment for the Constitution to its source as we have followed the feeling for the Union. For more than a century the colonial States had held their few

liberties by the uncertain tenure of royal charters and edicts; and these failing, they fought for independence; and having won it, they undertook to act together without the compact of a written constitution. But the plan produced such harassing discords and perils that a constitutional government of United States became clearly the imperative need. The problem before these colonial States in this situation was such as no other people had ever solved.

The joining together of separate State sovereignties so as to create an indissoluble union of them as such in perfect equality, retaining sovereignty in the States, preserving fundamental sovereignty in the States, preserving fundamental sovereignty in the people, while conferring sovereign powers upon a general government, was a problem indeed not even dreamed of in all political philosophy. But the complex problem was solved by the minds and even more by the patriotic hearts of those great Americans of our Revolution who were the wisest as well as the truest statesmen in the world.

It was no easy task. They had anxieties and fears which no history has fully portrayed. They were in the crucible themselves when they moulded that Constitution into form, and their finished work deserves a sentiment of reverence like that which is felt for the Decalogue given by Moses to be the law of the world.

In the keeping of that Constitution there is great reward. If sacredly observed, it will be the perpetual foundation of civic blessings, because the States will be the everlasting springs which shall keep that fountain full, and the people shall have their liberties secured as permanently as the stars are fixed in the firmament of heaven.

Within the range of the true patriot's present view there are four ideals of equal worth. They are the State, the Constitution, the Union, and the general welfare of all the people. Consider these four great entities as they arise in order of time, sequence, and relations. They are the people, the States, the Constitution, the Union.

Out of these our government arose in its remarkable form. As such it was dedicated to liberty, as such it is devoted to maintain equality, and as such it is organized to promote fraternity. We will therefore take the sentiments which were laid in the cradle of our government and make their unity the basis of our amity, their concord the assurance of our liberties, their united reign the protection of our country from every foe. These principles ruling the hearts of the people will make our land the leader of the world by the blessing of Almighty God.

After concluding the address of the Historical Committee, the Chairman offered the following special resolution as part of the annual report: "The Historical Committee consider that the United Confederate Veterans and their coöperating associations, the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, the Southern Woman's Confederated Memorial Association, and the United Daughters of the Confederacy, are joined indissolubly in great patriotic common work, and that there is no auxiliary supporting them so effectively as their official organ, the monthly magazine, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, conducted by our Comrade S. A. Cunningham, Nashville, Tenn. Through this able magazine our history, our biography, and the knowledge of all the facts and principles of the War between the States are made known monthly to thousands of our countrymen. It represents the present noble attitude of the South toward every part of our country, and deserves the careful reading of our entire people."

THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN—AND THE BOOK.

[Remarks of Gen. Bennett H. Young in presenting the editor of the VETERAN to the Association at Birmingham.]

We hear much to-day of the "man behind the gun." He is the most potential of all factors in war. The soldiers of the Confederate States demonstrated that, while there was much in the gun, there was more in the man behind it, and their splendid achievements with their inferior equipments are the noblest and highest tribute to their immeasurable courage.

With more than forty years between us as the survivors of the mightiest struggle of which modern history tells, there comes now a persistent, earnest, and universal call for the conservation and preservation in some permanent form of the countless deeds of valor and unparalleled suffering of the men and women of the South in their heroic efforts to win national independence.

The glorious record of immortality which fate decreed as a reasonable and just compensation for its denial of success in the gigantic contest waged by the Confederate States for their liberty will be of little value unless we shall find some means or method for its faithful presentment to those who shall follow us.

And now, comrades, as the shadows lengthen and we face the inevitable which awaits, all our thoughts are turned toward the plans necessary to tell the true story of the deeds of the men who wore the gray. Who they were is not the great thing, what they were the world ought to know and must know, and so a new demand comes from the hearts of those who yet stand on the "nigher shore," and we plead for the "man behind the book," who shall adequately perform this last and essential duty to those who stood as the representatives of the South's heroism, womanhood, and manhood in that tremendous conflict, the splendor and glory of which can never fade until all things shall forever pass away.

There is one who has been raised up by Providence to perform this illustrious service, and with absolute unselfishness has consecrated the resistless energies of a patient and laborious life to this great work, and in this respect done more than any other Confederate soldier can ever hope to do for the perpetuation of the real records of Southern achievement, suffering, and sacrifice from 1861 to 1865. He stands as a noble benefactor single-handed and almost alone, oftentimes unappreciated and sometimes opposed, yet he wearieth not in well-doing. He has performed this splendid mission, and through the CONFEDERATE VETERAN with incalculable labor has gathered into its printed pages more of what the Southern soldier accomplished and suffered than any other work ever printed. It has no superior as a military periodical in the world of letters, and all Confederates everywhere should gratefully and sincerely acknowledge their obligations to S. A. Cunningham for his incomparable zeal, for his unfaltering fidelity, for his unwavering allegiance to his chosen calling in life—to place in printed form, as far as may be possible, the story of the immeasurable sacrifices and the magnificent courage of the men and women of the Southland in the mighty struggle they made to win the Confederate States the right of nationhood.

And so in presenting Comrade Cunningham to you I pat him on the back and we all say: "Hurrah for Cunningham, the man behind the Confederate book."

[It was not intended to print the foregoing in the VETERAN, but no modesty should prevent service which will help the cause.—EDITOR VETERAN.]

TRIBUTE TO J. E. AND S. D. M'DONALD.

BY DR. W. N. HOLMES, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Prof. John Uri Lloyd, of Cincinnati, in an address before a medical association in Nashville a few years ago said: "There are great buildings, monuments, and structures of various kinds in Nashville, and the city itself stands upon solid limestone; but, ladies and gentlemen, I say to you that you have here a monument that will prove more enduring than all the handiwork of man, and that is the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. It will go down in history as associated with a race of people, recording their bravery and deeds of valor, surviving in the minds and hearts of men and women long after the marble, the bronze, the stone, and the steel of Nashville have moldered and crumbled into dust."

If a citizen of Ohio will come among us and pass such eulogy as the above on a periodical the object of which is to perpetuate and keep alive the memories of those whose prosperity, chivalry, and happiness had commanded the admiration of the world and the envy of the North, keeping alive the acts of bravery and heroism of our fathers in defense of what they knew to be their own by right and inheritance, then is it not a duty we owe both to ourselves and the VETERAN to do everything possible to give to future generations a complete knowledge of the character of those who fought and died that they might by their sacrifice secure to their children a combined legacy more glorious and more lasting than silver and gold? And is it not fitting that this should be done through the columns of the VETERAN?

The foregoing sentiment has inspired the writer to add some personal history, knowing that those to whom reference shall be made are worthy of a place among the records of the brave and noble, because they were of that caste and character for which the Southern States have been and ever will be so famous. Notably among these were Maj. Joseph E. McDonald and his brother, Samuel D McDonald.



MAJ. J. E. M'DONALD.

Joseph E. McDonald was born in Madison County, Tenn., May 30, 1831; and was killed in the battle of Franklin, November 30, 1864, while in command of the 55th Tennessee Regiment. He enlisted with a company formed at Trezevant, Tenn., with Jack Hillsman as captain, in October, 1861, being made first lieutenant of the company. During the following winter he was elected captain.

He was captured at Island No. 10 in the following April, and was in prison at Johnson's Island until September, when he was exchanged at Vicksburg and with the command was sent to Port Hudson, remaining there until the following summer, when they were ordered to Mobile, Ala. While at Mobile Captain McDonald was appointed major of the regiment, and went with the command on the Tennessee campaign, and his body now lies among his comrades in McGavock Cemetery, a stone marking his last resting place.

Samuel D. McDonald was also born in Madison County, Tenn., November 10, 1835; and enlisted with the 12th Tennessee Regiment in July, 1861, serving throughout the remainder of the war. He was in the battles of Belmont, Missionary Ridge, Chickamauga, and all the fighting in which the gallant Cheatham's Division was engaged.



SAMUEL D. M'DONALD.

In the battle of Peach Tree Creek, at Atlanta, Ga., he was slightly wounded in the head. On the same day his sleeve was cut open by a Minie ball.

After the war he resided in his native county, and was a member of the John Ingram Bivouac several years. He died in Jackson, Tenn., of paralysis on March 22, 1908.

They were of Scotch-Irish origin. Their ancestors came into Tennessee from Virginia and North Carolina. They owned a great many slaves, and were regarded as among the wealthiest of the early settlers of West Tennessee. The family entered largely into the establishment of customs governing the higher classes of society.

There were three McDonald sisters: Mrs. R. F. Greer, Mrs. Persons, and Miss Jennie, who never married. To these women many men of my age from Jackson to McLemoresville owe their standing in morals, religion, and society.

On October 6, 1859, Major McDonald was married to Miss Emma Warlick, of Madison County. To them three children were born, two of whom were twin brothers, John J. and Joseph W. They were almost exactly alike. John J. died in Louisville December 3, 1895. Joseph W. served in the Spanish-American War as surgeon of the 4th Tennessee Regiment, and was in Cuba part of his time. He died in Jackson, Tenn., March 16, 1900.

Just ten years after Mrs. McDonald's marriage to J. E. McDonald she was married to his brother, S. D. McDonald, on November 4, 1869. To their union were born two children, Samuel and Carrie.

Mrs. McDonald still lives in Jackson, Tenn., a worthy representative of those noble people; and while she as a widow with three small children passed through the last and darkest

days of the Civil War as well as several years thereafter, she held up bravely. Her second marriage being a very happy union, with success and prosperity attending their career, she now, though bereaved a second time of a noble husband, en-



MRS. EMMA WARLICK M'DONALD.

joys the satisfaction of knowing that her own children as well as the children of the other members of both the McDonald and Warlick families have upheld and protected the pristine excellence of the names.

GRATITUDE FOR KINDNESS AT BIRMINGHAM.

The association of Confederate soldiers known as "United Confederate Veterans" is not a mercenary or selfish organization, but one that stands for a worthy purpose, a broad principle, and a noble sentiment. Its purpose is to honor the feeling of true patriotism that inspired the toil and sacrifice of the men of 1861-65 and to secure for the real nature and character of their cause just recognition in the public opinion of to-day and on the pages of history in the future. The principle for which these men acted is the constitutional right of a free people to regulate their own local affairs as they may deem best and the inalienable right of all free men to defend their homes from invasion and plunder. The sentiment that the organization represents is comradeship among all of the survivors of the great struggle, the hand of fellowship and aid for the needy, and fitting memorials in honor of the dead. Our annual Reunions are intended to promote all of these and by a series of grand object lessons to educate the younger generation in the character, the spirit, and the worth of their fathers. Whoever contributes in any measure to this end is, in our opinion, doing all the people of this great republic a valuable service and one that demands recognition and thanks from every Confederate soldier; therefore be it

Resolved by John Ingram Camp, No. 37, of Jackson, Tenn., in regular session assembled July 2, 1908: 1. That we remember with grateful pleasure the courteous and efficient service of the Mobile and Ohio and the Frisco Railroads in transporting us to and from the Birmingham Reunion of 1908, and assure all officials and employees connected with that delightful trip that this resolution is passed in no perfunctory spirit, but as a deserved tribute to their care and thoughtfulness in promoting our comfort on the road.

2. That we send greeting and thanks to the people of Birmingham, who opened wide the gates of their beautiful city for our reception, who took us to their hearts and homes during our stay among them, who laid their plans of entertainment so wisely and generously, who carried them out with such skill and kindness, and who made each of us feel "I'm glad I live in Dixie," especially as Birmingham is a part of it. With hats off we make our best bow as we quote the words of the "wise man" to this fair Reunion city of the South: "Other daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest."

Unanimously adopted. D. T. TURNER, *Commander;*
G. R. MCGEE, *Adjutant.*

CONFEDERATE HOME AT BEAUVOIR.

The following cheerful letter came from the Superintendent of the Confederate Home at Beauvoir, Miss.:

"Our Home is doing nicely, and all in better moral and physical condition than ever before. We have ninety inmates, with twenty-six approved applications on file awaiting admission. There is not a spare bed; but we will soon have ample room for all who are accepted, as a contract has been let for two dormitories sufficient to accommodate forty more inmates. The hospital is also to be enlarged by a department for the wives and widows of veterans; the dining room will be enlarged and two servant houses built. A steam laundry is also in prospect. Everything is being done to make the old comrades comfortable and happy. I think we have the ideal Home in the South. There is no serious sickness. Mrs. Wallace, our Matron and Mother, is one of the biggest-hearted and grandest of women.

"A recent large and handsome donation to the Home came from Mrs. James DuBuys, of New Orleans, a generous, noble, and patriotic woman. It consisted of a large lot of glassware and chinaware, linen for the hospital, books and periodicals—the largest and handsomest donation of the kind the Home has ever received."

M. Lewis, of Clarksburg, W. Va., makes correction as to the authorship of the poem on Rodes's Brigade as given in the VETERAN for June, page 270, saying: "The poem was written by Capt. William Page Carter, and may be found in his book, 'Echoes from the Glen.' Captain Carter was a lieutenant in the battery of his brother, Capt. Thomas Carter, which was attached to Rodes's Brigade at Seven Pines, and he was afterwards captain of the battery, Capt. Thomas Carter having been promoted to command of a battalion of artillery. In the battle of Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864, Carter's Battery was stationed on our right in the 'bloody angle;' and after all of his men were killed, wounded, or captured, he was loading and firing one of his guns as best he could when he felt something cold behind his ear, and upon turning around discovered a six-foot Yankee with his musket to his head, saying, 'Young man, don't fire that gun any more,' to which Carter replied: 'Why, no, I have no intention of doing so.' He was taken to the rear and sent to Fort Delaware, at which place and other Northern prisons he was kept until after the war ended."

MEMORIAL TO GEN. S. D. LEE IN OKLAHOMA.

At Altus, Okla., an appropriate memorial service was held in honor of Gen. Stephen D. Lee. The old veterans of Altus Camp, No. 1417, met in the courthouse and held a short business meeting and then formed in line and marched to the First Baptist Church, on Main Street, where they were given a hearty welcome by the Sunday school, which had just been dismissed. The veterans were given front seats in the large church, which was packed for the occasion. They planted the Confederate flag just in front of the pulpit. The choir rendered some excellent music, after which the assembly was led in prayer by Rev. Arthur Leake. Then a stirring address was made by the pastor, Rev. J. Frank Leake.

Attorney E. E. Gore, a brother to Senator T. P. Gore, of Oklahoma, made an address. After a vocal solo by Miss Romonia Leake, there was the formal address by Attorney M. L. Haukins, which was in the main historic.

COLONEL M'CLURE'S ARTICLE CRITICISED.

BY REV. FRANK STRINGFELLOW, POWHATAN, VA.

Col. A. K. McClure's article in the June VETERAN amused me. Mr. Lincoln's innocent little effort to send hungry men a meal or two to relieve their suffering for a few days until peace could be made was so pathetically told that it would touch the hearts of ladies and children and I fear may mislead a few weak-minded old Rebs as they totter to their graves.

It might not be amiss to get our dear old friend, Colonel McClure, to answer a few questions. For instance, we might ask the kind of ships employed to carry the harmless rations. How many ships did it take to deliver rations enough to last Major Anderson a few days? Were rations the only thing sent on that fearful mission for the relief of those hungry men? He is in a position to tell how many soldiers and sailors it took to issue the two days' rations and what arms and ammunition were required to make Major Anderson and his hungry men eat the rations after they were brought. The Colonel's article was ingenious enough. It was cleverly planned and pleasantly written. * * *

The North forced the South to fire the first shot of the war, and she has been trying ever since that shot was fired to make the world, even the Southern people, believe that we began the war, when the truth is very different.

CORRECTED AUTHORSHIP OF A POEM.

BY J. D. HARBY, CONWAY, S. C.

In the June VETERAN, page 270, there appears a poem to Rhodes's Brigade, said to be written by Maj. H. A. Whiting, published in 1867. Let us keep the record straight. This poem appeared in the Houston Telegraph in the early part of the war. It was soon after the battle of Seven Pines. It was dedicated to "Hood's Texas Brigade," and was written by Mrs. Jane Young, of Houston. It is almost word for word as published in the VETERAN except that "Rhodes's Brigade" has been substituted for "Hood's Texas Brigade."

It was set to music at that time, and was a popular song in Houston. This can be verified by referring to the files of the Telegraph or to Mrs. Mollie Moore Davis, of New Orleans, or to Dr. Sam Young, Secretary of Cotton Exchange, Galveston, Tex., or to E. B. H. Cushing, with Southern Pacific Railroad, whose father was editor of the Telegraph at that time. Let justice be done.

[Comrade Harby reports that his service was with Fontaine's Eighth Company, Texas Light Artillery.]

MORE ABOUT GEN. JAMES E. RAINS.

BY JOSEPH HUTCHESON, DECATUR, GA.

The May (1908) VETERAN brought again to view the battle of Murfreesboro, December 31, 1862, which ranks with the severest battles of the War between the States. It also presented a picture of that gallant and daring officer, Gen. James E. Rains, of Nashville, Tenn. It carried me back to my first knowledge of this splendid officer.

Our 3d Georgia Battalion joined Rains's Brigade at Cumberland Gap in the early part of 1862. He was commandant of this important post, and his command consisted then of the 11th Tennessee, the 20th North Carolina, the 42d Georgia Regiments, the 3d Georgia Battalion, an artillery command, and, I think, one company of North Carolina Indians.

We remained at Cumberland Gap until midsummer without special incident of note, save at one time when the enemy made a feint upon our works. General Rains on that occasion rode along the lines of intrenchments and made stirring appeals to the boys, declaring that no such thing as surrender must be considered. A few shells were thrown into our works, one passing through a mess chest and wounding in the hand Private Robert Sparks, of Company C, 3d Georgia.

At another time General Rains, with two or three companies of the 3d Georgia Battalion, made a night raid into Kentucky, routing the enemy's outpost and capturing a few prisoners. As a result of this raid, Private David Hightower, of the Barnesville Blues, was severely wounded which caused the loss of a leg.

At another time with Captain Kendrick's company General Rains went on a night raid a few miles south of the Gap and attacked one of the enemy's picket posts, capturing a young Kentucky boy and two horses, one of which was a fine roan said to belong to a Federal surgeon. This horse was taken by Colonel Stovall and appropriated to his own use. This arbitrary act met with a shower of denunciation from Company C, who held that "to the victors belonged the spoils."

A warm friendship and mutual admiration sprang up between General Rains and Captain Kendrick, both being talented and naturally gifted. Both were lawyers and attorney-generals of their respective districts—General Rains of the Nashville circuit and Captain Kendrick of the Newnan or Coweta circuit in Georgia. This mutual admiration caused General Rains to detach Kendrick's company for special duty frequently.

In the summer or fall of 1862 General Rains's command went into Kentucky with Gen. E. Kirby Smith, between whose forces and the Federals, under Gen. Lew Wallace, a spirited engagement took place at Richmond, resulting in the complete rout of the latter, leaving their dead on the field. We discovered the next day that much clothing and other supplies were left by the enemy in his flight.

Lexington being our objective point, we soon arrived at that beautiful city, where we met with a generous welcome by those friendly to our Southland. Here we camped at the fair grounds, two miles south of the city, about two weeks. Our stay here was a treat to the weary soldier, marred only by some few cases of sickness. One of these was W. A. Johnson, of Company C, 3d Georgia Battalion, who died at the hospitable home of a Mr. Montague, about two miles south of our camp. From this ideal camp we were ordered to Harrodsburg with the view of taking part in the battle of Perryville; but before we could reach the field the battle was over and Bragg began his retreat to Tennessee. Our company re-

turned through Cumberland Gap on our way to Knoxville, from which point we made our way into Middle Tennessee, where we were destined to play an important part in

The Great Battle of Murfreesboro.

On December 30, 1862, we found our command, General Rains's Brigade, in front of the right wing of Rosecrans's army, our brigade of McCown's Division occupying the extreme left of Bragg's army. During the night of the 30th Company C (Kendrick's) spent the night in a large cornfield (the corn still on the stalk), with stacks of fodder here and there from which we drew bundles to rest upon as we listened all night long to the sound of the axes of the enemy, who were felling trees for breastworks. An all-night drizzle of rain added much to our discomfort "as we bitterly thought of the morrow."

Just before the dawn of that bloody day our company was thrown forward again as skirmishers. But we had scarcely gotten away from our command before the impetuous Rains gave the ringing order to his entire command, "Forward!" We swept everything before us for miles. We struck the enemy at surprise while arms were in stack and their breakfast was being prepared.

About 11 A.M. the enemy came to a stubborn halt, having been strongly reënforced, and here in a dense cedar thicket the leaden hail was terrible, our loss in killed and wounded being severe. In this cedar wood our gallant Rains was right at the front, encouraging his men onward by the most daring example and patriotic words, when pierced by a bullet which sent that knightly soul back to the God who gave it.

The sound of cannon and the rattle of small arms were as inspiring to General Rains as the first sounds of ballroom music to the lover of the dance; and when a battle was in prospect, his flashing eye and graceful horsemanship were the admiration of his command.

On the extreme right of the brigade another gallant officer, Capt. Meredith Kendrick, had been disabled from a severe wound in the thigh, lying with his head against a tree pale from the loss of blood. W. D. Clark, a private in Company C, seeing his captain stricken down, went to him, offering to help him to the rear, but he declined the proffered assistance. Private Clark, then looking toward the enemy with a view to resuming his fire, was struck in the jugular vein and fell dead at Captain Kendrick's feet. Within a few feet the writer was wounded in the left arm. W. B. Allen, of the same company, was wounded in the foot, which wound disabled him for further service in the war, and all along the line destruction reigned.

Later in the day Captain Kendrick and I were able to get to a Federal hospital that had been brought within our lines by our success during the day, which was said to be the home of Mr. or General Smith, a wealthy planter near the Nolensville Pike. There was a large white house with numbers of smaller cabins on the outer edge of a beautiful yard, in one of which we found lodging for the night. A good Samaritan in the person of a Federal surgeon kindly dressed our wounds and spoke words of comfort to us.

The next morning, January 1, 1863, with arm in sling I strolled over the yard, where lay in rows hundreds of Federal dead, with narrow aisles between along which one might walk and read the name, company, regiment, and State of each. Oftentimes the simple word "unknown" was pinned upon the dead soldier's breast.

On the outer edge of this yard a long ditch was being dug the size of a large grave, but of great length, to receive these unfortunate victims of war. While they were our enemies, my heart went out in sadness for their bereaved loved ones.

From that veritable charnel house we made our way to Murfreesboro, where confusion reigned supreme. Thousands of prisoners and wounded without number occupied the town, which was almost entirely set apart for a hospital for the wounded and dying. We saw in the town the long black casket containing the body of our beloved General Rains, which cast a deep gloom over our spirits. His presence in battle had been equal to a regiment of men.

In one of the hospitals we took our last look at Lieutenant Pryor, of Augusta, Ga., an officer in the Augusta Rifles.

THRILLING ESCAPE OF FEDERAL PRISONERS.

BY MISS BESSIE BAGBY, OF POWHATAN COUNTY, VA.

In the spring of 1864, during the campaign of the Wilderness, two Federal officers—Col. M. B. Birdseye, of the 2d New York Cavalry, and Col. O. V. Tracy, of General Shaler's staff—were captured by the Confederates and taken as prisoners of war to Gordonsville, Va. While there Colonel Birdseye succeeded in exchanging his Federal coat for the guard's Confederate jacket, and later, when they had been removed by their captors to Lynchburg, Colonel Tracy was fortunate enough to make a similar exchange with his guard, both officers being careful to conceal their new possessions. After a short confinement in Lynchburg, they made their escape and started out on foot to join the Federal army at Harper's Ferry. Fearing detection, they traveled mostly at night, passing through nine counties and a number of small towns *en route*. Wherever they stopped for food or shelter they declared themselves Confederate soldiers on their way to join General Early's army in the Valley. Near Woodville, Rappahannock County, they called one morning at the house of a Mrs. Fisher. While they were enjoying a good breakfast Miss Annie Fisher, the pretty young daughter of their hostess, wrote a letter and begged them to take it to her friend, Mr. Thomas Vigis, of General Hampton's scouts. Colonel Birdseye, masquerading as a Confederate, readily agreed to accommodate her. After several narrow escapes, they reached Harper's Ferry and served out the remainder of their time in the Northern army.

. . . . . .

In the year 1904, just forty years after his escape from the Confederates at Lynchburg, Colonel Birdseye, while sorting over some old papers, came across the letter, still sealed, which Miss Annie Fisher had intrusted to him. Determined to find out its rightful owner, he wrote at once to the postmaster at Sperryville, inquiring the whereabouts of Mr. Thomas Vigis. Very promptly he was informed that the gentleman in question could be found at Hawlin, Va., to which address the long-delayed love letter was soon speeding, with a note of explanation from Colonel Birdseye. Mr. Vigis, in acknowledging the letter, told Colonel Birdseye that he could commend him for his faithfulness to a promise, but not for promptness. This led to a friendly correspondence between the two, resulting later in a pleasant meeting.

In October, 1905, Colonel Birdseye and Colonel Tracy, having long cherished a desire to retrace their memorable route from Lynchburg to Harper's Ferry, decided to make the journey in a carriage, accompanied by their wives. Accordingly they traveled by rail from their homes in New York to Natural Bridge, Va., where they took a carriage

and went to Lynchburg, from which city they followed their own trail as closely as possible.

Mr. Vigis, having been informed of their plans, rode out on horseback and met them three miles from his home, where they spent two days by special invitation. Here they were royally entertained, and an elegant reception was tendered them, to which were invited, among others, Mr. Wingfield, of Beale's Brigade of Confederate Cavalry, Mr. R. S. Vanhorn, of the 6th Virginia Cavalry, and Mr. S. R. Armstrong, one of Mosby's Rangers. A royal banquet was spread before them by their charming hostess, Mrs. Thomas Vigis, née Miss Annie Fisher.

With so many old soldiers present, the conversation naturally turned on the war, and many spirited discussions ensued. Mr. Armstrong recounted the hanging of some of Mosby's men at Front Royal, whereupon Colonel Birdseye said he had never heard of the incident and could not believe it. In proof, however, Mr. Armstrong referred him to the proprietor at Flint Hill, who had witnessed the hanging of one of Mosby's men by the Federals on a tree at that place. He also suggested that he visit Front Royal to see the monument erected there to the memory of seven of Mosby's Rangers who were hanged by General Custer's orders. Colonel Birdseye did go and afterwards wrote Mr. Armstrong that he was convinced of the truth of his assertion. In retaliation for the hanging of these men an equal number of General Custer's soldiers were hanged by Mosby's men at Berryville, Va. Lots were drawn first and they were condemned at Rectortown. Two of the number asked permission to pray before they were swung into eternity, and when it was granted one of them, knocking his guard down, escaped and reported to Colonel Birdseye, who went back and buried the unfortunates. Colonel Birdseye remembered this incident very distinctly.

During the conversation Colonel Birdseye took from his pocket an old manuscript, faded and torn, which proved to be an application from George D. Shadburne, one of General Hampton's scouts, for authority to organize a company of independent scouts. The paper was indorsed by Generals Gordon, Lee, Stuart, and Young in their own handwriting; therefore it was a valuable relic. For this reason Colonel Birdseye was very anxious to restore it to its owner. He explained that it had come into his possession while he was camped near Petersburg. There had been a truce between him and the Confederates, which was broken, the result being a fight and the killing of one man on each side. In the saddle pocket of the dead Confederate was found the application, which was given to Colonel Birdseye. All the guests were interested in the recital, and Mr. Armstrong agreed to put forth diligent effort to find Mr. Shadburne.

When the distinguished Northern visitors had returned to New York, Mr. Armstrong began a diligent search for Mr. Shadburne. After writing to Bishop Gibson, of Virginia, Mr. Frank Stringfellow, of Virginia, and J. W. Ward, Commander of Camp Sumter, U. C. V., South Carolina, he received the information that Mr. George D. Shadburne was a prominent lawyer of San Francisco, and his address could be obtained by writing to the Judge of the Superior Court of San Francisco. After some delay, Mr. Armstrong received the following reply from Mr. Shadburne:

"San Francisco, Cal., April 10, 1906.

"*My Dear Mr. Armstrong:* I am the man of whom you wrote on the 3d inst. I was General Hampton's Chief of Scouts for about two years. I would be indeed grateful to you for the paper you describe. And may God bless you! is the wish and prayer of

"Yours, etc., Geo. D. Shadburne."

Mr. Armstrong immediately wrote to Colonel Birdseye, with whom he had been keeping up a pleasant correspondence, and gave him Mr. Shadburne's address. Colonel Birdseye was delighted that the search was at last rewarded with success, and afterwards wrote Mr. Armstrong that this incident had been the means of establishing a friendship between Mr. Shadburne and Colonel Birdseye's son, who was then living in San Francisco.

The application was as follows:

"Stafford County, Va., April 10, 1864.

"*Secretary Sedden, Honored Sir:* I respectfully make application for authority to organize a company to operate in the enemy's lines as scouts for the division, and be subject to the orders of yourself and Major General Wade Hampton or the officer commanding his division. That said company be allowed all the privileges of an independent command whilst detached. That I may be allowed eight soldiers from General Hampton's Division, three to be promoted (commissioned) and five to be (noncommissioned) officers. I now have the men for the company. There need be but little or no expense to the Confederate government.

"Hoping to receive your approval and authority, I remain, sir, your most obedient servant, "Geo. D. Shadburne,

"*Commanding Scouts General Hampton's Division.*"

Indorsements upon the Commission.

Headquarters N. C. C. Brigade, April 11, 1864.

Respectfully forwarded and most earnestly recommended. Shadburne is a scout of well-known gallantry and ability, and has had long experience in such duty and is well worthy of promotion. J. B. Gordon,

Brigadier General Commanding.

Headquarters Hampton's Cavalry Division, April 17, 1864.

Forwarded, approved, and respectfully recommended. Sergeant Shadburne has always been a zealous, faithful, and gallant soldier. He has served as principal scout for this command for the past twelve months within the enemy's lines. No one has been more zealous in his duties than this man. P. M. B. Young,

Brigadier General Commanding Division.

Headquarters Cavalry Corps, April 13, 1864.

Respectfully forwarded. I concur in the high opinion expressed of Sergeant Shadburne. The objection, however, to such an organization is that many men will be incorporated who are entirely unfit for such duty; the very nature of the service requires it to be performed by small, detached parties; the condition of the country makes the maintenance of such a force an impossibility, if kept together. It, moreover, would cut off a source of supply of recruits to the companies raised in those counties which those same men might be induced to join. J. E. B. Stuart, *Major General.*

Headquarters Army Northern Virginia, April 14, 1864.

Respectfully forwarded. The remarks of Major General Stuart are concurred in. R. E. Lee, *General.*

Respectfully returned. The Department invariably declines to grant authorities to form new commands. The remarks of General Stuart are approved. By command of the Secretary of War, Samuel Melton,

Major and A. A. G.

OWINGSVILLE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

The people of Owingsville and Bath County, Ky., deserve great credit for the faithful persistence with which they worked for twelve years to secure necessary funds for the erection of a Confederate monument to the soldiers of Bath County.



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT OWINGSVILLE, KY.

When the plan for erecting a monument first assumed definite shape, the Pat Cleburne Camp of Owingsville bought a lot and appointed Mrs. Joseph Arrasmith to collect funds. A year or more after her appointment Mrs. Arrasmith lost her husband, and the funds already collected were intrusted to Mrs. A. W. Bascom.

When Bath County Chapter, U. D. C., was organized, in 1900, its members determined to devote their best efforts to the completion of the monument fund; and when the beautiful fourteen-foot shaft of Confederate gray stone was unveiled in August, 1907, much praise was expressed for the loyal women who had shown unfaltering enthusiasm in order that the monument might become a reality.

Flag of Fifth Kentucky Regiment.

In 1862 the young women of Owingsville presented a handsome silk flag to Colonel Hawkins, of the 5th Kentucky Cavalry, who now resides at Hawkinsville, Ala.

Wishing to secure this flag if possible for the Owingsville Chapter, Mrs. Bascom wrote to Mr. Hawkins asking its return, and in reply he wrote: "The regiment loved, cared for, defended, and followed the beautiful silk flag on many blood-stained fields and waved it triumphantly over many. At Chickamauga it led the brigade in a gallant rush and captured and led from the field an Ohio regiment, field and staff officers, but left ninety of its followers killed or wounded. This flag led the charge at Princeton, Va., covered the retreat from Missionary Ridge to Ringgold Gap, and was in the thick of the fighting from Dalton to Atlanta. It led the advance on the extreme right of Hardee's Corps July 22, 1864. The Kentucky Brigade was rushed far in advance of any troops on our left; and having no support on our right, was thus exposed to a direct fire from troops in breastworks in front and an enfilading right and left all along our brigade line. The 5th was fearfully exposed; every third man killed or wounded within a few minutes; my color company, officers and men, with few exceptions, shot down. I received the only wound I had during the war. This was a sad day for our cause, our beloved 5th Regiment—sad because of the loss of brave men and of the death of the commandant of the color company and color bearer, and sad because our beautiful flag and all the men near it were lost. I have never been able to hear of the flag since that engagement."

Incidents.—A story is related of Jim Easley and two comrades with Company D at the battle of the Wilderness who ran into a squad of twenty Federals, a surgeon, and a litter corps of ten armed men. Easley met them very cordially, exclaiming: "You are the men we are looking for. We are tired of this foolishness." Whereupon the Federals stacked arms and prepared for a good time. Easley and his companions, seizing their opportunity, each grabbed a gun and marched the men and litters in, at the same time capturing the surgeon's fine horse. The same Jim Easley and Jim Dunklin and Aquila Wiles were on the march from Staunton, Va. All had received their orders to answer no questions and to have no stragglers; but the boys could not pass a tree full of cherries. Easley had climbed into the tree, when Gen. Stonewall Jackson and his staff rode up, and the General interrogated the young man, who was ravenously devouring the fruit of the tree: "What are you doing here?" "I don't know." "Where is your command?" "I don't know." "What command do you belong to?" "I don't know." "Who am I?" "I don't know." "What is your name?" "I don't know." "What do you know?" "I don't know nothing. Old Jackson said we had to know nothing on this march, and I don't know a thing." The General rode on without a reprimand and left the boys eating cherries. During the years 1863-64 there were no married men in Company D. J. C. Robinson keeps the battered lead that wounded him in the mouth. Dr. A. C. Oliver has preserved his sword, canteen, and pocket knife as souvenirs of his service; also a curious old pipe with his name and "Compliments of First Texas Brigade" engraved upon it. The pipe was made by Comrade "Spott" Brown.

"Claiming Higher Credit Than Due the A. N. V."

Charles B. Martin, Shubuta, Miss., writes: "With all due respect to the Army of Northern Virginia, I think more should be written of the glorious history of the Western Army for the benefit of posterity. Let more be said of the men who very unwillingly surrendered after the A. N. V. had laid down their arms. The men in the Western Army came in contact with a very different class, and those whom they fought were principally Western men familiar with arms and who could shoot straight; while many who opposed Lee's men in Virginia were fresh from European States and New Englanders, many of whom hardly knew one end of a gun from the other. Thousands of the A. N. V. could neither speak nor understand the English language. While the Army of Northern Virginia fought in only three States, the Army of Tennessee engaged the enemy in seven States."

COMMENT ON ROCK ISLAND PRISON.

BY J. W. MINNICH, GRAND ISLE, LA.

In the May VETERAN, page 216, is an article by A. J. Cantrell on Rock Island Prison which contains some errors. Cantrell says: "One coal stove for one hundred men." Now I say that there were three stoves in each barrack—one in the kitchen and two in the main quarters—from the beginning. This is verified by the statement of a comrade who went there in December, 1863. Again: "The only bedding was two thin blankets and some straw." I agree as to the blankets; but as to the straw, none was issued to us; and though I visited many barracks during my sixteen months' residence, I can remember only bare bunks except when some one gathered leaves.

Trading, "tinker's work," making rings, etc., is correct. And there was some very fine work done in the jewelry line from gutta percha buttons, mussel shells, etc. We also had a violin maker who turned out several creditable instruments. John Tutt, the fiddler mentioned, used one of the make several times in my barrack. He was a character among us whom I have often had in mind—a jovial, good-natured fellow who did much to cheer us up when we grew despondent. But Colonel Johnson's putting a stop to the industries engaged in by the boys to earn a few dimes is news to me.

Cantrell states: "Some Arkansas boys got out in the dark and knocked the negro guards off the parapet with rocks." I learned at the time about the rocking affair proposed, but never put into execution. A report once came to our barrack that some hot, reckless prisoner proposed that "we ought to gather rocks and in the night knock the niggers off the wall;" but wiser counsels prevailed, and the matter was dropped. Nothing of the kind was ever carried out to my knowledge.

Young, vigorous, and in good health when I entered the prison, I suffered severely from the cold during that terrible latter half of February and first half of March, 1864. There were hundreds less able to endure it, but let us not make matters worse than they really were.

NAVAL AND TRAINING STATION FOR NORFOLK.

Senator John W. Daniel, of Virginia, has introduced in the Senate a bill providing that the government shall buy from the Jamestown Exposition Company two hundred and fifty acres of the site of the recent Exposition on Hampton Roads, in consideration of which the amount due the government for money advanced for Exposition purposes is to be remitted, and the company is to be paid $900,000.

The ground which it is proposed to purchase includes that upon which the principal buildings of the Exposition stood, and the permanent improvements thereon are to be embraced in the sale. The ground if bought is to be used as a naval training and coaling station and for any other purposes for which it may be deemed suitable.

Of the $960,000 purchase price, $100,000 is made immediately available, and the remainder is payable on April 1, 1909.

H. S. Fuller, Donaldson, Ark., writes: "I said in a former communication that our own guns sank the boat Sumter at Charleston, S. C., and the article would leave the impression that I had said it was sunk by the enemy's boat. I further said in the same communication that my regiment was being relieved from Morris Island, and the article made me say we were evacuating Morris Island. I was criticised by a comrade from Savannah, Ga."

DEFENSE OF HIGH BRIDGE, NEAR FARMVILLE.

BY R. P. CHEW, CHARLESTOWN, W. VA.

Toward the end of the campaign of 1865, terminating in the surrender at Appomattox, some very desperate fighting was done by the cavalry. Among the severe engagements that took place during these last few days was one near High Bridge on April 7. General Ord had directed General Reed, with two regiments of infantry and a squadron of cavalry under Colonel Washburn, to proceed to High Bridge, near Farmville, and destroy it. This bold attempt was intercepted by Gen. T. L. Rosser with Dearing's and Munford's Brigade. The Federals were overtaken about a mile from High Bridge. Munford's Brigade was dismounted and promptly commenced an attack upon Reed's troops, strongly posted on a hill. Dearing was ordered to charge, and with his brigade made a bold dash upon the flank of the enemy. The enemy met the attack with great courage. General Dearing, Colonel Boston, and Major Knott, of the cavalry, and Major Thompson, of the horse artillery, were killed. On the Federal side General Reed and Colonel Washburn were both killed and their troops put to rout, leaving in our hands seven hundred and eighty prisoners. About twenty-two hundred troops all told were engaged, the advantage in numbers being with the Confederates. Thirty men were said to have been killed in hand-to-hand engagements.

Immediately after the enemy retired Maj. James Breathed, of the Horse Artillery, and a companion, riding out in front of our lines, were challenged by two Federal horsemen, who galloped forward from their ranks and attacked them. A desperate fight with sabers followed. Lieut. W. B. Conrad, of the 12th Virginia Cavalry, happened to be near; and observing Breathed's antagonist, a very expert swordsman, gaining some advantage, galloped forward and, using his pistol, put a bullet through his head. Then turning his attention to the other two men, who were engaged in a fierce fight, he fired two bullets into the Federal soldier and stretched him on the ground. Major Breathed, one of the most gallant officers in the army, greatly distinguished himself as an artillery officer, and often, leaving his battery when not in action, was seen boldly leading cavalry charges. On this occasion he would probably have been killed save for Conrad's timely arrival.

ORIGIN OF "YANKEE."—There has been much discussion, research, and inquiry in regard to the original use of the term "Yankee," and the most popular theory seems to be that it came from the Indian effort to pronounce "English," "Yenghies," "Yanghies," "Yankees." The word first came into common use during the Revolution as the name the British troops applied to their New England enemies.

Mrs. Susan Allen, widow of Benjamin F. Allen, who was a member of Company C, 18th Tennessee Regiment, desires information of her husband's service in the war in the interest of a pension. He died several years ago, but there is with his papers an affidavit stating that his "discharge was burned in Ashland City, Tenn.," when he lost all of his household goods. Any comrade who can furnish data in regard to his service will oblige her very much. Her address is 1011 Second Avenue North, Nashville, Tenn.

J. M. Whitney, Franklin, Mo., writes: "I send four dollars; and if you find out who was kind enough to send in my name, I will send the man one dollar if he is living or the same amount to his widow."

SERVICE OF BRIG. GEN. W. H. KING.

BY "AN OLD CONFEDERATE FRIEND," L. M. M.

The rank and file of the Confederate army furnished thousands of brave men equal to the Spartans of old. Among them was one whom his old comrades in arms remember with love and pride—Gen. W. H. King, of Sulphur Springs, Tex., who enlisted as a private soldier early in 1861 in Johnson



GEN. W. H. KING.

Guards from Warrensburg, Mo., commanded by Captain Ruth, and in the 3d Missouri Regiment. In the early summer of 1861 he had been promoted to first lieutenant and then captain of the company.

After the desperate battle of Oak Hill, or Wilson Creek, as the Federals called it, and the principal campaign in Missouri was over, he resigned and came to Texas. He then enlisted as a private in Company B, 18th Texas Infantry, which was commanded by Col. W. B. Ochiltree. When this regiment was mustered into service, May 13, 1862, Comrade King was made its major; and when Colonel Ochiltree and Lieutenant Colonel Culberson resigned, King became the colonel of the regiment. In the battle of Mansfield, La., April 8, 1864, wherein that regiment distinguished itself for bravery, Colonel King was severely wounded.

Later, by order of Gen. E. Kirby Smith, he was promoted to the rank of brigadier general. As soon as he was able to return to duty he was put in command of Walker's Division; but his wound compelled him to seek a less laborious position, and he was put in command of Polignac's Brigade, Mouton's Division. General Mouton had been killed, and Gen. C. J. Polignac, who had been in command of the Texas Brigade in this division, was promoted to be a major general and placed in charge of this division, and General King was ordered to the command of the Polignac Brigade

Military exigencies soon caused General Polignac to be sent to France, whereupon General King assumed the command of the division. Soon after that he was transferred to a brigade of five regiments of infantry in his old division. Shortly after he again found himself in command of the famous Walker Division, and so remained until it was disbanded, at Hempstead, Tex., in May, 1865.

During all these terrible four years General King was constantly in the field and on duty except when disabled by wounds. Since the war he has served with honor in the Texas Legislature, and filled the position of Adjutant General of the State two terms.

"THE OLD BLACK HEN"—BROWN'S EXECUTION.

BY E. E. STICKLEY, WOODSTOCK, VA.

Returning from Bethany College on the last train that came from Wheeling to Harper's Ferry, Va., I entered the Southern army full of life and vigor and enthusiasm, enlisting in Company A, Marion Rifles, 5th Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade, in the spring of 1861, a student-farmer boy from the old Stone Shop Farm, located on the Valley Turnpike, two miles northeast of Strasburg, Va., and near the Cedar Creek battlefield. Our house and barn, used as a temporary hospital during that battle, stood close by the turnpike, and was dangerously exposed the entire four years of the war to the Confederate and Federal armies, passing as they did up and down this great thoroughfare in advance and retreat alternately, and vibrating, as it were, not unlike the pendulum of a clock, according to war's vicissitudes.

Several of us boys were in the army; the others, too small, remained at home with father and mother all through the trying ordeal and thrilling period of war and reconstruction, suffering ofttimes for food and raiment. The horses, cattle, sheep, and other stock were all taken by one or the other of the two armies. And at the close of the war fences were all burned and outside property gone. One "old black hen" was the sole survivor of the poultry yard. Mother often recounted to us with much amusement the doings, history, preservation, and escape of "the hen." She was evidently a chicken of some intelligence and full grown at the opening of the war, and soon learned that the Confederate army was as much her enemy as the Federal. She had no friends in either. When she heard the tramp, tramp, tramp of troopers, she would hastily run under the dwelling house till the danger was past, if it were days, before she would risk an appearance in the opening. This she did as a rule during the four long, tedious years of the war, and thus escaped the ravages of both armies, and in the end was the last survivor of the chicken coop. Mother would not permit her to be in any wise ill treated or killed for food; but she was allowed to die of old age, and was buried.

After their long period of suffering and deprivation, mother and father continued in the old home, refenced and rehabilitated the farm, reared their large family, and some fifteen years ago father died at the age of seventy-three, and eight years later mother passed away at the age of eighty-six.

The Hanging of John Brown.

Immediately after her death, in the examination of the papers in the "old desk," for which we boys had a reverence and which we looked upon with deep interest, I found the following letter, written in my boyish style, descriptive of the hanging of that scoundrel, "Old John Brown," at which I was present. I participated in or witnessed every movement, and

the scene became so indelibly impressed on my memory that I can see him hanging now.

I was then at Winchester, Va., at high school, preparing for college, and got leave of my parents and teacher to join the Continental Military Company of Winchester (temporarily) and go with them to Charlestown, Va., where there were assembled several thousand soldiers for guard duty, as the trial of Brown and other conspirators was going on. I was with them for some days, and was present at the noted execution. On the evening of that eventful day I sat down and wrote my father a short account of it as it occurred before my eyes. Our line of troops was stationed on the right of the scaffold, forming the south line of the hollow square.

COPY OF THE CHARLESTOWN LETTER.

CHARLESTOWN, VA., December 2, 1859.

Dear Father: I received your letter. * * * I am in Charlestown, and have been here for some days, but expect to go back to Winchester to-morrow. I stood guard one day and one night since I have been here.

Old Brown was hung to-day about eleven o'clock, and there were many present. Some of the companies were stationed around and through the town, and a great many of them stationed in the field around the gallows. They made a splendid show. Our company was stationed on the right of the gallows. So I could see all the proceedings. Our guns were Colt's five-shooters, and all loaded.

Old Brown was hauled to the gallows in a wagon (sitting) on the coffin made for him. He marched up on the gallows bravely and told them to hurry on with him. He shook hands with the sheriff and another man and laughed or smiled at the crowd, which was around him on the ground. Then they put the rope around his neck and covered his head with a white covering. A few moments after the trapdoor fell, and he swung. They let him hang about forty or forty-five minutes, and the surgeons, numbering twenty-five, examined him and pronounced him dead. Then the troops brought him back to the jail. He will soon be sent to New York.

His wife was to see him yesterday evening, but she was allowed to stay only a short time. They have been very strict here with the sentinels at their post. I suppose there were more than three hundred soldiers on duty.

ATTACK ON FEDERAL WAGON TRAIN.

BY W. H. MOORE, MERETA, TEX.

I have been requested to write you an account of an attack on a Federal wagon train.

General Brooks was in North Arkansas with a brigade of cavalry. Learning of some government supplies at Cassville, Mo., he was moving on that place to capture them; but had advanced only some fifty or sixty miles when he was informed that there was a large government train, consisting of some two hundred wagons, loaded with all kinds of supplies for Fayetteville and Fort Smith posts, and at that time was north of Cassville moving south on the Springfield and Fayetteville road. We commenced our advance in the afternoon about three o'clock and marched all night. First Lieut. Patton Inks, of Capt. Pleasant Buchanan's company, was ordered to select thirty men from Buchanan's, Brown's, and Beaty's companies and move in the advance. We moved on till just before day, when General Brooks came up with us, halted us, and told us that we were all picked men from a fighting battalion and that he had great confidence in us. The General told us to move on and capture the pickets and charge into the Federal camp and we should not have to fall back one inch, and we obeyed orders to the letter.

Now I will tell you what we charged. The Federal train was camped in an old field about three hundred yards wide by one-fourth of a mile long with five hundred infantry and two hundred cavalry on the south side of the field in the edge of the timber, with two pieces of artillery on the hillside. We were well armed and well mounted, having from two to four Colt's and Remington's pistols apiece, and we moved on them like a cyclone. The Federals had made their fires to get breakfast, but it was not yet light enough to see well. We were challenged and asked who we were by a Federal officer. Lieutenant Inks replied, "Confederate soldiers," and we opened fire, and they stampeded like wild cattle. We deployed in front of the train, and continued to fire on the infantry until they reached the edge of the timber on the south side of the field, where cavalry and artillery were stationed.

We had full possession of the train, and were expecting support every minute; but its failure to arrive left no other alternative but to hold the train as long as we could. As it grew light the Federals could see that there was only a small squad of us, for thirty men in line in front of their train did not make a very formidable line of battle. About sunrise the infantry and cavalry formed a line and moved down on us, and when about one hundred yards from us commenced firing. Comrade J. Mont Wilson tells of the experience after they opened fire on us: "I had been in some close places, but I do not remember anywhere that they were shooting so close to me. I know I heard bullets over me, behind me, before me, and under my horse, and realized that they were very close."

When we could hold the train no longer, we moved out of the field without the loss of a man or a horse. Comrade Wilson thinks we held the field one hour. I remember well the sun was shining when we left the field. The only thing General Brooks did was to form the brigade in line a half mile from the field where we were engaged and deploy Captain Buchanan's company as skirmishers. Please do not ask me why he did not move forward and take possession of that train.

I will give the names of all the brave boys I remember: Lieutenant Inks, Bob Inks, Cola Marrow, Polk Crozier, Charley McClellan, Guy Blake, John Norwood, Dock Pass, John Selvage, Hugh Crawford, Harvy McGoflin, August Sager, James White, James Odell, Walter Parks, Carl Clark, Cris Kerby, Will Polston, Calvin Mayberry, Asberry Jordan, J. Mount Wilson. The other eight names I do not remember.

DANGER OF "LOADED" SHELLS.

Henry Spence, a farmer living about four miles from Poynter, Ark., had a very narrow escape from death recently. During the War between the States his father, Daniel Spence, picked up a six-pound shell which had been left by the soldiers at Pitman's Ferry and carried it to his home. The old shell lay around the house and about the yard. It was used as a door weight, and was played with by the children.

On the day in question Mr. Henry Spence began making preparations to kill hogs. Two large kettles were filled with water and a fire started under them. One hog had been killed, scalded, and hung up to drain. Mr. Spence, several members of his family, and his neighbors who were helping him butcher were standing around the fire when a terrific explosion occurred. Both the kettles were blown to fragments, but miraculously no one was injured. Mr. Spence was stunned for a short time, but soon recovered.

MORE OF THE LAST DEFENSE OF RICHMOND.

[In an article to the Times-Dispatch H. E. Wood, of Bremo Bluff, Va., writes at length in regard to closing events of the war from which the following extracts are made.]

I was a member of Company E, 18th Regiment, Virginia Infantry, Hunton's Brigade, Pickett's Division. The 18th Regiment was commanded by Col. Robert E. Withers, of Wytheville, Va. Our color sergeant, Solon A. Boston, was killed at Williamsburg, Va., and Colonel Withers appointed me color sergeant for his regiment, which position I filled until the battle of Gaines's Mill, when I was severely wounded. I was a patient at Chimborazo Hospital when General Ewell directed me to form an organization at the hospital composed of clerks, hospital stewards, and soldiers convalescing from wounds and diseases—scarcely an able-bodied soldier among them. I suppose every State in the Southern Confederacy was represented. Arms, ammunition, and equipments for war had been deposited at the hospital to be used by this organization in defending the city against raids and sudden dashes of the enemy.

On Saturday night, April 1, 1865, I had retired, and was awakened during the night by some one calling for me. I went out and found on horseback Major Chesnut, who handed me an order from General Ewell commanding me to have my organization formed as speedily as possible and report to him on the Capitol Square. Major Chesnut called my attention to the continued lightninglike flashes "painting hell on the sky" in the direction of Petersburg. It was the glare from the flashes of the artillery and musket-firing going on between the two contending armies. I marched my command over to the Capitol Square. I found General Ewell near where the marble statue of Mr. Clay now stands, surrounded by his staff officers and the officials of the city, with whom he was busily engaged in conversation. I touched him to engage his attention. He turned to me and said: "If you have anything to say, say it quickly." Not realizing my mission, I handed him the order Major Chesnut had given me. He read it and told me that he wanted me with my command, numbering twelve hundred or fifteen hundred, to take the place then occupied, I think, by General Field's Division on the Williamsburg or river road, and that he would send a guide or courier to direct me.

We marched down Main Street and through Rocketts, and after going a few miles we came to a fortified position. As we left the city we were joined by the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute, and they took their position near us on this line of defense. We relieved the division. To fill the space occupied by these soldiers, I had to stretch my skeleton of a command all it could bear by placing a soldier here and there in sight of and in calling distance of each other. I made the most formidable and warlike display possible of these soldiers along the intrenchments. Nothing unusual occurred during the day to disturb the quietude of an ordinary Sabbath day. About noon Dr. J. B. McCaw with his commissary sergeant issued us rations. Dr. McCaw was not a soldier, but a resident of the city.

I will digress here from my subject long enough to say that this was the last installment of rations I received until fed the next night by a Mr. Pace, a benevolent, kind-hearted old man keeping a lock house near Cedar Point, in Goochland County, Va. Thirty-six hours afterwards, soon after nightfall, I received an order directing me with my command to report in Richmond.

We marched back by way of Rocketts, and soon after reaching the city limits we were met by a band of women going hand in hand singing. They gave us the first information of the impending doom awaiting our capital—its evacuation. As we marched along Main Street I could see by the lamplight that whisky had been poured into the side drains. I suppose this was done to prevent its being improperly used by disorderly people. We reached Capitol Square and stacked our arms and awaited orders from Major Carrington, at that time provost marshal of the city. He sent for me to report. He then informed me that the city was being evacuated and its surrender expected the next day. He told me to keep my command subject to orders; that we would be expected to suppress all disorderly or riotous conduct and as far as possible to protect the property and lives of the citizens. He also told me he would expect me to have the warehouses with tobacco in them and some other buildings in the city burned during the night, and he would notify me again when this should be done. He did not, however, but these buildings were burned. Soon after returning to where my command was there was a call for a squad to quiet a disturbance on Broad Street, where a mob was breaking into and looting stores. This condition of affairs continued during the night, making it hideous indeed. My command was sent for repeatedly during the night. It was divided out into squads and sent to different sections of the city to keep order; and when day dawned upon us, not more than a corporal's guard remained. About sunrise I went down with this remnant to the American Hotel. After getting to the hotel, I saw a body of cavalry on the Manchester side of the river, and was told it was a brigade of South Carolinians *en route* to join General Lee's army. I was at the hotel expecting the Federal advance guard to come by Williamsburg on the river road.

The first I saw of this was a dozen or more troopers as they came riding abreast along Main Street, near where the market house then stood. As they approached us we became satisfied that they were Federal soldiers. The soldiers with me began firing at them. This caused some commotion and deflection in their ranks. I suppose it was this firing referred to in Sergeant Zimmer's account when General Weitzel returned and threatened him. The Federals soon rallied, re-formed their line, and came at a full gallop in our direction. I made my escape on foot to the towing path along the James River and Kanawha Canal, making Lynchburg, Va., my objective point, where I hoped to again join General Lee's army. I had for my traveling companions Dr. Walter L. Withers and Nicholas Bolling. Dr. Withers at this time was an invalid from a chronic trouble, and Nicholas Bolling was lame from a gunshot wound in the foot. (Dr. Withers is now a practitioner of medicine at Massie's Mill, Nelson County, Va.) These companions, disabled as they were, could not make much progress on foot. We reached Cedar Point on the canal, in Goochland County, Monday night. We were fed by Mr. Pace, rested awhile, and continued our sad journey. We reached Bremo, eighty miles from Lynchburg, the night of the 6th of April, "footsore and weary." At Bremo we learned of General Lee's surrender. It has always been a source of great gratification to me, a Confederate soldier, to have cause to believe that perhaps I had been the last defender of our Confederate capital. While the resistance offered by my improvised command was meager and inadequate to the duty and service imposed upon us, I feel assured that all was accomplished that was required of us; while General Lee with his Army of Northern Virginia did not do more.

MILES CARY'S REPORT CRITICISED.

BY COL. CLEMENT SULIVANE.

An article concerning the repulse of Colonel Dahlgren in front of Richmond, Va., by Gen. G. W. C. Lee's Brigade on the midnight of March 1, 1864, written by Mr. Miles Cary, and which appeared in the December (1907) VETERAN, contained a statement of the facts with which I must take issue.

I was in a position to know of what I am about to speak, for I was assistant adjutant general and chief of staff to Brig. Gen. G. W. C. Lee from the day he was appointed brigadier general in June, 1863, and organized the "Local Defense Brigade" out of the detailed soldiers in the various departments of the government at Richmond—quartermaster and commissary departments, the arsenal, and the armory, with the regiment of clerks in the War and Treasury Departments—down to the date of our retreat from Richmond. At this time I was placed in command of his old brigade (he having been previously made major general), April 2, 1865; and I brought off the rear guard, and in the face of General Weitzel's pursuing army, despite their efforts to prevent it. I with my own hands burned the last bridge over the James (Mayo's, foot of Fourteenth Street, Richmond) at 6:15 A.M. on April 3, 1865. I had just ten minutes to spare.

1. Mr. Cary writes the date March 1, 1863; but this is an error into which he or any man might easily have fallen.

2. He states that Major Henley, the commander of the Clerks' Battalion, was ill, and that it was commanded by Captain Dillon on the occasion in question. It is true Henley was ill and never returned to the command. However, the battalion was not commanded that night by Captain Dill, but by Capt. John McAnerney, the senior captain and one of the best officers in the battalion and brigade. He subsequently became its lieutenant colonel, and is still alive, being president of a New York city bank.

I cannot understand how Mr. Cary was out with his battalion and could make such a mistake. The battalion remained at Green's Farm until the following Thursday, March 4, and McAnerney was in command all the time.

3. He writes that Dahlgren routed the Armory Battalion and then wisely fell back, dismounted his men, and attacked the Clerks' Battalion on foot. This is an error. I in person saw all the commanding officers when the alarm of Dahlgren's approach was given, directed them to get out their battalions in haste, and without waiting for further orders to march immediately on the river road west to the fortifications, and I would overtake and place them in position. The Armory got off first under Lieutenant Colonel Ayres, the Clerks next under Captain McAnerney; and after seeing them both perhaps a mile apart marching out on the road past Camp Lee, I rode back to hurry on the other four commands (two regiments and two battalions), got them together on Broad Street, started them in the wake of the two preceding battalions, and then, as previously ordered by Gen. Custis Lee, I repaired to the outer office of the President (which was occupied by Lee) and informed him that his command was well under way. He joined me, and we rode out to the head of the marching column, overtaking it just beyond Camp Lee (the Fair Grounds). We discussed the situation, and I received my instructions as to how to place the men in the earthworks, etc., and I was in the act of leaving him when we heard a considerable firing about a mile and a half ahead of us or perhaps less.

General Lee ordered me to go forward and ascertain the cause of the firing, for Dahlgren should have been ten miles away, according to our reports, and he would rapidly bring up the command. This was just at dusk, the darkness coming on earlier than usual. It was snowing, raining, and freezing all at the same time, and I have never seen a blacker night. On my reaching Green's Farm the action was just on, and I could plainly hear the confusion of many voices and the hoofs of Dahlgren's horses as they retired into the darkness.

At the precise point where the action took place (where the high ground of the Green Farm sloped down into a valley to the westward, which extended about a half mile to the opposite slope) I found the Clerks' Battalion on the right of the road and the Armory on a line with it on the left. How many companies of the latter were there, I cannot say, for the darkness was impenetrable, and no man could have seen the whitest object six feet distant; but that this command was aligned with the other I knew positively from what I saw later on that night and next morning. With the morning light both battalions could be seen still occupying the Green ground and in fair force, though of course there had been stragglers during the night.

As I galloped up and reined in my horse I called the left captain of McAnerney and the right captain of Ayres to the roadside, learned from them what had happened, but urged them to have McAnerney and Ayres re-form their men and hold their position, while I rode forward to learn whether or not Dahlgren was preparing for a second charge, and that in fifteen minutes General Lee would be up with his whole brigade. Then cautioning them not to let their men fire on me as I returned, I trotted on down the road in the darkness, pausing again and again to listen, for it was impossible to see a yard off. The second time I paused a voice called out from the roadside near by, "For God's sake, don't shoot; I surrender;" and though very much startled, I bade the man come to me, which he did, surrendering to me his saber and Colt's pistols. His horse had been shot in the charge, and he lost his carbine at the same time, he said. He was shot through the leg, but could walk a little. I carried him back and delivered him to the Armory Battalion, where I had just left them, about fifty or sixty yards back. I then resumed my scout, rode to the foot of the ascent across the valley, and found Dahlgren was beginning his retreat instead of re-forming for a second attack. I again hastened back and reported the situation to General Lee, who had arrived; and after bivouacking the troops for the night just as they stood and looking after the dead and wounded (we had one officer killed and six or seven wounded and some two or three men killed and fifteen or twenty wounded), by direction of General Lee, and establishing an outpost at a house in which Dahlgren had left some twenty or more wounded men, I followed General Lee to Camp Lee, where we spent the night.

Dahlgren's loss on this occasion was twenty-seven killed and between sixty and seventy wounded. He did not charge on foot, but rode straight at and through and over the Clerks' Battalion, his whole command of one thousand men having kept on our right (his north) side of the road, firing at the flashes of our guns and our men firing at their carbine flashes in the darkness. They then turned about and galloped back again to the other side of the valley, where they had originally deployed for the attack on hearing the two battalions getting into line on the crest of Green's Farm. That was the whole of it!

[In getting these different versions of affairs at Richmond it is not intended to discriminate between comrades. All evidently think they are correct.—EDITOR.]

MAJOR CLARE AND MARY HADLEY.

A SKETCH BY EMMA LOOK SCOTT.

In the glad splendor of the days of the Old South the name of Mary Hadley was one to excite a pleasant interest. Of a long line of illustrious and aristocratic ancestry, she was fair to look upon; as a child, heiress to broad acres and many slaves, affable in manner and affectionate of nature, it was not to be wondered at that gallant William Clare persisted in his suit for her favor until he held her plighted troth to wed him when the war cloud, then breaking in mad fury over the land to which they both owed birth, should have been dissipated.

Early in the strife between the States young Clare, having just passed his twenty-first birthday, had eagerly donned the gray uniform of the Confederacy, and as captain of a goodly company gone forth from his home in Alabama to battle for the cause of the South he loved.

He was a stalwart and handsome youth, who won quick recognition and promotion to the office of assistant general inspector of the army, with the rank of major.

As time wore on and the war storm, contrary to his hope and expectation, deepened in its intensity, his heart turned ever in deep concern to the welfare of his betrothed; for were not the Yankees even then swarming about her mother's home in recurring revels of devastation and plunder? And of what might befall her with her ardent and outspoken sympathies for the Southern cause he feared even to think.

Only a few days before word had come to him that Black Beauty, the noble little animal always ridden by his beloved, had been impressed by the hated bluecoats through the order of General Rousseau.

The story as it came to his ears, and later corroborated by the fair lady herself, was that she was one day riding near her home, in the outskirts of Nashville, the dainty, high-bred mare stepping in time as she had been taught to do to the love tune softly falling from her mistress's lips, when up rode a company of bluecoats, who in coarse, familiar tones accosted her and ordered her off her horse, as it was "wanted for the daughter of General Rousseau," they said, and at once.

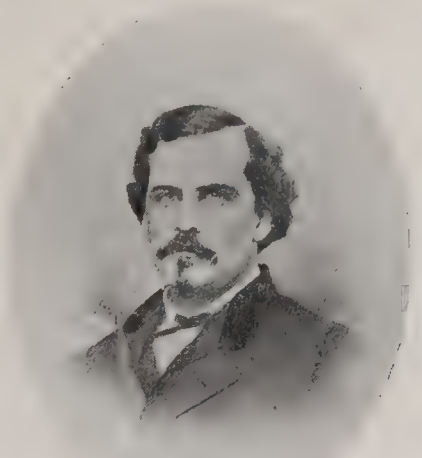
Wild-eyed and pallid with the fear of losing her pet, the girl gazed at the intruders for a brief second of time, and then in an agonizing desire to save her horse she called to Black Beauty in a terrified whisper, and the little creature, seeming to understand, put off at a rapid gallop toward home. The satirical whoop of the angry squad of horsemen stung her ears as they followed in mad pursuit.

For Mary Hadley and Black Beauty, alas! it was a useless run. For no sooner had they entered the driveway leading up to her home than the ruffians were close upon her, and as she stepped out of the saddle at her mother's door caught the bridle of the pony to lead her away.

To the anguished exclamations and entreaties of the girl they paid no heed; nor were the efforts of her mother, who had come out upon the piazza and was a witness of the scene, of greater avail. In the vain hope of preserving to her daughter her four-footed beloved companion, she offered the men a pair of fine carriage horses in exchange; and seeing denial in their faces, she added five hundred dollars in gold besides, only to meet with a discourteous refusal as they started cantering down the drive with the pet in their possession.

If the thought of this uncalled-for outrage to her he loved stirred the heart of the young officer to greater deeds of arms against the enemy, it was no wonder. If he could but protect her, could but shield her with his love, his name, he mused. Of little use were that, his name, in such a time as this, he smiled bitterly; naught but a comfort could it be to him to know that she bore it.

He had urged her when last they met to marry him; but she had not consented, and his thoughts reverted to those days after the terrible battle of Shiloh, when in a desperate charge that brought him promotion his horse was shot from under him and he fell with two bullet wounds in his side; of how they bore him to a stately mansion in Huntsville, where with blurred and rapidly dimming eyes he joyfully recognized in a tender face bent above him his heart's best beloved. From whence came she, he cared little; that she was there was quite enough. And the days of convalescence that followed—days when he welcomed pain, because of her continued presence.



MAJ. WILLIAM CLARE.

What a dolt he had been, he told himself for the thousandth time, when in the beginning of the strife fortune sent him to Nashville, and he was invited by a friend to meet her, and had arrogantly asserted that he desired not the privilege of her acquaintance; and when questioned as to his meaning had said he had heard her name mentioned in connection with a noble young Confederate who, because of his unreciprocated love for her, had gone to his death in a voluntary and uncalled-for sacrifice! Thank Heaven, a blessed Providence had later thrown him in her path, and he smiled, reflecting that in that meeting his after fate was sealed!

If Nashville should be recaptured, he further mused, the thing planned for now and which seems hopeful—ah, then, his dearest wish, to make her his own, should then be consummated!

Meanwhile Mary Hadley with a girl friend had gone across the city, through the close-drawn Federal lines, for a few days' visit to a classmate at the home of the distinguished Tennesseean, Col. John Overton, distant about six miles from Nashville on the Franklin Pike.

Upon leaving home she had laughingly said to her mother as she bade her adieu: "Mother, if our boys come in to run these Yankees out while I am there, and if I meet Major Clare, I'm going to marry him." Prophetic words! But of what gay and of what grave import the fair speaker little dreamed.

It was a bleak December night of 1864. At the hospitable mansion of Colonel Overton (known to the Confederates and other wayfarers as Travelers' Rest, so often had they received succor there) the members of the family with their guests had gathered for the evening in the living room. Without, the wind shrieked through the branches of the great trees. The snow lay thick upon the ground. In the distance, toward the city, the Federal camp fires gleamed. Suddenly an unaccustomed sound caught her ear; and turning excitedly to the little group, Mary Hadley exclaimed: "I hear a Confederate bugle!"

"Mary, Mary," rejoined one of the company, "you are in love with a Confederate officer."

With one accord the little company arose and moved to the door. "Do our ears, our eyes deceive us?" wonderingly they looked at each other and mutely asked. There was Hood's army coming in at the gates, overspreading the plantation, hordes of soldiers in their tattered jackets, all disheveled—the Army of Tennessee, in the words of Clayton, the historian, "coming from a five months' grapple with Sherman in Georgia by a long and tortuous and painful march over the mountains of Alabama, through the bloody gates of Franklin, where its flower was cut down in its eager ardor to overreach and bring to bay a retreating but desperate foe. As it now faced the long angular lines of defense that lay between it and the coveted prize, it was but the remains of a once mighty host. Of its individual members, there was scarce one who did not bear upon his body the scars of battle. In numbers it fell short of twenty thousand effectives, while its equipment of clothing was totally inadequate to the needs of a winter campaign. Many of these men were without shoes, and had their feet covered with rags or pieces of green hides obtained from the butcher's pen as a protection against the frozen and stony roads. Under such circumstances to the casual observer it seemed but the mockery of an army and its attitude that of the sheerest bravado. But four years of varying and shifting fortune had schooled it to a degree of endurance and hardihood that made it yet a formidable power on a field where the odds were not too greatly against it or circumstances would have inspired a reasonable hope of victory. That it was so regarded by General Thomas is a matter of history. The force under Gen. John B. Hood thus audaciously taking up line before Nashville was laying siege to a place defended by thrice its numbers."

Of the officers commanding the troops, Maj. Gen. Frank Cheatham was the first to advance to the piazza where the little group of friends stood watching. Making his salutations, he pleasantly remarked in an aside to Mary Hadley: "Your bird has flown. He has braved the Yankee rifles to get to your home."

Alarmed, the girl cried: "He will never reach there alive. Ten thousand of the enemy are encamped upon my mother's place. Send after him, I beg of you, General Cheatham."

In compliance with her request an orderly was at once dispatched after the daring Major, and thirty minutes later saw him in the longed-for companionship of his affianced.

"Mary," urged Major Clare upon finding himself for a moment alone with his betrothed, "you must marry me. Who knows what a day will bring forth? We are on the eve of a great battle, as you are aware. And, hopeful though we may be, the end is all uncertain. I may be taken prisoner; I may be killed; but surrender I will not. Let me carry with me in this great struggle the comforting assurance that you are mine."

Listening to his persuasions, to which her heart was already inclined (for had he not braved death to see her face?), she gave consent, and arrangements for the marriage were at once begun.

The uselessness of an attempt to enter Nashville to secure the marriage license was quite apparent; so Major Clare set off the following morning at break of day to the adjoining county for the necessary papers and arranged for the marriage ceremony to take place at the little Brentwood church, three miles distant from the Overton plantation.

A unique wedding procession it was that left the mansion for the little church a few hours after. How different, thought the bride, from that wedding she had planned in the happy future when the war had ceased and the South had come again into its own!

Never perhaps were pomp and pathos more closely allied than in this little wedding cortége.

Acting as military escort to the carriage containing Colonel and Mrs. Overton and the bride and groom, rode in all the glittering splendor of their official regalia the noted generals of the Confederacy, John B. Hood, Nathan Bedford Forrest, Joseph Wheeler, A. P. Stewart, Frank Cheatham, and Stephen D. Lee.

The vehicle following carried the attendants of the groom, Col. B. Prescott and another young officer whose name is not recalled, and Miss White May and Miss Rebecca Allison, those of the bride. This vehicle was an ambulance belonging to the Confederate army, the old family carriage of Colonel Overton being the only conveyance left to him by the ravishing Federals out of a once magnificently equipped establishment.

In the interest of the occasion the horrors of war were for the moment forgotten, when suddenly a Minie ball whistled through the air to the feet of the carriage horses, bringing the martial escort to quick attention. Again and again they fell in quick succession, a rattling accompaniment of martial music unasked for and unappreciated by the wedding company. In fear of a Federal attack, which the whistling balls presaged and for which they were then unprepared, the officers of the escort wheeled and galloped rapidly back to the field and took immediate command of their regiments, when the firing ceased.

The gallant Major was not thus to be diverted from his purpose, however, and, proceeding on their way, the wedding ceremony was quickly performed by Bishop Quintard, chaplain of the army, and the party returned to the home of Colonel Overton, where later in the day a sumptuous feast was spread, and of which the officers, robbed of their gala hour of the wedding, were enabled to appreciatively partake without further disturbance from the Yankees.

WOMAN'S WIT VERSUS FEDERAL VIGILANCE.

BY MRS. BETTIE J. LINDSEY, EUFAULA, ALA.

(Paper read before Stephen D. Lee Chapter, U. D. C.)

Having been solicited by your worthy President and other members of your order to write an incident of the Civil War, I have consented to assume the task, though I fear there may be discrepancies as to time, though not as to places or facts. The writer could fill a book with incidents of the war, but one experience will suffice now to give those of you who were not on the stage then an idea of the trying hours of that bitter period of blood and carnage. I have copied this story (true in all its details) from an old diary of one of my aunts, Mrs. E. L. McElrath. It was written in July, 1864, under the caption, "Unearthing the Gold;" but I have reproduced the most of it in my own language.

In July, 1864, a Colonel Ewing, of the Federal army, procured from headquarters an order for the arrest of my aunt, Mrs. McElrath, her two daughters (aged sixteen and eighteen), and myself, her widowed niece. My aunt's home was near Calhoun, McMinn County, Tenn. All the other members of our immediate family were within the lines of the Southern army, the men in service and the women doing what they could, and we four Rebel women were trying to hold our own with the enemy, then occupying our native soil.

One hot July day our feminine quartet was seated at din-

ner on a vine-clad and deliciously cool back porch discussing the merits of a blackberry pie along with topics of a more serious and less appetizing nature. We had been canning berries all morning, and were warm, tired, and hungry, and quite ready to enjoy the needed rest, supplemented by a good dinner, when, to our utter dismay, we were suddenly surrounded by a guard of United States soldiers. They filed around us and stood motionless while the corporal of the guard advanced toward my aunt with an ominous-looking paper and said: "Madam, I arrest you and your family in the name of the United States government and by special order of General Sherman, commanding general of the United States army."

My aunt was more comfortably than stylishly attired in an old linen duster, and she wore a straw hat of my deceased uncle. Let me add, my sisters, that the women of the South in that day and time could not be fastidious or hard to please in their manner of dress. As spokesman and looking anything but a criminal, my aunt turned and interrogated the officer, "And for what, sir, do you arrest us?" to which he glibly replied: "For your rebellious sentiments, sympathies, and aid to the South." Then said my aunt: "You have made no mistake. I admit the charge, for I do assure you that if our duty to God and love to him were measured by our devotion and entire allegiance to the Southland and its cause the chariot and horses of Elijah would swoop down to our rescue. Do your worst!"

Immediately a guard of men, disgracefully strong numerically, were placed around the house, our jail, where we were to be kept under strict military rule until a place and punishment befitting such high treason could be decided upon. These fifty armed soldiers were detailed to watch and prevent the escape of four frail but not helpless women or creatures devoid of mother wit, as my story will prove.

Early in the sixties, before the advance of the Federals, my aunt had taken the precaution to bury her jewelry and other valuable trinkets along with five thousand dollars in gold, sealing them hermetically in tin cans, which she dropped into holes made by the lifting up of cedar posts supporting a trellis at the end of a back porch. The cans were fitted in and the posts replaced as near the original place as possible to mark the spot, and dirt and gravel were placed over the whole, concealing all evidence of the work, and not over six inches from the surface of the walk where the hilarious soldiers raved and swore in unconscious innocence of the glittering treasure beneath their boot heels. The guards on several occasions had the negro servants on the witness stand, trying to induce them by the hope of reward or fear of punishment to betray the hiding place of any valuables belonging to the family; but in vain, for all they could learn from this source was that all the money and jewels had been sent South.

With her woman's instinct of coming disaster my aunt had taken precaution against treachery of the servants by having them assist her in sealing up the cans long before the advent of the Yankees, and she resorted to a clever subterfuge to protect her valuables. Her only son had paid her a short visit on one occasion, and she had the servants hand their young master a pair of old-fashioned saddlebags heavily laden, they thought, with gold; but she had substituted cans filled with gravel for those of gold, and at a convenient time, when the servants were all out of the way, the cans of value were dropped into their hiding places. How to extract them again with so many pairs of vigilant eyes looking on was a problem, and many secret councils of ways and means were held. "Impossible" was the verdict at every meeting of the committee of four, all plans seeming futile; and when the eve of our departure for parts unknown arrived, we were well-nigh hopeless of inventing a reasonable excuse for remaining any length of time at that end of the porch where the gold was buried.

My aunt afterwards said that she had a prayer on her lips as she approached an old rain barrel filled with water at the end of the porch; and, like an inspiration, this idea seized her brain and she immediately called the officer of the guard. In the suave and polite tones not heretofore so dulcet she said: "My dear sir, will you kindly place your guard just on the outside of the yard, the one who patrols this end of the house, and the other a little lower down. My daughters, niece, and myself wish to take a footbath from this barrel to-night; and this, sir, would be a great favor and one I assure you will be highly appreciated."

With a profound military salute, the unsuspecting officer consented without the least hesitation and with no suspicion of duplicity on our part. Soon we heard the gate latch click and the steady tramp of the guard as he kept his ceaseless, useless round of vigilance, and we almost felt that victory was ours.

Our plans were quickly made. It was a bright moonlight night, not a breeze stirring the leaves, and the air was sultry in the extreme; but, fortunately for us, the shadows were long and deep over and around the place of excavation. My aunt, her eldest daughter, Mrs. Morris, and I repaired to the scene of our labor armed with a stout butcher knife and an old rusty file, the only implements we could safely use in digging, and we carried an old wheezy accordion. The youngest daughter meanwhile went to the parlor, which was a safe distance from our "foot washing." She threw open the wide French windows, and, raising the cover of the piano, which had been closed since the day of our arrest, two weeks before, she made the welkin ring with "Rebel" ditties, so dear and inspiring to the heart of our beloved South. The charm worked, and every soldier from three sides of the house was attracted to the windows, where she graciously invited them to remain and condescendingly asked them to name their favorite selection. She continued until her arms ached and fingers tingled. We had agreed upon a signal when our task was accomplished. I was to whistle a "solo" called "The Watcher."

We had a pet dog who always went into hysterical fits of howling whenever the dismal notes of our old accordion pierced his ears, and the use of this and the splashing of feet in the foot tub effectually drowned the noise made by our digging, as the soil was entirely made up of gravel when the cans were buried. A pair of us dug while the third splashed in the water to carry out the ruse; and when the sweet notes of the accordion were heard, "harps of a thousand strings" were touched in the throat of our dog! We sat flat on the ground, and for once lost our identity as "Cherokees" and merged into that tribe called "Digger Indians." At last our task was ended and our efforts rewarded by lifting out every can. These we placed in the bath tub, and my aunt carried the treasure into her room. My cousin and I then strolled around the yard awhile, I humming the song agreed upon, and the tired musician in the parlor, who with strained ears had been listening for other music than her own, closed the piano with a bang and said: "Gentlemen, I'm tired!" Thereupon she left them, feeling that their cordial "thank you" might have come from her lips.

Later, when all was still, with curtains drawn and lowered lights, we four lay flat on the floor, and each with a buckskin belt divided the gold stealthily, lifting out each piece and slipping the golden eagles we had captured from these brave sons of liberty into the pockets made for them, and we thought for once that the regal wings of the emblem of American liberty had been clipped by a weak and defenseless foe!

The following morning we were marched out of our home to the lively tune of "Yankee Doodle," but we had the satisfaction of knowing that we had outgeneraled our captors. We not only had the gold securely belted around our waist, but many other valuables and household goods tucked away in huge pockets completely concealed under the large hoop skirts, then in vogue, which each wore that morning with peculiar satisfaction; and blessed be the man who invented them! for we could never have escaped with our booty under the present tight-laced mode of dress. We were dumped in a filthy box car along with other prisoners and refugees, and through "grit and grace," though the latter was sorely tried, we reached Nashville, where we were detained three months. At the suggestion of the gentlemanly provost marshal, Captain Goodwin, under whose care we had been placed, my aunt decided to go in person and try her persuasive power on President Lincoln, leaving us in the city with relatives, who for their hospitality in giving us shelter were ordered out of their beautiful home.

I may at some future day give you an account of my aunt's visit to Mr. Lincoln and of her ultimate success with that kind-hearted and often unjustly abused old man. Too late the South found out that he was not the bitter enemy they thought him!

FOREIGNERS AGAINST THE CONFEDERACY.

BY F. L. FULGHAM, JACKSON, MISS.

There are a number of facts, stubborn facts, that should be recorded in that truthful, unbiased history of the War between the States which in years to come will be written and studied as a text-book in American schools. After all the bitterness engendered by the conflict has ceased and the actors in the struggle have been gathered to their fathers, it has been the hope of every Southern soldier that some Gibbon or Macaulay may arise who will balance the scales of justice fairly and equally between the North and the South.

With a desire that posterity shall know the truth in all things, and especially as to the numbers and nationality of the contending forces, the writer begs to ask a few pertinent questions. If answers are not forthcoming, he will have the satisfaction of knowing that they have been recorded in your splendid journal, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, which is the chief chronicler and expositor of the deeds of the Southern soldier. The questions are as follows:

1. How many men of American birth and how many of foreign birth composed the army and navy of the Southern Confederacy?

2. The number of men of American birth, the number of foreign birth, and the number of Southern negroes which composed the army and navy of the Federal government?

3. Is there a history of the great war which gives a correct, or an approximately correct, answer to these questions?

4. The amount of pensions, if any, sent to foreign lands for the surviving soldiers and widows of the soldiers who lost their lives in the Civil War?

This line of thought came to me while reading "The Reminiscences of a Long Life," by Gen. Carl Schurz, of the Union army. The article is published in McClure's Magazine of 1907, and is both interesting and instructive. This brilliant German, himself an exile from his native land, gives some astonishing figures which show that the army of Gen. Joe Hooker, which confronted Gen. Robert E. Lee on the Rappahannock, had in it very nearly one entire corps of Germans. Many of them were trained soldiers fresh from the armies of the Kaiser. He tells the story of the victory of Lee (with 60,000 troops) over the boastful Hooker (with 130,000) in a way that entrances the reader, especially should he be a veteran and a participant in that series of battles of Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg in the early days of May, 1863.

History tells of the four thousand Irishmen under Gen. Francis Meagher, who led them against the stone wall at the foot of Marye's Hill on December 13, 1862, only eighty-one answering to roll call the day after the battle.

The story of Garibaldi as told in the November (1907) number of the Century Magazine is of special interest in this connection. The fact that the Italian patriot was solicited by President Lincoln to accept a major general commission in the Army of the Potomac shows to what straits the North was reduced, and that the Lincoln government not only relied upon Europe for men, but for officers who had gained reputation for generalship in continental wars. If the narrative of the German general be correct, there were enlisted under the stars and stripes entire regiments, brigades, divisions, and, with few exceptions, army corps of foreigners commanded by officers of their own blood and nationality. Such names as Sigel, Schurz, Shoeffe, Sedgwick, Osterhaus, Steinwehr, Hecker, Schimmilfennig, and Meagher are familiar to the readers of the history of the great war, and there were hundreds of other foreign officers who gained less distinction on the battlefield, but did valiant service in the war against the South.

In 1861, soon after the inauguration of President Lincoln, General Schurz was appointed Minister to Spain. He says: "I opened my heart to Mr. Lincoln about my troubles of conscience. I told him that, having helped as a public speaker to bring about the present state of things, I thought I would rather bear my share of the consequences; that I had seen some field service in the revolutionary conflicts of my native country, had made military matters a favorite study, and wanted to resign my mission to Spain and join the volunteer army. * * * I laid before him a plan. There were in New York many hundreds of able-bodied immigrants who had served in German regiments. These had only to be armed and put upon horses to make them cavalrymen fit for active service. There were also with them a number of officers trained in the Prussian army to command, and they thought that I, being somewhat known among the German-born citizens, was a suitable person to organize such a regiment if the government gave me the proper authority."

This quotation from the writings of General Schurz shows how easy it was to get German or other foreign recruits, trained soldiers fresh from European wars, thus early in the struggle for the Federal army. When in a short while bounties were offered by city, State, and the Federal government [and by individuals for substitutes.—ED. VETERAN.], a steady stream came over from Europe until the Army of the Potomac was filled to repletion. These bounties amounted to thousands of dollars in greenbacks, and the hireling was ready to fight for the money, caring nothing for the cause, whether it was to free the slaves or to restore the Union. It was not thus with Garibaldi, however.

In the November number of the Century Magazine is an article by H. Nelson Gay, the title to which is "Lincoln's Offer of a Command to Garibaldi: Light upon a Disputed Point of History." It is my purpose to give only a part of the correspondence which passed between the agents of the United States government abroad and the Italian patriot, who was resting at his island home at Caprera, near Naples.

"He had a changing group of old comrades about him, helping in the farm work and acting as his secretaries. * * * They were a lively group of patriots devoted to their leader and impatient for new adventures in the cause of freedom."

On January 8, 1861, J. W. Quiggle, American Consul to Antwerp, who had met Garibaldi not long before, addressed to him the following letter:

"*General Garibaldi:* The papers report that you are going to the United States to join the army of the North in the conflict of my country. If you do, the name of Lafayette will not surpass yours. There are thousands of Italians and Hungarians who will rush to your ranks, and there are thousands and tens of thousands of American citizens who will glory to be under the command of this 'Washington of Italy.'

"I would thank you to let me know if this is really your intention. If it be true, I will resign my position here as Consul and join you.

"With assurances of my profound regards, yours, etc.,

J. W. QUIGGLE."

Garibaldi replied from Caprera June 27, 1861:

"*My Dear Friend:* The news given in the journals that I am going to the United States is not exact. * * * If, however, in writing to your government they believe my services of some use, I would go to America if I did not find myself occupied in the defense of my own country. Tell me, is this agitation for the emancipation of the negroes or not? I would be very happy to be your companion in a war in which I could take part by duty as well as sympathy.

"Kiss with affection the hand of your lady, and I am with gratitude yours,

G. GARIBALDI."

As Mr. Gay says: "It was a straightforward letter; and, furthermore, the single consideration which prompted him to enter our civil struggle was the emancipation of the negroes."

In another letter to Garibaldi Consul Quiggle writes: "You propound the question whether the present war in the United States is to emancipate the negroes from slavery. I say this is not the intention of the Federal government, but to put down rebellion, etc. You have lived in the United States, and you must have observed what a dreadful calamity it would be to throw at once upon the South, in looseness, four millions of slaves; but if this war be prosecuted with the bitterness with which it has been begun, I would not be surprised if it resulted in the extinction of slavery in the United States, whatever may be the consequences."

The correspondence reached Secretary Seward at a critical moment. The disaster at Bull Run had occurred on July 21. On the 27th Secretary Seward sent to H. S. Sandford, Minister to Brussels, the following dispatch:

"I send you copy of correspondence between late Consul at Antwerp and General Garibaldi. Proceed at once and enter into correspondence with the distinguished soldier of freedom.

"Tell him that this government believes he will if possible accept this call, because it is too certain that the fall of the American Union would be a disastrous blow to the cause of human freedom equally here, in Europe, and throughout the world. Tell him he will receive a major general's commission, with the hearty welcome of the American people. * * * You will submit this correspondence to Mr. Marsh, Minister to Italy, and he is expected to act concurrently with you.

"I am your obedient servant, WILLIAM H. SEWARD."

The writer continues: "On August 11, 1861, the New York Tribune contained the following notice: 'Our Washington correspondent states positively that Garibaldi has offered his services to the national government, and the offer was promptly accepted. Should the liberator of Italy revisit this country, he would be greeted with an enthusiasm beyond the power of words to express.'"

This correspondence, a part of which I have reproduced, seems to have been voluminous, and the letters translated and submitted by Mr. Gay are so numerous as to forbid further quotations; but enough has been taken to show the earnestness of the Federal government in its effort to supply its armies with the most distinguished general the world contained at that time.

These thrilling incidents which transpired nearly half a century ago, gleaned from the writings of men not in sympathy with the Southern cause, appeal to the future historian and plead to be recorded in fairness and equity.

It will at once occur to the careful reader how tremendous the odds against the South in her struggle for the great principle, "the rights of the States."

These letters quoted here, compiled from the archives of the American Legation at Brussels and the American Embassy at Rome and from the Century Magazine, show also the abhorrence of many of the enemies of the South at the mere mention of the wholesale emancipation of the slaves, leaving the white women and children on the plantations a prey to the brutish instincts of the savage. This one act of Mr. Lincoln, although executed as a war measure, should forbid the fulsome eulogies passed upon him by Southern men. God only stayed the hand of the liberated slave, and threw a mantle of protection over our helpless ones while their fathers, husbands, and sons were at the front, battling for rights guaranteed to them by the Constitution.

THE BATTLE OF FIVE FORKS.

BY J. STAUNTON MOORE, RICHMOND, VA.

The battle of Five Forks occurred forty-three years ago, the last pitched battle of the Civil War. The fighting after this was desultory, mere skirmishing incident to hasty retreat and rapid pursuit. Looking back to those days, incidents long dormant arise in the mind's storehouse; for,

"Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain;
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies."

The writer recalls some of the incidents of the battle of Five Forks, where he was captured and consigned to Point Lookout. Corse's Brigade, Pickett's Division, had marched from the south side of the James, on the Howlett line, to the north side a few days before to repel a movement made by General Grant in that direction; but it soon developed that this was a feint to conceal or divert his movements to the right of our line in front of Pittsburg, and our brigade was quickly marched through Richmond. From this point we went to Petersburg and on to Hatcher's Run, where we arrived March 30. In our front could be seen large numbers of the enemy, and I recall General Lee's meeting General Pickett and his quiet remark: "General, those people are getting too near us. We must drive them back."

The march through Richmond, Petersburg, and to Hatcher's Run was very trying through mud and sleet. The bridges over the run had been burned, and we had to wade the stream filled with floating ice and hold our cartridge boxes over our heads, the water reaching above our waists. The ground was soaked from steady rains, and at night we dared not light our fires to cook our scant rations, warm our chilled bodies, or dry our wet clothing.

On the morning of April 1 the sun came out for the first time in many days. We were preparing our morning meal when the order sounded, "Fall in, men," and we could see the blue lines forming in our front toward the edge of the woods. Our regiment, the 15th Virginia Infantry, had their alignment on the main road in the rear of the Gilliam house, which fronted one of the five forks or crossroads that converged at this point. I recall that I had just prepared a large tin cup of coffee, and was anticipating its refreshing influence when I had to decant it in its boiling condition in obedience to orders.

We soon formed into line. Our company (B), being armed with Enfield rifles, were detailed as skirmishers or pickets in front of our regiment, posted behind a rail fence running parallel with the road. Between our line and the enemy there was a distance of less than a mile. Our position as pickets in the middle of the intervening field was exposed, leaving us practically subject to the fire of friend and foe. After deploying to our positions, we secured some straw and crossed it with fence rails, making a convenient loophole or rest for our guns when the moment for action arrived.

We had not long to wait, for soon the ringing bugle call of Sheridan's Rough Riders floated on the air and the bright flash of their sabers gleamed in the sunlight as they prepared for their charge. On they came, the earth trembling beneath the impact of that mighty host. As soon as the cavalry debouched from the cover of the woods the skirmishers opened fire from behind our breastworks of straw. Lying face downward, we fired through our fence, then, turning on our backs, we reloaded.

Our troops, infantry and artillery, fired over us, and there was a storm of projectiles from friend and foe alike above our defenseless heads. We had fired about a dozen rounds before the cavalry advanced near enough to commence firing at us with their revolvers. Just at this time my ramrod became caught in my rifle; and as I could not get it down or out, I was contemplating letting the enemy have both through his body, when one of my comrades dropped him as he was about to shoot me.

We repulsed this charge, but they came a second time and rode over us up to our line. This second charge was repulsed with considerable slaughter. Firing then commenced in our rear, and our troops began to retreat. We could see the thin gray line vanishing in the distance, and the enemy approached us from every side. I was about to empty my gun into a squad, when I heard an ominous click, click in my rear, followed by an order to surrender. Seeing I was outnumbered by several Federals, I threw down my gun and in obedience to orders marched to the rear.

The last I saw of General Pickett his long hair was streaming behind him as he rode from the ill-fated field. Thus closed the last pitched battle of the war, which proved the beginning of the overthrow of the Army of Northern Virginia. Of our division, fully half were captured, and thus commenced the disastrous retreat culminating in Appomattox and its dramatic surrender.

PORTRAIT OF COL. AUSTIN SMITH.

[The Richmond Times-Dispatch of March 15 contained an interesting account of the presentation of a portrait of Col. Austin Smith to the R. E. Lee Camp of Richmond. The address was by Maj. Robert Hunter, and gives interesting data.]

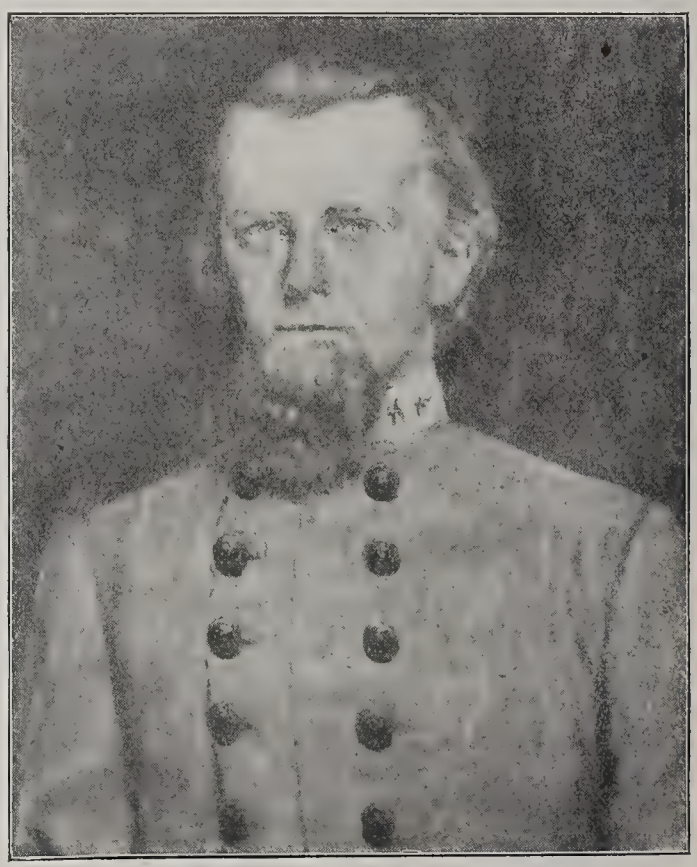
Major Hunter's Address.

I feel highly honored by the request from Miss Mary Amelia Smith and Col. Thomas Smith, of Warrenton, to present to Lee Camp a portrait of their brother, Lieut. Col. Austin E. Smith, a son of Gov. William and Elizabeth H. Smith, who gave his life in defense of his native State in the battle of Gaines's Mill, June 27, 1862, when McClellan's formidable army was menacing this capital city of our State and the Confederacy.

Artistically conceived and executed by a Richmond artist, himself a soldier, it is eminently worthy of a place upon your historic walls among the portraits of the heroes of the South whose names have gone into history and reflected imperishable luster upon Confederate arms and our righteous Confederate cause.

Colonel Smith's record as a soldier is brief, but brilliant. He fell mortally wounded in the forefront of his first battle—a battle which General Whiting, upon whose staff Colonel Smith was serving, described as "very severe, hotly contested, and gallantly won."

There has been some post-bellum dispute as to whose command made the first breach in the Federal lines at Gaines's Mill. Longstreet's men made a magnificent charge on the right, and D. H. Hill claimed to have turned the flank of the regulars. But the fact is "in even scale the battle hung," and Jackson had become impatient. He sent his last orders to his division commanders. "Tell them," he said, "this affair must hang in suspense no longer; let them sweep the field with the bayonet." Lee, almost at the same moment as Jackson, had



THE PORTRAIT OF COL. AUSTIN SMITH.

given the word for a general advance. As the supports came thronging up the shout was carried down the line, "The Valley men are here," and with the cry of Stonewall Jackson for their slogan the Southern army dashed across the deep ravine. "And," says Colonel Henderson, "as the sun, low on the horizon, loomed blood red through the murky atmosphere the Confederate colors waved along the line of the abandoned breastworks. But," as Colonel Henderson, whose account of this battle is the fairest and fullest I have read, further says, "it is abundantly evident that the advent of Jackson's fresh troops and the vigor of their assault broke down the resistance of the Federals. Against the very center of the Federal line the attack was pushed home by Whiting's men with extraordinary resolution. His two brigades under Hood and Law were the first to sweep over the intrenchments, outflank the Federal brigades, which still held out to right and left, and compel them to retreat." * * *

"Of my staff," says General Whiting in his report, "I cannot speak too highly. The chief, Maj. J. H. Hill, fell, painfully wounded, while leading the charge. The chivalrous Col. (Maj.) Austin E. Smith, aid-de-camp, received a mortal wound in the same onset."

It was of a Spartan soldier of the stamp of Austin Smith that the Spartan General Tyrtæus, who was also a poet, wrote:

"How glorious fell the valiant, sword in hand,
In front of battle for their native land,
Disdaining fear and deeming light the cost
Of life itself in glorious battle lost!
More sacred than in life and lovelier far
For having perished in the front of war."

General Whiting used the word "chivalrous" advisedly in his tribute to Austin Smith's splendid bearing in this battle, for he was indeed

"From plume to spur a cavalier,
Whose soul ne'er parleyed with a fear
Nor cheek bore tinge of shame."

Another touching tribute is from John S. Farley, of Charleston, S. C., who was a private in the Hampton Legion Cavalry and a courier with General Whiting when Colonel Smith was killed: "A more courteous or kindly gentleman than Colonel Smith I never knew. As an instance of his considerate kindness I mention that on the night before I reached our bivouac at Totopotamy Creek without a blanket. Colonel Smith, having observed it, insisted on sharing his with me, and we slept together, heads in saddle, until four o'clock in the morning, when his servant led up his favorite horse, a light dappled gray, a magnificent animal, but lame. He told the servant to saddle another horse, and, turning to me with a disturbed look, said: 'Farley, that's a bad omen; I will be killed to-day.' 'O, no,' I said; 'on the contrary, I think it fortunate you can't ride the gray to-day. You would be a conspicuous mark for every sharpshooter. You will be safer on the other horse.' But, alas! his premonition was verified. That day the gallant gentleman fell, shot through the shoulder, and died before morning of the next day, lamented by everybody who knew him."

Of him might we truly say with Sir Ector: "He was the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall with ladies, and he was the sternest knight to his mortal foe." * * *

Immediately upon Virginia's secession he resigned his lucrative office of Naval Agent of San Francisco, abandoned large property interests, and started to place his life, his fortune, and his sacred honor in her service. *En route* he was seized by the Federal authorities and held a prisoner until exchanged. No caged eagle ever longed for freedom and sunlight more than he while held a captive in Forts Lafayette and Warren. From his military prison he wrote his father to try to effect his exchange. The following letter in furtherance of that request reveals the patriotism of father and son:

"HEADQUARTERS 49TH REG. VA. VOLS.,
February 10, 1862.

"President Davis—Dear Sir: Having just received a letter from my son and not having heard from the Secretary of War, to whom I wrote, I have concluded to inclose the letter to you that you may see that he adheres inflexibly to his resolve in the first instance: 'that the granite of his prison home would crumble into dust before he would acknowledge the slightest allegiance to the tyranny which oppressed him or have his devoted loyalty to the South to become a question.'



COL. ROBERT HUNTER.

With you, my dear sir, now rests my hopes—all my hopes and his. I know not, care not how he has managed about our pecuniary interests. Money is but dust in the balance against liberty—the liberty to defy, to conquer our enemies; the liberty to fight, to bleed, and if need be to die for our country.

"I am, Mr. President, very truly and sincerely yours,
WILLIAM SMITH."

In this connection it is proper to add that Col. Austin Smith was offered full liberty to return to his adopted State without taking the oath to the United States, but he indignantly and scornfully declined the tempting proposal.

Austin Smith was of heroic stock on both sides—none truer, none braver. His inheritance was indomitable pluck, unyielding adherence to principle and honor, and intense—aye, passionate—devotion to his native State. The proudest British nobleman who can trace his title back through Burk's Peerage to Hastings or Cressy or Agincourt or Blenheim can claim no richer or more heroic ancestral blood than that which dripped from three wounds of the colonel of the 49th Virginia

Infantry upon the field of Sharpsburg, the bloodiest and perhaps the most fiercely contested battle of the war, or from that same blood which swelled the veins and flushed the cheek and pulsed the heart of the then Governor elect of Virginia as he double-quicked his brigade into the arena of fire and blood to save Lee's left flank at Gettysburg. But I said he was of heroic stock on both sides, and so indeed he was.

Governor Smith left Washington after Lincoln's proclamation of war in somewhat of a hurry. Upon reaching Warrenton he was taken sick, having already applied for a commission as colonel with the view to the organization of a regiment. When convalescing, in order to test the mettle of his wife he asked her views about his going into the army, with the suggestion that he was then past three score years and "muster free." She promptly replied: "You have preached secession as a right of the State and have told the people the time had arrived to act; and though you are 'muster free,' you are able to stand the hardships and trials of camp and field and should show the public your readiness to stand by your teachings. You know I did not believe in secession, and have been opposed to Virginia leaving the Union."

He thereupon told her he had already anticipated her reply, and would take the field at the earliest moment practicable.

On that ever-memorable Sunday, April 2, 1865, when notified by General Breckinridge, then Secretary of War, that Richmond would be evacuated that night, Governor Smith commenced preparations for removing the State archives as far as practicable. His wife observed these preparations and asked what they meant in regard to the situation. Receiving an evasive reply, she said to him: "Smith [her usual address to him], be frank with me; for though I may think like a woman, I can act like a man." It is superfluous to add that the situation was explained, and the Governor's preparations were thereby facilitated.

Two famous duels occurred in California during these eventful days which attracted widespread interest because of the prominence of the principal figures. One was between Judge J. Cabet Smith, a brother of Col. Austin Smith, and David C. Broderick, then a member of the State Legislature and a leader of the Abolition faction. There were no anti-dueling laws at that time, and the affair was witnessed by hundreds of spectators, among them Governor Smith himself. Broderick was twice wounded, his life being saved by a large gold watch which he was allowed to retain upon his person and which Smith's bullet struck and shattered. The other was between this same Broderick, who had then become a United States Senator, and Judge Terry, of the Supreme Court of California, in which Broderick lost his life. Austin Smith was a recognized leader of the Southern party in these exciting times and scenes—a fearless advocate, defender, and champion of the principles and fundamental rights for which he subsequently fought and died so gallantly and so gloriously upon the battlefield.

VILLAINOUS "INSPECTORS" AT CAMP DOUGLAS.

BY J. W. COOK, CO. A, 43D MISS. REGT., HELENA, ARK.

A Texas comrade in the April VETERAN asks if any Camp Douglas prisoner remembers "Prairie Bull" and "Billie Hell." My recollections of them are more vivid than pleasant. They were inside guards, but called themselves inspectors. The prison discipline was very rigid, and they seemed to delight in inflicting the severest punishment on the least infraction of the rules. Bull (his real name was McCurley; don't remember Billie's real name) usually carried a leather strap that he used unmercifully with little or no cause. The prisoners would not betray each other; and when he failed to designate the individual "culprit" as called then he would call out the whole barracks, one hundred and ninety men. His favorite punishment then was "reaching for grub," as he called it. He made them stand in line stiff-kneed and lean forward, touching the ground with their fingers, and stand so until many would fall exhausted, to be beaten cruelly and put back in line. At another time he would make them sit down in the snow in an almost nude condition. Refusal or even protest brought club or pistol into use.

One morning a half-starved prisoner stood at the bone barrel at our kitchen door. Bull came along and began kicking him with all his might. The man reached his hand back to shield himself, and accidentally tripped him. He jumped up, drew his pistol, and shot the prisoner dead. He seemed always looking for a pretext for such things, and was entitled to three notches on his pistol handle that I knew of.

The prison bugle sounded at sunset, and all prisoners must go to bed, and no sound must issue from the barracks until sunrise. One evening just after retiring Terrell A. Crenshaw, of Athens, Ala., and I, who occupied a top bunk away back at the end of the barracks next to the kitchen, got into a little scuffle, and I spoke a little above the ordinary tone. A shadow passed the little window, and in a minute more in stalked Bull. "Who made that noise in here?" he asked. No one answered. He repeated the question; no answer. Again he asked, and, coming farther back and a little short of me, he called to Parker, of North Carolina: "Come down from there." "I did not make the noise," he said. "You lie," said Bill. "Come down," and Parker started down.

I could not stand that, but told him that I was the man. "Come down, d— you," he said. I came, but he would not let me get my coat. There he stood within six feet of me, cursing me in the vilest language he could use. I replied: "I am a prisoner; my hands are tied." I knew he was trying to provoke me to resist or even protest, but I knew him too well. "Get down to that gate, d— you," he said. I knew what was coming then, and passed out, intending to dodge him. I knew he would shoot, and the guards on the east and west works would also; but it was getting dusk, and I did not fear his hitting me much. It flashed into my mind that he could locate me the next day, and it would be worse for me. So I slowed up and he came up, and we walked side by side, he cursing me at every step and I saying nothing. We walked up to "Morgan's mule." "Now," he said, "d— you, mount him." It was made like a carpenter's sawhorse, only it was made on an inch-and-a-half plank and fifteen feet high and pieces nailed across to climb up on.

I had been up there about an hour, when I heard the gate keeper say: "Don't forget and let that fellow freeze and fall off." He then turned to me and said: "Get down and go to your quarters." But Bull objected, and kept me as long again on it. I was almost frozen. Then he came and told me to go. I noticed that he took his stand at the bottom of the steps, and, taking his club in his right hand, intended to strike me as I came down; but I threw myself on the opposite side and came down facing him. I had heard of people facing wild beasts to prevent them from springing on them. So I looked Bull square in the eye. He satisfied himself by another round of cursing; and being told to go, I backed off until entirely out of reach of that dreaded club. Thousands of men will remember Bull, many of whom have long ago answered the last roll, brought on by exposure just to satisfy his spleen.

LETTER DELIVERED AFTER MANY YEARS.

The following letter was recently found in possession of a lady near Winchester, Va., and the supposition is that it was picked up near that town during the war. The letter was addressed to Miss Fannie Coiner, Waynesboro, Augusta, Va., and was written by Dr. Casper Henkel.

Miss Coiner married Capt. Ben Patterson, of the 23d Regiment Virginia Cavalry; and, her husband being dead, she resides with her children and grandchildren, all of whom have recently seen the letter that remained undelivered for nearly forty-five years.

Dr. Henkel has been one of the most prominent physicians in the Valley of Virginia since the war, and is now seventy-three years of age. Many old soldiers suffering from wounds received during the war have gone to his home in later years and received surgical treatment as freely and with as little thought of compensation as when he tenderly and untiringly ministered to their needs on the field.

LETTER TO MISS COINER.

ON THE "FIELD," NEAR HAGERSTOWN, MD.,
July 12, 1863.

Dear Cousin: We were drawn up in line of battle yesterday near Hagerstown and still lie in wait for the enemy to attack us—had some picket firing last evening, and this morning the enemy's cavalry made an attack upon our cavalry on the left and drove in our pickets from Hagerstown and now hold the town; captured some of our sharpshooters. Gen. A. P. Hill captured a large number of Yankee cavalry on the right. Our men have thrown up breastworks on a good position, and feel confident of giving the Yankees a whipping if they come up to them. It is now two o'clock and no indications of an advance. The river has been past crossing for some days, so that the most of our wagons still remain on this side; so should we be repulsed, what a scatteration there will be! We must lose all. The pontoon bridge will be completed to-day, and by morning the river can be forded. If we had the Yankees in the fix they have had us in for several days, I do not think many of them would escape. Our men and officers seem very confident of saving all. Cattle and extra horses have been driven across the river in large numbers. We crossed over the river on the 19th and camped on the old battlefield near Sharpsburg. Since that time we have been almost constantly on the march in battle line or fighting. We passed through Hagerstown on to Greencastle and Mercersburg; there we (3d Brigade) took the Pittsburg road and crossed over the North Mountain to the town of McConnellsburg, Fulton County, Pa., where we frightened a body of "malich" and heard of General Milroy at Bedford C. H.

We remained at McConnellsburg one day and took the road leading to Chambersburg, where we rejoined our division, and marched on to Shippensburg and camped near Carlisle. Here we remained a day, then made for Gettysburg, attacked the enemy on the 1st, repulsed them in fine style, they admitting a loss of ten thousand in killed, wounded, and prisoners. On the 2d they took a strong position east of Gettysburg on a little mountain with very rugged sides, with a creek and marshes around its base. Our troops attacked them furiously in this stronghold, repulsing them at times, then being repulsed again. Our men fought desperately, and overcame many almost incredible difficulties, but did not succeed in dislodging the Yanks from their last stronghold.

On the night of the 3d and 4th our army withdrew in their own time. The enemy made a very feeble effort at pursuing us, only in sufficient force to pick up stragglers and to watch our movements. Our losses are about ten or twelve thousand killed and wounded. Our division (Johnston's) lost 1,142 men killed and wounded; our brigade (Stuart's) lost 360 wounded, 84 killed; 37th Virginia had 44 wounded, 10 killed on the field, 1 lieutenant killed. The Northern papers admit tremendous losses, some as many as forty thousand. We certainly failed in our undertaking. General Lee was too confident in his men, expecting them to overcome difficulties too great. Troops never fought better or more obstinately, and succeeded in driving the enemy whenever they could get to them. The enemy's success was owing to their advantage in position, not in valor. My opinion is that if General Lee had taken a position and allowed himself to be attacked he would have been victorious. Our men were very much mortified at the result, but say they can whip the Yanks—have done so and can whip them still.

At no time during the engagement were our men panic-stricken or routed. Every one seemed to turn his back on the enemy with regret. The roads were in wretched condition from the heavy rains of the 4th, 5th, and 6th, which added much to the depression which already weighed so heavily on us. Our wagon trains were attacked on their way to Williamsport by Yankee cavalry and some wagons taken. Our wagon train must have been twenty-five miles in length, and could not be protected at all points. I have just seen Lieutenant Stephens, an ordnance officer with Jenkins's Cavalry, and he states that he saw Major Eakle two hours ago quite well. He is on our right two miles distant, and will be past here to-day, provided the enemy attack us in passing to our left. I have seen very little of the cavalry on this trip. They have always been in advance or on the right or left.

Very few bright faces or "God bless you!" have greeted us since we crossed the river. The few sympathizers we meet are very cautious. A party called "Copperhead" Democrats seem more free to meet us than any other party. They profess to denounce Lincoln and cry for peace upon any terms. The citizens seem to be much relieved that we do not give them their dues. We treat them civilly, and not as they have treated us. Our officers do everything they can to protect citizens and their property. As far as I am concerned, I do not c[illegible] how much property they destroy just so they respect the old and women and children.

I have found it a very difficult matter to procure anything in the way of goods that is desirable. Persons owning them are very loath to sell, and it requires a permit from a major general to visit a town or to stop on the way. Jenkins has been less lenient than any of the commanders. He has procured thousands of horses and cattle. We have fared bountifully most of the time on butter, milk, apple butter, and the nicest light bread I have ever seen. We have had a colored man foraging for our mess, who has kept us very well supplied. He disappeared a few days ago, however, with Colonel Williams's horse. Colonel Williams joined us yesterday. He has been home since the Chancellorsville fight; has almost recovered from his wound. Dr. Shultz Miller is with me now at the hospital.

As to the country through which we passed, it is beautiful and all in the highest state of cultivation. Most splendid barns and farm buildings I have seen. The people are very much such people as we have in Shenandoah and Rockingham Counties—the German portion.

Mercersburg, Shippensburg, and Chambersburg are beautiful towns, and everything unmolested by the war. I did not see

any of the Coiners about Shippensburg and Carlisle. I learned they were quite numerous, some of them Copperheads, others Lincolnites. I thought best not to visit them, as I could not expect to be kindly received. Mr. John Alexander (of the 25th Virginia), living near you, has just been to me to have a tooth extracted. He is quite well, and says he saw a Mr. Gilkison, of the cavalry, who states that all the Coiner boys are safe.

The Winchester girls were all in fine glee when I saw them; but all looked careworn, having been under Yankee rule so long. The 13th Virginia Regiment has been on duty since we took Winchester, which has given the boys a chance of visiting their homes and being with friends.

Four o'clock P.M. The pickets along the line are firing fiercely at this time; otherwise all seems quiet. I have just received a lot of bandages, dressings, candles, chloroform, morphia, sponges, etc., for field use, and have everything in readiness for action. Eight o'clock P.M. I have just returnéd from the 14th Regiment; saw Major Eakle. He has had much hard work. Your pet "Charlie," Major Eakle's horse, was killed whilst the Major was leading a charge at Gettysburg.

Thank your father for his kindness in visiting mother.

Good-by. Your cousin, CASPAR C. HENKEL.

DISAGREEABLE EXPERIENCES IN WAR TIMES.

BY MAJ. E. B. CARRUTH, AUSTIN, TEX.

At the beginning of the Confederate war there were very few men in the South that knew anything of military tactics. Companies and battalions were drilled in camps of instruction. After the fall of Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland River, these green troops were hurried to Corinth, Miss., where Gens. Albert Sidney Johnston, Braxton Bragg, and Beauregard were mobilizing an army to check General Grant's movement into the South. The 7th Mississippi Regiment, to which I belonged, was sent from Bay St. Louis, on the coast, to reënforce the troops at Fort Donelson, and arrived at Jackson, Tenn., the day that Fort Donelson surrendered, and was ordered to Corinth. The regiment arrived there and bivouacked by the side of the railroad on Friday before the battle of Shiloh in the midst of a cold, drizzly, sleety rain. About the same time a train load of provisions was shoved out on a switch of the railroad near by. Soon a staff officer from General Bragg's headquarters appeared and read an order to me to take charge of a large detail of men and to have these provisions unloaded from the cars and covered up with a tarpaulin. This was accomplished by dark; so after eating a hasty supper of crackers, broiled bacon, and coffee, I crawled under the edge of the tarpaulin that covered the provisions, and had myself comfortable for the night (?). The pattering rain and sleet upon the tent cloth would have been productive of a fine sleep; but just as I got comfortably straightened out in my blankets the same little staff officer appeared and called me again. I poked my head out from under the tarpaulin and answered like Samuel of old: "Here am I." He stooped down near me, and by the aid of a lantern read a long order. It was a "stunner." I was directed to go to the southern end of the western switch of the railroad, where I would find a detail of one hundred and twenty men ready to report to me; also that I would find a train load of wagons all "knocked down," wheels in one car, axles in another, bodies, bows, and sheets in the other cars. And the harness was likewise "knocked down." There were bundles of harness, bundles of breeching, bundles of bridles and lines, large bundles of collars of all sorts and sizes. And, to cap the climax, on a cold, rainy night, the order called for one hundred and thirty mules that were in a field one-half mile southeast of the switch.

The instructions were to have the provisions mentioned above all loaded and be ready to move at sunrise. The staff officer gave me a copy of the order and a lantern, and advised me that the order was "imperative." I felt that I was simply stranded. It seemed impossible in the cold, rain, and mud, with mules in the field and "knocked down" wagons, to load those supplies and move by sunup. Just then there was little prospect that the sun ever would shine again. However, I got out, put my boy Caleb in the warm nook that I left, and went to the south end of the western switch. Sure enough, there was the detail, well supplied with lanterns. I read the order to the detail. I called for wheelwrights and mechanics, and put fifty men to work getting out the wagons and fitting them together. Another large detail was made, each man being furnished with two bridles and sent to the field after the mules; while still others were directed to arrange the harness. Thus the work proceeded much more cheerfully than I had anticipated. Many jokes and witticisms kept the men's spirits up, while numerous inquiries were made as to "the cause of such a rush." Later in the night the mules arrived, wet, cold, and all drawn up; so it was not easy to fit the harness.

By four o'clock in the morning a number of wagons had been adjusted and fitted out with bows and sheets, and four strong mules to each wagon. Just as we were ready to start a little incident occurred that afforded considerable amusement. Four men of the detail who had shirked duty were found hid away in one of the wagons. As soon as they were discovered the other men of the detail caught them, dragged them out of the wagon, and treated them to a mud bath. Order having been restored, the first wagon started for the "grub pile" amid deafening applause and shouts of the men. The "impossible" had been accomplished. With a pilot carrying a lantern ahead and a man to lead each mule, the first wagon arrived at the "grub pile" and proceeded to load with flour. By sunup the stores were all loaded on the wagons and ready to move.

Daylight the next morning—Sunday, April 6, 1862—found us in line of battle near the Shiloh Church in front of General Grant's army. The sequel is well known.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

BY F. A. WISE, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

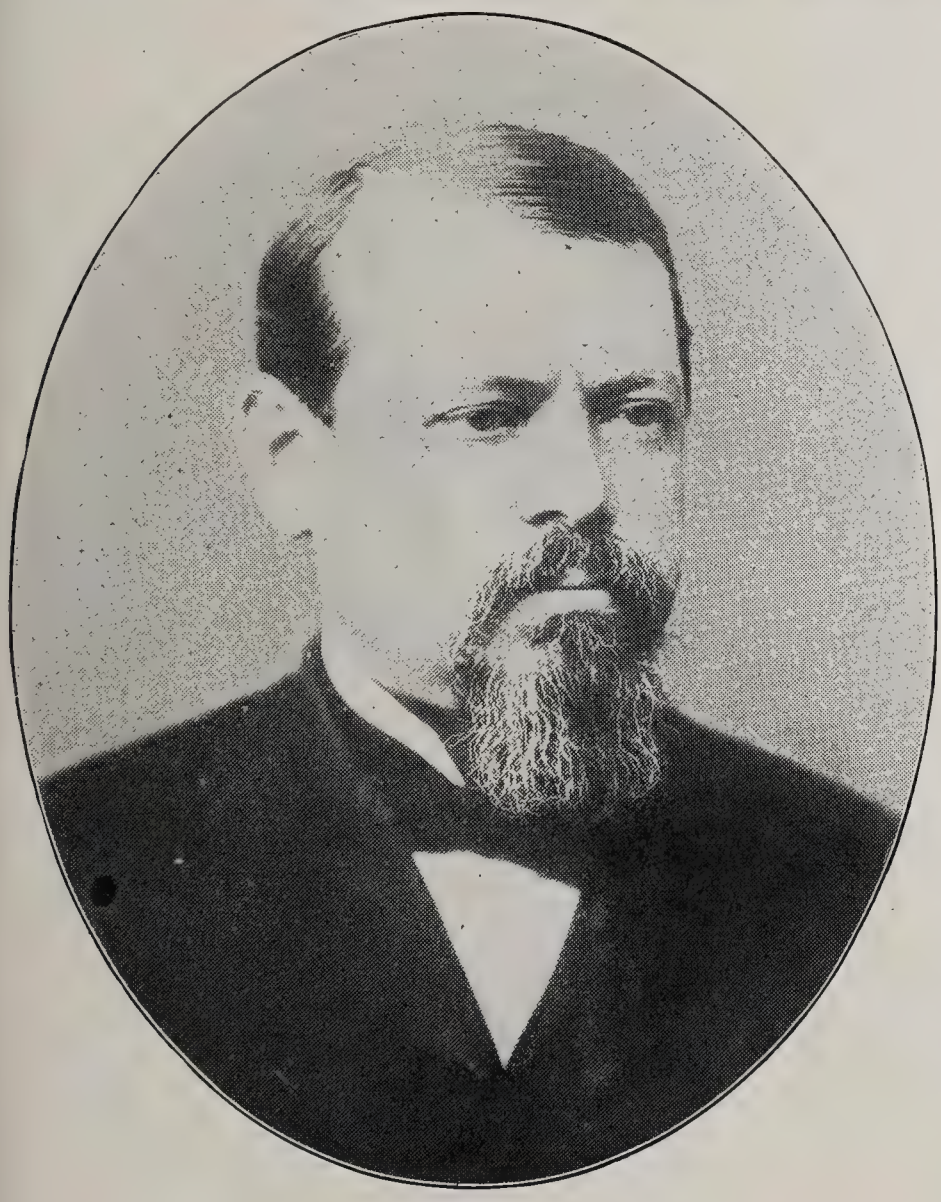
"Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade."
With the descending mists of eternal night,
As the spark of life was nearly gone,
The endless shades of rest within his sight,
The warrior General's work was done.
From the heat of the battle's ray,
From the dust of war and strife,
His soul was weary and would stray
O'er the river's tide to the tree of life;
There under its shade forever resting
'Midst Eden's bloom of blessed peace,
No human struggle there contesting
Where heavenly life would never cease.
And over the river, under the trees,
In the shade where he longed to rest,
His soul took flight, and under the trees
He waits the dawn of heavenly light.

MAJ. BELL G. BIDWELL.

[From an extended sketch by M. V. Ingram, of Clarksville, Tenn., the following extracts are made on the life and character of that brave soldier and noble citizen, Maj. Bell G. Bidwell, of Tennessee and Texas.]

The name of Maj. Bell G. Bidwell brings to memory one of the noblest, bravest, and most lovable of the many true men who graced the Confederate army, and he certainly merits distinguished mention in the VETERAN'S roll of honor.

Bell G. Bidwell was a native of Robertson County, Tenn., born February 19, 1837, and there he grew to young manhood. Developing a brilliant intellect, he soon acquired a fine education, graduating at the Nashville Medical University. Medicine not being the profession he desired to follow, he at once entered the Law School at Lebanon, Tenn., from which he graduated in 1860 with distinguished honor. Finding himself thus early in life the possessor of diplomas in two of the noblest professions, medicine and law, he at once impressed his personality upon the community in which he lived, and early after the war came to the front as the most brilliant young orator in the State, a strong rival in debate with Hon. John F. House, long a distinguished member of Congress.



MAJOR BIDWELL.

With the fall of Fort Sumter, in 1861, Bidwell was among the first to call for volunteers and to leave Robertson County as captain in command of a full company of men, who were of the noblest and truest soldiers that ever marched to battle; and every man was devoted to the captain from the beginning to the end of the struggle. Other companies were soon formed, and the 30th Tennessee Regiment was formed of nine hundred and seventy-five men from Robertson and Sumner Counties, in which Captain Bidwell's company was assigned to first rank (Company A). He was then the youngest officer in the command. John W. Head, of Gallatin, was Colonel; R. H. Murphy, Lieutenant Colonel; J. J. Turner, Major. The regiment went into camp at Red Springs for drill, and in November was ordered to Fort Henry, and later to Fort Donelson, which battle began on February 13, 1862. The 1st Tennessee Brigade was formed, composed of the 30th, 49th, and 50th Tennessee Regiments, and McCoot's company of cavalry under Forrest.

Sometime previous General Tilghman had asked for a company from the 30th Tennessee for heavy artillery service, and at Captain Bidwell's request his company was chosen. The companies of Captains Beaumont and Bidwell were assigned to take charge of the water batteries, with Captain Dixon, of the Engineer Corps, as chief of artillery. Captain Beaumont being absent on furlough, Captain Bidwell was placed in command of the batteries. The large Federal fleet had steamed up to within three hundred yards of the little fort. The battle was terrific, with all the odds in favor of the Federal fleet; so this was a test which demonstrated Captain Bidwell's extraordinary military capacity. His coolness, courage, and great skill in handling the situation secured the admiration of that fine officer, General Forrest, and received his highest commendation in report of that battle.

Within an hour Bidwell had the situation in hand, and handled it with consummate skill, never losing a chance or wasting a shot. If a gunner was out of place, Bidwell took charge, and aimed in person some of the deadliest shots fired at the fleet. A shot from the flagship Carondelet disabled his large 32-pound gun and killed Captain Dixon, the chief of artillery. The fight was renewed on the following day, resulting in much disaster to the fleet and a heavy loss of men. The admiral was wounded and his flagship completely disabled. The crippled fleet withdrew, and victory perched on the Confederate banner, the first and only time the gunboats were defeated during the war.

In this battle the fleet fired two thousand shots and shells, receiving four hundred effective messengers in reply. The withdrawal of the fleet was not the end of the fight, however, for during the night of the 14th the land forces were reënforced by twelve thousand fresh troops under command of Gen. U. S. Grant, and on the morning of February 15 the attack was again renewed; but the Federals were repulsed in every attack. Reënforcements continued to arrive until the Federal force reached fifty-five thousand men. In the fort there were about thirteen thousand men, with no hope of reënforcements and cut off from a possibility of supplies. A council of war was held at midnight, at which Captain Bidwell was present and heard Colonel Forrest's (he was yet only a colonel) earnest protest against surrendering

and his emphatic announcement that he and his men would go out, which they did with many others, and which the whole garrison could have done. That surrender will ever be considered as one of the mistakes of the war. Captain Bidwell and one of his men escaped and made their way to Nashville, where he attached himself to General Gregg's command, and was assigned optional service until the reorganization of his regiment after the exchange of prisoners. The reorganization took place in Mississippi, when J. J. Turner was chosen colonel and B. G. Bidwell major. He thus continued to the close of the war.

Through many other hardships and dangers of war Captain Bidwell passed, always being called to the place where greatest courage and keenest perception were required. Among these were Shiloh, Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and Nashville, during all of which time Major Bidwell and his command were under almost constant fire. At the end of the war the 30th Tennessee had lost half of its men and endured untold suffering and privations.

An incident of Major Bidwell's army career is given as illustrative of his unselfish devotion to his men. The Confederates had been attacked by a large force and retreat was decided upon; but the enemy was so near that the order must be passed from man to man down the line, and at a given signal from the officer they were to leap from the rifle pits and rush up the hill to the cover of the forest. The word was passed, and he gave the signal; but so interested was he in rescuing his men that he forgot himself and was left alone in the ditch. To surrender was disgrace, to go up the hill alone was certain death, the guns of the enemy being now turned upon that point; but he decided to risk the issue and challenge death. Leaping from the pit with a bound, he rushed up the hill, while cannon roared and musketry shrieked and showers of bursting shells and rain of rifle balls seemed to indicate that the whole Federal force was shooting at the one little officer in gray. Shells plowed up the earth about him, bullets cut off the twigs above his head, barked the trees at his side, singing their fearful song of death close to his ears; but up the hill he fled, unmindful of the leaden hail, and reached the cover of the woods, unscathed, preserved as it were miraculously from death.

Major Bidwell returned to his home broken in health, suffering from malaria, and for almost a year was a confirmed invalid. He opened a law office at Springfield, Tenn., but was later drawn to Paducah, Ky., where he again opened an office, and soon secured a lucrative practice. He always won the confidence and esteem of the people. Major Bidwell was married in 1871 to Miss Eleanor Patrick Flournoy, and a son and daughter came to bless their home. He served two terms in the Kentucky Legislature, 1873-76, where he made a record for himself and became a leader in the House. That he served with distinction was evidenced by a statement in the Courier-Journal that "if we had a man of his talent in Louisville we would push a man out of place to push him on."

Friends urged Major Bidwell to run for Congress; but circumstances decided him to remove to Texas, which he did in the fall of 1879, locating in Weatherford, where he soon established a lucrative law practice and made friends. He was shortly afterwards employed by the Texas and Pacific Railway, and held a prominent position in the law department of the road for twenty years. As a corporation lawyer, he became eminent. The company manifested many evidences of esteem and friendship for him; while the confidence, friendship, and regard of the managers for him was unbounded. In his home town of Weatherford no man was held in higher esteem or loved and trusted more. After several years of illness, his old enemy, rheumatism, having once more attacked him, he quietly passed away on the 30th of June, 1904, leaving a memory that will live green and bloom in the hearts of his friends during life.

R. M. AND J. H. CAMPBELL, TWINS.

These Confederate twins were sixty-three years old in May, 1908; born in Rich Valley, Washington County, Va., on the Fall Hill road, five miles north of Abingdon. In 1862 they joined Davidson's Battery together, and so continued throughout the entire war.

R. M. surrendered at Appomattox on the 9th of April, 1865. He went to Delaware, and remained there until in July. J. H. was injured by lifting at a gun of the battery. These



J. H. AND R. M. CAMPBELL.

twin brothers are farmers, and have lived in Washington, their native county, ever since the war. They belong to the William E. Jones Camp, U. C. V. Both have lost their wives; the families of each are scattered, and the two brothers are now living together.

CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

As long as Southern hearts do beat
Around our annual fires we'll meet
  In memory of thee!
The grandest heroes of them all
Who drew their sword at Southland's call
  To follow Robert Lee.

[From Mrs. J. L. Sexton, Charlotte, N. C.]

SCOUTING IN VIRGINIA.

BY I. S. CURTIS, SHERMAN, TEX.

During the fall of 1863 the Confederate army was west of the Rappahannock River, in Culpeper County, Va. The Federal army was on the east side of the river, in Fauquier County. General Meade, who was in command of the Army of the Potomac, had his headquarters near Catlett Station. General Lee's headquarters were in Culpeper Courthouse. As scouts we employed our time in keeping General Lee informed of the movements and positions of the Federal army. Confederate scouts often went into Alexandria, across the river from Washington City.

I had at that time an associate whose name was Johnson, a member of the 2d Tennessee Regiment. He was about my age—twenty-one years. We mapped out a trip to go into the Federal lines at Fairfax C. H. and come around by way of Warrenton, a journey which would consume two days and nights. Upon investigation at Fairfax C. H. we found that the risk would be too great; so we left the Federal lines and came around by way of Catlett Station. Nearing Weaversville, which is close to Catlett Station, we were unexpectedly halted by an infantry picket, who demanded our identity. I replied promptly: "We are members of the 8th New York Cavalry." He ordered one of us to advance, which I promptly did. This act seemingly convinced him that I was speaking the truth. As soon as I allayed his suspicion he dropped his gun to rest. I immediately presented my pistol to his head and ordered him to surrender, which he did, and I signaled to Johnson to come to my side.

At a short distance we discovered three cavalrymen, one of them up a persimmon tree and the other two on the ground. Johnson remained in charge of the prisoner, and I announced that I would go down and capture the three cavalrymen, and his reply was: "Yes, and you will get killed." I rode carelessly toward them, dismounted, and told them I would join them in the feast, to which they consented. In a few minutes I saw I had the advantage of the two on the ground, and I ordered them to drop their arms, and I had then only to order the third to come down out of the tree. He was unarmed, his pistols being on the ground. I remarked to Johnson that we were in a dangerous condition with four prisoners, a long distance from the Confederate and in full view of the Federal army. However, we started toward the Confederate line with our four captives and three horses.



SCENES AT THE KENTUCKY CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' HOME.

A Mr. Smith lived a few miles from Catlett Station, and I decided to pass his home. On nearing the place we discovered a lone horseman, who upon seeing us fled to the timber. We approached the house and inquired of Mr. Smith who the man was. He replied that he was a member of a South Carolina regiment, and had mistaken us for Federals. Mr. Smith volunteered to overtake him and bring him back to our assistance, which he did. We found the man to be a Jew by the name of Cohn; we had a conviction that he was deserting the Confederate army. After talking with Cohn, we proposed to give him all the horses and accouterments if he would take charge of the prisoners and turn them over to the Confederate pickets at the United States Ford on the Rappahannock River. This he consented to do. We also suggested that he take the prisoners to Mr. Comb's and lock them in his barn for the night. We afterwards learned that he did this. Our next news of him was that his prisoners had captured him. I have never heard from the Jew since, and I am very sure he took the oath of allegiance to the Federal government.

Johnson and I were very hungry, and Mr. Smith served us a delightful supper of stewed rabbit and crackers, after which we retired to the straw rick and had a good night. Early next morning I proposed to Johnson that we go into Weaversville and Catlett Station and capture some Federal general to hold as a hostage for Gen. W. H. F. Lee, who was then a prisoner. Between daylight and sunrise we rode up to the home of a Mrs. Sayers, just on the hill above Weaversville, and we inquired of her if she had any information of our (Federals) men who had been captured the previous day. She replied that she had seen them. We told her that we had instructions to notify all the citizens on the Federal line that if any scouts were aided or assisted their property would be destroyed. To this a Federal safeguard replied that he knew Mrs. Sayers had never rendered any assistance to them. We then rode down to a flour mill on Cedar Run, where the Federals had pickets stationed. When halted by them, we made them the same statement that we had made Mrs. Sayers. They crossed us over the stream, and we proceeded to Weaversville, and thence to Catlett Station, a distance of one mile.

The whole country was covered with tents. We were endeavoring to locate one occupied by some prominent officer. This we could not do. Returning into Weaversville from Catlett Station, we approached a tent in a cavalry camp. Johnson held my horse while I rushed into the tent, where six men were sleeping, and ordered them to put on their arms and follow me. Their horses were already saddled, and they promptly put on their bridles. We mounted and rode on through Weaversville and crossed Cedar Run between Mrs. Weaver's house and the flour mill and proceeded on the road to Belton. I was riding in front by the side of two men, and Johnson was in the rear. Before reaching Belton we ordered them to surrender, and it took them so completely by surprise that five of the six surrendered. Our captives claimed that they took me to be a Lieutenant Wilson of their regiment, the 17th Pennsylvania, who often scouted through that portion of the country. We turned these prisoners over to General Hampton at Richards Ferry, on the Rappahannock River.

This incident was read to the different commands on dress parade a short time afterwards.



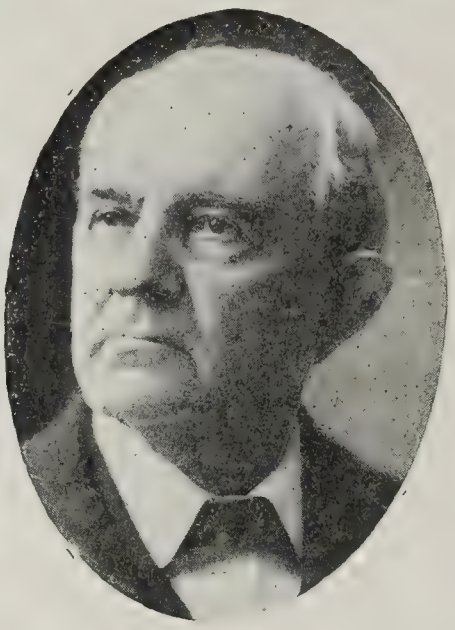
"You need not weep for me now;
Don't wish me back to that shore;
For now all truth is before me—
I know as I ne'er knew before."

MAJ. THOMAS J. KEY.

"He who spends life to help the world alone
Comes nearest following Jehovah's plan."

The character of Maj. Thomas J. Key, whose life passed out so suddenly on April 5, 1908, is most fittingly expressed in the above lines taken from a tribute to him by Will T. Hale, of Tennessee. The greater part of his life had been devoted to the betterment of agricultural conditions in the South, and as the editor of the Southern Agriculturist since its establishment, in 1869, he was able to help the farmers of the South get the best results from their work.

Thomas J. Key was born at Bolivar, Tenn., January 17, 1831. His father, Chesley Daniel Key, had come from Virginia, where he was reared on a farm adjoining that of Thomas Jefferson. Removing to Mississippi while his son was still a young boy, Mr. Key built the second house at Jacinto, then selected as the county seat of Tishomingo County, but which is now in Alcorn County. When about eleven years old Thomas Key was apprenticed to the publisher of a weekly paper at Tuscumbia, Ala. He learned the trade and bought the paper. Removing soon afterwards to Kansas City, Kans., while still in his twenties, he began the publication of a Democratic paper there, daring to edit it as he believed right in the heart of the Abolitionist territory. He braved the several attempts to do him violence until his paper proved a failure, when he removed to Helena, Ark., and edited a paper until he was sent to the Legislature, defeating a law partner of Gen. Pat Cleburne.



MAJ. T. J. KEY.

He was thirty years old when the war broke out, and was married; and after helping to bring the body of his cousin, Capt. Robert Lambuth, from Shiloh, he decided to enter the army and enlisted as an infantryman private, but was shortly commissioned by General Cleburne as second lieutenant of artillery. As such he was in most of the fighting in Northern Mississippi, including Corinth, and later with his command at Chattanooga. At Chickamauga he commanded the battery, and from then till the close of the war it won fame as "Key's Battery." He was in the fiercest of the battles in the "hundred days'" fighting between Dalton and Atlanta, and won the rank of major. After the fall of Atlanta, Major Key came back to Tennessee with Hood and directed the guns in dislodging a negro garrison near Fort Negley in the battle of Nashville. Having been detailed to command a wagon train escort, he did not get to Franklin until a considerable part of that battle was over. He was in Johnston's army at the final surrender.

Soon after the war he began his fight for the farmers of the South through the newspapers with which he was connected. A few years after establishing the Southern Agriculturist he removed to Louisville, and during his residence in Kentucky he organized the Grangers throughout the State and was President of the State Horticultural Society. The paper was later published in Montgomery, Ala., and then in Sheffield, and during Governor Johnson's administration Major Key was Assistant Commissioner of Agriculture. He removed to Nashville, Tenn., in 1897, and under better conditions his sphere of influence broadened throughout the land. He bravely did his part to build up the South, and now rests from his labors.

CAPT. H. D. WADE.

Capt. Hamilton D. Wade joined the Montgomery or Wise Fencibles, under Captain (later Colonel) Trigg, at Christiansburg, Va., as orderly sergeant. The company was assigned to the Valley of Virginia, under Gen. T. J. Jackson, then at Harper's Ferry. It afterwards became Company G, 4th Virginia Infantry, under Col. J. F. Preston. This regiment, with the 2d, 5th, 23d, and 27th, made up the famous Stonewall Brigade. While at Harper's Ferry Company G was detailed on the skirmish line for the brigade, and was the last to leave Harper's Ferry when evacuated. This company helped to blow up and destroy the bridges over the Potomac River. While at the Ferry Mr. Wade was so severely wounded that for a while it was considered fatal. He was wounded again in the first battle of Manassas. He was the first man wounded in the company. In 1862 he was wounded in the second battle of Manassas, and in 1863 he was wounded at Mine Run.

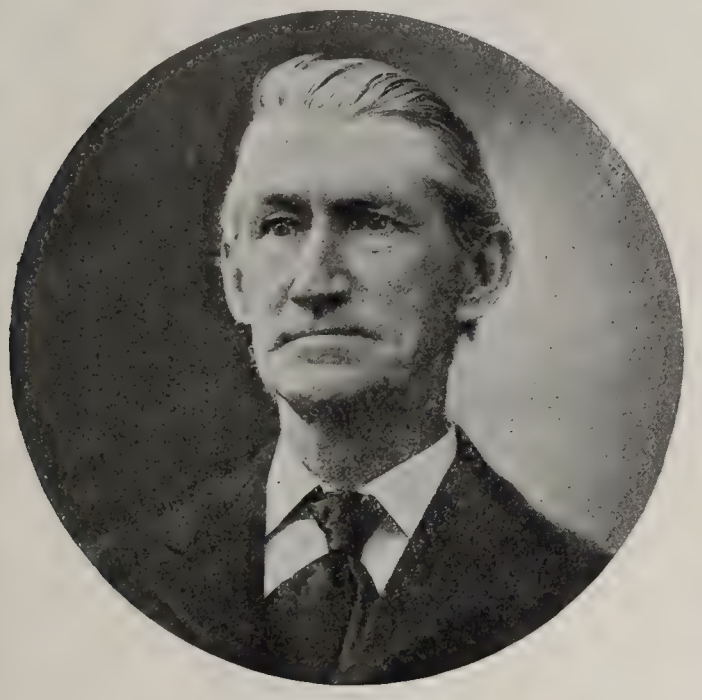
At Cold Harbor in 1862 he was promoted to first lieutenant, and was made captain at the battle of the Wilderness.

Captain Wade was in twenty-two battles, including that great battle of Chancellorsville, which Gen. Fitzhugh Lee said "was as high a type of a defensive battle as ever adorned the pages of history," and Col. W. Taylor said: "Of all the battles fought by the Army of Northern Virginia, that of Chancellorsville stands first as illustrating the consummate skill, audacity, and military genius of the commanders and the valor and determination of the men."

The courage and determination which Captain Wade showed in being always in the thick of the fight, despite the many times he was wounded, were remarkable. The physical man, no doubt, many a time had fought hard battles with the mental; but his indomitable courage and stern sense of duty, united with an unusually strong will, prevailed. Gen. Stonewall Jackson, recognizing the courage of the man, gave him the very important and dangerous position of commander of the sharpshooters. He was the gallant and fearless commander of this brave company until the close of the war, Gen. John B. Gordon keeping him there until the surrender.

Mr. Kyle Montague, of Christiansburg, who was in Gen. Bradley T. Johnson's Brigade while Johnson was fighting

Sheridan on the Occoquan, below Winchester, in August, 1864, said they had been heavily engaged from five in the morning until three in the afternoon fighting ten to one, when all had suddenly become quiet, and he asked Captain Junkin, who was in command: "What does this mean?" The Captain replied: "I don't like it. They have something up their sleeve." "There was a line of infantry as far as the eye could reach. Many of our men were wounded; we were well-nigh exhausted. Junkin said: 'Look what we have to face.' Just then we looked and saw Captain Wade coming at the head of a long line of sharpshooters on horseback. They seemed to be almost flying, so rapidly did they ride to our aid.



CAPT. H. D. WADE.

Such a Rebel yell as went up from our midst has seldom been heard! Never shall I forget the gallant appearance of Captain Wade that day as he rode in front of his men, his face aglow, and also the sound of his voice as he cheered them on. On that same spot we had a big battle sometime afterwards. Gen. Bradley Johnson's command had been sent back there, and Captain Wade with his sharpshooters in the advance had been gone about an hour when we heard a volley on the main pike. General Johnson stopped the command, listened, and waited. After another volley, we marched to see what it meant. Sheridan was charging the sharpshooters with five thousand men. Captain Wade's men were in such a position that they could only see the horses of the enemy. He commanded, 'Aim at the horses!' and as horse after horse fell, the victory was gained."

Gen. Titus Williams, commander of the consolidated Virginia regiments, said: "I saw the signature of General Lee promoting Captain Wade to colonel, but in the confusion at the close the commission was never received by him."

Captain Wade was a most modest man; no praise of himself in any position could ever be obtained from him. He never told of a duel fought face to face with one on the other side with such bravery that long after the war the family received letters asking if the brave man whose name had been in some way obtained could be Capt. H. D. Wade, of this place. Once he had a hand-to-hand fight with five United States soldiers, and killed four of them and wounded the fifth, who surrendered. The story was told by an eye-witness, and Captain Wade admitted it, explaining: "I would have run, but had on a pair of new shoes and couldn't."

Like Stonewall Jackson, Captain Wade was a man of the highest Christian character. He was as brave and true a soldier in the hard battle of life for all the South after the war as he was when facing the enemy at Chancellorsville. On Saturday at midnight, May 9, his spirit returned to God, who gave it.

The Methodist Church here loses a most valued and efficient officer, the Camp of Confederate Veterans a beloved Commander, the Hamilton Wade Chapter, U. D. C., which was named in his honor, a most efficient and kind helper and adviser. Of course these bodies and a large circle of friends and relatives can in no wise sorrow as do his bereaved widow and children; but as long as love for the South endures men like him must live in the hearts of those for whom they gave their blood and for whom they fought with such unfaltering courage in the face of the greatest difficulties.

[The foregoing is from a sketch by Mrs. Edwin S. Hagan.]

Judge Tillman Smith.

Judge Tillman Smith, of Fort Worth, Tex., a member of the R. E. Lee Camp, U. C. V., died at his home January 30, 1908. He was born in Lilesville, Anson County, N. C., September 8, 1844. Educated at the University of North Carolina, and leaving school he enlisted July 22, 1861, at Suffolk, Va., in Company C, 14th North Carolina Infantry, Ransom's Brigade, G. H. Hill's Division, Jackson's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

He served in the campaign from Yorktown to Richmond, participating in the battles of Williamsburg, Seven Pines, around Richmond, and in the Maryland campaign. He was wounded September 7, 1862, at Sharpsburg and May 3, 1863, at Chancellorsville, and discharged on account of disability from wounds October 28, 1863.

Coming to Texas at the close of the war, he entered the practice of law, and was a member of the lower branch of the Texas Legislature in 1864 and 1865 and of the Senate in 1866. He was for many years a prominent member of the bar at Cleburne, Tex., and from 1891 to the date of his death stood in the front rank of his profession in Fort Worth, Tex.

His courage and loyalty to the South were proven by a lofty, soldierly bearing and the sacrifice he made on the firing line. A brilliant, unblemished, and successful career in his profession leaves irrefutable evidence of marked energy, intellectual vigor, and unquestioned integrity of character.

[From W. T. Shaw, Adjutant General Texas Division, U. C. V., Fort Worth.]

B. N. Word.

Benjamin N. Word was born in Limestone County, Ala., September 18, 1840; and died at DeWitt, Ark., February 26, 1908. He went to Arkansas with his father, William Word, in 1852, and settled near Crockett's Bluff, on the White River. At the beginning of the war he enlisted in the Confederate army in Company H, 1st Arkansas Regiment of Infantry, under Capt. Robert H. Crockett, and served to the end. He was in many severe battles, among them Shiloh and Franklin, Tenn., and other battles east of the Mississippi River. After the war he returned to Arkansas County, and served both as sheriff and clerk of the county. Surviving him are three sons and a daughter, and his brother, Thomas M. Word, who was also a Confederate soldier.

GETTYS.—Robert T. Gettys died near Athens, Miss., March 9, eighty-six years old. He was born in Lancaster County, S. C., and went into the war in Capt. Bob Armstrong's company, the "Red Rovers," with which he served till the evacuation of Corinth. He was discharged at Tupelo on account of bad health; but was in the cavalry afterwards, and then sent to the government shops at Selma, Ala., where he continued until the surrender.

NOLLEY.—T. S. Nolley died suddenly on May 13 at his home, near Josiah, Tenn. He was born in August, 1842, and enlisted in the Confederate army in May, 1861, at Germantown, Tenn., and took part in many battles, including Perryville, Jonesboro, Franklin, and Nashville. In the latter he was taken prisoner. He was a good soldier in every way.

SIMMONS.—John Hiram Simmons was born October 1, 1840; and died June 6, 1908. He enlisted in the Confederate army in Troy, Pike County, Ala., in 1861 as a private in Company H, 18th Alabama Regiment, and served through the war except for a short while in prison at Camp Chase. He was a good soldier during the war and made a good citizen after the war, bearing an exceptionally good name, rather to be chosen than great riches. He left a wife and two daughters.

COOPER.—Joseph Cooper died at his home, at Fairfax C. H., Va., on the 26th of February, aged seventy-four years. He was born in Alexandria, Va.; but in early life went to Fairfax, and there resided through life with the exception of his term of service in the Confederate army. He early enlisted in the 8th Virginia Infantry, serving with honor to the close of the war. He resumed business at Fairfax after the war, and was one of the most honored citizens of the community, an upright Christian gentleman. At the time of his death he was Adjutant of Marr Camp, No. 72, of Fairfax.

LOVELACE.—After a few days' illness, John Thornton Lovelace died at Como, Tenn., at the age of sixty-eight years. He served in the 14th Virginia Infantry, and was captured on the second day of the battle of Gettysburg while participating in the famous charge of Pickett's Brigade, and afterwards spent two years in Point Lookout Prison. He was the only son of his parents, he and his father joining the same army and leaving mother and seven sisters at home. He went to Como in 1868, and was there a prosperous merchant and farmer, a citizen esteemed for his past record as well as his worth to the community.

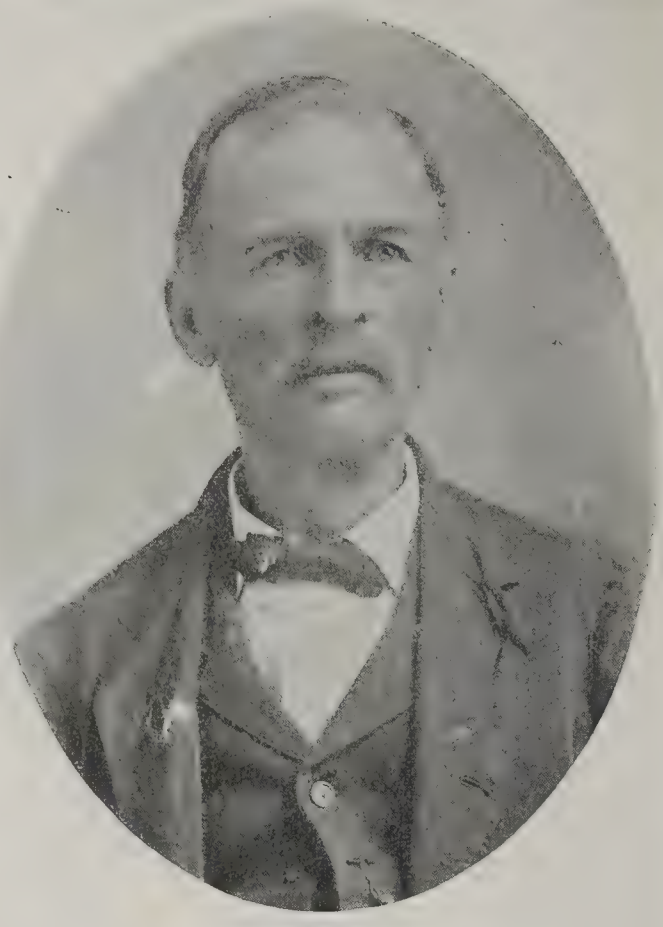
SWEARINGEN.—G. B. Swearingen died at McKenzie, Tenn., in January, 1908. He went into the Confederate service in 1862, at the age of fifteen, and served until the close of the war. He belonged to Forrest's Cavalry.

COOK.—Mr. W. E. Cook, of Young's Township, S. C., a war veteran and substantial citizen, died at his home the second week in April.

A coincidence occurred in the death of G. Howard Jordan and Montgomery Settle, two veteran comrades of Howard County, Mo., on the 19th of March. Both were veterans of Company B, 9th Missouri Volunteers, 2d Brigade. Both made excellent soldiers, Jordan serving to the end and surrendering at Shreveport, while Settle was wounded at Pleasant Hill, La., and was not able for further service, but was in the surrender at Shreveport.

HARRISON TANKERSLEY.

Harrison Tankersley, who died at his home, the Tankersley Plantation, near Sandy Point, Tex., on June 1, was of an old and prominent Alabama family. He was born at Livingston, Ala., in 1841, the youngest of thirteen children born to George



HARRISON TANKERSLEY.

G. and Sarah Tankersley. During the war of 1812 one grandfather was in command at Savannah, Ga., and another at the same time in command at Charleston, S. C. His father was one of the largest planters and slaveholders in Alabama; and finding it difficult and costly to procure enough land in Alabama for his numerous children and slaves, he purchased in Texas what is now known as the "Tankersley Prairie Plantation," to which he brought his son Harrison in 1860. When the war broke out, the latter joined Company H, 8th Texas Cavalry, Terry's Texas Rangers, and served the entire war, never having a furlough nor being absent from his command but once, and that from sickness. He was in all the battles of his regiment from Bowling Green, Ky., to Johnston's surrender in North Carolina, following the fortunes of Bragg, Hood, and Johnston in the Kentucky, Tennessee, and Georgia campaigns, participating in such battles as Shiloh, Chickamauga, around Atlanta, Franklin, Nashville, and other engagements in which his regiment took part. He had several horses killed under him, but escaped any serious wounds.

After the war Comrade Tankersley returned to his home, in Texas, and resumed the life of a planter, and for many years served as County Commissioner, one of the most responsible positions in the county and which had not been sought. This he filled with credit to himself and decided benefit to the county. He was of the old type of Southern manhood, brave and honest and true to every trust. He left no family, but a devoted niece ministered to him in his declining years. He lost two brothers during the war.

William Pugh Johnson.

William Pugh Johnson was born at Selma, Ala., February 22, 1842; and died at Malvern, Ark., January 14, 1908. He was a student at Irving College, Tennessee, when he volunteered for Confederate service, at the age of eighteen. He joined a company at Portland, Ark., and was with the 3d Arkansas Regiment in all of its campaigns as it followed General Lee through Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, serving as color bearer on many noted battlefields. He was frequently commended for his bravery; was shot down four times during his service, and often expressed pride that his "wounds were all in front." After the war his vocation was teaching, and for nearly thirty-five years he filled many positions in the schools of Arkansas, from primary department to principal, being rewarded by the tenderest affection of his pupils.

Professor Johnson was happily married in 1890 to Miss Marion Glassell Thornton, of Richmond, Va., whom he had known and loved since the surrender at Appomattox, when she was three years old. She survives him with one daughter, an only son having been burned in the third destruction of his home by fire. This and other catastrophes he met as only the hero can, of whom it has been so beautifully written:

"If working on through pain and loss
His earnest soul be not cast down,
He beareth patiently his cross
While winning steadily his crown:
The man is a hero, and we give
The meed of love which is his due;
No idle praise, but while we live
The wreath of bay, the knot of blue."

Col. William A. Teasley.

The long and useful life of Col. William A. Teasley, of Canton, Ga., calmly and peacefully closed on the 16th of April, 1908. Among the first to enlist in defense of his native State, after a term of service on the coast near Savannah, he enlisted in Company A, 43d Georgia Regiment, and was soon promoted to the rank of lieutenant. After the battle of Shiloh, the regiment was assigned to the Army of Tennessee, went into the Kentucky campaign, afterwards into Mississippi, and served with distinction to the surrender of Vicksburg. Lieutenant Teasley was among those surrendered, but was exchanged in time to take part in the Atlanta campaign. He was a valiant soldier, a kind and brave officer, and a faithful and well-beloved comrade. He was one of the founders of Camp Skid Harris, and always a zealous and active member, and held the office of Historian of the Camp.

[Sketch by one of the colonels of the 43d Regiment.]

D. J. Haisten.

D. J. Haisten died at his home, near Centerton, Ark., Saturday, May 2, 1908. If he had lived until the 3d of June, he would have been sixty-six years old. He was born in Cedar County, Mo. He was a Confederate soldier, a lieutenant in Hunter's Regiment of Shelby's Brigade, and was badly wounded at Hartsville, Mo. He suffered much for twenty-five years, but bore it as a true soldier would.

Benton County had no better citizen, no more honest man, no truer gentleman than Dave Haisten. He told the truth and wronged no man. He was always on the moral side of every public question; and while he was kind and courteous to all, he was bold, frank, and outspoken, and never hesitated to express his views. Thirteen years ago he became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and from that time until his death he was an earnest, consistent Christian, doing his duty fully; but he was free from prejudice and intolerance, and had charity, love, and kindness for all Churches and all people. He was loyal and devoted to his wife and daughter, loved the South and loved his State, and loved truth and honor and justice. No man had truer or more devoted friends, and his death is greatly regretted by all who knew him.

[By James H. Berry, Major General commanding Arkansas Division, U. C. V.]

Judge Jo Abbott.

Judge Jo Abbott died February 11, 1908, at his home, in Hillsboro, Tex., aged sixty-eight years. He was born near Decatur, Ala. He came of good old Virginia stock, his mother and father having been natives of Petersburg. Judge Abbott was a lawyer by profession, and was a student at the beginning of the war, when he enlisted in Company B, 12th Texas Cavalry, Parson's Brigade. He was commissioned first lieutenant of his company, and served in the Trans-Mississippi Department. Having been active in many engagements, he was wounded at Yellow Bayou, La., and disabled for several months, but rejoined his command, and was with it until the war ended.

Maj. John W. Goodwin.

Maj. John W. Goodwin was born in Grainger County, Tenn., in 1839; and died at Jefferson City, Tenn., in March, 1908. In 1862 he enlisted in the 26th Tennessee Infantry, and in February, 1862, he was captured at Fort Donelson and sent to Camp Douglas, where he remained until September, when he was taken to Vicksburg and exchanged. He returned to Tennessee and soon rejoined his regiment at Knoxville. In its reorganization he was chosen lieutenant of his company; but he declined, preferring to remain in the ranks. Later he secured a transfer to Company F, 1st Tennessee Cavalry, and was made its orderly sergeant. Late in 1863 he was captured at Henderson's Mills, in East Tennessee, and was taken to Camp Chase and later to Rock Island. In 1865 he was taken to Richmond and there paroled. By all who knew him in service, in private life, and around the camp fires with his old comrades in these later days of peace he was beloved.

Green B. Austin.

Green B. Austin was born in Missouri July 18, 1845; and died in Helena, Mont., April 28, 1908. He was married March 9, 1870, to Miss Nannie Gregg, of Jackson County, Mo., and moved to Montana in 1884. Two sons survive him, and his wife and a son and daughter are buried in Missouri.

Mr. Austin entered the Confederate army in the spring of 1862, and served the South faithfully until the close of the war, surrendering at Lexington in 1865. He was a member of Company C, Shelby's Brigade, 2d Missouri Cavalry, and one of the charter members of N. B. Forrest Camp at Helena. He was a brave soldier and a typical Southern gentleman.

Capt. J. W. Beckett.

At his home, near Whitewright, Tex., Capt. J. W. Beckett died on March 3, aged seventy-two years. He was a native of Tennessee, but went to Texas before the war and enlisted there for the Confederacy in Company C, 9th Texas Regiment, under Colonel Sims, in Ross's Brigade, and was afterwards made captain of the company. At the close of the war he returned to Tennessee and made his home at Bryant Station, where he was known and loved by a large circle of friends. He went back to Texas later with his brother's family.

Deaths in Camp at Water Valley, Miss.

The Commander of Featherston Camp, U. C. V., Water Valley, Miss., reports the death of the following members since the 1st of January, 1908: J. D. McKie, 18th Mississippi Cavalry; J. M. Davis, 31st Mississippi Infantry; H. A. Goforth, 15th Mississippi Infantry; William M. Lovejoy, Mississippi Infantry; J. N. Hudson, William Dye, Ward-Butler's Artillery. These men bore conspicuous parts in the war, attested by their honorable scars, and were useful citizens.

Col. Robert Hough.

Col. Robert Hough, who died suddenly at his home, in Baltimore, Md., in March, 1908, was a prominent and well-known resident of that city. He was born in 1841, and upon the outbreak of the Civil War associated himself with Col. Richard Lee, and served as volunteer aid in Virginia. He was later transferred to the staff of Gen. A. S. Johnston, and near the close of the war was on the staff of Gen. Kirby Smith in the valley of the Mississippi.

After the war he reëntered business in Baltimore, but later began farming near Easton, Md. Returning to Baltimore in 1887, he became secretary to Ex-Governor Brown, then postmaster of the city, and two years later was associated with him in forming the Pimlico Driving Club, of which he was secretary until the end of 1895. He had always been interested in racing stock, was a charter member of the old Maryland Jockey Club in 1870, and had been prominently identified with the racing interests of the State ever since. When Governor Brown became president of the consolidated railways, Colonel Hough went with the company as manager of suburban resorts, and under his jurisdiction several fine parks were developed.

In 1873 Colonel Hough was married to Miss Fannie Tilghman, who survives him with a son and two daughters.

Youngblood.—G. W. Youngblood was born in Warren County, Tenn., October 11, 1843, and served four years in Company A, 11th Tennessee Cavalry, commanded by Gen. N. B. Forrest. He died at his home, in Stotts City, Mo., November 7, 1907, of cancer.

John R. Pharr.

Comrade John R. Pharr, a wounded Confederate veteran, died at the home of his brother, Dr. D. C. Pharr, near Gap Mills, W. Va., on the 28th of June. He was born at Covington, Va., in 1838, a son of the late Rev. Dion C. Pharr, of the Presbyterian Church. He served bravely in the 14th Virginia Cavalry until he received an ankle wound in the battle of Moorefield, W. Va. It caused the loss of his leg. His home had always been at Covington, Va., where he was highly esteemed, and for some time he had been sheriff of Alleghany County. His health giving way, he had been brought to the home of his brother, Dr. Pharr, who tenderly ministered to him to the end.

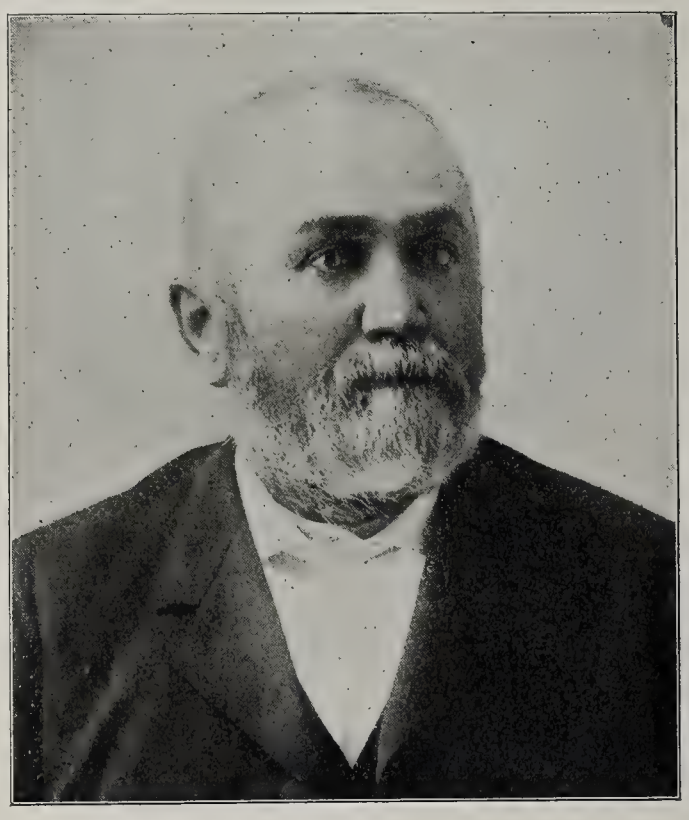
Allen G. Neel.

Another valiant comrade, Allen G. Neel, has finished the fight and passed over the river. His death occurred on June 25 at his home, near Gap Mills, W. Va., in his seventy-fifth year. He had suffered for some years with cancer of the throat. The memory of his beautiful Christian life will dwell with his family and friends as an inheritance far beyond the worth of gold. He had led an active life since the war, diligent in business and prompt in the advancement of his community for good, and as a county official he gave the best service possible. He is survived by his wife, two sons, two daughters, and three brothers.

In 1861 Comrade Neel enlisted in the Monroe Guards, which was assigned to the 27th Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade, and served throughout the war with conspicuous courage and fidelity. He was in every fight of his regiment except one, when suffering with a wounded hand, and was one of that heroic few who at last laid down their arms with Lee at Appomattox.

Capt. Cincinnatus D. Bell.

The death of Capt. Cincinnatus D. Bell, of Hopkinsville, Ky., on March 6, 1908, caused genuine sorrow among hundreds of friends and acquaintances throughout the section of Kentucky in which he had long resided. He was born in 1833 in Christian County, Ky., a son of Dr. John T. Bell, a



CAPT. C. D. BELL.

Virginian by birth and of fine ancestry. Dr. Bell went to Kentucky in 1811, and became one of the foremost physicians of Western Kentucky. Cincinnatus Bell grew to manhood in the vicinity of Oak Grove, and there resided until a few years ago, when he removed to Hopkinsville. He was graduated from Georgetown College in 1854, but liked agriculture and became a successful farmer.

Captain Bell had a splendid record as a Confederate soldier, serving in Woodward's 2d Kentucky Cavalry as adjutant. His gallantry and efficiency were often commended by his superior officers.

He was married in 1857 to Miss Annie M. Peay, a daughter of Austin Peay, and of this marriage three sons survive—Drs. John and Austin Bell and Judge Douglas Bell. His second wife, who was Miss Mattie Buckner, survives him.

Captain Bell was a man of strong intellect, a positive character, and a very attractive personality. He was a devout Christian, and also deeply interested in political movements for the welfare of the South.

S. G. Eleazer.

Stephen Gibson Eleazer at his home, in Burns, Dickson County, Tenn., on June 6, 1908, was honorably discharged from life's long warfare. In his death there passed away a good citizen, a faithful soldier, a true friend, a noble man. It was my privilege to know him intimately from the days when we were schoolboys to the day of his death. For three years we messed together during the Civil War. I saw him under all circumstances, and I never knew him to do a little or a mean act. Brave, generous, kind, full of humor, he won the warmest affection of his comrades. Sincere, plain-spoken, open in all his dealings, he was always ready to do a kindness if it involved no dishonor.

He was born September 25, 1833, and he received a good English education at Tracy Academy, in Charlotte, Tenn. In 1858 he was married to Miss Susan O. Woodward. Their union was blessed with eight children, five sons and three daughters. Three sons and two daughters survive him.



S. G. ELEAZER.

When the war came on, in 1861, he was comfortably settled on his farm, but he felt it his duty to give his service to his country. So he enlisted in Company B, 49th Tennessee Infantry. He was captured in the battle of Fort Donelson. In September, 1862, the regiment was exchanged and reorganized, and he was made commissary sergeant. He was with the regiment in all of its subsequent service until the end. In the campaign around Vicksburg in 1863, in North Georgia in 1864, in the rear guard of the army after the disaster at Nashville, and in the last campaign in North Carolina he did his duty until the final surrender.

Then he came home to retrieve his fortunes, and by his industry and thrift he achieved a comfortable competence. He was as good a citizen as he had been a soldier. He never connected himself with any Church; but in his last illness, which was protracted, I went to see him, and found that he had given the subject of religion long and serious thought, and he expressed to me his confident hope of eternal life through the merits of Jesus Christ.

His funeral was held at his old home, near Burns, and he was buried beside his wife in the family graveyard.

W. F. Brittingham.

William Franklin Brittingham died early in July at the residence of Dr. C. M. Bradbury, Richmond, Va. He had an eventful and distinguished career. He was born near Hampton, Va., September 26, 1841, and was educated in the Hampton Military Academy. After spending one term at Madison College, Pennsylvania, he entered the United States navy in the summer of 1859. When the Civil War began, he was attached to the United States frigate Congress, subsequently destroyed by the Confederate ram Merrimac.

The Congress returned from a South American station late in the fall of 1861, when Mr. Brittingham made his way South to fight for his native land. He was commissioned in the Confederate navy and ordered to Fredericksburg.

On the evacuation of Fredericksburg, in the spring of 1862, he was ordered with his command to the Norfolk Navy Yard, being later assigned to the gunboat Hampton. With this ship he joined the James River squadron when Norfolk was evacuated. On the establishment of the Confederate Naval School he was ordered to the school ship Patrick Henry as gunner and instructor in gunnery. In January, 1864, he was assigned to the Confederate ship Chicora at Charleston, where he experienced hard service until the evacuation of that city, in March, 1865.

He then returned to Richmond, where he was appointed ordnance officer to Battery Cook, under the command of Commodore John R. Tucker, being stationed on James River below Drury's Bluff. On the retreat from Richmond he was ordnance officer of Tucker's Naval Brigade on the extreme left of General Lee's army, which, after several days of severe fighting, was captured with Ewell's Corps at Sailor's Creek April 6, 1865.

The officers captured were sent to the Old Capitol Prison, Washington, D. C., arriving there late in the afternoon of April 14, a few hours before the assassination of President Lincoln. Mr. Brittingham was paroled on the last of the following June and returned to his old home, at Hampton.

After the war Comrade Brittingham went to Galveston, Tex. In 1872 he took charge of the business department of the Galveston Daily News, beginning a career in the newspaper business which lasted more than thirty years—as business manager, advertising manager, and special agent of some of the leading papers of the South, among them the Galveston News, the Houston Post, the Fort Worth Gazette, and the Louisville Courier-Journal. His duties with these newspapers took him to the leading cities of the country for years. For some time he made his home in New York City. He sought connection with the Veteran, and it was regretted that the arrangement was not perfected.

He was married on September 10, 1868, to Miss Annie M. Hopkins in Richmond. Two sons of this union are dead. Mr. Brittingham was a member of the New York Camp of Confederate Veterans and of Lee Camp at Hampton.

The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Gerald Culberson, of the Third Christian Church, assisted by the Rev. H. D. C. Maclachlan, of the Seventh Street Church. Captain Frank Cunningham sang at the house and at the grave. The interment was at Hollywood, the services at the grave being conducted by Meridian Lodge, No. 284, A. F. and A. M.

Capt. John Coleman Roberts.

Capt. John C. Roberts died at Bremond, Tex., on February 17, 1908. He was born in Halifax County, Va., in October, 1831, and in 1852 went to Texas, where he resided for fifty-six years. He gave up his business at the commencement of the war and enlisted in Company C, 4th Texas, Hood's Brigade, making a brave and gallant soldier until deprived of his right arm during a charge at Gaines's Mill, June 27, 1862.

Comrade Roberts was married in 1869 to Miss Mary Louise Walker, of Lancaster County, Pa., who survives him with one son. His life was marked by stern integrity, and by wisdom and foresight he succeeded in amassing a large estate; yet in his prosperity he did not forget those who had not been so fortunate.

Deaths in Stonewall Camp, C. V., Portsmouth, Va.

Arrington.—James E. Arrington died at his home, in Portsmouth, on the 22d of February, 1908, at the age of sixty-five years. He entered the service April 20, 1861, as a private in Company H, 3d Virginia Infantry, in which he served to the end of the war, taking part in the great battles in which the Army of Northern Virginia was engaged. He was a gallant soldier, and died lamented by a large circle of friends.

Brown.—Henry C. Brown died at his home, in Portsmouth, Va., May 4, 1908, at the age of sixty-five years. He enlisted in April, 1861, as a private in the Norfolk Light Artillery Blues. He was relieved from field duty and assigned to laboratory duty at Portsmouth, Va., and Charlotte, N. C., in which duty he served to the end of the war.

Casey.—John T. Casey died at his home, in Portsmouth, Va., on the 7th of February, 1908, at the age of sixty-six years, and his remains were taken to Lynchburg for interment. He entered the employ of the government in the Tredegar Iron Works. He was enrolled in Company C, Tredegar Battalion, as a sergeant, and served to the end of the war.

Crismond.—John W. Crismond died at his home, in Portsmouth, Va., December 3, 1907, at the age of seventy-three years. He entered the service April 19, 1861, as a private in the famous Grimes's Battery, in which he served to the end of the war, participating in the great battles of the Army of Northern Virginia.

DeGaribody.—John DeGaribody died at his home, in Portsmouth, Va., April 19, 1908, aged seventy-seven years. He entered the service April 21, 1861, as a private in Company F, 3d Virginia Infantry, promoted to sergeant, and took part in the big battles in which the Army of Northern Virginia was engaged. He was a brave soldier, and served to the end of the war.

Holloway.—Joseph Holloway died at his home, in Norfolk, Va., December 2, 1907, aged sixty-seven years. He was a private in Company I, 61st Virginia Regiment, entered the service in July, 1861, and participated in the battles of Northern Virginia and served to the end of the war.

Pate.—William J. Pate died at his home, in Portsmouth, Va., March 23, 1908, at the age of sixty-three years. He entered the service in March, 1862, as a private in Company D, 61st Virginia Infantry, in which he served to the end of the war, taking part in the battles in which the Army of Northern Virginia was engaged.

Sherwood.—William Sherwood, captain and acting commissary of subsistence, died at the Soldiers' Home, Richmond, Va., January 23, 1908, at the advanced age of eighty-three years, and interred in Portsmouth, Va. He entered the service at the commencement of the war as second lieutenant in the Woods Rifles, and was later promoted to captain and acting commissary of subsistence of the 6th Virginia Regiment, in which capacity he served to the end of the war.

Tyler.—H. C. Tyler died at his home, in New York City, on December 23, 1907, at the age of sixty-two years, and was interred in that city. He entered the service in 1862 as a private in Company B, 16th Virginia Infantry, and took part in the big battles of General Lee's army. He was wounded at Gettysburg and again at Petersburg. He was captured three times, exchanged twice, and escaped once. He was a gallant soldier.

Col. Clarence Derrick.

Col. Clarence Derrick died at Greensboro, Ala., on December 9, 1907, in his seventy-first year. He was born in Washington, D. C., and was appointed by President Buchanan a cadet "at large" to West Point in September, 1857, graduating from there in June, 1861, fourth in his class. He resigned from the United States army in July, and entered the service of the Southern Confederacy as a regular officer of artillery.

Colonel Derrick was on the staff of Gen. John B. Floyd until after the battle of Fort Donelson, and was with him when the enemy entered Nashville in February, 1862. After that, from the reorganization of the Virginia Volunteers, in May, 1862, he was lieutenant colonel commanding the 23d Battalion of Virginia Volunteers. He was in the battles of Princeton, Charleston, Dry Creek, and New Market, and in June, 1864, in the battles from Hanover Junction to Cold Harbor, Lynchburg, Kernstown, Charlestown, Harper's Ferry, Monocacy, Md., and in the skirmish in front of Washington City. In the battle of Opequan, near Winchester, Va., in September, he was wounded by a saber and run over by the 9th New York Cavalry. He was captured and kept at Fort Delaware until July, 1865.



COLONEL DERRICK.

After the war he studied law, practiced, and taught in Alabama for several years, finally locating at Greensboro, where he varied the practice of law with other pursuits, accumulating considerable property. Colonel Derrick was a cultured and refined gentleman, and after serving his country faithfully in war was no less faithful and effective in his efforts to build up what war had destroyed. He was married three times, his third wife and only brother surviving him.

D. W. Flanigan.

Camp Pat Cleburne, No. 191, Charleston, Ark., announces the death on February 18, 1908, of Comrade D. W. Flanigan. He was born in 1844, and was a native of Tennessee. He was living in Arkansas in 1862, when he enlisted in Company A, Clarkson's Battalion, Cooper's Brigade, Department of Indian Territory. Later he was transferred to Hindman's Division, where he remained until the surrender at Shreveport, La., in 1865. He was modest, humble, upright, true in all the relations of life, and ever ready to assist materially as well as with his sympathy any old Confederate comrade.

A. C. White.

A. C. White was born June 5, 1838; and died at his home, near Patroon, Tex., October 18, 1906. He was a Confederate soldier, enlisting at his Mississippi home in Company C, — Mississippi Infantry, Barksdale's Brigade. After the war he went to Texas. He joined the M. E. Church, South, about twenty-five years ago. He was not demonstrative, said but little; but such was his life that he won the confidence

of those who knew him; and when he saw that the end had come, he told his faithful wife that his way was clear.

The great crowd of people that assembled at the cemetery to witness the last honors to his memory showed in what esteem he was held by his countrymen.

Mrs. Eugenia Anderson Hickman.

In the latter part of June, 1908, Mrs. Eugenia Anderson Hickman passed peacefully away at the family home, Vandalia, Ill. She had been an invalid for two years. The illness which resulted in her death was of only four days' duration. Although of a quiet, retiring disposition, she had many friends whom she loved dearly. She was ever devoted to her native place.

Mrs. Hickman was born in Nashville, Tenn. In 1872 she was united in marriage to Dr. T. G. Hickman. After their marriage, they resided for a year and a half in Vandalia; then, after six months' residence in St. Louis, returned to Vandalia, where they made their home until death. Dr. Hickman died September 21, 1899. In Tennessee Mrs. Hickman was a member of the Baptist Church; but as there was no Church of that denomination in Vandalia, she identified herself with the Methodists. She was the last of her immediate family. The funeral was held at the Methodist Episcopal church, Vandalia. She was buried by the side of her father, mother, husband, brother, and sister in the family lot in Mount Olivet Cemetery, Nashville. The remains were accompanied by her two sons, Harry and Paschal. These fine young men have the sympathy of the friends of their parents in the break-up of the old home.



MRS. T. G. HICKMAN.

Dr. Hickman was a surgeon in the Federal army, located in hospital service at Nashville during much of the war, and he endeared himself to many Southern people by his unstinted efforts to relieve the prisoners under his charge who were sick or wounded. Mrs. Hickman was a sister of the late Maj. Charles W. Anderson, who was a staff officer and intimate friend of Gen. N. B. Forrest.

McDonald.—Meredith Helm McDonald died on the 26th of January, aged sixty-four years. He enlisted in April, 1861, in Company B, 2d Tennessee Infantry, serving until the battle of Missionary Ridge, where he was captured and never exchanged.

Dean.—Caleb Dean was born in Chambers County, Ala., in August, 1842. He enlisted at the breaking out of the war as sergeant in the 8th Confederate Cavalry. He died at Lafayette, Ala., March 27, 1908.

William Penn Compton.

Sergeant William Penn Compton, one of Maryland's most gallant soldiers of the C. S. A., died at Pikesville, Md., July 14, 1908. He was a native of Charles County, Md., and at the commencement of hostilities between the States left his home and went to Richmond, Va., enlisting in the 1st Maryland Artillery in May, 1861, commanded by the late Lieut. Col. Snowden Andrews, of Baltimore. He was in the battery but a short while when he was promoted to corporal and then to sergeant. He was recognized by the members of the battery as a peerless, dashing soldier, fearless and devoted to the cause he had espoused, and made an enviable record for himself and his command. On five different occasions he was mentioned in the reports of officers high in rank. He was particularly active during the Valley of Virginia and Gettysburg campaigns, displaying conspicuous gallantry that called forth special plaudits from all who witnessed his cool, intrepid conduct. He was a cousin of the late Hon. Barnes Compton, of Charles County, one of Maryland's most gifted sons.

Buttes.—P. A. Buttes, Quartermaster of Camp Gray, Timothey, La., died November 14, 1907. He served in Company C, 62d Alabama Regiment, and was honorably discharged at Meridian, Miss.

GOD'S ACRE.

I like that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial ground "God's Acre." It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom
In the fair gardens of that second birth,
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude plowshare, Death, then turn up the sod
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow.
This is the field and acre of our God;
This is the place where human harvests grow.

SABIN ROBBINS, SR.

The Veteran joins his family in sorrow for the death of Mr. Sabin Robbins, who founded the Sabin Robbins Paper Company at Middletown, Ohio, seventeen years ago. The business grew under his able management and direction to be one of the largest paper jobbing houses in the West.

Mr. Robbins was a man of the strongest convictions, and always stood for what he believed to be right and for the best interests of the community.

A local paper states: "He will be missed in Middletown not only in business circles, but in other places where he took an active part in the moral uplifting of the community."

THE ELEVENTH TENNESSEE INFANTRY.

BY JOHN H. WARD, NASHVILLE, TENN.

[The late John H. Ward was zealous for due merit to his regiment, the 11th Tennessee, which was organized in Nashville about May 10, 1861. Three companies were of Nashville, and the others were made up in Dickson, Humphreys, and adjacent counties. Mr. Ward's narrative states that they were sent to Camp Cheatham to drill and "get ready for soldier life." Mr. Ward was born in New York in 1839. He came with his father and family to Tennessee in 1850. He enlisted on May 10, 1861, in Company B, 11th Tennessee Regiment. He was married to Tabitha Webb in December, 1866, and to this union there were ten children—eight daughters and two sons. After a prolonged illness, Comrade Ward gave up the battles of life early in 1908. This partial sketch of his regiment was written several years ago.]

We were soon ordered to Cumberland Gap, and *en route,* while in Nashville, we were drawn up in line in front of the old Nashville Academy, on Church Street, and there presented with our regimental colors, which I understand are still in the possession of General Gordon. We arrived at Cumberland Gap after a march from Knoxville and built our quarters, guarding the Gap. That was quite a trial for soldiers who had no experience in warfare, surrounded by the worst of enemies, the bushwhackers of Tennessee and Kentucky, and many a one of our boys was picked off without warning. We had been there but a short time before we were relieved of outside picket duty for a while by several companies of Indians, who brought in many scalps.

We had several skirmishes with the Federals from Cumberland Gap to Barboursville, Ky. On one occasion we were marching before day from the Gap toward the enemy, when an officer (I think it was General Zollicoffer) halted at a house and asked for a cup of coffee. The woman told him to go on up the road and he would get coffee "as hot as h—."

After leaving the Gap, we were stationed in front of it on the hills. I was temporarily Colonel Rains's orderly. He had been off somewhere, and on return to his headquarters the enemy was shelling us severely, his officers and men hiding behind trees to protect ourselves; but as he rode up his servant took his horse and he pulled a chair to a tree and seated himself there, and was soon as coolly reading as if at home in time of peace. He never dodged a bullet. The Federals soon retreated, and we marched to Richmond, Ky., where we were in that terrific charge through the graveyard.

Passing other engagements in Kentucky, I recall how we suffered from dust and heat and bad water, filling our canteens from ponds at night after raking off the green scum and drinking that the next day; also how we suffered for something to eat until we reached Camp Dick Robinson, where we destroyed great quantities of Federal rations.

Our next engagement was in the battle of Murfreesboro, where we were put in line on our extreme left; and the following morning just before day we charged the Federals, routing them several times with their artillery, and we drove them into the railroad cut and back on their center. There we lost our gallant Rains, who the day before had received his commission as brigadier. The fighting was very severe, and the Federals had received support and made a stand. General Rains rushed forward and commanded the boys to follow him, when he fell mortally wounded. I think it was Saturday afternoon. I was ordered with a squad to load commissaries. We worked faithfully until dark, when I slipped off to call on one of my lady friends. I returned about one o'clock at night, and found all the boys asleep except the commanding officer. I went to an old house to take a nap; and when I awoke, the sun was up and no one to be seen. I went to the depot, and everything was gone. I was master of the situation. Our troops were retiring to Shelbyville and the Federals toward Nashville. I made a bee line for Shelbyville, my home. I caught up with our rear guard of cavalry about six miles out; but I was bound for home, which was not far away. After meeting my good old mother and father and friends, I went to see my sweetheart, who became my wife. While conversing pleasantly with her I felt something crawling on my neck. Boys, you know what it was. I slyly put my fingers on it and held it till I got an opportunity to go outdoors and make away with it. My captain (Clark) had been wounded, and I took him to my home in Shelbyville, his care giving me the liberty of being at home and spending the happiest part of my life; but the day came at last for a retreat. The Federals had outflanked us, and we made no stand of importance until we reached Chattanooga, our command bringing up the rear.

The next battle I can remember was Chattanooga, where we were on the extreme left on the first day's fight, which was severe. I will here write of my messmate and bosom friend, Will Miller. We were both taking shelter behind a tree, and would step out one at a time and fire, when he received a shot between the eyes. Peace to his ashes! He was as noble as he was brave. As the day's battle was drawing to a close and dark was hanging over us, two regiments of Federal soldiers, it seems, were lost as they marched right up to us. They were ordered to surrender, and in doing so our gallant commander, Gen. Preston Smith, was shot dead from his horse. We were moved to the right wing on the afternoon of the next day, and engaged in the hottest of the fight there. About dark our command, Polk's Corps, was ordered to follow the enemy to Missionary Ridge; but, I understood from the darkness of the night, our guides could not find the way; so we started again the next morning, and that afternoon charged them on Mission Ridge, the Federals going pellmell into Chattanooga with Forrest's Cavalry following them. What a mistake was made in not ordering us to continue our charge and capturing them or running them into the Tennessee River! After the rest of the army came up, we took our position at the foot of the Ridge, and there remained until the end of the battle, which proved so disastrous. We had orders, I think, not to shoot until we could see the whites of their eyes, and then retreat up the ridge. After we reached the top, we fought a hand-to-hand conflict, lasting till night, when we fell back to Dalton. I went through the fight barefooted.

It is useless for me to attempt to give you a description of the battles under Joseph E. Johnston from Dalton to Atlanta. Those who were there will remember Resaca and (Cheatham's) Dead Angle, and then the battles around Atlanta and Lovejoy, where we suffered severely.

Then came the long march under Hood back into Tennessee, and at Franklin we suffered greater loss, having hardly a commissioned officer left. Charging on the left of the pike, our gallant Gordon dismounted and took his position in front of our regiment, saying: "Boys, come on!" We kept in line the best we could; but about a hundred kept up with Gordon, charging over the second line of works and were captured, the regiment following and falling into the ditch of the second line of works, where we remained, fighting over the works the best we could, until about midnight.

IN CAMP DOUGLAS PRISON IN 1865.

BY J. S. ROSAMOND, DURANT, MISS., CO. G, 4TH MISS. REGT.

I was captured in December, 1864, at the last battle of Nashville, Tenn., and was sent with other prisoners to Camp Douglas Prison, the coldest place I was ever at. We arrived in Chicago about two o'clock in the morning, and were hustled out of cold box cars into snow about a foot deep. Being already almost frozen, that nearly finished us. I had on a coat, but no vest, a thin cotton shirt without undershirt, and a thin blanket. Well, it was four miles out to prison along the banks of Lake Michigan, and we got the full benefit of that lake wind. We got to the prison about daybreak, and some of us had to stand out in the snow all that day. We were passed into the prison as our names were called by two men. Every prisoner was searched to see if he had anything on him that he could do any harm with. My name beginning with R, I got into prison about sundown.

I saw old men cry that day like children, they were so cold. I was very small, only twenty years old, yet full of life; so I ran and jumped up and down in the space allowed us (about fifty yards), and in that way I kept up circulation, but my feet were frozen. When they turned me into prison, a guard took me to my barrack, which was about one hundred feet long. There was a red-hot stove in each end, and men were so thick around them that I couldn't get near; so I gave it up and climbed to a top bunk, pulled off my shoes, and wrapped my feet in my blanket. I did very well, it being warm up there; but every man that got to the red-hot stoves had to have his big toes cut off. They thawed too quick; so I saved my toes by wrapping them up in the blanket.

In March it began to moderate, so we could get out of doors a little. To every barrack was a cookroom, and no one but the cook was allowed in there. At the back door of each cookroom an empty barrel was kept for the bones and slops, which would be carried out of prison by scavenger wagons. Our daily ration for breakfast, which was about nine o'clock, was a third of a loaf of baker's bread and a piece of fat pickled pork just one inch square. Dinner, at three o'clock, was the same, only it was cooked and stirred up together. Each man drew a gill of the "soup," and that was all we got each day for seven months.

They would punish men in different ways, one of which was, if they caught a man getting any bones out of those barrels, to make him put the bone down on the ground and then get down on his all fours and walk around the bone and growl like a dog, making him stop occasionally and bark, and so on for a half hour or more, and then make him get down in the dirt and gnaw at the bone and growl like a dog when another dog is near. Another form of punishment was to make the prisoner sit astride a wooden "horse" for an hour or so. These carpenter's horses were made sharp on top purposely; so it didn't take long for a fellow to get tired and to hurt. One day they had two men on the horse, and just for mischief one of them began kicking and asked the guard to give him a pair of spurs. There happened to be an old stove lying near by, the top and bottom of which were tied to his feet, and he was told: "Now, d—n you, kick and spur." It was not long till he was begging for those weights to be taken off. He finally began to cry like a child, and begged most piteously for them to be taken off before they would do so. That Rebel couldn't walk for about ten days afterwards. If he is still alive, I would like for him to write about Camp Douglas for the VETERAN.

I was hungry from the time I entered that prison until turned out, on the 8th of May, 1865, by taking the oath of allegiance to the United States. I have that oath yet, and will keep it as long as I live. The guards of that prison were as mean to us prisoners as the devil could make them. They had never been to the front, else we might have been treated as human beings. A soldier who had seen service at the front woud treat a prisoner as he would a brother, his sympathy going out to a man captured in battle. I have guarded prisoners captured in battle, and treated them with as much respect and kindness as I did my own men.

I was at Camp Douglas when that Rebel climbed the flag pole, one hundred and eighty feet high, and put the rope in the pulley. The pole was so small toward the top that he would vibrate two or three feet. I looked at him all the time.

My bunk mate at Camp Douglas was a man from Florida by the name of Pine. If he is still alive, I would like to hear from him. It was the rule at Camp Douglas for every light to be put out when the cannon was fired at nine o'clock. One night the men above my bunk commenced talking, and would not stop when requested to by Comrade Pine. The first thing we knew two Yankees were pounding on the bunk above us with their billets, and they made the four men come down, then made Mr. Pine come out, and reached back for me; but I was very small and crouched back as far as I could get, so they missed finding me. They took the five men out and made them stand perfectly stiff at the knee and bend over and put the tip end of their four fingers to the ground, and kept them in that position for a half hour, which is hard to do and is a very severe punishment, more especially for an innocent man who was doing all he could to stop the talking. I know Pine was the maddest man I ever saw when he came back to bed, and he told those fellows that if they ever talked any more after the cannon fired he would get up and bring the guard and point them out to him. They didn't talk any more while I was there. I left in about two weeks after that.

One good thing the Yankees did for us was to give us plenty of coal to burn; but the grub was very scant, and some days they would cut off the water and make us go for a whole day without any to drink, which was very cruel, for we had to keep tanked up on water to keep alive.

There was a dead line about ten feet from the wall, and it was a death penalty to step over that line. One day a prisoner's hat blew over the dead line, and to get it he had to put one foot over, and the guard shot him, from which he died afterwards. If there are any of those Yankees alive who guarded Camp Douglas in 1865, if I were in their shoes, I would not tell that I was one of them.

Comrade Rosamond was addressed in regard to the severe statements above mentioned, and he declares them to be literally true and that the half is not told. He states that he doesn't think the officers knew of the inhuman acts of the guards. This comrade had another prison experience in Camp Morton, being captured in the surrender of Fort Donelson.

Any reader of the VETERAN who knows aught of Joe Winters, of Maryland, color bearer of 62d Virginia Volunteers, whether living, and if so where, will confer a favor by writing to Thomas H. Neilson, 302 Broadway, New York City.

The letter to Senator Culberson, of Texas, page 259, in regard to government pensions was by Isaiah Rush, not "Rusk," of Hubbard City, Tex.

THE BIRMINGHAM CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

The rallying point for the Confederate veterans during the Reunion at Birmingham, June 9-11, was around the Confederate monument in Capitol Park. This monument stands like a sentinel at the head of Twentieth Street and entrance to the park. An interesting history attaches to the erection of this monument, which covers a period of eleven years. Two elements entered into its building—Camp Clayton, Sons of Veterans, and Pelham Chapter, U. D. C. The former had charge of the work of building the base, and so well was it done that it proved the incentive for the beautiful shaft later.



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, BIRMINGHAM.

The corner stone of the base was laid on the afternoon of Thursday, April 26, 1894, and was the crowning event of a former Reunion held in Birmingham. Some months before the Reunion Mr. William Bemey, of Camp Hardee, said to Mr. Rufus N. Rhodes, editor of the Birmingham News and Commander in Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans: "Why did you not undertake the laying of the corner stone of a Confederate monument during the Reunion?"

The suggestion was favorably received, and Mr. Rhodes at once opened a subscription in the columns of the News and named Capitol Park as the most desirable location. Instant and spontaneous was the response of the people of Birmingham, and the cost of the base ($1,020) was raised in four days.

On March 16 Camp Hardee heartily indorsed the project, and appointed a committee to act with a similar one from Camp Clayton. The contract was awarded to Joseph M. Meigham, of Birmingham, and on the same day Mayor David J. Fox's recommendation to the City Council caused the granting of permission to place the base in Capitol Park, and appointed a committee to confer with the joint committee from the two Camps.

On March 22 the site was chosen. Mayor Fox made a short talk, dedicating the ground for the sacred uses of a Confederate monument, and baptized the spot with a bottle of wine. The first stroke of the pick was made by Commander Rhodes, of Camp Clayton, the second by Gen. Fred S. Ferguson, of the U. C. V., and the third by Mayor Fox. The foundation was gotten ready on time, and on Memorial Day on the reviewing stand stood Gen. John B. Gordon, Commander in Chief of the U. C. V., with the ranking officers of that organization, the Governors of several Southern States, and about one hundred distinguished personages.

Mr. Rufus N. Rhodes was master of ceremonies and called the vast assemblage together, making a short address outlining the purpose of the occasion and introducing the speaker of the day, Gen. Stephen D. Lee, of Mississippi. Commander Jones, of Camp Hardee, deposited the articles in the box of the corner stone, consisting of a Bible, Confederate flag, a bronze medal struck in honor of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence May 27, 1775, copies of numerous newspapers, and various lists of Confederate organizations.

The corner stone was then laid by the Hon. Francis L. Pettus, Grand Master of the Masons of Alabama. The corn, wine, and oil were poured by three dainty little misses costumed for the occasion: one red, another white, and the third blue. General Gordon declared it set amid great enthusiasm. The benediction was pronounced by Rev. Dr. J. E. Martin, of Tennessee, and the band played "Dixie."

The base stood several years unadorned, then the city of Birmingham mounted on it an old Spanish gun captured in the Spanish-American War and donated to the city. Then it seemed that all interest in the monument was over. Such was not the case. The subject was so near the heart of one Daughter of the U. D. C., Mrs. James U. Hardman, that she felt impelled to make an attempt to arouse the interest of her Chapter to especial effort for the noble cause. The idea met with opposition, as some thought it too large an undertaking. But her faith being like the eagles that soar to meet the sun, coupled with the slogan, "Right, and not might, must prevail," she felt that no righteous cause baptized in blood is ever lost; for as in the throbs of winter's surly blast we hope and dream of spring, so principles of truth for



MRS. JAMES U. HARDMAN.

a time suppressed would surely rise again. And that monuments were needed, like milestones, to tell a future generation the story of the past it was a noble ambition.

Noticing at the State Fair in November, 1899, a handsome piece of marble taken out of the Talladega mines, and having been honored at said State Fair by the gift of a handsome

victoria and pair of Kentucky horses, she was emboldened to ask the management for the piece of marble. Mr. Falkner, President, referred her to the Alabama Marble Company, and encouraged her to believe she might receive it, donating to her all rights of the State Fair.

Not willing to act further without the consent of her Chapter, Mrs. Hardman waited several months before acting further. Then a meeting was called at the Florence Hotel. Mrs. A. A. Clisby, the President, stated that the object of the meeting was to pass resolutions making a formal request upon the Alabama Marble and Stone Company and the Alabama Fair Association for the shaft. A committee, consisting of Mrs. James U. Hardman (Chairman), Mrs. Herman Saks, and Mrs. Virginia Ruffner, was appointed to make the request.

The letter addressed to Mr. Frank V. Evans, representing the Alabama Marble and Stone Company, dated May 30, 1901, was published the following morning in the Age Herald and Mr. Evans's reply, donating the marble and stating that it was the largest shaft ever quarried south of the Ohio and Potomac and valuing it at $2,000.

At the next meeting of Pelham Chapter Mrs. Hardman's committee was asked to ascertain the cost to dress and set the stone, and Mr. L. N. Archer estimated that it would be about $550. Mrs. J. U. Hardman conferred with Confederate veterans and procured a donation of a reserve left in their treasury given by the public to defray expenses at the Reunion. Mr. Rhodes was called upon, and he opened a subscription list in the columns of the Birmingham News and raised $540. In the meantime Mrs. Hardman received the promise of Camp Hardee, U. C. V., for $500. Then Mr. Archer notified the Chapter that the expense of handling the stone would be greater than to use sandstone like the base, and that in squaring up the marble it would not be in the proper proportion to mount on the base. The added cost of marble caps would make the use of the sandstone very much cheaper.

The Chapter accepted Mr. Archer's recommendation, the committee was enlarged, and with $1,040 for a start Pelham Chapter went enthusiastically to work to raise the money, and by bazaars and various methods in five years had raised the desired amount. Eleven years from the time the corner stone was laid, again on Memorial Day a large concourse of people assembled to unveil the handsome shaft, standing fifty-two feet high and whose estimated value is about $4,000.

On the east of the corner stone facing the rising sun are the words: "In Honor of the Confederate Soldiers and Sailors." On the north side are the words: "Corner Stone Laid April 26, A. D. 1894." The monument stands as a straight shaft on a die and cap. On the die are the inscriptions and the designs: the crossed sabers for the cavalry, the muskets for the infantry, and the anchor for the navy. On the four corners of the base are balls representing the artillery. The inscription on one side reads (quoted from Jefferson Davis): "The manner of their death was the crowning glory of their lives." The other inscription is on the front and reads: "To the memory of the Confederate soldiers and sailors. Erected by Pelham Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy. Birmingham, Ala., April 26, 1905."

Prosperity in Texas.—A glowing account of the prosperity of Fisher County, Tex., comes from R. M. McMullin, of Rotan, who says: "This is a new county and has the finest crop that ever grew out of the ground. Rotan is the terminus of the Texas Central Railroad, two hundred and sixty miles west of Waco, and has two thousand inhabitants. The town is a year old, has an $18,000 hotel, two brick banks, two churches, two depots, passenger and freight, and an $18,000 brick school building under construction. A reunion picnic was held on the 9th, 10th, and 11th of July, with a barbecue of twenty beeves, shows, automobile and horse races."

MORTON AT HIS GUNS UNDER FORREST.

BY WILLIAM H. PASCOE, PRIVATE 4TH MISSISSIPPI CAVALRY, MABRY'S BRIGADE, FORREST'S CAVALRY.

"Unlimber your guns," brave Morton said
As the shells from the enemy screamed o'erhead.
"Load your guns, fire at will;
The enemy's in view on that distant hill."

Then we rained on our foe both shot and shell
Until 'twas earth no more, but a seething hell.
"Train your guns low," the captain said,
And the ground around was strewn with dead.

"Double shot your guns and fire at will."
Their infantry now advances up the hill;
The earth's all a-tremble as our cannon roar,
While grape and canister in their blue ranks we pour.

"Stand by your guns," the captain said
While the sun was sinking in a cloud of red.
Their columns re-form, their bayonets flash
As they charge the battery with cheers and a dash.

"Stand by your guns," the captain said
And the carpet of earth was a crimson red.
We stood by our guns, the sun sunk in the west,
The stars shone down on those forever "at rest."

The "Immortal Six Hundred" May Have a Monument.—The Society of the Immortal Six Hundred held their annual meeting on June 11 during the U. C. V. Reunion at Birmingham, at which a resolution was offered looking to the building of a monument to the dead and living members who were true throughout the tortures inflicted upon them. The Secretary was directed to obtain all the data possible of the six hundred, make collections, accept contributions, and report at the next meeting. The old officers of the Society were reëlected as follows: President, J. L. Hempstead, Louisiana; Vice Presidents, J. W. Matthews, West Virginia, and T. C. Chandler, Virginia; Secretary, J. Ogden Murray, Charlestown, W. Va.; Color Bearer, W. W. George, Virginia; Chaplain, Rev. T. A. Armistead.

The total labor force actually at work on the Isthmian Canal operations on the last day of May was 21,036. With this large number at work under proper discipline the prospect is encouraging for the completion of the great waterway during the days yet remaining to seniors who have yearned to realize its blessings to the South.

Dr. R. L. McClung, Atlanta, Tex., writes: "Dear old Veteran, I cannot do without you, for you speak with wisdom of the past and sing like a prophet for the future. You are preparing a scroll from which young hearts may learn lessons of history as the years go by."

AN INTERESTING BOOK AND A GOOD CAUSE.

As chairman of the committee of the United Confederate Veterans, as special representative of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, and with the kindly assistance of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, C. Irvine Walker has issued in the States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Arkansas supplements to various leading newspapers. These supplements contain almost exclusively incidents of the devotion and heroism of the women of the Confederacy. The articles containing such are historic.

The object of these publications was to assist a movement to erect memorials to the women of the Confederacy. These supplements and this movement have the earnest indorsement and deepest interest of those three great Confederate organizations, the U. C. V., U. S. C. V., and U. D. C., which means directly and through their widespread influence the entire South.

In response to a general demand and to further benefit said movement it is now proposed to select the best of these incidents and publish the same in book form, and for this a publisher is wanted.

To the publisher C. Irvine Walker believes he can secure the coöperation of these three powerful Confederate organizations, and he will arrange so that each selling agent can secure the local assistance and influence of these influential Confederate bodies to aid in the work.

It is thought that the best manner to secure the best results will be through a subscription book publishing house, and preferably situated in the South.

The profits going to the grand object—*i. e.*, erecting memorials to the women of the Confederacy—will largely popularize the book. A little later the artist will have completed the model for the woman's monuments, and then the committees will actively agitate the movement to create a sentiment which will largely help the sales.

"LIFE OF WILLIAM B. BATE."

The successful writer of a public man's biography must be a historian of the period in which such a man lived, a philosopher as to the events relating to the period, a judge in his estimates and a friend in the sense that he is fair-minded to the subject with which he is dealing, while he betrays none of the flagrant weaknesses of the mediocre partisan.

In his recently published "Life of William B. Bate, Citizen, Soldier, Statesman," Mr. Park Marshall, of Tennessee, proves himself a man of unusual vistas by furnishing to the annals of his native State a faithful record of one of her worthiest sons and an intensely interesting background of the circumstances and events that surrounded his life.

Mr. Marshall shows that the life of William B. Bate covered a period of over seventy-eight years, in which were embraced "the political activity of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and Benton; important questions relating to the tariff, State rights, public lands, and banking systems of the country; the rise and decline of the Whig party; the period of invention and construction of the great railway and steamship transportation systems; the telegraph and telephone; the time of the war with Mexico, the great Civil War, and the war with Spain."

By dividing his work into the early life of William Bate, his service in the Confederate war, his sustained courage in meeting the exigencies of the period that followed and his later career of Governor and Senator, Mr. Marshall proves himself a liberal historian—withal a loyal Southerner—a careful, though never tedious, chronicler of events, and a thorough master of lucid English and its power to lift obscure incidents to their proper setting in the multiform mosaic of a worthy man's career.

The reader who values the fair name of the Volunteer State will feel that Mr. Marshall has emphasized her importance as an individual commonwealth in her relation to a common country, and those who hold dear the name of William Brimage Bate will be grateful to the writer that he has placed the name of this citizen, soldier, statesman in his well-earned niche in the State's historical library of valued sons.



MASTER MARTIN DOUGLAS, GREAT-GRANDSON OF GEN. WM. B. BATE.

"Life of William B. Bate." By Park Marshall. For sale by Hunter & Co., Nashville, Tenn., or furnished by the VETERAN for $1.25. The book and a new subscription for $2.

GILBERT GAUL'S WAR PAINTINGS.

Gen. S. D. Lee wrote the Southern Art Publishing Co.:

"Gentlemen: I congratulate you on publishing the 'Portfolio of Pictures' with 'Confederate colors' by the most distinguished painter of military subjects in this country. As an artist he is indorsed by the National Academy of Design and others of highest repute. It seems most timely that the South is at last to have pictures which are really historic documents and which must appeal to her people, because Mr. Gaul's pictures are really a sympathetic translation of the war period. The 'Portofolio' should be not only in every Southern but in every American family. These paintings, with their pathos, their tragedy, and the great sorrow of the great war period, will perform a duty in directing the younger generation to avoid getting into channels which might provoke a like repetition to that of our great Civil War."

These war paintings are supplied by the VETERAN.

THE PASSING OF JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

BY MRS. L. H. HARRIS.

The death of Joel Chandler Harris, better known as Uncle Remus, marks the passing not only of the most learned man among us in the knowledge and interpretation of primitive folklore, but of a curious phenomenon from the literary world. He was born sixty years ago in a Georgia village under circumstances utterly lacking in distinction. There was in the homely, red-headed, barefooted boy who lounged about the village post office in Eatonton no prescience of his great future. At the age of twelve he learned the trade of a printer in the office of the Countryman, the only plantation newspaper ever published in the South. It was owned by Mr. Joseph Addison Turner, who, taking a fancy to young Harris, allowed him the run of his library, a library composed, as libraries in the South were in those days, exclusively of literary classics. And Mr. Harris undoubtedly acquired a taste from this reading which enabled him to speak with distinction and a certain whimsical authority upon matters of literary style whenever he chose to abandon the rôle of briar-patch philosopher long enough to express his views in conventional form. After leaving the Countryman, he engaged in newspaper work in Savannah, Macon, New Orleans, and in Forsyth, Ga. In 1876 he became an editorial writer on the Atlanta Constitution, a position he held for twenty-five years without more distinction than comes to the average newspaper editor. The reputation he had was made in an "aside," so to speak, with a series of folklore tales, beginning with the famous Tar Baby, that Mr. Harris had heard from the negroes on the Turner plantation when he was a boy. It was not until he had chronicled many of these legends in his inimitable manner that ethnologists like J. W. Powell, of Smithsonian Institute, and others interested in negro and Indian mythology discovered that Mr. Harris's stories all had their equivalents among the South and North American Indians, as well as among the peoples of Upper Egypt and throughout the African tribes. Thus aside from its peculiar charm, half humorous, half mystical, his work became an invaluable contribution to the world's literature and thickened the mystery while it confirmed the remote kinship of the primitive races.

Now comes the most remarkable fact of Mr. Harris's life, not his fame as an author, not even the peculiar devotion he enjoyed from children and from men and women who could slip back into childhood through some incantation with which his tales seem charged, but it was the effect of his work upon the writer himself. As a young newspaper man we hear nothing of his being "timid or shy or bashful," adjectives that were afterwards fitted to his personality like a hat with the brim turned low over wonderfully quizzical blue eyes. It was not till Mr. Harris became the briar-patch companion of Bre'r Rabbit, the knight-errant with Bre'r Fox to "Mis' Meadows and the gals," that he became famous as the most "bashful man in America," as the hermit who lived at "The Sign of the Wren's Nest." And it is to the possible explanation of this psychic change in him that the writer ventures to call attention. Some men experience conversion, a sort of personal polygenesis upon the birth or realization of their genius. It is the instinct of one to wear his gift like a cockade, of another to dramatize his temperament accordingly, to let go, or to tighten up and add a cubit to his star stature. This explains the frequent departures from the normal in the lives of gifted and even pseudo gifted people. It is the reason why a man who once made an eloquent speech, excited by some outside inspiration, will adopt a bellows-breasted stage pose for the rest of his days. One borrowed flash of the divine fire in his brain has forged him into a kind of phonetic record of one event in his life. It is the explanation of why a one-poem poet will tune up and take himself seriously longer than any one else does. Nothing is more common among artists of every degree and kind than this pathetic effort at premature immortality, or stranger when the effort goes deeper, as in the case of Mr. Harris in an instinctive attempt to realize in the quality of his own spirit some of the mystical elements which belong to his folklore tales. He was nearly or quite thirty years of age before he began to write the Uncle Remus stories. His trained mind made him merely an average editorial writer; but suddenly, almost by accident, he came into possession of an original faculty. It was a sort of psychic miner's gift for discovering and lifting into the most illuminating of primitive phraseology certain early philosophical conclusions of primitive folk that still lay half obliterated in their recollections in the form of myths, just as the very early records of the ancients are written in the pictures of men and birds and beasts.

From that time Mr. Harris's own character changed. He developed that reserve as a man which is known in creatures as a wildness. The same instinct that kept Bre'r Rabbit in the briar patch kept Uncle Remus hid behind his own study door when he invited Clark Howell's political friends to a reception on his front lawn. It made him slip off once to the Grand Central Station in New York and hurriedly take the train for home when he was to be the guest of honor at a great dinner that evening. It made the precaution necessary of placing a guard to watch him to keep him from running away a few years ago when he was booked to ride with the President through the streets of Atlanta. He had come into a personal realization of strange half creature, half human knowledges that cast him out of psychic relation to the artificial manifestation of the social life of his times. Doubtless Mr. Harris would have met any sort of man with perfect ease in the woods and fields that were native to his own spirit. And he did meet many great ones in the past. For he traveled down the centuries softly, with keen scent for his kindred along the way. He peered into it as other men peer into the future, and found his familiars in it rather than in the clearings of the present. No man of tenderness was ever less of a mere sentimentalist, and for the same reason. He belonged to the elements and realities out of which man first sprung, and where nothing trite or unfaithful to them can exist. And if the press notices of this world are read in the one where he has gone, the inane efforts of some shallow men and women to express their grief at his passing will drive Uncle Remus into an agony of heaven shyness to the remotest briar patch of eternity.—*Children's Visitor.*

Uncle Remus.

Mr. Grantland Rice, in the Nashville Tennessean, pays the following tribute to Uncle Remus:

"There's a shadow on the cotton patch; the blue has left the sky,
The mountain meadows echo with the south wind's saddened sigh,
And the gold of all the sunshine in Dixie's turned to gray;
But the roses and the violets shall hide his face away.

'The Little Boy' is lonesome and his eyes are dim with tears;
Beyond the mists he only sees the shadows of the years;
The light all lies behind him with his best friend gone away;
But the softest winds of Dixie at his heart will kneel to pray.

The people of the woodlands—the fur and feathered clan,
The bear, the fox, the rabbit—will mourn him more than man;
But the rose that sways above him in his blossom-tented tomb
Shall turn its crimson lips of love to kiss away the gloom.

The shadow's on the cotton path, the light has left the sky,
A world shall bow in sorrow at his message of good-by,
And the gold of all the sunshine in Dixie's turned to gray;
But the sweetest flowers of the South shall hide his face away."

RICHARD B. KIRKLAND.

[As is the case of Sam Davis and David O. Dodd, who gave their lives for principle, the name of Richard Kirkland and his deed at Fredericksburg inspire the highest admiration. (See VETERAN for March, 1908, page 105). Walter A. Clark has written a tribute under the heading,

"THE ANGEL OF MARYE'S HEIGHTS."]

A sunken road and a wall of stone
And Cobb's grim line of gray
Lay still at the base of Marye's hill
On the morn of a winter's day.

And crowning the frowning crest above
Sleep Alexander's guns,
While gleaming fair in the sunlit air
The Rappahannock runs.

On the plains below the blue lines glow
And the bugle rings out clear,
As with bated breath they march to death
And a soldier's honored bier.

For the slumbering guns awake to life
And the screaming shell and ball
From the front and flanks crash through the ranks
And leave them where they fall.

And the gray stone wall is ringed with fire
And the pitiless leaden hail
Drives back the foe to the plain below,
Shattered and crippled and frail.

Again and again a new line forms
And the gallant charge is made,
And again and again they fall like grain
In the sweep of the reaper's blade.

And then from out of the battle smoke
There falls on the lead-swept air
From the whitening lips that are ready to die
The piteous moan and the plaintive cry
For "water" everywhere.

And into the presence of Kershaw brave
There comes a fair-faced lad
With quivering lips as his cap he tips.
"I can't stand this," he said.

"Stand what?" the general sternly said
As he looked on the field of slaughter.
"To see those poor boys dying out there
With no one to help them, no one to care,
And crying for 'water! water!'

If you'll let me go, I'll give them some."
"Why, boy, you're simply mad;
They'll kill you as soon as you scale the wall
In this terrible storm of shell and ball,"
The general kindly said.

"Please let me go," the lad replied.
"May the Lord protect you, then!"
And over the wall in the hissing air
He carried comfort to grim despair
And balm to the stricken men.

And as he straightened the mangled limbs
On their earthen bed of pain,
The whitening lips all eagerly quaffed
From the canteen's mouth the cooling draught
And blessed him again and again.

Like Daniel of old in the lions' den,
He walked through the murderous air
With never a breath of the leaden storm
To touch or to tear his gray-clad form,
For the hand of God was there.

And I am sure in the Book of Gold,
Where the blessed angel writes
The names that are blessed of God and men,
He wrote that day with his shining pen,
Then smiled and lovingly wrote again:
"The Angel of Marye's Heights."

TRAVELING LIBRARY IN CALIFORNIA.

Though far removed from the land of their birth, the Southern men and women now living in California or other Western States have treasured in their hearts love and admiration for the land and people of the sunny South, and among the many Confederate organizations can be found no more loyal members than those of distant Camps and Chapters. And they are progressive, too, as evidenced by the plan of the California State Division, U. D. C., for a Traveling Library. At the suggestion of Mrs. Victor Montgomery, of Santa Ana, Cal., the Camps and Chapters of that State are to contribute what they feel inclined to give toward a fund for the purchase of books which give a true account of the conflict between the States. Mrs. Montgomery selects and buys these books, which will be shipped from Camp to Camp at the expense of the Camp requesting the books to be sent. In this way the members can read all the books and their children learn to know and to honor the brave men who gave their all for a principle they believed to be right.

Mrs. Montgomery writes: "We are so far removed from the field of action, and necessarily out of touch with the sentiment of the South, that my children did not know and appreciate that sentiment until my son and daughter visited in the South. Both returned home from a visit there in love with its people."

NASHVILLE "BOOSTERS'" CLUB ON ITS RAID AT THE CAPITOL OF MISSISSIPPI.



IN THE CENTRAL PART ARE GOVERNOR NOEL AND UNITED STATES SENATOR ELECT J. K. VARDAMAN. THE TENNESSEEANS PRESENT COMPRISE AS ENTERPRISING A BODY OF BUSINESS MEN AS CAN BE MUSTERED.

The Nashville Booster Club is an auxiliary of the Nashville Board of Trade, and its membership is composed of those who have gone on some or all of the Annual Trade Expansion Tours, that have been a feature of the work of the "Boosters" for many years past.

The plan is to charter a special train of Pullman sleepers, dining and baggage cars, and to spend about a week visiting towns and cities and meeting the business men and citizens in one section or another, where there is a probability of building up and extending the trade and good name of Nashville. On the special train are always representatives of Nashville's wholesale houses, her manufacturing plants, her corporations, her educational institutions, and, indeed, the many and various features that go to make up the most important of the city's interests.

The "Booster" organization is made up along the strictest business lines. They have a President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer, and a Director General, the latter being in charge of the "Boosters" whenever they are on one of their trade-hunting and advertising tours.

As a general rule, the members of the party are the merchants, manufacturers, corporation officials—not the clerks or salesmen—the idea being to afford this opportunity of making it possible for the business man to meet and greet his customers and show by his presence his appreciation of their patronage and his desire to form additional trade relations.

The "Boosters" are very jealous of their reputation, and would not permit any misconduct upon the part of any member without taking action which would amount to his expulsion, consequently the various tours have been conspicuously successful; and the "Boosters" have not only made friends, but have won the regard and respect of the people in the many and varied sections that they have visited.

In the recent tour through the northeastern portion of the grand old commonwealth of Mississippi the "Boosters" perhaps eclipsed any of their previous records in point of territory covered, good towns and cities visited, and substantial friends and customers which they were able to meet and make. They had the kindest and most pronounced attention shown to them at all points visited. The programmes, however, at Meridian, Jackson, and Oxford were perhaps the most complete. At Jackson the "Boosters" were received by a large and representative delegation from the Jackson Board of Trade and escorted in special electric cars to the beautiful new State Capitol building, where in the House of Representatives they were most cordially and eloquently welcomed by two of Mississippi's distinguished sons, Gov. E. F. Noel and Ex-Gov. James K. Vardaman.

In a word of comment Mr. Leland Hume, the first President of the Board of Trade and always General Manager, said: "The 'Booster' is a serious-minded, sober-minded, whole-hearted lover of his fellow-man and of his God and believes in the city of Nashville first, last, and all the time."

HEROISM OF UNION OFFICER AT PORT HUDSON.

BY CAPT. JAMES M'MURRAY (A. Q. M. 23D ARKANSAS INFANTRY), LUNA LANDING, ARK.

In some sketches of "Dare-Devil War Fighters" in the Sunday Globe-Democrat of May 24 First Corporal Francis E. Warren, now United States Senator from Wyoming, is mentioned as one of "the forlorn hope" which led the attack on our works at Port Hudson, La., on the 27th of May, 1863.

I was one of the pickets stationed at intervals of twenty yards on the line of breastworks, in front of which the Federal force, under General Bartlett, formed for an attack. It was composed, as we understood, of a brigade of New England troops, a mixed brigade of Western troops, and a battalion of New York Zouaves. They formed at the edge of the woods about half a mile in front of the south central section of our three miles of breastworks. The attack was preceded by a terrific bombardment of our lines, to which we made no reply, for the reason that all our guns had been dismounted with the exception of a few brass 12-pounders, loaded to the muzzle with grape and canister and held in reserve behind the breastworks to be used only in repulsing an infantry attack.

Between the lines of the Federal army and our breastworks was an open field, part of the Slaughter plantation, about half a mile wide, level, and destitute of cover to protect the advance at any stage of it. Not all the command in line of battle at the edge of the woods essayed to cross that open field. The Federal batteries ceased their rain of shrieking shells upon our works, and amid profound silence the brigade of Western troops on the Federal right advanced at a double-quick. Then the New York Zouaves double-quicked on a line obliquely to the main attack and to the left of it.

My position on the breastworks was about forty yards north of the point of attack made by the Zouaves, and forty yards south of the point aimed at by the brigade. At first my attention was absorbed by the Zouaves, whose intrepid advance appeared to me so futile that I never once thought of leveling my musket at them. On they came in face of a heavy fire now assembled in their front, and drop, drop, drop they went, dotting the plain singly and in groups, until on their gaining the breastworks there were only sixty of them left to jump into the ditch and surrender. About that time the advance of the brigade, commanded by General Bartlett, had arrived within one hundred and fifty yards of our works in fairly good order, and were evidently rallying for a final charge; but our fire now, reënforced from both flanks moving up to the point of attack, became heavier and heavier, the attacking line became disordered, and their officers could not rally them effectually. Still they would not fall back. It was at this critical moment that an officer on horseback, who I afterwards learned was General Bartlett, seized the colors of a regiment and carried them on horseback a hundred yards in front of his men until he fell within sixty yards of the breastworks. Severely wounded and lying on his back with his head toward the works and his feet toward his command, he lifted the flag as high as he could and waved it as a signal to his men to come on. High above the rattle of the musketry on our side a voice rang out, "Don't shoot him!" and the word passed along our line. So he lay there unmolested, still waving the flag, while his horse trotted off, making a circle to get to the rear of the command.

The attack was over. The Federals broke and sought cover from the withering fire that was thinning their ranks. I thought then, and still think, that General Bartlett's exhibit in this action was as gallant as any recorded in story. Strange I have never seen it mentioned in all the records of the war I have read in the last forty-five years.

Another gallant action on the part of that brigade should be mentioned in this connection. First, let me say in illustration of the demoralizing effect of artillery when General Bartlett's Brigade had been brought to a halt by the infantry fire in its front, it was in a position to me enfiladed by a little four-pounder Parrott gun which had been used to repel the Zouave attack. It was fired at intervals of less than a minute; and when the explosion was due, I could see the Federals turn their faces about, as a man, in the direction whence the shot came, apparently disregarding the deadlier infantry fire that had stopped them and was decimating their ranks. Flesh and blood could stand no more. The command disintegrated, and each member sought the best cover available. A strange thing now happened. The defeated brigade resolved itself into a line of sharpshooters, and the deadly accuracy of their fire silenced our guns and forced us to take refuge behind the breastworks without the ability to reply. Night now coming on, the Federals retired under cover of the darkness to their lines, carrying with them most of their wounded and, I suppose, General Bartlett also.

General Bartlett is dead, no doubt, but the memory of his gallant action at Port Hudson will live long in the hearts of its defenders and their children, to whom it has been repeated often. He deserves a monument to commemorate his valor.

Advertisers will find the VETERAN rate to January, 1909, the best and cheapest ever offered.



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FARE OF PRISONERS ON JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

Referring to the article on Johnson's Island by Capt. H. A. Smith, of the 128th Ohio, which appeared in the VETERAN for May, page 222, Jacob Warden, who was captain of Company I, 18th Virginia Cavalry, Berryville, Va., comments:

"As to the grocery store that Captain Smith speaks of in the pen, at which, as he says, the prisoners could purchase tobacco, fruit, eggs, etc., this was a benefit only to those who were fortunate enough to have ready cash. Unfortunately, however, not one in ten had the money; besides, the store was closed most of the time, and nothing could be procured.

"As to the clothing he speaks of being given to prisoners, I have no recollection of any being issued in my room, which was in Block 8 upstairs next to the hospital. He says the rations were just the same as the soldiers had. I presume he means the guard there, and not the soldiers in the field. If he means the latter, any soldier knows it is not so. No soldier performing arduous duty consumes a United States army ration. I can't believe any one so benighted as to accept that prisoners got a full United States ration. Some facts came under my observation, experienced by members in my room, that I hope will dispel the fallacy of the statement. We drew our rations on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Now, I saw two young men eat at one meal their three days' rations in order to say they had one full meal. They never tried it but once, however; not that they did not survive the accomplished undertaking, but to fast from Friday to Monday reminded them that 'a half loaf is better than no bread.'

"Now, the Captain says we were gentlemen as far as he knew. I will ask him if he ever saw any of his 'gentlemen' soldiers, who were receiving the same ration, experience anything like it. Did Captain Smith ever see any of his comrades rake over the garbage pile from the hospital for food?"

Confederate Echoes

(OUR ABIDING CONFEDERACY)

By REV. A. T. GOODLOE, M.D.

"I hope for this book many readers. I am sure the reading of it will tend to conserve and preserve the traditions of the elders, and crystallize sentiment for that noble band, the Sons and Sires of the Old South—the noblest type of which the pen of historian, bard, or poet ever sang."—*Mrs. Sue F. Mooney.*

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A. N. McMillan, of Waldo, Miss., writes of the grave of a soldier in that neighborhood—one Thomas Alexander Curvain, who belonged to Company C, 10th Texas Cavalry, and died before the end of the war. It may be that some member of his family will be glad to learn of his last resting place.

W. Z. A. Doster, of Campbellsville, Tenn., writes in regard to a young man who was buried near that place in November, 1864. His name was Stephen Chandler, his age about thirty-three years, and he was in a Kentucky regiment of cavalry in Hood's raid. Any one interested in this young soldier should write to Mr. Doster.

Any information that can be given about a gold-handled sword with inscription, "Presented to J. A. [or Alex] Laird by Capt. Ben Williams [between the years 1850 and 1855, Nashville, Tenn.]," will be greatly appreciated by Henry M. Laird, a son of Alex Laird, of 109 W. Baker Street, Atlanta, Ga. The sword was loaned a friend to be used during the Confederate war, and was either lost or misplaced.

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E. W. Tarrant, of Corsicana, Tex., would be glad to get the address, if living, of a Dr. Fisher, who was surgeon to the Maryland Regiment at the battle of Manassas in July, 1861. He thinks he was on duty on the first day of battle at Manassas Junction, and extracted a bullet from the leg of an Alabama boy of the 5th Alabama Regiment.

N. B. Deatherage, of Richmond, Ky., wishes to locate one Jerry Smyth, who joined the Confederate army at New Orleans, made up a company there of which he was captain, afterwards colonel of a regiment, and acted as brigadier in General Longstreet's Division. Any information of him, whether living or not, will be appreciated.

Miss Ida May Thompson, of New Orleans, La., wishes to ascertain the time and place of the surrender of the Orleans Light Horse Guards. She seeks to secure the war record of Lieut. Henry Thornhill, who was a member of the command at the time of its surrender. Write her in care of the Postal Telegraph-Cable Company.

J. W. Whitley, of Maysfield, Tex., wants to hear from any survivors of Company K, 15th Arkansas Regiment, in which he served under Capt. A. B. Crider, who made up the company at Ozark, Ark. Comrade Whitley was in the commissary department during the siege of Vicksburg in the Trans-Mississippi Department.

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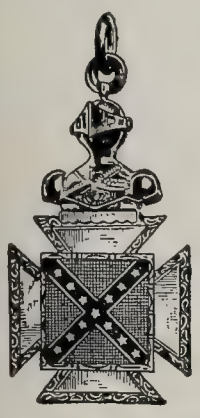
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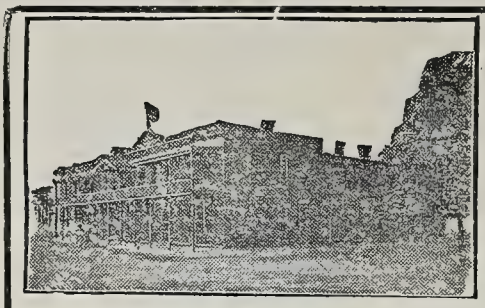
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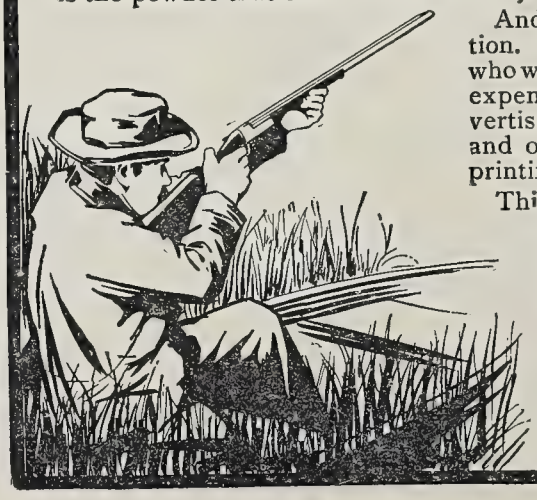
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STORY OF SAM DAVIS—THE MONUMENT.

The design of the Sam Davis statue on the front page is a poor print and view of the heroic figure that is being made by Mr. Zolnay, the sculptor. The expression of the figure is altogether as satisfactory as is that of the bust seen by thousands at the Centennial Exposition. Vigorous effort is being made to have it ready for dedication on November 27, the anniversary of the hero's execution. In the October VETERAN there will be an elaborate review of his matchless fidelity to his country and to principle. Let all who would do honor to his memory be on watch to disseminate the story of his life and death. A pamphlet edition may be issued.

REUNION OF NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

The annual Reunion of the North Carolina Division of the U. C. V. was held on the 19th and 20th of August at Winston-Salem, and it was the pleasantest and most successful ever held in the "Old North State." The hospitable citizens of the "Twin City" provided in every way for the comfort and pleasure of the veterans, and all returned to their homes delighted with their entertainment. Over two thousand veterans were registered at headquarters; and not only were their names and commands registered, but also their ages, and thus the average age of them was ascertained to be seventy years. The oldest was Henry Parmenter, of Mecklenburg County, whose age was vouched for as being one hundred and five years.

Eloquent addresses of welcome were made by Hon. C. B. Watson, who was a gallant Confederate soldier, and by Mayor Eaton. The response was made by Col. H. A. London, the Adjutant General of the North Carolina Division, who so enthused the audience that at the conclusion of his address every veteran jumped to his feet and raised the old "Rebel yell" while the band played "Dixie." Gen. C. Irvine Walker made a most appropriate address in advocating the movement for the erection of the monument to the women of the Confederacy, and at his suggestion a committee of fifteen was appointed to collect funds for that purpose. The annual oration was delivered by Gen. Bennett H. Young, of Kentucky, who completely captured his hearers by his fervid oratory and eloquence; and when he concluded, the veterans crowded around him to shake his hand and many embraced him.

All the old officers were reëlected by acclamation—to wit: Gen. J. S. Carr, Division Commander; Gen. P. C. Carlton, Commander of the First Brigade; Gen. W. L. London, Commander of the Second Brigade; Gen. J. I. Metts, Commander of the Third Brigade; Gen. J. M. Ray, Commander of the Fourth Brigade. The parade was the grandest ever held in the State, and was witnessed by many thousands.

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER ON JULY 31, 1908.

Amount on hand from last report	$5,509 92
Interest credited on deposit by depository	33 37
From Mrs. George C. Young, Director for Montana, A. C. M. A.	41 50
From Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, A. C. M. A.	15 00
From Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director for Virginia, A. C. M. A.	50 00
From Pat Cleburne Camp, 88, U. C. V., Cleburne, Tex.	6 00
From Pat Cleburne Camp, 222, U. C. V., Waco, Tex.	5 00
From Confederate Veteran Association of California Camp 770, U. C. V.	20 00
From Dixie Chapter, 395, U. D. C.	10 00
From contributions sent direct to the American Security and Trust Company and not to Treasurer..	25 00
Total receipts August 1, 1908	$5,715 79

There were no expenditures.

Prospective contributors are urged to send remittances to the Treasurer direct, so that proper receipts may be given for all donations to the monument fund.

WALLACE STREATER, *Treasurer A. C. M. A.*

HIGHEST PERCENTAGE OF REGIMENTAL LOSS.—Referring to the notice in the VETERAN for July as to the highest percentage of loss in any regiment during the war, E. K. Goree, of Huntsville, Tex., mentions that the 1st Texas Regiment, of Hood's Texas Brigade, in the battle of Sharpsburg or Antietam lost eighty-two per cent, which he thinks was the greatest loss of any regiment during the war.

SENTIMENT OF A TRUE VOLUNTEER SOLDIER.

BY COL. M. B. GARY, OF CLEVELAND, OHIO.

After commanding a battery of light artillery in the Union army, later a brigade of artillery from the Ohio to the Potomac River, including the great "march to the sea," and up the coast to the "Grand Review," I most cheerfully united with all good soldiers on either side of the firing line to "stack arms," and with it ended my military record as well as all aspirations of that sort.

Unfortunate, indeed, was it for our poor country, as I have ever felt, that we had at that time on both sides of the Mason and Dixon line a vast number of most distinguished patriots who, failing to reach the firing line until it had ceased, for many years thereafter sought to keep the war spirit alive in the hearts of our people, resulting in great damage to all sections of our then distracted but happily well united and now prosperous country.

Through the friendly courtesy of my neighbor, Capt. H. O. Boon, a veteran of the Confederate army, I have enjoyed in our exchange of current literature the reading of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, which I assure you I also appreciate very much indeed, and now beg that you send it for one year with my compliments to that gallant soldier and my esteemed friend, Col. James A. Bope, at Findlay, Ohio.

Few occasions afford me greater pleasure than in uniting with the veterans in gray in congratulating ourselves that we were permitted to live and witness the improvements and blessings of our reunited country.

If Comrade Gary and his class of men who fought to save the Union from disruption had realized what the class he mentions were doing in the South, they would have come again with their guns and reconstruction (!) would soon have ended.

In the "Rebellion Records," Series 1, Volume XXX., page 95, Brigadier General Brannan reports in official orders: "First Lieut. M. B. Gary for good conduct—for gallantry, skill, and judgment with which he worked his guns."

In Lieutenant Gary's own report of a trying ordeal in the battle of Chickamauga he states: "Ten to fifteen minutes later, having no support on my right, with a loss of thirteen killed and wounded and twenty-five horses killed, and believing it impossible to save the battery after further resistance, I moved the battery without orders to the left and rear, where I fell in," etc.

BIRTHDAY REUNION WITH HIS COMRADES.—The Lynchburg (Va.) News gives an account of "a delightful celebration" at Idlewood, the home of Capt. and Mrs. W. T. Wright: "Captain Wright commanded a company in that splendid regiment, the 2d Virginia Cavalry. He celebrated his seventy-second birthday anniversary by a social reunion of many of his comrades and other friends. A large Confederate flag was unfurled to the breeze, which waved as proudly as though there had never been a surrender at Appomattox. The house was decorated with Confederate flags, daisies, and bright-hued nasturtiums. Such a dinner was served as would have been a dream of bounty and sumptuousness to the hungry Rebel in the days of the war—aye, a feast of all that could delight the palate of the most fastidious. A guest of special honor was Gen. T. T. Munford, of the 2d Brigade. Many a marvelous tale of battle, camp, and march was recounted by General Munford and others, and Mr. J. M. Daniels delighted the company with his songs and banjo-playing, being a close rival to Polk Miller. Mrs. Dan Williams and two children, of Charleston, W. Va., are guests of her sister, Mrs. W. T. Wright, the hostess of this notable social event."

STORY OF A THRILLING TIME IN NASHVILLE.

BY ROSWELL V. BOOTH, VICKSBURG, MISS.

In glancing over the pages of the VETERAN for August I cannot tell you what a train of cherished memories linking me with the far-off past was awakened by the romance of "Major Clare and Mary Hadley."

In 1860 I was a student in the Law Department of Cumberland University, at Lebanon, Tenn., where Miss Mary was a frequent visitor, whom I often met and numbered among the very dearest of my girl friends of that day. It was the year of the great quadrangular contest for the presidency, which resulted in the election of Abraham Lincoln and brought with it our frightful Civil War.

I, together with a large number of the law students, obtained permission from the faculty to go to Nashville to hear the great speech of Stephen A. Douglas, delivered on the Public Square to one of the largest audiences I ever saw assembled, and which was, I have often said, the most massive and convincing argument I ever heard from mortal lips.

The Breckinridge Democrats, not to be outdone, had arranged to bring from Louisville the fiery and eloquent William L. Yancey to address the people that night in front of the east portico of the handsome Capitol building to counteract as far as possible the effect produced by Douglas's speech of the morning. On this occasion I was the escort of Mary Hadley, who was a most zealous and earnest advocate of the brilliant and handsome Kentuckian, John C. Breckinridge, and I managed to secure seats on the upper step leading into the eastern entrance to the building, from which we could hear the distinguished orator and see what occurred in the audience.

Miss Mary had prepared a beautiful wreath to present to the gifted Alabamian, and asked me if I would take it down to him at the moment to be designated by her. I remember well my chivalrous answer: "Yes, Miss Mary, I will do anything on earth you tell me to do." So when Yancey went into one of those exquisite flights of eloquence which no one who ever heard him can ever forget, Miss Mary said, "Now is the time," and I worked my way down through the vast crowd and handed to him the exquisite circle of flowers with her card attached. I can see him now as he paused, threw it over his head, and, resting it on his shoulders, pronounced a magnificent tribute to woman.

I immediately rejoined my companion, receiving as my reward a sweet smile, which illuminated her radiant countenance; and though the mists of nearly half a century have settled down and around the incidents here related, the scene is as clear before me now as on that October night in 1860 when I was a looker-on with the charming Mary Hadley.

Comrade Booth asks information of the family. Major Clare was a gifted lawyer and located at Nashville after the war, but did not live many years. Two lovely, beautiful daughters blessed their home, Mary Lee and Annie. Both married and both are dead. The former was a Mrs. Scott, of St. Paul, Minn., leaving several children, and the latter, Mrs. Duncan, of Nashville, leaving a son, who is in the custody of his maternal grandmother. Mrs. Clare is just as loyal to "Dixie's land" as she was when she sent the flowers to William L. Yancey.

LOCATION OF MAJ. GEN. FORNEY'S MONUMENT.

W. T. Allen, Chairman of the John H. Forney Monument Committee, of Jacksonville, Ala., makes inquiry on behalf of Mr. W. T. Rigby, Chairman of the National Park at Vicksburg, who desires to locate the headquarters of General Forney at Vicksburg, in which he asks:

"How far was it from General Forney's headquarters to the Confederate line in front?

"How far and in what direction were his headquarters from 'the stone house' mentioned in his reports?

"How far and in what direction were his headquarters from General Bowen's headquarters?

"How far and in what direction were his headquarters from the Yost house?

"Please ask any one, officer or private, who was there, whether in his command or not, who can answer these questions to correspond with me at once on the subject, as it is one of pressing importance; also to publish his answer in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN."

POPE COUNTY (ARK.) VETERANS.

Comrade W. A. McKinney sends from Russellville, Ark., interesting data of the Ben T. Embry Camp, U. C. V., which was organized in 1887 at Russellville with Capt. R. H. Scott Commander. The next annual meeting was at Atkins, and the meetings have been held at Gravel Hill these twenty intervening years. The Pope County Record is diligent in service of the Camp and reports it as one of the leading organizations of the county. The Record prints a list of the members living and those who have died. They approximate a parallel: living, 211; dead, 165. These figures illustrate the fatalities in twenty-one years.

The officers at this time are: M. H. Baird, Commander; W. R. Hale, First Lieutenant; S. A. Henry, Adjutant; R. B. Hogins, Recording Secretary; M. C. Baker, Treasurer; Dan C. Brown, Chaplain.

There is a Camp of Sons of Veterans, bearing also the name of Ben T. Embry, of one hundred and forty-five members. This Camp of Sons was organized in 1903, and the officers for the past two years are: James A. McCracken, Commander; W. C. Hogan, Secretary.

J. B. BABB OVERWORKED FOR THE BIRMINGHAM REUNION.—The Birmingham News of August 21 reports the prolonged illness of Mr. Joseph B. Babb, of that city, who was actively in charge of Reunion arrangements from the beginning to the close. The VETERAN has often wished that the Southern people generally could realize how diligent that young patriot was in behalf of comrades and of credit to his adopted city. The News states: "The friends of Mr. Joseph B. Babb, Secretary of the Birmingham Commercial Club, will learn with regret that he is ill in a hospital at Biltmore, N. C. Mr. Babb left Birmingham several weeks ago in search of health. He spent some time at Mountain Park, and did not improve. He then went to Biltmore, where he is now under treatment. Information comes that he is slowly improving and that he expects to return to Birmingham and take up his duties as Secretary of the Commercial Club about September 1. The people of this city, who know him as a tireless and enthusiastic community worker, will join in wishing for his speedy recovery." Mr. Babb is a Tennesseean. He was reared in Memphis, but has lived in Nashville, where he is highly esteemed.

WEARING OF THE GRAY.

BY GEN. M. JEFF THOMPSON, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Who are those who still object to our poor old clothes?
It must be those who stayed at home, for sure our manly foes
Who met us on the skirmish line or in the battle's fray
Are not afraid of us disarmed, though still we wear the gray.
It must be those who were afraid to wear their country's blue
And come to meet us at the front, like soldiers brave and true,
That now behind the might and power of conquering armies say:
"O Lord, protect me from that man in that old suit of gray."

Sure every bluecoat on the sod, from Maine to Rio Grande,
Will show that they are soldiers true and take us by the hand
And bid the politicians halt, for "they know not what they do,"
And they'll compromise the honor of the boys that wore the blue.
For we were told that if we'd keep our "paroles and the laws"
We would never have to grieve o'er the failure of our cause.
So let the politicians on the politicians prey,
The bluecoats always will respect the boys who wore the gray.

COLUMBIA POST, G. A. R., HONORS GEN. S. D. LEE.

The Columbia Post, G. A. R., of Chicago, pays official tribute to the memory of Gen. Stephen D. Lee, concluding with this statement: "On several occasions General Lee complimented this Post by paying us a visit as a representative of Confederate Veterans, and what a sweet fraternizing spirit he exhibited! Tributes to him have come to us through a quondam comrade who served with him on the Vicksburg Commission, flattering in the extreme. Most harmoniously he worked with the Northern Commissioners. With deepest regret we abide by the decree that removed him. To-night we officially, as a Grand Army organization, tender his comfortless family, a member of which lives here, a generous measure of our sorrow over his loss to dear ones left behind."

It is not to detract from the worthy tribute to General Lee to say that his spirit was typical of the true and faithful Confederates from the ranks up. They don't admit that "time has healed the war wounds." They were ready to greet Union patriots at the time the war closed as cordially as now. But they are still unreconstructed with the villains who made war after the order of Sherman, who designated it as he fought it in Georgia and elsewhere.

HUNTED UP HIS OLD MASTER.—The Colored Baptist Association of Kentucky held its annual meeting in Hopkinsville recently, when the Rev. James K. Polk called to see Capt. C. F. Jarrett, whom he served in the Confederate army until the surrender of General Forrest at Gainesville, Ala. It was a joyous meeting. They had not see each other for forty-three years. There were many pleasant reminiscences as well as sad. "Jim" was a faithful friend and servant. He never shirked a battle, and was always near enough to share his haversack or lead up a new horse. He is now a servant of the Great Master of all, and will doubtless prove true and faithful to the end. In accounting for a change of name in connection with "Jim" Captain Jarrett notes the fact that nearly all the negroes with freedom took another name, and this darky, proud of Tennessee, sought to honor her only native President.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

RALLYING TO THE VETERAN.

The spirits of the founder and editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN are animated and then depressed. He met a comrade recently in the country almost blind and too feeble otherwise to do any work. The greeting was most cordial by the old man on realizing to whom he was talking. He said: "I can't see to read. Am very poor. I only get five dollars per month as a pension, but I will take the VETERAN again. I want to help the cause." There is evidently no publication in existence where the demand is more important for its friends to give unstinted support, and yet there are thousands who seem to be indifferent to its needs. A month ago statements were sent out in one day at a cost of $250. This included return stamped envelopes and a request stamped on the envelope that postmasters please open if not delivered. Not half of those addressed have replied. They may be dead.

The average patron has no conception of how great is the task to keep up with a large subscription scattered over a great country like this. It is utterly impossible to give personal attention to the list. Some one will write: "You ought to know that my subscription is all right. It was simply an oversight." If such friends will investigate, they can see how great is the mistake. To give ten minutes of time to each subscriber would require two hundred and ninety days of ten hours' labor each year to attend to the subscription list alone. That labor must be performed by assistants and they must be paid for their labor. Then the postage to carry out this arduous task is hardly less than $1,000 a year extra.

Again, there seems to be a sentiment that the VETERAN is published by a strong corporation, and many people are diligent to see that some agent gets a commission. The VETERAN must depend upon agents in many instances; but the subscribers are informed that there are but two individuals concerned in the matter, the agent and the publisher, who is compelled to meet obligations aggregating not less than thirty dollars per day. The collecting of subscriptions in one way and another costs more than $2,000 a year, and there are many on the charity list; so that those who want to help the VETERAN and want to see it larger and better would do themselves a service in sending their subscriptions and persuading others to do likewise.

Make this personal: Think of the benefit to you and the cause if when you go to make remittance you would say to a neighbor or friend that you are going to send for it, to renew your subscription, and that you would send for both, as it would not cost any more and that you would be glad to do it. Instead of a check or post office order for $1, you would then send $2 or more.

Friends, please consider this from a business as well as a patriotic standpoint, and your VETERAN would soon be better than it has ever been. It shall be made good and fine and worthy in every way in proportion as you will in your coöperative capacities make it. Many realize its importance, but simply neglect to speak for it. Mention ought to be made at every Confederate gathering.

CO-OPERATION SHOULD BE GENERAL.

To you who are faithful, liberal patrons, are you doing what you can for the success of the VETERAN? Do you introduce the subject with your neighbors and let them know how important the VETERAN is in finding friends and about those who died or where? Do you tell them that there is but the one life-giving and perpetuating medium of information? Do you write of meetings of your Camp and State Division, giving notice ahead and then report of the proceedings? Do you realize that such report of a dozen lines would be helpful to the interest of all in such section? Will you begin now to do better? This appeal would not be so earnest and ardent except for the fact that each year is the last to a multitude. Please begin anew. Consider whether you can do something, however little, before you die.

Aside from the cause that appeals to you beyond anything in this world, the founder of the VETERAN deserves your coöperation. He has edited every issue in its history of nearly sixteen years, and has done his best all the time. He has met every question as a true soldier in battle, and has endured that which he would not endure again for all the money that has been coined. Surely he merits your coöperation; he is powerless without it. Those who are on the list and do not intend to pay should stop it at once. Some patrons who are liberal and loyal want to pay more than for one year at a time. To such the VETERAN will be sent five years for $4.

TRIAL ADVERTISING RATES.

Previous to January, 1909, advertising will be received at half the usual low price of $25 per page—$12.50; half page, $6.25; a full column thirteen ems, $4.50; and less space at 50 cents per inch. This is the lowest rate ever given for such service. Beginning with January, 1909, it will be doubled.

SUPPLY OF ENGRAVINGS TO THE VETERAN.

Sometime ago when a man sent an article and his picture to be used in connection with it he was informed that he should pay the cost of the engraving, $2. He was spirited in reply and said: "I wouldn't give twenty-five cents to put my picture in your paper." There is no other feature of the work so unfair as to decline to reimburse the office for such cost. It is a direct imposition upon the office to expect it to incur expense of engravings. Those who can should pay.

BACK NUMBERS OF THE VETERAN.

While large prices are paid to complete sets of the VETERAN—recently a gentleman in New York sent $50 to a comrade who offered his complete issues for sale that cost $15, and he had read them all—no extra price is ever charged in the office. On the contrary, back numbers, not complete sets, are offered at five cents each. Those who would like to procure particular copies going back several years can have them at the half price if they can be spared. Send for any back numbers at five cents a copy.

A singular error occurred in the August VETERAN, page 393, in printing a statement by Comrade Charles B. Martin in regard to the foreign element in the Army of the Potomac. It was in that army and not in the Confederate that "thousands could neither speak nor understand the English language." The statement applied to the Army of the Potomac, and not to the Army of Northern Virginia.

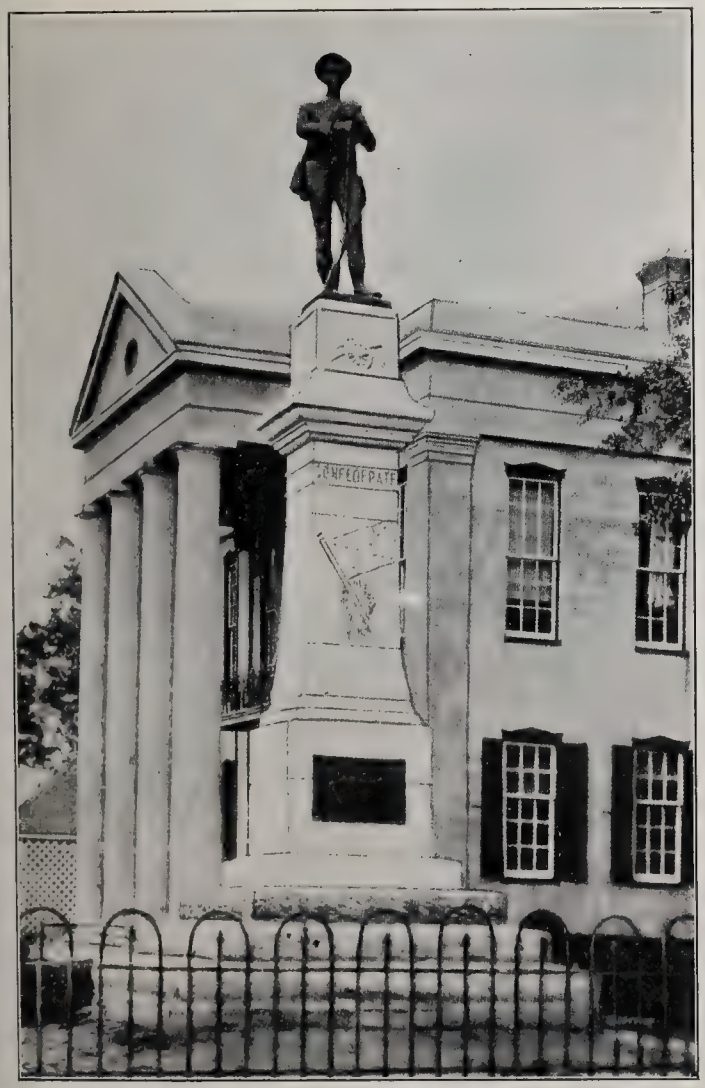
RAYMOND (MISS.) MONUMENT.

FROM REPORT TO THE CLARION-LEDGER OF APRIL 29, 1908.

This has been one of the greatest days within the history of Raymond, a red-letter day in the historic old town. The N. B. Forrest Chapter, U. D. C., unveiled the Hinds County Confederate monument. Complete preparations and arrangements had been made for the occasion, and the weather was beautiful. A large stand had been erected inside the courthouse yard near the monument under a large and beautiful oak, an ideal spot, a sheltered retreat for the vast throng in attendance, and in a near-by grove dinner was served on tables by the ladies of the vicinity.

The country people began to arrive early, and perhaps fifteen hundred visitors had reached the town before ten o'clock. Then a special came from Jackson with some four hundred people. The train from below also brought up several hundred; so there were more than two thousand citizens of Hinds County in Raymond before eleven o'clock.

On the arrival of the Jackson train a procession was formed at the depot, with Col. W. A. Montgomery as grand marshal, assisted by Aide Beall and others, and the march was begun to the courthouse grounds, the speakers and special guests occupying carriages, preceded by the Jackson band. Several hundred veterans marched, and they kept time to martial music, as they did forty-seven years ago. Arriving at the courthouse yard, the procession was disbanded and gathered around the grandstand. That courthouse is a memorable place to Confederates.



RAYMOND (MISS.) MONUMENT BY THE COURTHOUSE.

At eleven o'clock Capt. W. T. Ratliff, master of ceremonies, called the assembly to order and announced that Rev. P. A. Haman, of Learned, would invoke the divine blessing. In most eloquent and tender manner the minister returned thanks for the benefits and privileges of the day, for the great men who had gone before, and the good and pure women of the land. Here the orchestra rendered "Dixie," while beautiful girls sang the words.

Captain Ratliff made an address of welcome. He said the monument, erected to commemorate the valor of the Confederate soldier, did not represent defeat, but principles that would endure forever to show what men and women would do for a cause they believed just and right. After referring to many incidents of the great war and the many companies sent to the front by Hinds County, he told of Reuben Downing having organized the Raymond company that went to the Mexican War and that formed part of the 1st Mississippi Regiment, led by the gallant Jefferson Davis, who wrested victory from defeat at Buena Vista and prevented the annihilation of General Taylor's army.

Dr. W. T. Lowrey, "the son of one of the greatest soldiers of the Confederacy," replied to the address of welcome. He said that his early life had been spent in a humble cottage with a mother and sisters, while his father, General Lowrey, was at the front fighting the battles of his country and protecting the homes and firesides of his people. He told how the Yankees had raided his mother's home, driving off the stock, killing the pigs, stealing the chickens, and robbing the bee gums. He described his father's return home with one arm in a sling, but with hope and courage in his bright face. He complimented the Confederate veterans, and said: "We will not forget your deeds of valor and of daring."

Hon. A. Puryear, on behalf of the Board of Supervisors of Hinds County, turned over the keeping of the monument to the members of the N. B. Forrest Chapter, and said he considered it an honor to perform that service. He referred to the day when he was mustered into service forty-seven years ago and when he surrendered with Gen. Dick Taylor four years afterwards. "These events belong to the long ago, but are vividly remembered by old soldiers, and will be till they answer the last roll call. The monument will perpetuate the deeds of the men of '61 who went forth to meet an invading foe, and from battlefield to battlefield they drove the enemy until subdued by starvation and overwhelming numbers." In placing the monument in the care and keeping of the ladies of the county, he said the Board of Supervisors were satisfied that it would be kept unstained and untarnished and handed down to the generations to come a memorial to the deeds of the Confederate soldiers of Hinds County.

After Mr. Puryear's address, seven little girls pulled the cord that held the covering, and the monument stood unveiled in all its grace and majestic beauty.

The band played "Dixie" again, and for several minutes there was rejoicing and applause, till Mrs. J. R. Eggleston, to whose energy and unflagging zeal is due the erection of the monument, stepped forward and accepted the guardianship of the memorial on behalf of the ladies of the N. B. Forrest Chapter, and bade every one welcome.

Mrs. Monroe McClurg was presented as one who had done much for the monument, having gone before the Board of Supervisors with Mrs. Eggleston. She said she was glad she lived in Dixie among the best people of the earth. She recounted the efforts made to induce the Board to appropriate the sum sufficient, $4,000. She told what the Legislature of 1904-06

had done to perpetuate Confederate memories—had authorized the building of monuments in all the counties, had appropriated $50,000 for memorials in the Vicksburg National Park, etc.—and said that women had been the power to induce the Legislature to act, that the Confederate soldier could never be forgotten, and that no honor was too great for him—that "poor is the country that has no heroes, and beggars are those who would forget."

Hon. Charles Scott, of Bolivar County, the orator of the day, delivered a chaste and beautiful address. He spoke of the days of 1861, when on January 9 of that year the Secession Convention met in Jackson and on the 15th of that month adopted the ordinance of secession as reported by Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, chairman of the committee, which declared that the people of Mississippi consented to form a Federal Union with such States as had seceded or might secede from the Union.

He held that the principle of secession did not originate in the South, but in the North—in Massachusetts, which declared for secession after the annexation of Louisiana to the Union, John Quincy Adams having declared on the floor of the National House of Representatives that "if the bill of annexation were passed it would virtually dissolve the Union and free the States from their moral obligations." And then Connecticut, when Texas was about to be annexed, had declared: "It may drive these States into a dissolution of the Union." He defended the South for seceding, saying that to have remained longer in the Union under all the indignities heaped upon her would have been to lose her self-respect.

He went quite fully into the details of the war, and said the world had never produced better soldiers than the boys who wore the gray, and no country had ever known such women as the mothers, sisters, and daughters of the men who went to war to defend homes and firesides. He paid worthy tributes to the Confederate soldier and to Confederate women.

Dinner was served at two o'clock, and over two thousand people partook of the feast, a dinner consisting of every dish that the good housewife could conceive, all prepared in the most elegant and tempting manner and served by fair daughters of the Southland, young, beautiful, and sweet.

The dinner over, the people returned to the courthouse square, when numerous impromptu addresses were delivered by Mrs. Daisy Stevens, President of the Mississippi Division, Daughters of the Confederacy, Hon. Eli Cupit, Col. W. A. Montgomery, Hon. W. Calvin Wells, Hon. Clay Sharkey, Capt. John Webb, and others. Mrs. Laura S. Webb read an original poem upon "Unveiling the Monument."

After the exercises were over, the old soldiers sat around and regaled each other with tales of the war and recalled many incidents that had long been forgotten. They gathered about the monument and had their pictures taken, and lingered in the courtyard in social reunion till the rain came up, about 4:30, and forced them to adjourn and seek shelter.

The monument stands twenty-seven feet high and cost $4,000. It rests on four red granite bases, is of gray granite from the quarries of Texas, and is surmounted with a heroic bronze statue of a Confederate soldier seven feet high, standing "at rest." It fronts to the westward, on which side is shown in bas-relief a woman tendering a drink to a wounded soldier. On the pedestal is engraved a Confederate battle flag, the design under the figure being a cannon, representing artillery, while above in large relief letters appears the word "Confederate," the main inscription reading: "We of the South remember; we of the South revere."

On the eastern side the sabers, emblem of cavalry, are seen, with the inscription: "Erected by the people of Hinds County, in grateful memory of their men who in 1861-65 gave, or offered to give, their lives in defense of constitutional government, and to the heroic women whose devotion to our cause in its darkest hour sustained the strong and strengthened the weak."

On the south side is shown the "anchor," representative of the navy. On the north side is an engraving of "muskets," infantry, the remaining branch of the service.

The monument is one of the handsomest ever erected in this State, and reflects great credit upon those who designed and built it, and is a fitting testimonial to the gallant Confederate soldier of Hinds County, which sent to the war more men than any county in Mississippi.

All honor to the brave women and the loyal men who built the Confederate monument of Hinds County!

A CAMP DOUGLAS LADDER.

BY W. S. W., LONGVIEW, TEX.

When the day approached for the election of President of the United States in 1864, there were approximately seventeen thousand Confederates confined in Camp Douglas, at Chicago. Many of John H. Morgan's boys, amongst whom was the writer, had been there more than a year. Great care was taken by the Federal authorities to remove every loose piece of timber, every bar of iron, and every nail that could be used by prisoners as weapons or in any way be of aid to them in any effort they might make to escape. Information having come to them that an attack was contemplated from outside upon the surrounding fence, in which attack the prisoners were expected to coöperate, additional troops and batteries of artillery were brought to repel such an outbreak. We learned that big guns were placed in such positions around the prison inclosure as to command every foot of it, and that missiles of death would be hurled from them upon the confined prisoners whenever the attack became so formidable as to demand it. Three lines of infantry were added to the garrison, and were fully equipped for any emergency.

About this time my brother Joseph informed me that he had arranged with a fellow-prisoner named Cooke (a Texan) to scale the fence on the night before the election. He and Cooke had stealthily gathered together from the floors of barracks enough boards to construct a ladder, which they built at odd times when not likely to be discovered. When completed, the ladder was free from observation, having been constructed under and against the floor of one of the barracks. There it was to remain until the night appointed for escape. The fence was not far away, and everything seemed propitious.

As soon as told of the intended attempt I endeavored to persuade my brother to abandon the foolhardy affair. I reminded him of the precaution taken by the Yankees to prevent a successful outbreak, and assured him that certain death awaited him and Cooke if they persisted in putting their ladder to use. Finding that remonstrance was unavailing, I at last told him that unless they gave up the project I would myself inform the authorities, thus saving their lives, though subjecting them to severe punishment otherwise.

The unpleasant duty of divulging the secret was, however, made unnecessary. A Yankee inspector found the ladder while nosing around, and then the prisoners were all drawn up in line while an investigation proceeded. Every man was closely questioned to ascertain, if possible, the name of the ladder builder. We were kept standing in line several hours while

this was being done, but no information was secured. The officer then went from one point to another until he had announced within the hearing of all that every man would be kept in line until the guilty party was discovered.

Eventually Cooke stepped from the line and proclaimed himself and a companion as the builders of the ladder. He was at once put under arrest and the other boys turned loose. Cooke was escorted to the barrack under which the ladder was suspended, ordered to pull it out from its cozy place, and to march with it on his shoulder to headquarters. On the way there Cooke was plied with questions as to the name of his companion ladder builder, but he refused to tell. When the headquarters building was reached, he was required to place the ladder against it and then climb up and down, up and down until he gave the name of his confederate. At noon he was instructed to go to his barrack for dinner and return to resume the ladder-climbing.

My brother Joe met him on the way and urged him to divulge the secret; but Cooke said he would not, that he could never betray a companion. But Joe told him that unless he gave the information to the Yanks before morning he himself would confess. When Cooke returned from dinner to again go up and down the ladder, he reflected over matters; and when the hour for release arrived, he was thoroughly exhausted. Joe again met him, and the two arranged to have a sham fight after Cooke had let the cat out of the bag the following morning. Preliminaries were to be fixed up by Joe and the battle to take place at noon the next day.

Cooke revealed the secret, was turned loose, and told to send Joe down to take his place on the ladder. When Joe went to dinner, Cooke and a squad of friends were on hand, and the entire party went to a place where the fight could be "pulled off" without interruption. It resulted, of course, in Cooke's defeat, and he walked away with a bloody nose. It was arranged that Cooke was to go down and report the affair. Joe ate a light dinner, went back, and resumed his duty as a ladder climber. In a few minutes Cooke appeared upon the scene with blood still dripping from his wounded proboscis and reported to the officer that Joe had thrashed him for telling the secret.

The officer soon came to a decision. Cooke was denounced by him as a traitor to his best friend and told that Joe should have killed him for his treacherous act. "Go back to your quarters, you unworthy fellow; but in the meantime I require you to apologize to the soldier who gave you the thrashing." The apology was readily given, and as Cooke walked away Joe was called from the ladder and told that the punishment he had given Cooke entitled him to release, and that he need not continue a ladder climber. Joe thanked the officer and went away to his barrack.

The Yanks were never told that the fight was a scheme to secure pardon for both. The witnesses were all true secret keepers, and from that day on Cooke and Joe were inseparable friends.

KENTUCKY TROOPS IN CONFEDERATE ARMY.

BY R. L. THOMPSON, ST. LOUIS, MO.

My recollection is that Kentucky had but fourteen regiments in the Confederate army, five of which were infantry and nine mounted troops. In addition to these regiments, there were three artillery companies, which served with and were a part of these regiments. Besides these regiments and artillery companies, there were three independent mounted companies—namely, Everett's, Jesse's, and Buford's. The highest number of an infantry regiment was the 9th, and the highest number of a cavalry regiment was the 11th. The numbers nine and eleven would indicate that there was a total of twenty regiments; but, as I shall explain, only fourteen can be accounted for.

The Orphan Brigade.

In the infantry composing what was known as the Orphan Brigade there were five Kentucky regiments. Whenever those regiments were referred to by number, they were called the 2d, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 9th. And under Gen. John H. Morgan at one time there were eight Kentucky mounted regiments. Besides these, there was Butler's Kentucky Regiment that served under Gen. N. B. Forrest, making nine mounted Kentucky regiments all told.

All of these fourteen regiments I have mentioned served throughout the war in what was known as the "Western Confederate Army," or "Army of Tennessee," at different times under Gens. Albert Sidney Johnston, Braxton Bragg, Joseph E. Johnston, and John B. Hood. There were no Kentucky regiments under General Lee in Virginia and there were none in the Trans-Mississippi Department.

So the six missing regiments are myths, and can be accounted for in only one way, and that is that six of the fourteen regiments had two numbers. In the minds of Kentucky troops there was always confusion about the numbers of the different Kentucky regiments. I doubt if the Kentucky regiments were ever officially numbered by the authorities at Richmond. If they were, they were not consecutively numbered. My belief is that those regiments that were known by number assumed their numbers without authority. Now and then some one would say, "Duke's is the first," when some one else would speak up and say: "You are mistaken. Butler's is first and Duke's the second." No one then or since seemed to have an accurate knowledge about the numbers of any of the Kentucky regiments.

Early in the war there were two officers in Western Kentucky, H. B. Lyon and Ed Crossland, who commanded Confederate troops, and each ranked as colonel; but the regiments failed to materialize. That they commanded troops there is no question, and that they were absorbed by other regiments from Kentucky is very probably true.

As a further proof of this confusion of numbers I will name Colonel Giltner's regiment. This regiment was organized toward the end of the war and was made up of fragments of troops, mostly of General Morgan's old command, some of whom had escaped capture on the Ohio raid. This regiment was called the 4th Kentucky, while Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge's regiment, organized in 1862, two and a half years before, was known as the 9th Kentucky.

Your Kentucky Confederate of the mounted troop was nothing if not fanciful in his notions about numbers. He disdained to be known as a member of a regiment with an odd number. Even numbers seemed to appeal to his fancy and were his favorites, such as second, fourth, eighth, etc. This may seem a silly fad of his, but it is a fact that any one who knew the Kentucky Confederate knows it to be true.

I aver then, as in the outset, that it is my individual belief that no Kentucky Confederate of the mounted troop knew what his regiment's number was, or if it had a number, in fact.

Referring to Morgan's command as I remember it, the organization was unique. There were no brigades or divisions in its make-up; it was always called "Morgan's Command," and the units of the organization were regiments. None of

the regiments were referred to by number, but always by the name of the colonel commanding. And Gen. John H. Morgan was captain of the whole squad.

When General Morgan's command was at its maximum strength, it was composed of the regiments of Breckinridge, Chenault, Cluke, Duke, Gano, Grigsby, Johnson, Smith, and Ward. All were Kentucky regiments except Ward's, which was a Tennessee regiment.

Morgan's troopers were mostly full-blooded young fellows; and while they realized that they could not all be officers, they were in fact most of them commanders in spirit, and therefore did not stand for too much authority, although they were as a general rule obedient and dutiful if the discipline was applied in moderation. As an example of their independent character, I will mention Company K of Breckinridge's Regiment. K was the tenth company and smallest in the regiment, with about thirty men. They elected but one officer, and that one their captain, Jim Newt Frazier; lieutenants were superfluous, they said.

The other nine companies in the regiment were larger, and each had its full complement of officers, yet I remember that some of the men in the larger companies complained of there being too many commanders and thought that at least two lieutenants might be dispensed with, thereby adding two more good men to the ranks.

When General Morgan returned to Tennessee from the Kentucky raid, early in January, 1863, he found General Bragg's army at Tullahoma and General Rosecrans's army in possession of the ground between Murfreesboro and Nashville. General Morgan began operating at once on the right of General Bragg's army.

If I were to say Morgan took position on the right of Bragg, I would misstate the fact, for the reason that Morgan's command seldom took position. It was always too busy. Therefore I state it correctly when I say he dashed in on the right of General Bragg's army. Dividing his force, he placed three regiments at McMinnville, three at Woodbury, and three—Breckinridge, Johnson, and Ward—were sent to Liberty, and through those three bases his command continued throughout the winter and spring of 1863 to dash in and out over the field between Murfreesboro and Nashville.

My best remembered raid with a small body of men was known in our camp as the Lavergne Scout. There were about fifty men in the party, led by Maj. John P. Austin, with Capt. William Roberts second in command. We left Liberty on a cold morning in January. Our destination was the Hermitage, twelve miles from Nashville, and our object the capture of a squad of Federal couriers who were stationed there.

By avoiding the main traveled roads and passing between Lebanon and Baird's Mill, where Federal troops were posted, we managed with the assistance of guides to reach the Hermitage about midnight. The couriers had left before we arrived. Learning they had gone in the direction of Lavergne, we followed them.

Lavergne is on the railroad midway between Nashville and Murfreesboro, the main line of communication at that time of Rosecrans's army. On the road that night, between the Hermitage and Lavergne, Comrade Renfro's horse gave out; his misfortune forced him to swap for a horse in a farmer's stable.

In the trade he took a mare with a mule colt and left the colt; then it was our trouble began. The cry of the mule and the answer of the dam alarmed the couriers at Lavergne, and they prepared to receive us. We arrived at Lavergne before daylight and found the boys in a log cabin. Without firing a shot we demanded their surrender. They replied with a volley. Finding we could not dislodge them by firing at one side of the house, we surrounded it and began shooting at all sides, when they immediately ceased firing and surrendered. When they came out, we could count only thirteen; but from the number of shots they fired we supposed there were a hundred of them. We were deceived in the number by the gun they used, an arm that we had never seen before. It had a revolving cylinder like that of an army pistol and a barrel the length of a carbine and shot five times. We brought the couriers away with us on our horses and returned to camp at Liberty without the loss of a man.

Liberty, Tenn., is a village situated at the base of Snow's Hill, fifty miles due east of Nashville. Rome would have been a better name for the town, as it seemed that all the pikes and dirt roads in Tennessee led to Liberty. The three regiments of Breckinridge, Johnson, and Ward established their camps at the junction of three main roads close to each other. Ward guarded the Cumberland River road, Johnson the Murfreesboro road, and Breckinridge the Lebanon and Nashville road; so that whenever an alarm was sent in, all three bugles gave notice of it in concert, and in that way we were never surprised, but were always warned in time to prepare for an advance or retreat, as the exigency required.

Somewhere on the road between Liberty and the Cumberland River there lived at that time a Col. Bill Stokes, an officer of some note, of whom we heard a good deal in time of the war. Colonel Stokes commanded a regiment of the East Tennesseeans in the Union army. It was Colonel Ward's ambition, as well as that of his men, who were also Tennesseeans, to capture Colonel Stokes, and they made diligent search for him, and at the same time guarded his house closely with the expectation of finding Colonel Stokes at home.

While in camp at Liberty that winter we became used to war's alarms. I remember one morning about two o'clock, while the cold rain was pouring down, Cooper, the bugler, gave the boots and saddle call quick and lively. At the same time Johnson's pickets were hotly engaged on the Murfreesboro Pike. Whether it was the bugle call or the popping of the guns that inspired the boys, I am unable to say; but I remember they were unusually prankish that morning in spite of the rain, as we hurriedly formed to count off for horse holders.

We went forward briskly toward the sound of the guns, and continued to go until we reached the town of Milton. There we found General Morgan with a part of his force in battle with the Federal infantry. When he arrived, two batteries were engaged in a duel. As soon as our regiment put in its appearance the Federal battery began firing at our column. The aim was too low, as the shot and shell struck the ground and decayed logs and stumps, scattering dirt and débris in our faces. One shell stopped at our feet, still smoking. Comrade Judge emptied his canteen of water on it, extinguishing the fuse. We dismounted and entered a cedar thicket, the ground being covered with large rock, which sheltered us from bullets. When the battle ceased, we withdrew, bringing the dead and wounded away, all that we could find, on our horses, the dead tied on.

The battery removed its killed and wounded in the same way, the dead strapped on the caisson and gun carriages. In a short time after the battle of Milton General Morgan started on the ill-fated expedition into Indiana and Ohio.

HISTORY, PATRIOTISM, SYMPATHY.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY AL G. FIELD AT THE CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL SERVICES, CAMP CHASE, COLUMBUS, OHIO, JUNE 6, 1908.

Without detracting in the least from the importance of other wars or the valor of those participating in them, the wars of the American Revolution and the great War between the States of the North and South overshadow and make all other wars in which this country has been engaged appear insignificant in comparison.

History records dates and events, yet rarely enlightens as to the causes that created the events. The writings and speeches of the prominent form the basis for the historian. The voice of the general people is not heard on many momentous issues.

The American colonists when they remonstrated against the many hardships forced upon them by the mother country had no idea of rebelling—renouncing their allegiance to Great Britain. Even after the first Continental Congress convened, thousands of those colonists refused to rebel against the mother country, yet they were the most vehement in their demands for what they considered their rights.

Allegiance and loyalty have ever been dominant traits in the character of the Anglo-Saxon race; hence the stability of their institutions and their success in colonizing foreign countries. No other nation than Great Britain has successfully colonized and maintained their authority over foreign possessions. It remains to be seen what we will accomplish in the Philippine Islands.

When war cast its dark shadow over our fair country in 1861, there were thousands of men in the Southern States who frowned on secession. Their love for their land, their devotion to the cause they advocated could not be questioned.



MR. AL G. FIELD.

They argued that the South had done more to form the union of the States than the North; and while the South must demand her rights, to secede from the Union was an abandonment of those rights.

That the South had a legal right to secede is a question that the most learned jurists have conceded.

Through Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky Unionists, as they were termed, were numerous. They were looked upon by the extremists as sympathizers with the North. General Lee was against secession, and, as he stated, only drew his sword in defense of his State. As the war became one of invasion, the people of the South became united, as did the people of the colonies in the days of the Revolution, in defense of their firesides and families.

The reader of to-day will be impressed with the similarity of the sufferings and deprivations endured by the armies of Washington and Lee, and that they were Americans is our pride. We who can remember the dark days of that war can more deeply feel the influence of these services. I remember well hearing the old folks predicting the outcome. Six or seven weeks was to end the struggle. None ever dreamed that blood would drench the land or fully realized the enormity of the war that was coming.

General Milroy, a gallant Federal officer, with his cavalry, first invaded our section of Virginia. He made his headquarters in my grandfather's house. He and my grandfather over a jug of apple-jack with honey settled the war that night in so far as they were concerned. When grandfather went to Washington and cashed his voucher for fodder furnished Milroy and his command, the war was not looked upon as such a bad proposition after all.

It was only when Jeb Stuart, an old neighbor, brought his command to our section that war assumed an aspect that was alarming. The Confederacy had not opened a treasury as yet, consequently no vouchers were cashed after their departure, although they were served more bountifully and with more graciousness than the previous visitors. They brought forth the barrel instead of the jug while Jeb was there.

Still we did not realize that the most gigantic war of Christendom was upon us. When grandfather confidentially assured General Milroy that the soldiers of the South when they invaded Philadelphia, Boston, and New York would be treated as courteously as Milroy had treated us, he was entirely sincere.

According to our way of conducting the war, we never intended battles to be fought on Virginia's soil. It was too sacred. Pennsylvania and the hated New England States were to be the battle grounds. We never realized that there was even a remote possibility of the defeat of the cause of the South. We had to leave the old home in Virginia and move to Maryland. When the Confederates forced their way into Pennsylvania and stood at the gates of the capital city of that State, we felt sure we could go back home, that the fighting was all over in Virginia, transferred to the North; but we never saw the old home again.

Two old neighbors, officers in the Confederate service, passing themselves off as horse buyers for the Union army, remained with us several days. It was only when they told of the suffering of the people of the South, of an army fighting without rations or pay, that hope began to sink within us.

Well do I remember listening with bated breath to descriptions in poetic splendor of the deeds of daring of those who fought the battles, and how we shouted in merry glee at stories of the camp fire well told! And I well remember the

days of sorrow (tenderly relieved by faith) when with slow step and solemn music we bore the mortal remains of a brave boy to his tent of clay on the sun-kissed hillside of that little burial place in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. In our sorrow then we asked: "Can the tender verdure of sentiment ever hide the furrows of sorrow turned by the pitiless plowshare of war? Can the bitter feelings of sectional hate ever be appeased? Can we ever forget our dead?"

To-day we stand together reunited by a bond of sympathy. The birds sing amid the branches of the trees as we strew the flowers of love over the little mounds of earth, and the old trees seem to bend to the younger ones to whisper of the dark days we stood under their branches with hearts bowed down praying only for vengeance. To-day with feelings softened by time, with hearts attuned to the surroundings, we feel it should be an inspiration to every American that Grant and Lee buried their animosities when they sheathed their swords at Appomattox.

The breastworks are leveled to the earth, waving fields of grain are growing on the sod once drenched with the blood of brothers. The sword has rusted in its scabbard; the cannon's mouth is the nest of the dove. It is creditable to our humanity, it is creditable to our love of country that we hold in grateful remembrance the sacrifices of that war as a priceless heritage. The bronzed veterans who bore the brunt of the battle, whether they wore the blue or the gray, in the evening of their lives cherish only admiration for those they actually faced on the field of battle. The McKinleys of the North, the Gradys of the South have spread the gospel of love and peace so effectually that to-day we know no North, we know no South. The sons of the old veterans who fought under Lee and Grant, Stonewall Jackson and Sheridan stood side by side on San Juan Hill. The battleships of Dewey and Schley were manned by those whose fathers fought each other from Bull Run to Appomattox.

My friends, it is services of this character, memorial services for the soldier dead, that have accomplished much in healing the wounds made by that war—more than all the legal enactments devised by the mind of man.

The sunny slopes of Southland's hills are dotted with little white stones marking the last resting places of the soldier dead. National cemeteries are numerous in the South. In the city of the dead, the national cemetery at Chattanooga, some years ago I witnessed a scene that will always live in my memory: men and women of the South decorating the graves of the soldiers of the North—men who had worn the Confederate gray, women who had suffered more and made greater sacrifices than those who fought the battles, men and women of the South whose hopes and fortunes were buried deeper than the shallow graves over which they strewed their flowers. Forgetting all the bitterness of the past, forgetting all the privations and humiliations of the vanquished, they only remembered that the little mound of earth on which they laid their flowers was the last resting place of an American: a son or father, husband or brother of some one in some far-away home. It is only those who have suffered bereavement that can fully appreciate the feelings such scenes awaken within us.

My friends, we are not only honoring the dead who sleep here with these services, but we are carrying consolation, hope, and sympathy to the living. Services of this character awaken sympathy in the most callous of human beings. Sympathy is the open sesame to the hearts of all of God's creatures, and most hardened indeed is he whose heart does not beat responsive to sympathy. Of a truth, all men are mystically united in a bond of sympathy.

Sympathy strikes the electric chain with which we are bound and encircles the world. Sympathy rules the world. The human heart finds shelter nowhere but in humankind; the craving for sympathy is the common boundary line between joy and sorrow. We pine for kindred natures to mingle with ours, to share our sorrow and rejoice in our gladness.

Sympathy is a duty. Without sympathy we cannot see the beauties of this life; without sympathy in our nature the world loses its beauties—the trees their stateliness, the skies their grandeur, the flowers their sweetness, the earth its verdure, and all nature its gladness. Without sympathy we cannot enjoy the noblest pleasures of this life. The person, the man who goes through this life without sympathy can be likened unto Moses as he stood on the mountain of Nebo with all the beauties at his feet and without power to enter into the enjoyment of them.

The man who has sympathy for his fellow-beings is like a stream of pure water that quenches the thirst and invigorates the earth. Sympathy is character in its most beautiful aspect. Sympathy is as necessary to our happiness in this world as life itself. Sympathy is charity in its noblest form.

The man with sympathy in his soul and love for his fellowman in his heart finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.

If the mute lips of those who sleep in this sacred spot could speak, sympathy would be the message sent to those who mourn them. If the closed eyes could but see, they would fully appreciate the glorious truth: "It is not to die to live in the hearts of those we leave behind."

The only death is to be forgotten.

SECOND SOUTH CAROLINA ON MARYE'S HEIGHTS.

W. A. Johnson, of Atlanta, Ga., who was second lieutenant in the 2d South Carolina Volunteers, referring to the article in the Veteran for April by James Reese, of the Edney Grays, who said that the 25th North Carolina Regiment was the only one to cross Marye's Heights, writes:

"The 2d South Carolina, under Col. John D. Kennedy, of Kershaw's Brigade, formed line of battle on top of the Heights just west of the batteries and passed down the Heights at a double-quick to the stone fence, or wall, as it is so often called. This was before the 25th North Carolina did the same thing. The South Carolinians and Georgians had repulsed a heavy assault on the stone fence when the 25th North Carolina came over the hill. Though the enemy had been repulsed, they kept up a heavy fire from a line in a depression about two hundred and fifty yards in our front and from their batteries on both sides of the river. The writer saw this regiment (and I take it that Mr. Reese has the number correct) coming down the hill on a run. The men were falling rapidly as they came; and after they got in the road, one of the men climbed back up the steep bank and pulled a wounded comrade down into the road to save him from the hailstorm of bullets coming from the enemy. This regiment came over the same point of the Heights which the 2d South Carolina had passed but a short time before.

"The colonel of this North Carolina regiment was a fine looking man, and walked up and down the road just behind his line, sword in hand and a smile on his face. He was the finest-looking man in battle that I ever saw, and seemed to be as pleased at the way we repulsed the Yankees as a baseball

fan could be over a hit and a run by his man. He was very cool, however—that is, sure game and manly.

"The writer was mixed up with Cobb's Georgians and the North Carolinians just a few feet east of the farmhouse, which was just over the fence and about in front of which Gen. T. R. R. Cobb was wounded. No one private soldier can tell all that goes on in a battle, and I add this statement to Mr. Reese's in the interest of history."

BATTLE OF WILLIAMSBURG.

BY R. C. MAY, JEFF DAVIS LEGION, A. N. V.

This battle was fought on a cloudy, drizzling Monday, April 9, 1862. Sunday, the day before, was bright and clear. Early in the morning reports of explosives at Yorktown gave warning notes of important movements being made by the army. Soon that rumbling noise made by hosts of men and animals was heard, and tramping columns of infantry, like shadows, were passing by. After all had passed, the order was given to mount, fall in, form column, and march.

Behind the slow-moving infantry we marched until two or three o'clock, when bang! whiz! flew a leaden missile over my head; and looking back, I saw a blue-coated man reloading his gun not more than one hundred yards away. I thought: "Old fellow, were I allowed to shoot, you would be numbered among the missing when called for by your comrades." He soon had his piece reloaded and leveled at my back, when the same banging, whizzing noise occurred again and at frequent intervals afterwards. I felt reassured and all tremor left my nerves when I discovered his meager ability as a marksman.

We marched for a considerable distance at an ordinary walk, while the blue-coated soldiers dogged along, firing at our column without effect until we got to the landing place on the James River. There we were told that the Yankees had possession of the road. Soon, however, a courier came to Gen. J. E. B. Stuart with the information that the way was clear. It was then darkening rapidly; the light of day was giving way to the gloom of evening as we wearily marched to the old camping ground. Here, as before stated, the rain began, and morning found us damp and cold when the bugle called to form at dawn.

As soon as it was light enough for us to see, our march was directed to the east of the town. Here the land descended toward the east. About a mile distant were our earthworks, rifle pits, and a redoubt or two constructed to command the approach from Yorktown. We looked the field over, saw no enemy, but soon discovered the woods full of them in front and to the right and left. But few of our troops could be seen, these occupying the rifle pits. Indeed, it was a pitiable sight, a phantom army opposed to an innumerable blue-coated host. But, undaunted, Maj. W. T. Martin led our column over the field in full view and open to the Yanks, when immediately they opened their battery, thereby giving us the knowledge we wanted. Soon the battery was captured by an infantry regiment, but could not be brought away. Again we marched around, again the battery opened, and again it was silenced by capture. Three times in succession was this done at intervals, our regiment marching the length of the field north and south under artillery fire not more than a half mile away.

When the sun had almost set, we were resting standing in the mud and water about one-quarter of a mile southwest from Fort Magruder when I saw a horseman turn hurriedly from a group of men, put spurs to his horse, and come toward us. When near enough for us to hear his voice, he gave the order to charge cavalry—"Charge, the day is ours!" So here began the first regimental cavalry charge made by the Army of Northern Virginia unless the 4th Virginia Cavalry, under command of Colonel Wickham, beat us by a few minutes. My impression is that we charged first and stood in column of fours, with left flank to the enemy (Hancock's Division); while the 2d Florida Infantry marched under our cover, formed line of battle at the head of our column, then advanced and were repulsed, again using our cover for retreat; while John Pelham fired two of his Howitzers almost as rapidly as one can fire one of the old Colt's repeaters. When the 2d Florida got in a safe place, we then followed, night soon throwing a mantle of obscurity over the battered spirits of the men. Our casualty was two men and horses hit, but not seriously hurt. Thus the battle ended.

Tuesday morning found us early on the field hurrying the stragglers off, clearing the field, and covering the retreat of Gen. J. E. Johnston. This fight was conducted under the command of Gen. James Longstreet, and leisurely did we march away from a field which we held Sunday night, Monday and night, and could have held against the concentrated efforts of General McClellan's hosts. We were not forced from this field, as some one has stated, but took our time to march away. I was the last man in the regiment.

I often wished during those days that I was somewhere else, but now I am proud that I was there.

BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.

BY ISAAC G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

The battle of the Wilderness commenced forty-four years ago, and there were several days of fighting before General Grant became convinced that he could do nothing there and made an effort to swing his left wing and take up a position between Lee's army and Richmond. Every soldier in the army knew that when the campaign opened in the spring we would have to meet overwhelming numbers, some of whom were fresh from the West, who boasted that they had never turned their backs on an enemy, and led by a man who had shown himself ever ready in defeat to try new plans and who was provided with everything necessary to insure success. We were conscious also of our own weakness and of our lack of men and equipment. We were informed that Grant would assume the offensive in the spring with two hundred thousand men, while we knew that we could not oppose him with more than one-third that number.

The outlook offered little reason to hope for victory; but we were inspired with resolution, as we were fighting for our country. We remembered how we had before met and defeated the great odds against us, and that our noble old general was still in command. General Lee, contrary to his custom in 1862 and 1863, placed his divisions some distance back from the Rapidan, and had only weak cavalry pickets stationed at the ford to observe the enemy's movements and to report to him when they should make their first attempt to cross. Between our army and the river was a strip of thickly wooded country called "The Wilderness." This was General Lee's trap set for his opponent, and he rightly judged that he would walk into it. He felt sure that he could maneuver his small army better in this dense forest and that the superior artillery of the enemy would be of very little advantage to them.

General Grant was slow to begin operations. No doubt his reason was to give the ground time to harden, so that he would not be deterred from action. On the 4th of May he

marched his army down to the fords and drove off the Confederate cavalry pickets. These immediately conveyed the news to General Lee's headquarters and the general commanding the nearest divisions. The Federal army soon crossed the narrow strip of open country intervening and entered the woods. They were met by the advance divisions of the Confederates, and a sharp battle began.

Here the writer must relate those things which fell under his own observation. Our brigade (Gen. John B. Gordon's) spent the winter in camp a few miles from where the battle began. The evening before orders were issued to move. We marched off very leisurely toward the battlefield, and could occasionally hear the distant sound of small arms. At dark we bivouacked, and early in the morning resumed our march in the same direction, following an old road. We had not gone very far when our military band came marching back, and we knew from this infallible sign that the enemy was near. Looking ahead, we saw the head of our column marching out into the woods at a right angle with the road. The brigade was soon formed in line on the right and left of the road. On our right General Rodes's Division was now having a hot time.

We stood a moment waiting orders to advance, when we saw General Gordon riding from the left to the right of the brigade. He had his hat in his hand and talked to each regiment as he passed. As he rode in front of our regiment (31st Georgia) he said: "We have always driven the enemy, but to-day we will scatter them like leaves before the winds." He told us to be careful as we advanced through the thick woods, to maintain our line, and not to crowd each other on the right or left. When he saw that his men were about to sanction his advice with a yell, he told them to keep silent until they struck the enemy, and then to give the Rebel yell and press them.

The spirits of the men were so much wrought up that every officer and soldier repeated his order to advance. We could see nothing in front for the thick woods and smoke, and must have gone three hundred yards before we encountered the advance line of the enemy. Our men poured a deadly volley into this and charged them with a shout that scattered them in great confusion. They fell back on their second line, some distance in the rear, with our men only a few feet in the rear. This second line also fled, with our yelling men in hot pursuit. Hundreds threw down their arms and surrendered. So great was the number that fell into our hands that our ranks were much reduced by those who carried prisoners to the rear. The rest who remained continued to press the fleeing enemy until they came to the reserves. These were now reënforced by a multitude of refugees, and as our men rushed into their line they gave us a warm reception.

Although now outnumbered perhaps twenty to one, our men continued to advance step by step and from tree to tree until the enemy fled and left us in possession of the field. Among the dead and wounded lying in our front were a full set of silver cornet band instruments. These were taken and used until the close of the war by our regimental band.

Night now came on, and we found that we had penetrated so far into the enemy's line that we were in danger of being captured. We were detached in the thick woods from the rest of the brigade. Our colonel (C. A. Evans) finally piloted us to the other regiments. They told us with great enthusiasm that this was the greatest battle our brigade had ever fought. They claimed that we had taken two thousand five hundred prisoners, one full regiment and its colonel. I cannot vouch for the number of prisoners, as our regiment was detached almost immediately to assist Hays's Louisiana Brigade, which was holding some breastworks to our left. This was indeed a great battle, as was that fought the next day, of which I may write at some time in the future.

RESPITE FROM HARD SERVICE.

Miss Rowe Webster, of Nashville, gives reminiscences:

"Shortly after the battle of Fort Donelson several soldiers came to our house (Beechwood), near Wartrace, the home of Col. Andrew Erwin, who had married my sister. His home was headquarters for the Tennessee army, and Mrs. Erwin was a Florence Nightingale to the soldiers, giving them all she had, nursing the sick, and sending them on to their commands as soon as able. Until just before the battle of Murfreesboro there was a lull in hostilities, and for six months General Hardee's Corps, Cleburne's Division, and John C. Brown's Brigade were encamped within our grounds. This seemed to be a time of peace, and many social pleasures were indulged in. We were thrown more or less with all the officials of the Army of Tennessee. When the battle of Murfreesboro began, we could hear the firing as distinctly as if in our yard, although it was twenty-five miles away.

"As Lieutenant General Hardee's 'Tactics' were used throughout the Confederate army, having had a finished course at West Point, and he such a brave man and thorough soldier, it seemed very strange that this distinguished man was not mentioned during our Reunion at Nashville in 1897, while many more less noted were named conspicuously. There was not a kinder man to his soldiers than General Hardee, and he was in as many hard-fought battles as any officer in the army.

"Among our distinguished guests was a young Englishman who belonged to the Coldstream Guards, attached to the Queen's palace. He came to examine into American warfare, and was so pleased with the Southern people that he wrote a book called 'Six Months in the Confederate States.' He gave us a copy, but it was lost in changing our location."

[Miss Webster has since died. She was a beloved woman.]

An ex-Confederate writes the Nashville *American* in the same spirit as Miss Webster's paper: "I have often wondered why it is that we see in the papers so little about the gallant Gen. W. J. Hardee. In looking over the pictures of the Confederate generals, published in the papers lately, his is conspicuous by its absence. You hardly ever see it anywhere. Just why this is, is beyond my comprehension. He was identified with the Army of Tennessee from first to last. The writer was mustered into service by General Hardee in Little Rock, Ark., in July, 1861, and came with his command to Bowling Green, Ky., that winter; left there under him and came to Nashville, reaching here the day Fort Donelson fell, and was under him through all the fortunes of the Army of Tennessee until the surrender. He was ever on hand, and no better general officer did the Confederacy have than he, and none more fully possessed the confidence of his troops. Nor was there a murmur as to his efficiency or his gallantry. His post was always the one of responsibility; and wherever Hardee was, that part of the line was regarded safe. He never lost a battle and his part of the field was never beaten. He sometimes had to yield to overwhelming numbers or retreat because some other part of the lines gave way, but he was never routed. Let us not fail to remember and honor his memory as it should be. He deserves all that can be said of him."

REMINISCENCES OF MURFREESBORO.

BY COL. W. D. PICKETT, ASSISTANT INSPECTOR GENERAL TO LIEUTENANT GENERAL HARDEE.

A sketch of army movement preceding this great battle seems advisable and admissible. After the battle of Shiloh, the Confederate army engaged in that bloody contest fell back in good order to Corinth, a point of great strategic importance, and was soon covered by field fortifications. The Federal army, now under command of Major General Halleck, after reënforcing to an effective force of about 100,000 muskets, cautiously approached and confronted the Confederate force under Beauregard, now reënforced by the troops under General Van Dorn and General Price from the Trans-Mississippi Department.

About May 25 heavy skirmishing between the two armies began, and a battle was planned which, if fought, has always been believed would have been a success. General Van Dorn's Corps was on the extreme right of the Confederate position. He reconnoitered the flank and rear of the Federal lines and suggested, it was understood, that a sufficient force should turn the Federal left and attack in flank and rear, and at the proper time the rest of the army should in concert assault the Federal lines in front. This plan was finally decided on, and General Hardee's Corps was to make a night march, reenforce Van Dorn, and the combined force was to make an early attack, and was early on the ground ready for action. There was no indication that the Federals were aware of the movements. Everything was ready for the advance when it was suddenly announced that the projected attack had been abandoned, and Hardee's Corps was returned to its intrenchments. The reason given for the abandonment of the attack was that General Van Dorn, on further reconnoissance, thought the artillery could not be moved forward on account of marshy ground and other impediments.

On May 30, 1862, the Confederate force under General Beauregard evacuated their fortified lines at Corinth and retired in good order with all the artillery, sick, and wounded to the vicinity of Tupelo, Miss. On June 27 General Bragg succeeded to the command of the Army of Tennessee at Tupelo, General Beauregard being relieved at his own request on account of impaired health. Some time was spent around Tupelo in the reorganization, instruction, and drill of his army by General Bragg, resulting in great betterment to its morale, drill, and general efficiency.

Then commenced the movement preparatory to the Kentucky campaign. The strategic reason for that movement it is unnecessary to discuss. The infantry was transferred by rail to Chattanooga, Tenn. The artillery marched to Rome, Ga., thence by rail to Chattanooga.

On August 27 the Army of Tennessee, under General Bragg, crossed the Tennessee River with an effective force of 27,000 men, artillery, and infantry (these figures were given out at that time), arranged into two corps of two divisions each—one, Cheatham's and Withers's Divisions, under Major General Polk; the other corps consisting of Buckner's and Anderson's Divisions, under command of Maj. Gen. W. J. Hardee.

The route of the army was across Walden's Ridge, thence up the Sequatchie Valley, thence over the Cumberland range of mountains to Sparta, Tenn., thence through Glasgow, Cave City to Munfordville, Ky., where the first opposition was encountered.

As soon as General Bragg's objective was made evident General Buell, then in command of the Federal army, rapidly concentrated his army, leaving only a garrison at Nashville, Tenn. By a rapid march he followed along the Louisville and Nashville Pike, his advance being at Bowling Green, Ky., about the time Bragg's army reached Munfordville, on September 14, 1862.

Coöperating with General Bragg's advance into Kentucky, Gen. E. Kirby Smith, with about thirteen thousand men when concentrated, moved from Knoxville, Tenn., on August 14, crossing the Cumberland Range by Rogers Gap (Cumberland Gap being then in possession of the Federals) and thence in the direction of Richmond and Central Kentucky.

After a slight resistance, the Federal forces at Munfordville, under Colonel Wilder, capitulated, and its garrison of about four thousand men surrendered and were paroled and sent back to join Buell's army, rapidly approaching. The Confederate army crossed Green River on the evening of the capitulation, September 16, thence by the Louisville Pike, turning off at the Hodgenville Pike and through that village to Bardstown, Ky., leaving the Louisville Turnpike open to Buell's rapidly advancing army. General Bragg's army made a halt of about ten days at Bardstown, resting his tired troops and awaiting developments of the enemies' movements. Buell's advance skirmished with Bragg's rear guard at Green River bridge, crossing that stream the next morning, thence on to Louisville, leaving Bragg's army on his right flank, determining to supply his army at Louisville with all necessaries, reorganize it, and to await reënforcements before renewing the campaign.

In the meantime Gen. Kirby Smith pressed on through London, Ky., toward Richmond, near which point he encountered and routed a considerable force on August 30 under General Manson (variously estimated at from seven to sixteen thousand men, Kirby Smith's force, on account of the absence of Heth's Division, being about seven thousand men). This victory resulted in the capture of about forty-three hundred prisoners, five thousand small arms, and twelve pieces of artillery. This success enabled General Smith to occupy Lexington and all Central Kentucky, rich in supplies of all kinds. In the meantime General Buell had been recruiting his army and furnishing it with all necessary supplies needed for an offensive campaign, and on October 2, 1862, with his whole army of one hundred and eight thousand men, moved from Louisville in the direction of Bragg's army at Bardstown. Bragg's army retired slowly in the direction of Perryville, a small village ten miles from Harrodsburg. Buell made demonstrations at first, as if Frankfort and Lawrenceburg were his objective. Kirby Smith's force was moved to Lawrenceburg to meet this threatened movement. This demonstration caused Bragg, at Smith's urgent request, to detach Withers's Division of Polk's Corps to a point between Perryville and Smith's position. In a few days the movements of the Federal army convinced Bragg that Perryville, and not Lawrenceburg, was his objective point. He accordingly determined to offer battle on a line in front of that village, ordering General Withers's Division to rejoin his corps at Perryville at once. The clash came on October 8; but only Anderson's and Buckner's Divisions of Hardee's Corps and Cheatham's Division of Polk's Corps took part in the engagement, a force of only about sixteen thousand men. Withers's Division did not reach the field in time to participate in this hard-fought battle, lasting from about ten o'clock in the morning until darkness separated them.

The Federals were driven from the fields; the Confederates

occupying the battlefield until eleven o'clock at night, when they withdrew in the direction of Harrodsburg with a loss of about 3,200 men, killed and wounded. The Confederate forces engaged in that battle were about sixteen thousand men. General Bragg blamed General Withers, a highly meritorious officer, so much for dilatoriness that he was placed under arrest, and remained so until about the time of the battle of Murfreesboro. On the other hand, it is claimed that General McCook, who commanded the advance corps of Buell's army, brought on the engagement prematurely, before the Federal army was concentrated. Had Bragg's army been united with Smith's Division, the probabilities are that the army of that splendid gentleman and able soldier, Don Carlos Buell, would have been worsted, as the Confederate army was never in better trim for battle.

The Federal army was so much superior in strength and the Confederate army was so far removed from its base of supplies that prudence required it should retire from Kentucky. As Cumberland Gap had been evacuated by the Federal force of 8,000 men, the way was now clear for Bragg's army to retire. Accordingly he conducted his army through Harrodsburg, Camp Dick Robison, Crab Orchard, London, Barboursville, and Cumberland Gap to Knoxville, Tenn., reaching the latter place without anything of note retarding its progress.

The entire Confederate army was then transferred by rail to the vicinity of Murfreesboro and Shelbyville, Polk's Corps occupying the former place and Hardee's Corps the latter place. In a few weeks Hardee's Corps was advanced to a point on the Shelbyville and Nashville Pike, near to Eagleville, so as to be within supporting distance of the other corps at Murfreesboro.

During the foregoing movement the Army of the Cumberland (Federal) had been gradually transferred by marching and rail to the vicinity of Nashville, Tenn. General Buell had been relieved of the command, and Gen. W. S. Rosecrans had succeeded to the command.

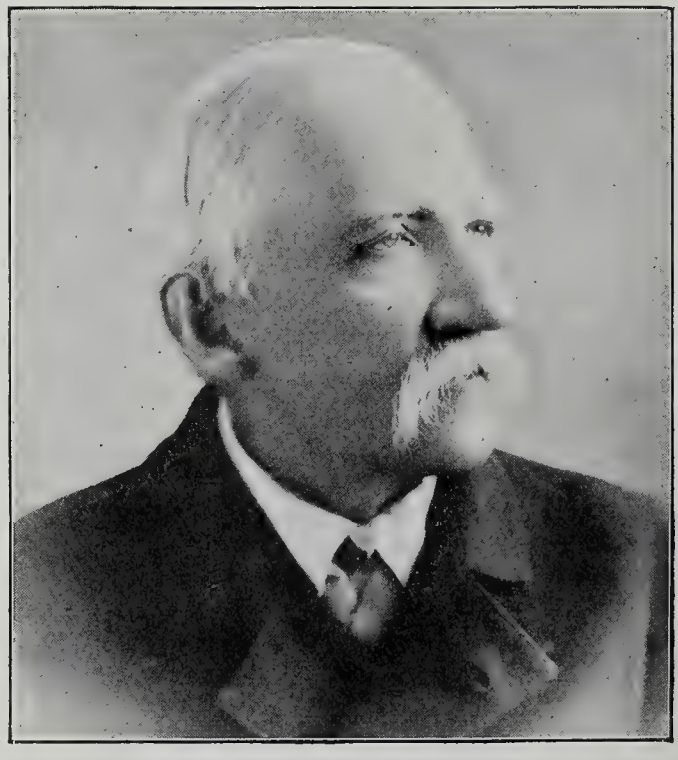
I have deemed it best, thus much, to give a condensed sketch of the operations of the Army of Tennessee, under Bragg, from the date of the battle of Shiloh to about December 1, 1862, in order to make more intelligible the events following.

After a week or ten days of rest near Eagleville, during which time Hardee's headquarters were in that vicinity, Bragg and Hardee became very anxious in regard to the advance of Rosecrans's army. This uneasiness had been increased by the result of a reconnoissance made by myself and General Wharton, commanding the cavalry outpost. This reconnoissance and the information gained caused Hardee to move his temporary headquarters to a farmhouse within one mile in the rear of the cavalry's outpost headquarters. In a few days it became necessary to know more definitely of the enemy's intentions, in order to give time for Hardee's Corps to concentrate at Murfreesboro or wherever battle was to be delivered.

About December 27 General Hardee, after emphasizing the importance of definite information, directed me at once to make a night reconnoissance at a proper hour and find out something certain as to the movements of the enemy. About nine o'clock I proceeded to the outpost, that night in charge of Col. Tom Harrison (then in command of the 8th Texas Cavalry, one of the crack cavalry regiments of the army), who, upon being told the object of my calling, said he would go with me, as he was pretty familiar with the ground. The night was dark and stormy, a drizzling rain falling, but altogether it was a favorable night for the work in hand. In order not to disturb the enemy's pickets, we made a detour to the left through a brushy woods for about one mile, and emerged onto a timbered ridge that overlooked the valley of Triune Creek, a little below the small village of Triune. Down the mountain side about one hundred and fifty yards was a faint flicker of the camp fires of the enemy's picket line, so that we were about as close as it was desirable to be. Selecting a point giving a clear view of the valley, a panorama was before us that dispelled all doubts of the enemy's intentions. The whole valley was lighted by the enemy's camp fires. Farmers' fence rails must have been abundant; for though it was ten or eleven o'clock at night, the camp fires were still burning brilliantly. The camp before us was of at least a division of infantry, and down the valley was the reflection of other camp fires. The advance of the Federal army had commenced, and this was the camp of the advance division.

After viewing in silence this notable panorama, we simultaneously came to the same conclusion that the enemy meant business, and that the clash between those gallant armies was near at hand. I sent General Hardee a dispatch to that effect, and that the time for the concentration of his corps on Murfreesboro should not be long delayed. After viewing the scene awhile longer, I returned and reached temporary headquarters about midnight and found that orders had already been sent out for the movement of Hardee's Corps on Murfreesboro.

I remained with Wharton's outpost until about noon the next day. The enemy's infantry was early on the move, advancing in line of battle, or at least with apparently a double line of skirmishers, this in spite of the drizzly, misty, rainy day. Wharton's Cavalry Brigade was driven back so vigorously that on the summit of the divide between the houses of Messrs. Perkins and John S. Claybrook on the pike their skirmishers, under cover of a misty fog, came up within one hundred yards of the cavalry's line before being discovered. The vigor and rapidity of their advance showed unmistakable business.



COL. W. D. PICKETT.

It was unnecessary to stop longer with the outpost under the circumstances. A start was at once made to join Corps Headquarters at Murfreesboro, with a drizzling rain continuing all day. Having lost much sleep in the last twenty-four hours; and knowing I would need all my physical resources in the approaching battle, after reporting the latest information by courier, I stopped at a farmhouse, had a good sleep, and reached Murfreesboro in the forenoon of December 30.

Our army had already been formed for battle in front of Murfreesboro. Originally, before the enemy had developed his plan of battle, Hardee's Corps, consisting of Breckinridge's and Cleburne's Divisions, were in line of battle to the right of Stone River; Polk's Corps (Cheatham's and Withers's Divisions) were formed to the left of that stream, the Nashville and Murfreesboro Pike passing through the right division of the corps. General Rosecrans had made a rapid concentration of his forces by various turnpikes leading to Murfreesboro and massed a large force under General McCook on the extension of the left of the Confederate army. That caused a rapid movement of Cleburne's Division from the right of the army to the left of Polk's Corps, leaving Breckinridge's Division on the right of Stone River. General Hardee was given McCown's Division supported by Cleburne. On this formation the battle of December 31 was fought; Hardee in command of the Confederate left wing.

Bragg's plan of battle was for Hardee's Corps to make a dash at daylight on the Federal's right wing under McCook. The entire army as it advanced was to swing to the right with the right of Polk's Corps on Stone River acting as a pivot and double back the right of the Federal army on the Nashville Turnpike, their line of retreat. It was learned afterwards that General Rosecrans had determined on a similar attack—that is, to send a large force across Stone River and make a strong attack on the Confederates' right and rear, believing that movement would cause a weakening of the Confederates' left. This movement was well planned, for had a force of ten thousand or fifteen thousand men been moved across Stone River at daylight and made a vigorous and successful attack on Breckinridge's Division of five thousand men through open country for artillery, Murfreesboro would have been in his grasp and defeat might have been the fate of Bragg's army. Rosecrans's army was so much superior to his opponent that he could have vigorously attacked Bragg's left and prevented him from reënforcing his right.

General Hardee was on the ground before daylight, and with his accustomed energy and ability superintended the opening of the battle. Fortunately for the opposing force, the Federal army did not awake quite early enough; for while their army were getting ready for an attack on the Confederate right, McCown, supported by Cleburne, at crack of day in misty, drizzling weather made one of his accustomed dashes on the Federal right, and surprised and ran over the opposing brigade, capturing a battery and a large number of prisoners. The attack was taken up by Cheatham's and Withers's Divisions, and soon the entire army on the left of Stone River were engaged. The enemy's lines were so vigorously pressed back that Rosecrans saw at once that his entire right flank was endangered, and the troops intended for the crossing of Stone River and attack on Breckinridge were hurriedly moved to his right flank. These reënforcements came too late, however, for the onslaught of the Confederate forces was such that the Federal forces were forced back after hard fighting until their right and right center were doubled back on their left wing and left center to an angle about ninety degrees—almost back to the Nashville and Murfreesboro Turnpike, their line of retreat. The battlefield was a succession of cedar thickets and of cultivated fields. The cedar thickets afforded good cover against the attacking force, and were stubbornly defended, as the number of killed and wounded in their front attested. Around a captured battery there were some twenty dead bodies of Federals lying so close that you could have stepped from one to the other. In this case the Confederates had approached under cover of open woods and were then at short range.

The plan of battle as determined on by Bragg was to swing on the right as a pivot. The outside brigades in cases of success, in following up their fleeing opponents, are apt to fly off at a tangent. This plan was ordered at Shiloh. The Confederates were to swing around on their left as a pivot and press the enemy against Lick Creek. This plan was not and could not be carried out in practice on the field. In this battle the different brigades of Hardee's Corps were somewhat out of position and scattered from this cause, and it required some time to concentrate and organize in proper shape for a renewal of the attack.

Up to this time, three o'clock, the enemy's right had been forced back about three miles. The Confederates' victorious forces in double-quicking, charging, loading and firing, and cheering, were a good deal exhausted. By the time the Confederate force had been concentrated in good shape for the advance, the Federal lines in front had been heavily reënforced from their left and partially fortified. On account of the strong position of the enemy and the unquestioned heavy reenforcements, together with the exhausted and depleted condition of his own forces, General Hardee did not think it prudent to renew the attack without reënforcements. Had there been a good and fresh division at hand to be hurled on the Federal lines while it was in the rearward move, giving the time for Hardee to reline his own forces, the Federal right would have been driven back to the Nashville Pike or Stone River, resulting in the rout of the Federal army and the capture of a large part of his artillery and wagon train.

This brings up the great mistake, on the eve of a great battle, of sending most of the cavalry in the enemy's rear to capture the enemy's wagon train. In the present case all of Wheeler's cavalry of 3,000 men were sent to the rear of Rosecrans's army, and did effective service in destroying many wagons; but had such a force dismounted been hurled at the enemy's right flank at a critical time, it might have brought about the great success above alluded to. First win the battle, and the enemy's wagon trains fall into your hands. The need of these reënforcements caused the job to be half finished, as it was at the battle of Shiloh.

As it was to be expected, there was great rejoicing in the army and throughout the South on the result of the first day's fight at Murfreesboro (December 31), as well there might be. The right wing and right center of a superior army in men and artillery had been forced back for about three miles and double-backed on its center and left wing.

At this time during a cessation of the fighting General Hardee directed me to parole all prisoners that were not dangerously wounded at a large Federal field hospital on the Wilkinson Pike (located in and around the Griscom House) that had been swept over by the Confederate lines, four or five officers being assigned me to assist. There appeared to be about one

thousand wounded in the house upstairs and downstairs, in outhouses, and on the grass surrounding the house. When the gruesome job was finished, the lists were inclosed to the inspector general of the army, Colonel Beard, who reported the number about six hundred officers and men. These wounded were in the various stages of vitality—from the slightly wounded, who were usually cheerful and talkative, to the mortally wounded. There was no groaning, according to the novelist. In fact, the writer passed over several hotly contested battlefields, and at no time ever heard a groan, much less the "shrieks and moans of the dying" so bravely described by the "yellow-back" novelists.

During this time the Federal litter bearers brought in the body of an officer (which was laid on the grass outside the house) clothed in a somewhat worn undress uniform without insignia of rank. He was of slight build, rather thin-visaged face, full sandy whiskers. The wound was from a Minie ball just below the cheek bone, the blood from which had slightly flowed down on his whiskers. His features were in perfect repose. His whole appearance impressed me as of no ordinary man. It was the body of Brig. Gen. Joshua Sill, of the "Regulars," from whom afterwards was named one of the most important posts on the Southwest frontier, Fort Sill.

It was evidently anticipated at army headquarters that Rosecrans would evacuate his position the night of the 31st. Daylight showed he had not. It was hoped that during the day and night of January 31 the evacuation of the enemy's lines would have been made. The plans were being considered on January 1 as to how he could be forced to this alternative if by the morning of January 2, 1863, he had not done so. The morning of that day dawned with the enemies standing firm and determined to await another attack.

On the 2d of January General Hardee, with myself, passed along the Confederate position to the crossing of Stone River, and there met Gen. Leonidas Polk alone. While a private conversation was had between the two, the party had crossed the river, and very soon were met by Gen. J. C. Breckinridge. Whether this was a preconcerted meeting, it never transpired. During this time it appeared to be the design of these officers to make a reconnoisance with a view to a movement on the Federal left flank, as it was to be expected that he had a force on that side of the river to guard it. Before much had been accomplished in the reconnoisance a staff officer overtook General Polk and informed him he was needed on his lines. After proceeding a short distance, General Hardee was recalled hurriedly to his line by a staff officer. Turning to General Breckinridge, he said: "I must return, but will leave Pickett here to represent me." So Breckinridge and myself and certain of his staff officers moved forward through open timber to the picket line, that day in charge of Capt. Joel Higgins, of the 2d Kentucky Regiment of Hanson's Brigade, one of the best soldiers that Kentucky furnished the South. Just on the picket line was a two-story farmhouse occupied as a picket post.

There was some desultory picket-firing going on, not enough to interfere materially with the reconnoisance. In front of this farmhouse was an open cultivated field extending in front four or five hundred yards and extending about the same distance in width back from the river. On that side of the field it was bordered by an open woods, under cover of which afterwards Breckinridge formed his division for the attack. On the far side of the field from the picket post was a slight prominence or hill, immediately on the left flank of the Federal army, extending from Stone River back about the length of a brigade front. This hill or prominence was on the left flank of the Federal army, which, could it be taken and held by the Confederate forces, would necessitate the evacuation of the Federal position or otherwise force a general engagement. The reconnoisance showed there were no troops of any kind in sight, though the hill was of sufficient prominence to hide from view a considerable force. The fact that a picket line was in front, and the apparent importance of the position from a strategic point of view, was *prima facie* evidence of such a force being ready to defend it. After the Federal position had been thoroughly reconnoitered, a message came from General Bragg for General Breckinridge to report at his temporary headquarters, a few hundred yards in the rear on the river bank. My impression is that General Bragg had already determined to make the attack, as he at once commenced explaining the order of attack. Prefacing his orders with the remark that as his division had not been much engaged in the battle of December 31, it had been selected for this important movement. These remarks did not appear to me at the time to be made in any invidious or critical sense, as afterwards charged. Bragg's orders to Breckinridge were that a vigorous attack on the position just reconnoitered should be carried, held, and strongly fortified, having in view positions for four field batteries. Besides three batteries from his own division, he had been assigned Captain Robinson's Battery of Napoleons from Polk's Corps. The hour of attack was to be about four o'clock, the signal being a discharge of four pieces of artillery in quick succession. The impression appeared to be that with an attack at that hour, if successful, the enemy would not attempt to retake it that night, giving ample time to fortify. The balance of the army at the signal were to make demonstrations with artillery and otherwise along the whole front. These instructions were given in my hearing at about noon on January 2. Breckinridge began at once to make the necessary preparations for carrying out the order of battle.

My instructions from General Hardee did not extend immediately beyond the reconnoissance of this position; but on my expressing to Breckinridge a wish to see the movement through, he promptly acquiesced, and gave me temporary assignment on his staff. General Breckinridge took advantage of the cover afforded by the strip of woods heretofore described, which fronted the position which was the object of the attack and was on the edge of the open field through which the charge was to be made. At his orders I formed the two right brigades, Pillow (in command of Palmer's Brigade) in front, supported by W. C. Preston's Brigade in the second line. On the left of Pillow was Hanson's Kentucky Brigade, supported by Adams's Louisiana Brigade, that day commanded by Col. Randall Gibson. The four batteries of artillery were in the rear at a proper interval, and were to go into action at the proper time. Everything was apparently well screened from the view of the enemy, ready for the signal guns to move forward.

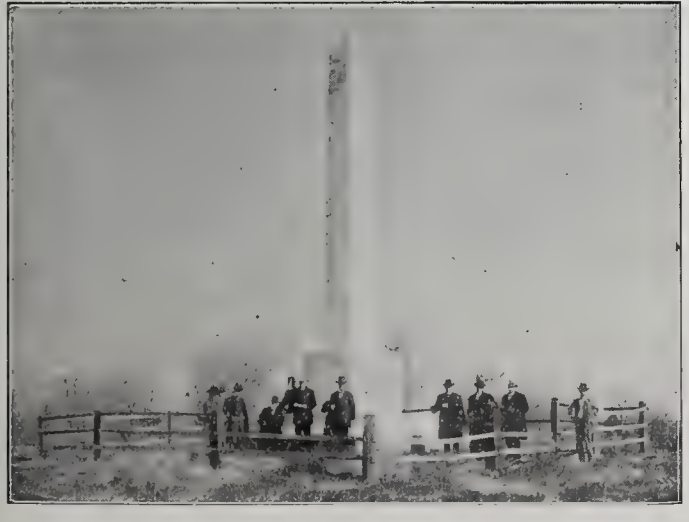
Let us take a glance now at the position of the forces of the Federals on the opposite side. My information comes from Col. W. R. Milward, of Lexington, Ky., who was then captain of the 21st Kentucky (Federal) Infantry, whose recollection is distinct on the events of that day, and who is in every way a reliable gentleman. He says that position was defended by Van Cleve's Division of three brigades—Price's Brigade, Fiffe's Brigade, and another brigade formed in three

lines, brigade front—his brigade being on the right of the battle line, the right of the brigade resting on Stone River and extending at brigade front from that stream. Major General Crittenden reports that these three brigades were supported by Grose's and Hazen's Brigades in a position hidden from view of Captain Milward. Captain Milward states that the fifty-eight pieces of artillery that played such havoc with Breckinridge's Division were stationed on a bluff on the north bank of the river, not more than three hundred yards in the rear of the position that was the object of attack. He states that most of this artillery was placed in position on the morning of the attack by Colonel Mendenhall, chief of artillery, in anticipation, as he understood, of this attack. It has been stated that Generals Bragg and Breckinridge knew of the massing of this artillery. I feel sure this statement is not correct, or it would have been mentioned during the reconnoissance of the morning, and am further of the opinion that the attack would not have been made had this fact been known.

At the expected signal, about 4 P.M. of the 2d (the discharge of four pieces of artillery), the Confederate front line, Pillow and Hanson, advanced out into the open, followed at a proper interval by the second line, Preston and Gibson. As Breckinridge, in the rear of the center of the second line, emerged from the woods, the front line had reached about the center of the field. Up to this time the enemy's artillery had not opened fire. The front line, however, was exposed to a destructive musketry fire from the infantry on the top of the ridge. About this time the whole line charged at "double-quick," "arms right shoulder shift," with the bright barrels glistening in the daylight. It was a magnificent sight, seldom seen on Western battlefields on account of so much timber.

Soon after the charge had commenced the enemy's massed artillery of fifty-eight pieces began to play, at first shooting over the heads of their own men; but it was too late to retard the onward dash of the Confederates' lines. After a fierce contest on the crest of the position, they swept over the crest and down the opposite slope, closely following the retreating Federal troops. After getting beyond the crest on to a slope next to the river, they were out of reach of this artillery fire, as it could not be so far depressed. The Federals were followed to the water's edge, as was stated by Captain Milward, of the 21st Kentucky.

One part of the order of battle was attained: the position sought had been gallantly carried. The next thing was to hold and then fortify it. By this time heavy reënforcements of infantry had arrived from the Federal right wing, that had been so far forced back on December 31 that the distance across was quickly passed. These reënforcements did not cross the river at that time, nor did they take much part in the battle.



LOCATION OF THE FIFTY-EIGHT PIECES OF ARTILLERY.
(Monument erected by the N., C. & St. L. Railway Company.)

The Confederate lines were slowly retired back to the crest of the position that had been won, and then it was that this mass of fifty-eight pieces of artillery, according to Captain Milward's recollection, got in most of its work—with a range of about three hundred yards, with a discharge (estimated by its own officer) of one hundred shells per minute (at first with canister and grape and then shrapnel shells filled with leaden bullets). It can be imagined what havoc was made in the ranks of this gallant body of soldiers. An inspection of the field, according to Captain Milward, indicated that a majority of the dead were found on the crest and on each slope of the crest. No troops could long stand firm under such a concentrated fire at short range and without protection or fortifications. The only alternative was to seek the shelter of the woods where they had been formed. An effort was made to rally them in the open by Major Graves and myself, but the continuance of this fire made it impossible. The rally was slowly made under the protection of the woods; and by the time the first reënforcements arrived, under Gen. Patten Anderson, a considerable force had been re-formed. The Federal forces, after reoccupying the ground they had been driven from an hour before, showed no indication of following up their success, and darkness closed the conflict.

This battle proved one of the most destructive of that war for the time engaged. Not exceeding one hour did the fighting last. The Confederate troops carried into action were 51,000 men (not including the 9th Kentucky, not engaged); the killed and wounded were 1,700 men. These figures were given out after the battle. I have never understood what officers suggested and urged this attack, but I am sure that neither General Breckinridge nor General Hardee favored it.

The 9th Kentucky Infantry, commanded by Col. Thomas H. Hunt, was not in the day's operation of his brigade. It was kept in the trenches on the extreme right of the Confederate army, and was exposed only to the fire of artillery. Henry M. Curd, the adjutant of that regiment, was killed by a six-pound shell. He died at the post of duty, where he would have preferred to have fallen.

There is one incident of this memorable hour's conflict that should be told. As Breckinridge in beginning the advance emerged from the woods, the front line was at full charge. Hanson's Brigade, on the left, was more in view as it passed up over a rise in the field and presented a fine sight, as at "right shoulder shift," arms "glistening in the sunlight," giving rousing cheers as they "double-quicked" up the slope. General Breckinridge could not restrain his enthusiasm. He exclaimed, pointing to the left: "Look at old Hanson!" We had proceeded along a line of fence leading in the proper direction about two-thirds the distance across the open when a halt was observed. On investigating the cause there, just over the fence was General Breckinridge kneeling by the side of a wounded man, apparently holding firmly to the artery of the leg just above the knee. The wounded man had apparently received his death wound, as it afterwards came out that a large fragment of a shell had struck the leg just above the knee. That wounded man was "old Hanson," and beside him was his bosom friend and distinguished com-

mander. During this incident the fire of these fifty-eight pieces of artillery was in full swing. Presently an officer rode up, followed by an ambulance, with tears streaming down his cheeks. It was Captain Helm, General Hanson's brother-in-law and his brigade commissary. It was a sight indelibly impressed on my memory—the dying hero, his distinguished friend and commander kneeling by his side holding back the lifeblood, his kinsman with tears of affection streaming from his eyes. All this under the fiercest fire of artillery that can be conceived made it ever memorable. This scene passed almost as quick as it takes to write it. General Hanson was promptly moved by the ambulance. Breckinridge was soon as alert and clear-headed as ever. That General Breckinridge and six or eight mounted offiers attached to his staff were not killed or wounded is attributed to the fact that the shrapnel shells fired by the enemy's artillery burst just overhead and their contents reached the ground beyond. Had the time fuses been shorter and the shells burst fifty or one hundred feet earlier, the casualties among that group of officers would have been great. As it happened, not one of these officers was hit. Furthermore, the musketry fire from the crest of the position passed about the height of a man's shoulder on horseback. For that reason, during the temporary halt at Hanson's fall, these officers dismounted. Hanson's death was a great loss to the Southern cause. He was an able, conscientious, intrepid officer. Had he lived, he would have attained high rank.

Captain Robinson, of the battery before alluded to, made an independent report to the commander in chief, which, in a humorous vein, as is understood, reflected on the conduct of this division on account of their hasty retreats after the hill was captured and that massed artillery of fifty-eight pieces had attained full swing. This report caused at that time a great deal of bad feeling between the friends of General Bragg and the friends of General Breckinridge. As far as the conduct of officers and men was concerned in that division, made up of "Kentuckians, Tennesseeans, and Louisianians," no criticism could be made. There never were troops, officers and men, that behaved with greater valor and gallantry during that trying ordeal. Under that artillery fire, with no protection from fortifications, there was nothing else to be done than to go to cover of woods as fast as possible. They were not panic-stricken, but readily rallied under the shelter of the woods. But this division needs no defense from any one, for in all the subsequent battles of that war—Chickamauga, Mission Ridge, and all the battles of the Atlanta campaign—their deeds of valor have been indelibly inscribed on the "tablets of fame."

On the 3d of January General Rosecrans had given no indications of an advance. General Wheeler, of the cavalry, however, reported that considerable reënforcements had arrived on the field. Under all the circumstances General Bragg decided to retire from his position on the morning of the 4th of January in the direction of Tullahoma. General Rosecrans gave no indications of following, and the campaign of 1862 ended by General Rosecrans's army going into winter quarters near Murfreesboro and the Confederate army near Tullahoma about thirty miles apart.

The above reminiscence, written at the request of friends, to me is one of the most stirring events of that war. The details of those events are indelibly impressed on my memory, and are substantially true.

Since the above was written this famous battlefield was during the first week of December, 1907, gone over and inspected on two separate days. As was to have been expected, the passage of forty-six years has made great changes in the landscape. Where once were woodland pastures are now cultivated fields; where once were open fields are often brushwood thickets. The woodland where Breckinridge's Division was formed preparatory to the charge on the Federal position is a cultivated field. The buildings mentioned heretofore in that vicinity have been burned. The field through which the charge was made appears as it did on the day of the battle. The fence near which the gallant Hanson fell appears to be in the same position; but the point marked on the ground where he fell is wrong, and should be within fifty feet of the fence.

Now cross over Stone's River, stand at the monument near the position occupied by that mass of fifty-eight pieces of artillery that had been located that day in anticipation of an attack, view its commanding position over the ground through which that splendid division of Kentuckians, Tennesseeans, and Louisianians made its famous charge (a position entirely hidden from view until the Federal position across the river had been carried), and it would seem a wonder that that gallant division, instead of losing only one-third of the number that went into battle, should not have been almost entirely annihilated during that three-quarters of an hour of actual fighting.

The records of war do not give an instance where troops showed greater valor or suffered greater comparative loss for the actual time of the conflict.

There were not many points of the battlefield of December 31 recognized, as it was passed over only once on the day of the battle. The Griscom House, the center of the large field hospital of the Federal wounded, was readily recognized, as was the relative position of the two turnpikes.

THE GALLANT PELHAM.

[Perhaps the last communication received from Col. James R. Randall, author of "Maryland, My Maryland," in the VETERAN office was in reference to a clipping inclosed from the paper he edited in New Orleans up to the time of his death. This clipping was a beautiful tribute to the young and gallant Pelham, the Alabama boy who won the praise of General Lee and his promotion to lieutenant colonel a month after his death. The article in question first appeared in the St. Louis Post Dispatch, the writer signing himself J. O'C.]

In the May Atlantic General Schaff continues his charming reminiscences entitled "The Spirit of Old West Point," and there is a touch of rare sentiment in what he says of John Pelham, who, he tells us, was mortally wounded near Kelly's Ford, Va., March 17, 1863: "Of all the men at West Point in my day, either as cadets or as officers, his name will possibly outlast all save Cushing's; and I have sometimes thought that the last dew will sparkle brighter on Pelham's memory. And that for two reasons: First, he was closely associated with Lee, whose towering fame, like a soft burning torch, will light the face of the Confederacy down the murky galleries of time, wooing atonement for the South at every step; and, secondly, poetry and sentiment, under some mysterious and inexorable impulse, seem loath to turn away from great displays of courage and sacrifice of life for a principle; most lovingly of all will they cherish the ashes of brilliant youth associated with failure. The romance of defeat has more vitality, I think, than the romance of victory. Like the morning-glory, it blooms freshest over ruins."

At Fredericksburg Pelham, in charge of Stuart's artillery, won Lee's admiration, and that soldier spoke of him in his dispatches as the "gallant Pelham," and so he is remembered. He has often been praised, but seldom with more genuine feeling than by his former friend and foe, who gives us this picture of him: "He was gracefully tall, fair, a beautiful dancer; it may well be asserted that nature was in a fine mood when she molded his clay. His eyes generally were cast thoughtfully down, and a little wrinkle on his brow gave just the faintest suggestion of a frown on his otherwise unclouded face. In the winter of 1863-64, while with the Army of the Potomac, more than once I traveled the road to Kelly's Ford, where he was killed, little dreaming of the height of his present fame. I have always thought of the circumstances connected with the coming home of his body to his widowed mother in Alabama as having about them all the beauty and mystery of night. It was on a night when the moon was full, and her still, white light lit the way by the cotton fields he knew so well and lay softly white on the roof and in the dooryard of home. His mother stood waiting for him on the doorstep, and as they bore him up to her she whispered through falling tears: 'Washed in the blood of the Lamb that was slain.' She is buried beside him in the little village graveyard at Jacksonville, Ala. He was but twenty-five years old."

There were a few exquisite memorial poems among the many worthless ones written during the Civil War, and that on the death of Pelham by J. R. Randall, author of the most notable lyric of the time, "Maryland, My Maryland," may take its place among the sweetest. Its style is old-fashioned; it is cumbered with classic allusions and conventional effects; but its simplicity, sincerity, and pathos prevail, and two or three happy phrases render it immortal. It is worth reading in connection with Schaff's tribute.

THE DEAD CANNONEER.

(Major Pelham, C. S. A., killed March 17, 1863.)

Just as the spring came laughing through the strife
With all its gorgeous cheer,
In the bright April of historic life
Fell the great cannoneer.

The wondrous lulling of a hero's breath
His bleeding country weeps;
Hushed in the alabaster arms of death,
Our young Marcellus sleeps.

Nobler and grander than the child of Rome
Curbing his chariot steeds,
The knightly scion of a Southern home
Dazzled the land with deeds.

Gentlest and bravest in the battle brunt,
The champion of the truth,
He bore his banner to the very front
Of our immortal youth.

A clang of sabers 'mid Virginian snow,
A fiery pang of shells,
And there's a wail of immemorial woe
In Alabama dells.

The pennon droops that led the sacred band
Across the crimson field;
The meteor blade shrinks from the nerveless hand
Over the spotless shield.

We gazed and gazed upon that beauteous face;
While round the lips and eyes,
Couched in their marble slumber, flashed the grace
Of a divine surprise.

O mother of a blessed soul on high!
Thy tears may soon be shed;
Think of thy boy with princes of the sky
Among the Southern dead!

How must he smile on this dull world beneath,
Fevered with swift renown—
He with the martyr's amaranthine wreath
Twining the victor's crown!

There is something of the same spirit seeking varied expression in John Esten Cooke's "O band in the pinewood, cease," a sort of protest against the music after Pelham died.

Colonel Randall added to this:

"It was my fortune to have been stationed a part of the time during the war at Selma, Ala., when the remains of the 'gallant Pelham' were brought there on the way to their final rest at Jacksonville. For an hour or more, pending the arrival of the train that was to carry that glorious but sad burden to his widowed mother, the people were permitted to look upon him through the glass of the coffin. He seemed to be asleep. The face was statuesque and unharmed. There was a lovely smile around his lips, and the half-opened eyes were just as described in the poem. * * *

"Jacksonville is hallowed as the grave of the 'gallant Pelham,' and once when a mob became unruly and menacing, where the officers of the law were powerless, the battle flag of the valiant youth, advanced by a standard bearer, put the mutineers to flight. Even in death he was victorious."

GEN. R. E. LEE TO A CARELESS STUDENT.

BY REV. D. B. STROUSE, SALEM, VA.

In the session of 1866-67, when Washington and Lee University was crowded with students, General Lee being its President, a young man went there from North Carolina and entered the Academic Department. He was about eighteen years old and an honorable, gallant fellow. When he called on General Lee in his office, the General asked him if he was related to Mr. M—, of North Carolina, to which the young man replied: "I am his son." General Lee told him that he was glad to see him, and stated that he was entertained with great hospitality by his father and mother one night during the war. M— replied that his parents frequently referred to that incident with much pleasure.

M— was full of fun and loved society; he studied but little and failed to attend many of his recitations. His room adjoined mine and I was fond of him, and more than once remonstrated with him about the neglect of his studies (being myself a hard student), but, so far as I could see, to no purpose.

One day, after the end of the first month of the session, he opened my door and invited me to his room. I saw that he had been weeping, and asked him whether he had ill tidings from home. He said that he had not; but, wiping his eyes, he told me in a semi-confidential way that one of the negro porters brought him a message that morning saying that General Lee wanted to see him when he had leisure. He went to General Lee's office. The General received him very kindly, gave him a seat, and inquired about his father and mother.

The General then told him that he had been looking over the reports of the young gentlemen of the university for the preceding month, and he wanted to speak to him about his before sending it away. Then he picked up the report, which was lying by itself.

He then said that it was difficult to prevent mistakes from sometimes getting into the reports. The General called attention to his very low grade in Latin, and asked: "Do you think you are entitled to no higher grade than that?" He replied that he had not studied Latin as he should have done, and could not claim that it was incorrect.

General Lee then took the different studies, giving the grade in each, all of which grades were very low. He asked Mr. M— in each case whether he thought the grade as high as he should have had. He replied that he had no doubt it was, confessing that he had not given the attention to his studies which he should have done, and General Lee expressed much regret.

Finally he called the young gentleman's attention to the very large number of unexcused class absences with which he was charged, and asked him whether he thought he had missed so many recitations without excuse. He admitted that he had not attended his recitations as he should have done.

His confession seemed to make General Lee very sad indeed, and he sat in silent thought for some time. He then said that if he mailed the report to his parents it would give them great pain, and his recollection of them was such that he would not like to inflict upon them the sorrow. On the other hand, he said that if the reports were published in the university catalogues they would be sent monthly to parents and guardians. He then added: "I do not know what to do." General Lee sat for some time in deep thought, and then gently he began to tear the report into strips one by one and crumpled the pieces between his two hands and threw them into the wastebasket.

Mr. M— told me he broke down entirely and wept. As soon as he became quiet General Lee said to him: "Son, we cannot undo the past; that is forever gone; but the future is in our hands, and you can so pursue your studies and attend your recitations from now on that it will give me real pleasure to send your reports to your parents, and they will be greatly pleased when they receive them."

He said to me that he rose to his feet and extended his hand to General Lee, saying: "General, I will do it."

General Lee took his hand and told him that his assurance was all that he wished; that, having done so little during the first month, he would be at a disadvantage, and would have to study very hard and review much, but that he must not be discouraged.

The matter was never afterwards referred to by Mr. M— or by me, but I am very sure that General Lee was never again made sad by one of his reports.

BATTLES ENGAGED IN BY KING'S BATTERY.

The VETERAN is requested by Junius Jordan, of Pine Bluff, Ark., to print a list of the battles participated in by King's Battery in the hope that survivors may become interested so as to come in touch with each other again. Comrade Jordan served in the artillery of Northern Virginia. This list of battles was furnished by J. C. H., 621 Ash Street, Pine Bluff, Ark.

1862: Iuka, Miss., Sept. 19; Corinth, Miss., Oct. 4; Hatchie Bridge, Tenn., Oct. 5. 1863: Port Hudson, La., March 14; Raymond, Miss., May 12; Jackson, Miss., May 14; Jackson, Miss., July 10-16. 1864: Greenville, Miss., Jan. 6; Satartia, Miss., Jan. 28; Liverpool, Miss., Feb. 3; Yazoo, Miss., Feb. 5; Sharon, Miss., Feb. 28; Brownsville, Miss., March 3; Kingston, Ga., May 19; Dallas, Ga., May 28; Mannings Mill, Ga., June 19; Olive Creek, Ga., June 26; Chattahoochee River, Ga., July 9; Cambleton, Ga., July 12-16; Atlanta, Ga., July 28; Jonesboro, Ga., Aug. 31; Lovejoy, Ga., Sept. 2; Flint River, Ga., Sept. 2; Egypt Station, Miss., Dec. 28. Paroled at Gainesville, Ala., May 10, 1865.

He has lost the exact date of the battle at Marietta, Ga., where John Tucker was killed, but it was in June, 1864.

THE ELECTRICAL SUBMARINE MINE—1861-65.

BY CAPT. HUNTER DAVIDSON, PIRAYU, PARAGUAY.

I have lately received a copy of "Submarine Boats, Mines, Torpedoes," by Commander M. F. Sueter, Royal Navy, in which the author, as well as others who have undertaken similar works, seems to ignore almost entirely the part taken by the Confederate States in torpedo warfare, that arm of warfare which to-day has developed into the greatest means of coast defense existing and may become one of the greatest in offense.

I may here start out with the assertion that to the Confederate States of America (1861-65) was due the first successful application of torpedoes in time of war, and to the department under my command was due the first successful application of the electric submarine mine, also the only successful use of the offensive torpedo—that is to say, without the loss of the attacking party—was made by myself, as may be seen farther on.

I have often thought since our second American Revolution that authors and editors have taken not only an unfair advantage of the weaknesses of the South after the war but a singular unmanliness in depreciating or treating with indifference whatever was achieved by the South.

The North overpowered us, and even foreigners wish to make it appear that the North overpowered all the glory also. Much brag and bluster was to be expected on the part of the North; but surely impartial history should be looked for from intelligent foreigners.

That most intelligent Secretary of the Navy of the Confederate States and formerly United States Senator and Chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs for many years, Mr. Stephen R. Mallory, saw very early in the second revolution that we required every means which civilization would permit to defend ourselves against an enemy many times our superior in numbers and resources, and so his attention was given to torpedoes. Every idea or invention from whatever source was eagerly seized upon and tested. The distinguished Capt. M. F. Maury, "The Geographer of the Sea," was placed in command of torpedo experiments, with myself as his assistant; but this stage of our efforts was very crude and experimental for want of means. Captain Maury was soon detached and ordered to Europe, and I was placed in command of the corps.

Up to this time electricity as applied to the explosion of submarine mines was very little understood, and the leading man in electrical matters, the chief of the Confederate States Telegraph Department, Dr. Morris, could give no information, and deprecated the idea of making experiments which he considered could have no favorable results. The best that Maury was enabled to do with the means at his command was in the use of a Wollaston battery which required thirty-six gallons of dilute sulphuric acid to explode a charge a short distance

off with the best of conducting cables. One can imagine the clumsiness and inefficiency of such means.

No tanks had been designed or constructed especially for mines. Old boilers and such like picked up at random and without cables and anchors were placed in the river; but the freshets rolled them over and took them downstream, breaking connections, etc. But all this was owing to our imperfect means and the determined opposition of some and sneering indifference of the rest to torpedo warfare in general, except the intelligent and laborious Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Mallory.

When I took charge of the work, my friends begged me to give it up and go aboard ship. "It wasn't worthy of a good officer to engage in such nonsense." "Torpedo warfare had never been successful." "It wasn't right to waste the material of our poor country in such more than doubtful experiments," etc. Whenever I called on the chief of ordnance for powder, he would not receive me. It was only by a positive written order from Mr. Mallory that I could obtain it. Captain Maury did not have time to make experiments to test the effect of gunpowder of different kinds at different depths or, in fact, to make experiments at all. He only placed the tanks; but what he did do was to show the necessity for elaborate experiments and designs.

It was with these considerations that I gave all that was best in me to the study of the question. Nothing discouraged me so much as the opposition of my friends, men whom I loved and respected. The opposition of others I did not care for so long as Mr. Mallory was favorably impressed with the work.

I brought to bear some mechanical talent, for I had invented a boat apparatus which I used successfully to save life at sea, which the United States Congress by unanimous vote had purchased. I was young, energetic, strong, and healthy.

It is not necessary to say anything here in honor of Matthew F. Maury. He is too well known to the world for his rare abilities and purity of character, and we all loved him as he deserved.

When I had worked out the best plan I could devise, it was submitted to Mr. Mallory (Secretary of the Navy) and approved. I have no means in this remote, secluded region of giving plans or even illustrations in order that the public in general may understand my experiments. Moreover, my object in this article is only to prove in accordance with history my claim to having been the first to make electrical torpedo mines successful in actual warfare—that is, according to all customs, the inventor of such mines, and to give some unknown but important facts of history in relation thereto.

The electrical mines (tanks) which were used in the Confederacy and their fixtures were made in the great Tredegar Works in Richmond, according to special designs. Anchors were designed and attached to these mines, so that they never moved when placed. For a depth of five or six fathoms they contained eighteen hundred pounds of rifle powder, the conditions that obtained where the gunboat Commodore Jones was completely destroyed on the James River, Virginia.

The insulated cable had to be brought through the blockade at great risk and expense, and frequent losses would stop the work. After many experiments, a galvanic battery was designed capable of exploding a mine at any reasonable distance and which one man could carry from station to station under his arm, instead of the Wollaston battery weighing upward of a ton, as one only of its defects.

It was with the means as mentioned that in the month of May, 1864, events occurred which had an important bearing upon the war and belong to history.

The fleet of Rear Admiral S. P. Lee, U. S. N., was coming up the James River, accompanied by transport with stores, etc., to coöperate with Gen. B. F. Butler in the attack on Drury's Bluff, the "key to Richmond." Of course I had had warning through the signal corps; and suspecting that some of the many negroes prowling about and who knew of my having placed mines in the river would inform the fleet, I had the wires and galvanic battery shifted over to the other side of the river in a swamp, where the enemy would not suspect anything.

The fleet approached, dragging for mines and with an armed party marching along the shore supporting the launches. Presently the fleet and the dragging stopped, seemingly doubtful as to what conditions they were approaching, and sent the Commodore Jones ahead to explore. She was permitted to pass over the mines by us, as we wanted to get the flagship or a monitor, and thought they would come on; but she dropped down again, and Mr. Peter Smith, of York River, Va., one of the bravest men I have ever met and who held the wires, believing it would be the best chance when she was over the mine again, closed the circuit, and effected a complete destruction in the presence of the whole fleet.

And now comes the important part of this event. Had it been only the destruction of a gunboat, the event might be passed, as many another at that period; but the fleet which was hurrying up the river to support B. F. Butler in his famous dash on Richmond (see Porter, p. 471) immediately dropped down again, and did not get so high up again for nine days.

A great fleet with transports repulsed by electrical submarine mines! Butler made his attack, and was badly defeated because the gunners from Drury's Bluff batteries helped to defeat him, which they could not have done had the fleet been enabled to pass the electrical submarine mines.



SECRETARY MALLORY.

Mr. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy, wrote to me of this event, "Your repulse of the Federal fleet by means of submarine electrical mines at Deep Bottom, where Grant crossed over to Petersburg afterwards, has saved Richmond," and further on remarked: "I always considered your torpedo division as equal to any division in our army."

Like many another poor Confederate, after the Revolution I felt disgusted with everything and knew the folly of my writing about the war, and so the foregoing facts have never been published that I know of. Admiral D. D. Porter, in his "Naval History of the Civil War," passes the occurrence over slightly. He must have seen the connection of facts. I suspect he did not want to acknowledge the repulse of a Federal fleet and an army corps as the effects of one torpedo mine.

Dr. Scharf, in his "Naval History of the Confederate States," does not seem to realize the relative importance of those events. Commander Sueter, Royal Navy, in his late work, page 270, calls the vessel destroyed the Commodore James, and says it was on the Roanoke River, which deprives the event of its peculiar importance and historical interest.

A short time after the repulse of the Federal fleet, and when it was still in the river below, I had occasion, by orders

of course, to go down with a flag of truce for the purpose of communicating with a Federal flag of truce boat anchored below the fleet. I thought the fleet had gone far below, but to my surprise when turning a bend in the river suddenly I came upon them; and although my flag of truce was flying, they opened upon me immediately. One ball passed so close to my head that I could feel the wind from it. Of course I rounded to in short time, and Captain Lamson, chief of staff, whom I knew and liked before the war, came out to me in a large boat well armed.

He brought a message from the gallant admiral that he did not acknowledge I was "engaged in civilized or legitimate warfare;" and if I came down again, he would not treat me even as a prisoner of war. Among other things I particularly and slowly answered: "Respice finem." In less than six months all the Federal gunboats were armed with torpedoes.

The gallant admiral thought me a savage for repulsing his fleet in broad daylight, and yet it was all right for Grant to blow up at the dead of night sleeping, unarmed, unconscious men at Petersburg with a mine.

Captain Mahan, the naval historian, as late as in The Hague Conference, denounced submarine mines as "inhuman and cruel," and yet he did not broach the subject of Grant's subterra mines. How much difference in this world between *meum* and *tuum!*

A person reading carefully the work of Commander Sueter, Royal Navy, 1907, cannot help thinking that he displays an intentional spirit of unfairness toward the Confederates. He is obliged to leave one to infer that the Confederates invented electrical submarine mines, but he does not say so. He misplaces facts and names and says the mines were made in England, but he never fails to mention names and facts if they relate to the Federal side. He appears to be well up in torpedoes, but unfit to be a historian.

In another branch of torpedo warfare Commander Sueter, 1907, had a plain opportunity of saying something instructive to torpedo history and complimentary to the Confederates (see Admiral Porter's "Naval History of the Civil War," pp. 473, 474); but he gives the shortest possible notice of what the Confederates did with offensive torpedoes, whilst on the same pages (271, 272) he goes into detail, although with justice, on the Cushing affair, and leaves the reader to suppose that was exceptional. The facts are that my attack on the Minnesota (flagship) was before Cushing's destruction of the Raleigh and set him the example. Yet Commander Sueter, Royal Navy, puts Cushing's before mine and gives mine but a passing notice. I had to go upward of a hundred miles outside our lines by river, patrolled by Federal gunboats, and to pass through the whole Federal fleet close to and hailed by many of them before I reached the flagship Minnesota. She was well lighted and had guarding her a gunboat, also well lighted and attached to her stern by a small line. She was well prepared for defense; but owing to the cowardice of those on the gunboat my boat was not pursued, as could and should have been done, for after the explosion of the torpedo against the Minnesota two of the gunboat's men suddenly appeared on deck. Foreseeing a chase, I fired my revolver at them, and they disappeared without even letting go their line, as they had ample time to do when my boat had backed off from the Minnesota, and of course had to stop in order to go ahead again, as her single cylinder engine "caught on the center," and there had to wait, about fifty yards' distant, under the frigate's fire until Engineer Wright, one of "the bravest of the brave," crawled into the engine in the dark and pulled her off the center, and for which he was promoted two grades.

As we shot ahead close to the gunboat I did not see a man on her deck. The marines of the frigate peppered us all over. There was hardly a square foot on the little boat not marked by a bullet, and my hat and clothes were perforated; but no damage whatever was done except the breaking of my left thumb when a shot from a big gun passing close under and lifting our stern high out of the water threw me against the iron shield over the man at the helm. This little shield, 3x16 inches, over the one man was the only protection we had, and the boat differed in no sense from any other steam launch except as to her torpedo pole, etc.

Believing we would of course be pursued the long distance up the river we had to go, I determined it would be best to throw the enemy off the scent if possible; and so instead of steering directly toward home we steered directly opposite—that is, toward Norfolk—and turned round for home when out of sight. It did throw them off the scent. We hid in the creeks, unshipped the funnel, and covered the boat with branches in the daytime. Several times we saw the Federal gunboats behind us. This was the only instance during the war that I know of where offensive torpedoes were used successfully without the loss of the attacking party.

And now comes a little piece of interesting history.

One will very naturally ask why, if the foregoing statements are correct, it is that President Jefferson Davis never once mentions Captain Davidson's name nor alludes to anything he did during the war in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate States."

He had to nominate me for my first promotion by Congress "for gallantry" and later to nominate me again when



CAPT. HUNTER DAVIDSON.

the war suddenly terminated and prevented confirmation. How, then, was this inconsistency?

Well, I knew Mr. Davis when he was Secretary of War and sometime Secretary of the Navy in General Pierce's Cabinet, and later when he was Senator and my bill was before Congress, when my invention was purchased by unanimous vote for saving life at sea. I had listened to Mr. Davis when speaking with much attention, for I had an all-absorbing interest in our great men and had formed my opinion of him as a leader in great affairs.

On one occasion in a cloakroom of the Senate, where I had been talking to Senator J. A. Pearce, he turned and engaged in a few moments' conversation with Mr. S. A. Douglas, and suddenly exclaimed, "O, Douglas, let Davis alone; it's no good stirring him up in this way," at which Mr. Douglas chuckled and seemed much tickled. All this went to form my opinion of Mr. Davis, and so one day, unfortunately in private conversation, just as our war was commencing I said to a friend: "We will never succeed with Mr. Davis as President." I know that this remark came to his ears.

On two occasions during the war he treated me with marked discourtesy, although on one of these occasions Gen. R. E. Lee was present and treated me with kindness. When he heard of the attack on the Minnesota, he merely exclaimed, "Humph, why didn't he blow her up?" and when he heard of the repulse of the Federal fleet on the James River, he made no comment whatever.

In his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate States," Mr. Davis never alludes to my services, but praises the performances of his dear friend, General Rains, whom he favored in every way possible, but whose only performance was a notable event of the war—viz., General Rains had put into the James River floating spar torpedoes with sensitive fuses anchored just under the surface. In several official communications I had warned Mr. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy, against these torpedoes as dangerous alike to friend and foe; but he had to give way to the President's orders.

Just as the war was closing a flag of truce was sent down from Richmond with seven hundred Federal prisoners on board. The boat (the Shultz) passed General Rains's torpedo all right going down, and the seven hundred Federal prisoners escaped; but on returning she struck the spar torpedo and was blown to pieces. What a howl, like that of the murder of Lincoln, there would have been in the North if that boat had struck the torpedo going down! She was but a shell of a boat, and possibly nine-tenths of the Federal officers and men would have been murdered, and by whom? Nor does Mr. Davis mention the amusing performances of General Rains in the Florida Seminole war with torpedoes and sensitive fuses concealed under blankets to attract and catch the Indians. But the biter was bit, and the Indians caught him and peppered him with lead. He was daft on sensitive fuses, and his experiments were generally disastrous.

Mr. Davis does not mention these facts, although he goes so closely into torpedo warfare as to say: "In torpedo warfare all that was necessary was a demijohn of gunpowder and a sensitive fuse." (See page 208, Volume II., "Rise and Fall of the Confederate States.") It is with great reluctance that I allude to Mr. Davis. I who have fought and bled in that war have the same old feelings of veneration and love for the dear old South and all that concerns it; but I feel at the same time that I have a reputation, as well as Mr. Davis and others, to defend, and my descendants demand it of me.

After the publication of Mr. Davis's "Rise and Fall," I wrote a polite letter to him calling his attention to his omissions. His reply to me was far from being ingenuous, and—I don't care to go farther, but if you like will mail you the correspondence. This little circumstance is only a straw, but, like many a mere personal feeling, has wrecked the prospects of a nation.

The motive for this article is the late work of Commander Sueter, R. N. I had given up interest in all such matters; and although indignant still at times, aroused by flagrant misrepresentations of the history of the war, I had determined to keep quiet. The work of Commander Sueter has been too much for me, and I have commenced and have gone through and am prepared to give more detailed matter if desired. I hope the article may be of interest to your greatly esteemed journal.

A recent article in a so-called scientific journal of New York that is a persistent enemy of the torpedo gives us food for reflection. After endeavoring to prove that the torpedo does not hold its own as against the gun, that journal remarks that in time of war fleets will not approach the coast and take unnecessary risks. What an evident contradiction and what a tribute to the torpedo!

Looking back over the forty-four years since the Federal fleet was repulsed on the James River, Virginia, by electrical mines, their first effective use in time of war, we must believe that the development of the torpedo has fully kept pace with the development of the battleship. What nation would dare to dispense with the torpedo to-day?

In 1864 I was "not considered as engaged in civilized or legitimate warfare," and even as late as The Hague Conference Captain Mahan considered sea mines as "cruel and inhuman;" but of course Grant at the "Crater" in Petersburg was all right.

If torpedoes do nothing more than keep the enemy off from our coast, what an incalculable assistance to our defenses and an established and reliable arm of warfare! But there are certain signs that the torpedo is not going to be satisfied in resting at the bottom of harbors, etc. It will assume the offensive, and ships will be constructed especially to convey the submarine torpedo boat into action with the battleship. More than half the weather at sea will be smooth enough to use these boats. Battleships will be well battered and placed out of action by the gun, but will go down with the first tap of the torpedo. Think of a battleship costing ten millions and carrying a thousand or more men going down at once, and what ship will stop for one moment to save lives when the victory is at stake?

That scientific journal thinks that the battleship will keep off the coasts, eh? But if the mountain won't come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the mountain. I have been a firm believer in torpedoes, offensive and defensive, since 1[illegible] and they are more proportionately in evidence to-day than ever. There is too much sentimentality in The Hague Conference. "War is all h— at best," said Sherman. Compassion should be limited to women and children, the sick and the disabled, then "carry the war into Africa."

[In printing the foregoing criticisms of President Davis, the VETERAN breaks its rule. The considerations are that Captain Davidson has been long absent in a far-away land. He did marvelous service for the Confederacy, and it may be the President was at fault. The VETERAN, however, stands for the Confederate President officially and personally as a great and good man. None are perfect.—ED. VETERAN.]

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON'S DUEL.

BY MAJ. BEN C. TRUMAN.

It was the privilege of the writer to once spend several hours in the presence of the distinguished soldier, Albert Sidney Johnston, some fifty years ago, upon the eve of his descent upon Utah, and I have never forgotten the impression made. He was very large and massive in figure, and finely proportioned. He measured six feet two inches in height, and had flesh to give him perfect symmetry. His face was large, broad, and high, and beamed with a look of striking benignity. His features were handsomely molded. He was very straight, and carried himself with grace and lofty and simple dignity. His whole appearance indicated in a marked degree power, decision, serenity, thought, benevolence. I thought him then at first blush, and thought it unvaryingly afterwards, and think now in the hallowed memory of his noble manhood, made sacred by the consecration of his thrilling and heroic death for the Southern cause, that he was one of the sweetest and most august men I ever met. His character was entrancing in pure nobility. It was that gentle politeness that won everybody who approached him and endeared him to his people.

I have been informed by Confederate officers who knew him well that he was at all times the thorough American gentleman and in the dread carnage of the field the incarnation of the splendid warrior. Said Lieut. Col. John B. Richardson, of the Washington Artillery of New Orleans, to me once some years ago in discussing Johnston: "He always rode large and magnificent horses. His favorite steed was a gray. And when he was mounted upon the noble animal, he was the beau ideal of a general. His firm, graceful seat in the saddle, his majestic proportions, his soldierly carriage, his handsome uniform, his noble countenance, the radiant bearing of knightly chivalry that marked every movement and features—all leave a proud remembrance of gallant and striking manhood for those to dwell upon who knew and loved him."

He was killed about twelve o'clock in the first day's fight at Shiloh, April 6, 1862; and when the historian sits to write what will be the unimpassioned history of the turbulent Civil War, he will lovingly dwell upon no character more shining, illustrious, and exalted, upon no hero more luminous for chivalry, genius, and sublime manhood, than Albert Sidney Johnston.

One of the bravest men that ever lived was Felix Huston, of Texas, who in 1836 commanded the army in the field of the Lone Star State. Probably his nearest counterpart since was Gen. Joe Hooker. Huston was as oratorically magnetic and impassioned as Patrick Henry, E. D. Baker, or Thomas Starr King, as intrepid as Custer, Sheridan, or Kilpatrick, and as fond of wine and women as Luther Magruder or Van Dorn. And while he was truly a tactician, discipline with this rollicking Hotspur was a lost or an unknown art.

About this time Albert Sidney Johnston was adjutant general of the Army of the Republic of Texas during the administration of President Sam Houston. This was subsequent to the battle of San Jacinto, and the Texans were encamped on that territory lying between Galveston Island and Indianola. Thomas J. Morgan and George W. Morgan, of Ohio, who were colonels of Ohio regiments during the Mexican War, and who were general officers during the rebellion on the Federal side, were officers of the army of the Lone Star State in 1836. The latter is now living at Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

One day in November, 1836, Albert Sidney Johnston was directed to assume command of the Texan army, much to his own surprise and much against his wish. Indeed, he called at once upon President Houston and stated that he would greatly prefer to remain undisturbed, and incidentally declared that the heroic army of the Texas Republic would be the loser thereby. But Houston and Congress had decided to place Johnston in command, and to accept the resignation of the gallant Huston if necessary. Huston at once turned over his command to Johnston, and upon meeting his successor raised his cap and extended his hand pleasantly and otherwise exhibited evidences of real or seeming friendship, all of which was cordially and courteously accepted.

Upon the following evening Huston invited Johnston and his staff to supper, which was as fine as could be given; and wines, cigars, mirth, and melody made the time pass merrily until the so-called witching hour when Johnston and his staff took their leave. In exactly twenty minutes afterwards, however, Major Izzard, of Huston's staff, called at Johnston's quarters and presented the following note: "General Huston has the honor to present his compliments to General Johnston, and begs to assure him that there is no man in the Republic of Texas under whom he would be more proud to serve; but that the President and Congress had put upon him an insult; and as he could not demand that satisfaction of the President and Congress as he would wish, he had the honor to request that General Johnston as their representative would state when it would be convenient for him to meet General Huston on the field of honor, and that Major Izzard was authorized to return with a reply."

In proportion to its population no section of country on earth contained so many able, ambitious, gallant, and chivalrous men as the Republic of Texas at that time. And of course dueling, or rather the code of the duelo, was a high and honored custom, if not, indeed, the law of the land; and many of the best men of the famous new republic had fallen victims to its stern requirements. Therefore Johnston had only one thing to do—accept Huston's mean, uncivalrous, uncalled-for challenge. True, he had given his predecessor no earthly offense. On the contrary, he had accepted his invitation to join him at a well-served repast, had made merry with his host until midnight, and each had wished the other well at parting. Still, the requirements of polished barbarism or the fear of being "posted" compelled a brave, good man to weaken for the first and only time, and he replied as follows: "General Johnston reciprocates the sentiments so kindly expressed by General Huston, and begs to inform him through Colonel Moorehouse that it will afford the general commanding pleasure to meet General Huston on the west bank of La Baca on the following morning at a point to be determined by their respective friends."

"This is an outrage," said Colonel Moorehouse to Major Izzard.

"I know it," responded the latter.

"General Johnston never pulled a hair trigger in his life, while General Huston can put a pistol ball into a dollar thrown into the air. General Johnston is inviting murder."

"Sir!"

"Yes, sir; I mean what I say. But he is a splendid shot with a rifle, and I shall advise him to use that weapon."

"The rifle is not allowed by the code, Colonel Moorehouse."

"I believe you are right," responded the Colonel; "but it is unfortunate that the only brace of dueling pistols in camp is owned by General Huston."

This was true, and it was the opinion of all that Johnston would not select rifles as weapons, as he was the soul of honor, and would rather surrender his life than take the very advantage that his rival in a state of great mortification might willingly use over him. The only pocket case of instruments in camp was owned by Assistant Surgeon Coates, and this case was borrowed at about five in the morning by Medical Director Ezra Reed on the pretext that a soldier had mashed a finger.

But "Bang!" "Bang!" was heard an hour later, and the whole camp made a break for the river, shouting: "Johnston and Huston are fighting!"

And so they were on the west side of the river.

At the first fire the ball from Johnston's weapon cut a twig from a tree, which fell at Huston's feet, while the ball from Huston's pistol went through the lapel of his opponent's coat. Huston picked up the twig and said: "That was a capital shot, General."

"So was this," serenly responded Johnston, running his thumb through the hole in his coat; "much better than mine, I apprehend."

"You shall have another chance, then, General."

"All right, my friend, if it is strictly agreeable to you. Gentlemen, load again."

The principals again fired, Huston's missile going no one knew where and Johnston's hitting the ground a few feet in front of his antagonist and scattering some dirt on the clothes of the latter. At the third shot Johnston missed, and the flint of Huston's pistol failed to strike fire in consequence of the weakness of the spring, at which Huston sat down at the root of a tree and braced the spring with a wedge. They then fired again, and Johnston was shot through the hip and fell as if dead. But he at once raised himself on his elbow and said: "Gentlemen, I had no grievance against General Huston whatever, and I call upon you all to bear witness that this meeting has been conducted according to the laws of honor."

General Johnston was then lifted up tenderly by Colonel Moorehouse and Dr. Reed and borne from the field; and although he suffered great pain physically, it was nothing compared with the remorse that Huston carried with him to his deathbed, for there was no earthly cause for the challenge, as Johnston had done him no wrong. Further, the challenged man might have chosen rifles, and was strongly urged to do so by Colonel Moorehouse; but declined because he was an expert shot with such a weapon.

In speaking of the duel sometime afterwards Huston said to Gen. John H. King, who commanded the regulars in the Atlanta campaign and who lately died in Washington of pneumonia: "There are two kinds of cowards in this world—the brave coward is one of them. In our duel in 1836 Albert Sidney Johnston was one, and so was I. I knew that he had put upon me no wrong, and that out of respect for me he had assumed command of the army with reluctance. I had no more right to challenge him to mortal combat than I have to challenge you. It was a shameful piece of business, and I wouldn't do it again under any circumstances. I was what may be termed a brave coward, if I may coin the name. And so was Johnston in accepting my challenge. I have reproached myself many times for my attitude. I invited the General to supper, treated him cordially, and in half an hour afterwards challenged him to mortal combat. And he not only accepted it, but named six o'clock the following morning as the hour of meeting and selected pistols instead of guns. Why, when I reflect upon the circumstance, I hate myself, for the General was an expert with the rifle, but didn't know a dueling pistol from a sailor's knot. I owned the only dueling pistols in camp, and could hit the ace of diamonds at dueling distance at the drop of a handkerchief. And I kept setting him up until I hit him. Why, that one act blackened all the good ones of my life. But I couldn't challenge Congress; and President Houston, although a duelist, was too far above me in rank. Well, thank God, I didn't kill him. And, mark my word, Lieutenant King, some day, if occasion requires it, Albert Sidney Johnston will display a gallantry that may possibly carry him suddenly to his grave."

ABOUT DAVID O. DODD.

BY J. A. GILLILAND, WARRENSBURG, MO.

The David O. Dodd Chapter, U. D. C., of Little Rock, Ark., holds memorial services on the birthdays of David O. Dodd, who was executed there January 8, 1864.

There seems to be a question as to whether or not he was offered his life if he would reveal the names of the men who made the plot, and I think I can make it clear that he was.

As I am possibly the only person now living who knows about it, I should have written long ago. I was taken to the Little Rock prison in April, 1864.

After the war I returned home, and very soon thereafter, before I had ever heard of Dodd's execution, I met a Federal soldier, Will Smith, and we became quite good friends. When he found that I had been in prison at Little Rock, he told me about the capture and execution of young Dodd. He was a soldier in General Steele's command at the time of Dodd's capture and execution. Smith's story of the capture corresponds exactly with the account given in the VETERAN of December, 1905. He was present at Dodd's trial, and said he was offered his life more than once. The day of the execution General Steele told Dodd that he knew he did not make that plot and if he would reveal the names of the men who did make it he would pledge him his word and honor in the presence of all the soldiers and citizens present that neither his life nor the lives of the men who made the plot should be taken. Smith said the soldiers were mad because the boy was executed. They said he was too brave a boy to die.

I would not rob Sam Davis of any of the honors he is receiving at the hands of the South, for he deserves them all. But I think David O. Dodd is as grand a hero as Sam Davis or any other boy or man who ever gave his life for his country, and he should receive the same recognition from the people of the South. His name should be recorded on the pages of history as a hero of the South.

SIXTY-SECOND VIRGINIA AT NEW MARKET.

BY JASPER W. HARRIS, MONTROSE, VA.

In Rev. Giles Cook's sketch of the fight at New Market he recalls some facts that I send you. Sigel came up to New Market on the 14th of May, 1864, and was met by Imboden's Brigade and held there until after night. It was very dark. I took twenty men and crawled up close to their line and fired into their faces. They moved back about a mile below the town. Then we moved about five miles and met General Breckinridge, when we all came back together to the same position that we had on the 14th. On the 15th, soon after daylight, we commenced shelling them, and they returned the artillery fire, keeping it up until about nine o'clock. Our regiment, the 62d Virginia, was attached to General Wharton's

Brigade, and we were formed in line. The 51st Virginia was on the left of the 62d and the 62d on the left of the M. I. Cadets, extending to the right of the Staunton Pike. Our regiment was on the left of the pike. We marched to the lower side of New Market, then we were ordered to charge.

"A CRITICAL NARRATIVE."

BY LIEUT. GEN. ALEX P. STEWART.

My attention has been called to some statements made in a book published in 1907 by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, entitled "Military Memoirs of a Confederate. A Critical Narrative," by E. P. Alexander, brigadier general in the Confederate army, chief of artillery Longstreet's Corps.

These statements are made in Chapter XXIII., pages 578, 579, and constitute very serious charges against Gen. B. F. Cheatham and myself, which, if true, should have subjected us both to the severest penalties. So far as I am individually concerned, they are absolutely false and without foundation. I do not believe they are true so far as General Cheatham is concerned.

Describing the events of the Confederate war that took place in the fall of 1864, the campaign made by Gen. John B. Hood, in command of the Army of Tennessee, into Tennessee and his lamentable failure to attack the enemy near Spring Hill, Tenn., during the afternoon and night of November 29, 1864, the writer says:

"The issue at stake was now lost by the noncompliance with orders of General Cheatham, commanding one of Hood's Corps.

"Schofield had taken position on the north side of Duck River, opposing Hood's crossing. Hood left Lee's Corps to demonstrate against Schofield, while he threw a pontoon bridge across the river three miles above, and crossed Cheatham's and Stewart's Corps, which marched to Spring Hill on the Franklin Pike, twelve miles in Schofield's rear, arriving about 3 P.M. This place was held by the second division of the 4th Corps, about four thousand strong. Hood's force was about eighteen thousand infantry. Hood took Cheatham with Cleburne, a division commander, within sight of the pike, along which the enemy could now be seen retreating at doubequick with wagons in a trot, and gave explicit orders for an immediate attack and occupation of the pike. Similar orders, too, were given to Stewart's Corps; and when Hood found later that nothing was being done, he sent more messages by staff officers, which also failed of effect. The head of Schofield's infantry arrived about nine o'clock, and passed unmolested except by some random picket shots to which they made no reply. * * *

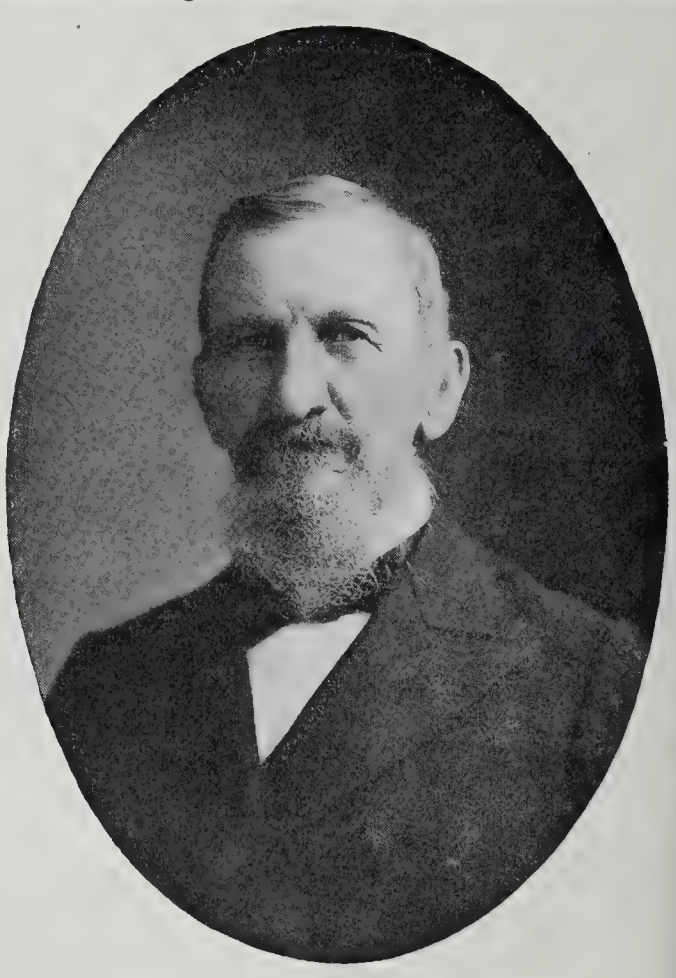
"A few days after Cheatham frankly admitted his delinquency. It was rumored that both he and General Stewart had that evening absented themselves from their divisions. Both had been often distinguished for gallantry, and Hood now overlooked it, believing it had been a lesson not to be forgotten. Nevertheless it proved the death blow to Hood's army."

In reply to this remarkable tissue of false statements I quote from Series I., Volume XLV., Part I., serial No. 93 of the "Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies," pages 712, 713:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE, NEAR SMITHFIELD DEPOT, N. C., April 3, 1865.

"*Sir:* In my report of the operations of my corps during my campaign made by General Hood into Tennessee I omitted the details of what transpired near Spring Hill during the afternoon and night of the 29th of November, 1864, I respectfully submit the following statement and ask that it be filed as a part of my report.

"On the morning of November 29 General Hood moved with Cheatham's Corps and mine and Johnson's Division of Lee's Corps (the latter reporting to me), Cheatham's Corps in advance. We made a forced march to get in the rear of the enemy. In the course of the afternoon, about three or four o'clock, I reached Rutherford's Creek as Cheatham's rear division was crossing. I received orders to halt and form on the south side of the creek, my right to rest on or near the creek, so as to move down the creek if necessary. Subsequently I received an order to send a division across the creek, and finally between sunset and dark an order was received to cross the creek, leaving a division on the south side. Edward Johnson's Division, being in the rear, was designated to remain. Riding in advance of the column about dark, I



Mrs. P. Stewart

found General Hood some half a mile from the creek and about as far west of the road on which we were marching and which led to Spring Hill.

"The commanding general gave me a young man of the neighborhood as a guide and told me to move on and place my right across the pike beyond Spring Hill, 'your left,' he added, 'extending down this way.' This would have placed my line in the rear of Cheatham's, except that my right would have extended beyond his. The guide informed me that at a certain point the road made a sudden turn to the left, going into Spring Hill; that from this bend there used to be a road leading across to the pike, meeting it at the tollgate some mile and a half beyond Spring Hill toward Franklin. I told

him if he could find it that was the right road. Arriving at the bend of the road, we passed through a large gateway, taking what appeared in the darkness to be an indistinct path. Within a short distance I found General Forrest's headquarters, and stopped to ascertain the position of his pickets covering Cheatham's right and of the enemy. He informed me that his scouts reported the enemy leaving the direct pike, leading from Spring Hill to Franklin and Nashville, and taking the one down Carter's Creek. While in conversation with him I was informed that a staff officer from General Hood had come up and halted the column. It turned out to be a staff (engineer) officer of General Cheatham's, who informed me that General Hood had sent him to place me in position.

"It striking me as strange that the commanding general should send an officer not of his own staff on this errand, or indeed any one, as he had given directions to me in person, I inquired of the officer if he had seen General Hood since I had. He replied that he had just come from General Hood, and that the reason why he was sent to me was that I was to go into position on General Brown's right (the right of Cheatham's Corps), and he and General Brown had been over the ground by daylight. Thinking it possible the commanding general had changed his mind as to what he wished me to do, I concluded it was proper to be governed by the directions of this staff officer, and therefore returned to the road and moved on toward Spring Hill. Arriving near the line of Brown's Division, General Brown explained his position, which was oblique to the pike, his right being farther from it than his left.

"It was evident that if my command were marched up and formed on his right (it being now a late hour) it would require all night to accomplish it, and the line, instead of extending across the pike, would bear away from it. Feeling satisfied there was a mistake, I directed the troops to be bivouacked while I rode back to find the commanding general to explain my situation and get further instructions. On arriving at his quarters I inquired of him if he had sent this officer of General Cheatham's staff to place me in position. He replied that he had. I next inquired if he had changed his mind as to what he wished me to do. He replied that he had not. 'But,' said he, 'the fact is, General Cheatham has been here and represented that somebody ought to be on Brown's right. I explained to him that in the uncertainty I was in I had directed the troops, who had been marching rapidly since daylight (and it was now 11 P.M.), to be placed in bivouac, and had come to report. He remarked in substance that it was not material, to let the men rest, and directed me to move before daylight in the morning, taking the advance toward Franklin.

"Subsequently General Hood made to me this statement: *'I wish you and your people to understand that I attach no blame to you for the failure at Spring Hill. On the contrary, I know if I had had you there the attack would have been made.'*

"Very respectfully, General, your obedient servant,

ALEX P. STEWART, *Lieutenant General.*

Gen. S. Cooper, Adjutant and Inspector General, Richmond."

LATER LETTER FROM GENERAL HOOD.

CHESTER, S. C., April 9, 1865.

My Dear General: Before leaving for Texas I desire to say that I am sorry to know that some of your friends thought that I intended some slight reflection on your conduct at Spring Hill. You did all that I could say or claim that I would have done under similar circumstances. The great opportunity passed with daylight. Since I have been informed that your friends felt that my report led to uncertainty as to yourself and troops, I regret that I did not make myself more clear in my report by giving more in detail about the staff officer of General Cheatham's. I only regret, General, that I did not have you with your corps in front on that day. I feel, and have felt, that Tennessee to-day would have been in our possession. * * *

Your friend, J. B. HOOD.

Volume XLV., Part I., serial 93 of the "Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies" was published in 1894; this "Critical Narrative" was published in 1907. It would seem that if the author of the latter had wished to be accurate and just he would have consulted the "Official Records."

Speaking of the battle of Franklin, he says: "To assault was a terrible proposition to troops who during Johnston's long retreat had been trained to avoid charging breastworks." What breastworks were in their way which it was necessary to charge? This writer has evidently accepted as true General Hood's claim that the Army of Tennessee was demoralized by General Johnston's conduct of the Atlanta campaign. There could not be a greater mistake. If anything could have demoralized that army, it would have been the removal of General Johnston from the command of it and the substitution of General Hood.

The truth is, the failure at Spring Hill was General Hood's own failure. He was at the front with the advanced troops, or could have been, and should have been; and if he gave "explicit orders for an immediate attack and occupation of the pike" and they were disobeyed, the remedy was entirely in his own hands. If it had been true that Cheatham and I disobeyed orders to make an immediate attack and absented ourselves from our commands that evening and Hood had overlooked such offenses, that would have demonstrated his incapacity for the chief command.

The author of the "Critical Narrative" excuses the attack on Franklin on the ground that Hood saw no alternative, since he had lost the one opportunity of the campaign at Spring Hill the night before. The loss at Spring Hill could have been fully retrieved at Franklin by crossing the Harpeth River by the fords above Franklin and getting a strong position among the Brentwood hills in the rear of the enemy.

Of what value is a "Critical Narrative" made up from "rumor?" It is worse than a waste of time to read such a book.

GENERAL CUSTER AND RAIN-IN-THE-FACE.

BY B. H. TEAGUE, AIKEN, S. C.

During a terrific but unsuccessful assault on Battery Wagner, one of the celebrated strongholds that defended the entrance to the Charleston Harbor during the War between the States, a gallant colonel was killed leading a Connecticut regiment. After the war a son of this officer found employment with a relative who was the proprietor of a Southern tourists' resort. He learned that if he could stand the rigid examination he could enter the United States army as a lieutenant, and fortunately found an old Confederate veteran brigadier at the place, an inventor of torpedoes and fuses, who coached him in his studies and preparation for the ordeal, through which he passed successfully in time and received his com-

mission. During his tutelage he evened up with the old gentleman by teaching his charming daughter all the delightful conjugations of the verb "to love," and finally married her.

Stationed in the Far West, the young officer made the acquaintance of the celebrated Indian chief, Rain-in-the-Face, who claimed to have killed General Custer, the last man slain in the bloody fight with the Sioux Indians, known as Custer's Massacre. From the Indian the officer obtained a spoon which he had made from a buffalo's horn, which with other Indian articles he presented to the writer to add to a collection of Indian relics, souvenirs, etc., which were subsequently donated to the museum of the Charleston (S. C.) College.

General Custer was a dashing, daring cavalry officer. At the surrender at Appomattox some of Gary's Cavalry Brigade were firing at a line of Federals, when General Custer dashed up unattended in great style to General Gary and imperiously demanded that the firing cease immediately, explaining that General Lee had surrendered his army. Our impetuous commander, Gary, had not heard the news before, and with an oath denied it and took Custer prisoner; but in a short space of time the news was confirmed and Custer was released. General Gary with a few followers immediately dashed through the lines and escaped the surrender. Though the North Carolinians claim to have fired the last shots of the war, Gary's command of South Carolinians have good proof that this fusillade of theirs which the Federal general tried to stop was the last on that memorable occasion.

There is a story related of General Custer which we hope is not true, but which is as follows: During an encampment of his command in the valley of Virginia in the early period of the war a party of his troopers, attracted by discharges of a gun in the woods near by, arrested a half-witted young fellow, nearly grown, but almost an idiot, who was hunting squirrels. The boy, frightened, when asked if he was not a "bushwhacker," more at the threatening manner of his captors than anything else, said, "Yes," yet not knowing the meaning of the word. He was brought before General Custer, who mistook his foolishness for dissembling and had him court-martialed and sentenced to death. The prisoner was made to dig his own grave and was then mercilessly shot. His body tumbled into the hole and was quickly covered up. All this was done in spite of the protestations and beseeching for his life by the old men and women of the place and the agonizing prayers of the poor boy's mother and father. It is said that the heartbroken mother appeared before the General afterwards and in scathing words reproached him for this murder, and with uplifted hand, as if calling from heaven a malediction, prophesied for him a bloody death.

Visiting the Jamestown Exposition after the Richmond Reunion, a large picture in one of the buildings drew our attention. Approaching, it was found to be a life-size delineation of the final desperate struggle of a group of soldiers at the Custer massacre and Rain-in-the-Face giving the final fatal blows to the General. It was horribly realistic and brought to mind vividly the prophecy of the mother of the murdered boy.

THE OLD BATTLEFIELDS.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

The old and cherished battlefields! how do they look to-day—
The many spots where in their youth once wrestled Blue and Gray?
Where shrill the bugle blew the charge and underneath the pines
In onset fierce and deadly strife met once the surging lines,
Do all the scars of war and hate stand out against the sun?
And does the sward unburied hold the rusted sword and gun?
What grim ghosts haunt those fields to-day? What dismal sounds are heard?
Say, is the air, as long ago, by battle rudely stirred?

Fair are the battlefields of old, with daisies all abloom!
The roses fleck the haunted ground where once was woe and gloom,
The kine are grazing on the meads where once the charge was made,
And the oriole is singing in the death-invested glade;
The ringdove softly wooes his mate beside the Tennessee,
And the lily looks to heaven where were pitched the tents of Lee;
And 'neath a stately cedar high on Round Top's rugged crest
In holy innocence and peace a wren has built her nest.

Where Pickett charged that summer day the clover's bloom is red;
The peaceful pines reflected are in Shenandoah's bed.
In Marye's Heights I plucked a rose snow-white the other day,
And smiling is the Wilderness where grappled Blue and Gray.
I saw two children arm in arm, devoted lovers twain,
Chase bees amid the clover sweet in Sharpsburg's "Bloody Lane;"
And in the battered Dunker church a hymn of peace I heard,
And a breeze that breathed devotion the cedars gently stirred.

You cannot trace the cannon ruts at Shiloh for the flowers.
At Malvern Hill the golden bee is busy through the hours;
The rain has cut the ramparts down, and where one time they rose
Through cornfields with their emerald blades a south wind softly blows:
In Chickamauga's wooded glades the squirrel is e'er at play,
The skylark over Lookout's crest with matins greets the day;
The grass is green on Franklin's plain, no blood-red banners wave,
And honeysuckles hide in love the missing comrade's grave.

I've heard the robin call his love among the daisies bright
That cover Spottsylvania's fields with vestments of samite;
The spider spins her subtle threads among the dewy grass
That sparkles in the morning's light in old South Mountain's pass.
At Cedar Creek no bugle blows, the battle drums are still,
And children, whistling, go to school o'er bloody Fisher's Hill.
Some angel's hand has decked with bloom the sward of Seven Pines,
And round Stone River's sturdy oaks the velvet ivy twines.

So look the battlefields of old this sweet and peaceful day:
The lily bends above the Blue, the rose above the Gray;
Through them the crystal brooklets, softly singing, seek the sea,
And o'er them skyward floats a song of love from every tree.
Forever may the white rose hide the lurid marks of war,
And may the clover long conceal the cannon's rugged scar!
O each year may some angel plant to greet the summer rain
The God-kissed bloom of paradise upon each battle plain!



OFFICERS OF THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' HOME OF KENTUCKY. GEN. BENNETT H. YOUNG IS PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD.

KENTUCKY CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' HOME.

The Kentucky Confederate Home is one of the younger of such institutions in the South. It was created by an act of the Legislature of March, 1902, and has now two hundred and forty-eight inmates.

Various cities in Kentucky made bids for the location of the Home; but it was finally put at Pewee Valley, and the authorities were so fortunate as to secure what was known as "Villa Inn Ridge." This had been built at an expense of $100,000, and has a capacity of more than one hundred and twenty-five guests. It was furnished handsomely throughout, with large airy dining room and all the conveniences and comforts of a hotel.

At first it was not believed that there was a sufficient number of invalid and infirm Confederates in Kentucky to fill the Home. The State started out with an annual *per capita* of $125. This was finally increased in 1904 to $175, with a fixed appropriation of $20,000 a year, provided the *per capita* would not yield that amount.

Fifty-six thousand dollars was appropriated for the building of an infirmary, and it is said that the Kentucky Confederate Home has the best infirmary of its kind in the South. The infirmary has only fifty rooms, but these have been more than filled.

From time to time the Kentucky Legislature has acted with great generosity, and both Republicans and Democrats have vied with each other in making proper and liberal provision for the care and maintenance of the Home. Two hundred and fifty is the limit of capacity.

The authorities will apply next year for a tuberculosis infirmary. The average age of the inmates is about seventy-two and a half years.

For a long time there was no assembly hall at the Home. Mrs. L. Z. Duke, of New York, a native of Greenup County, Ky., whose only brother was killed at Shiloh, donated $2,200 for the purpose of providing a room for entertainments of all kinds. Mrs. Duke's wishes have been beautifully executed. The hall will seat about four hundred people and is beautifully furnished. Gen. H. A. Tyler provided funds to buy a handsome piano, and the stained-glass windows were donated by Gen. Bennett H. Young, of Louisville.

Under the law as now existing only Confederate veterans can be appointed as trustees of the Home.

The institution is situated at Pewee Valley, Ky., sixteen miles from Louisville, and is reached by the interurban railroad, the main building being four hundred yards from the depot.

Federal surgeons and officers who have visited the Home say that it is more complete and comfortable in its appointments than any Home sustained by the Federal government for the use of its soldiers.

The Board of Trustees is composed of the following gentlemen: Andrew M. Sea, Louisville; C. L. Daughtry, Bowling Green; W. A. Milton, Louisville; Fayette Hewitt, Frankfort; W. F. Beard, Shelbyville; William N. Bumpus, Owensboro; L. H. Blanton, Danville; A. L. Harned, Boston; Charles C. Reed, Paducah; Leeland Hathaway, Winchester; Bennett H. Young, Louisville; G. R. Mattingly, Bardstown; Garrett D. Wall, Maysville; J. W. Hollingsworth, Princeton; Congrave Croft, Fulton.



MRS. L. Z. DUKE, GIVER OF HALL TO THE HOME.

Col. Henry George, the Commandant, who was with Forrest, entered the service when only fifteen years of age. He has discharged the duties of the position with success.



GATHERING AT CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' HOME OF KENTUCKY. ADDITIONAL BUILDINGS WOULD SHOW NOW.

Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander of the Kentucky Division, U. C. V., has been the President of the Home since its organization, and the Kentucky Confederates all take great pride in the splendid institution provided by the State of Kentucky for the use of those who fought for the South.

About one-third of the inmates of the Home are from other States, but have been residents of Kentucky.

The Home has a beautiful park attached to it, which is carefully and thoroughly kept, and these Confederate veterans have everything the State can offer to her chivalrous sons.

DONOR OF THE L. Z. DUKE HALL TO CONFEDERATES.

A monthly periodical of the Home gives an account of a visit by Mrs. Duke as a guest at the Kentucky Home:

"The pleasant anticipation of her visit was more than realized in her gracious presence. She held a reception in the L. Z. Duke Hall that she might again express her love and interest in the men who wore the gray and have an opportunity to shake the hand of every veteran in the Home. After the singing of 'We Are Old-Time Confederates' by the veterans, she was presented by Col. Henry George, Commandant of the Home, and a welcome was extended for the veterans by Mr. Holloway in a happy address. Mrs. Duke, with a heart full of emotion, responded in a sweet, unassuming way that touched the hearts of all of her hearers, and they realize more than ever that her munificent gift to the Home of L. Z. Duke Hall was a gift of love for the comrades of her only brother, who gave his life on the battlefield of Shiloh for the cause of the South.

"Mrs. Duke has always wished in some way to express her loyalty to her native State and love for the Confederate cause, and she must have realized that she could not have done so in a more appropriate way than in presenting to the Home L. Z. Duke Hall.

"Mrs. Duke joined the delegation of Confederates from Louisville to Birmingham as matron of honor of the Kentucky Division of U. C. V., being appointed by Gen. Bennett H. Young. After enjoying the magnificent hospitality of Birmingham and the many gracious attentions conferred upon



MRS. DUKE IN BIRMINGHAM PARADE—ON FAR SEAT IN REAR.

Kentuckians, she returned to the Home for a couple of days' rest on her way to New York, bringing with her the beautiful State sponsor, Miss Pearl Haggard, of Winchester.

"It is the hope of all connected with the Home that Mrs. Duke will make at least semiannual visits to the Home, where a hearty welcome will always be extended to her."

AUTHORSHIP OF A POEM, ETC.

BY COL. ARCHIBALD GRACIE, 1527 16TH STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.

I notice the discussion in the August number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN as to the authorship of a poem which appears in the June VETERAN, page 270, the authorship of the poem being attributed to Maj. H. A. Whiting, of General Rodes's staff; while in the August number Mrs. Jane Young, of Houston, Tex., is said to have written it and dedicated it to Hood's Texas Brigade. Now I have in my scrapbook a newspaper clipping of war times which contains almost word for word the same poem, headed "Rodes's Brigade by Larry Lee," and at the end of the poem "Richmond, July, 1862." The clipping is from a Richmond paper.

Since writing the above I notice that the authorship is attributed to Capt. William Page Carter. Possibly he wrote under the *nom de plume* of Larry Lee.

Perhaps this may also shed light on the true authorship of this poem, and some of your correspondents may know who "Larry Lee" was. Though I was only a child when I arranged my scrapbook, I was probably interested in preserving this poem because of its beautiful rhythm and for the two additional reasons that my father commanded Alabama troops and was to have commanded Rodes's Alabama Division, made vacant on September 19, 1864, by General Rodes's death. General Gracie was killed, however, before the time for him to take command of it.

I have in my scrapbook quite a number of poems, clippings from wartime newspapers, some of which are:

"Scott's Lament." From the Raleigh Register.

"In Memory of Brig. Gen. John Pegram, Killed in Battle February 6, 1865." By "C."

"Beauregard's Tactics." By Joseph Barber.

"My Wife." By Maj. George McKnight, Columbia, S. C.

"My Maryland," "written while our army was still in Maryland for the Advertiser and Register, Alabama, September 24, 1862." By Maj. J. R. Randall.

"The Greatest Victory of the War, *La Bataille des Mouchoirs*, Fought Friday, February 20, 1863." By Eugenie.

In the August VETERAN, page 374, Comrade N. W. Phillips, of Weatherford, Tex., who was a member of the 43d Alabama Regiment, inquires for a man he intercepted while scouting toward Chattanooga after the battle of Chickamauga. The incident to which he refers is a very important one in the history of the battle and about which he has written to me. While there is no doubt of the truth of what he has written, I would like confirmation of it from as many sources as possible, and I would like still further details in regard to it: "About daylight we formed a line and there came an order to our regiment to detail three men from each company to search the woods from there to Chattanooga for the enemy, and I was one of the three to go from Company B. I thought my doom was sealed, for I had no idea that the enemy had fled. I felt almost sure I would be killed, but we went on up and down hill for about two and a half miles. We met one of our men, who had been captured and made his escape. He told us the Yankees were crossing the river with all their might. We were the happiest lot of men you ever saw."

The time to which Mr. Phillips refers is the morning after the battle of Chickamauga—namely, about daylight on Monday, September 21, 1863. The scouting party was sent north toward Chattanooga from Snodgrass Ridge. Confirmation in regard thereto from surviving members of this regiment or others of Gracie's Brigade is much desired.



"Thou hast but taken thy lamp and gone to bed;
I stay a little longer, as one stays
To cover up the embers that still burn."

MAJ. W. HOOPER HARRIS.

Many admiring friends in Tennessee were saddened by the news that on August 10, 1908, Maj. William Hooper Harris had died in Mobile the day before. He had lived in that city for several years with his son-in-law, Mr. Erwin Craighead, editor of the Mobile Register.

Major Harris was the son of Dr. Nathan Harris and Jane Lowry, and was born August 5, 1835, at the Cherokee Agency, Tenn., his father at the time being surgeon in the employment of the government. The greater part of Major Harris's life was spent in Tennessee, and he was in business in Nashville before the war. At the outbreak he volunteered in the Confederate service. He was at first a lieutenant in Company A, 1st Battalion Tennessee Cavalry. Then he was transferred to Wheeler's Cavalry and promoted to the rank of major, being made chief quartermaster and a member of his staff. A commission as colonel was made out for him; but the war terminated his service, and it never reached him. He was paroled May 3, 1865, at Charlotte, N. C. He was a member of Cheatham Bivouac and Camp 35, U. C. V., Nashville.

Major Harris passed through the war without serious hurt, being but once wounded. He had the peculiar adventure while assisting in covering the retreat from Tennessee after Hood's campaign, however, of leaping into a river on one horse and coming out on the other side on another, his command being under fire at the time. The leap was from a rather high bluff, and he was unhorsed. Floundering about in the water, he caught a stirrup, and, holding to it and to the pommel of the empty saddle of a horse belonging to one of his comrades, managed to get ashore.

Major Harris was twice married. His first wife was Jennie Martin and his second Mary Preston Craighead, both of Nashville. The children who survive him are the offspring of the first marriage. He leaves a son, W. Hooper Harris, of New York; two daughters, Mrs. Erwin Craighead, of Mobile, and Mrs. C. B. McLeod, of Jackson, Ala.; also a brother, Judge Richard R. Harris, of Rome, Ga.

Major Harris was genial of nature and very fond of association with his fellows. In his prosperous days he was generous to all, particularly to old comrades who were not faring so well as he. He was a very active and enterprising man even down to his last days, being engaged in a paying operation of some magnitude and promise.

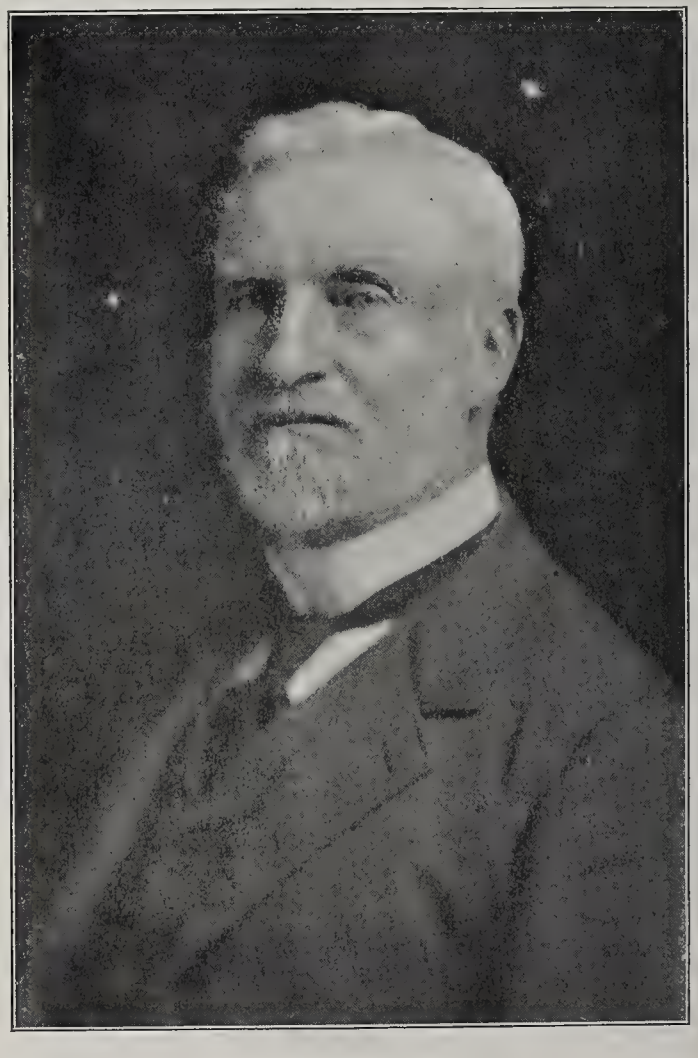
For some time after the war Major Harris was at the head of a large business in New York. Later he was engaged in the cotton business in Nashville. He was so prominent in Nashville that his friends made a close race with him for Mayor of that city. Later he lived in Arkansas and the last six years in Mobile.

The funeral of Major Harris took place on August 11 from the home of Mr. Craighead, 400 Congress Street. Rev. Dr. Matthew Brewster, of Christ Church, read the Episcopal burial service and afterwards the beautiful hymn, "Abide with Me." The remains were laid to rest at sunset in Magnolia Cemetery. Although he maintained his relations with the Tennessee organization as a Confederate, there were a goodly number of veterans present wearing the badge of the Raphael Semmes Camp. Over the coffin were spread the folds of a Confederate flag and upon the flag a beautiful bunch of white carnations and a knot of palm branches.

LORENZO NOBLE DANTZLER.

L. N. Dantzler was born December 31, 1833, in Greene County, Miss.; and died December 11, 1906, in Moss Point, Miss. He graduated at Centenary College, Louisiana, in 1851, and when twenty-one years of age entered the cotton business in Mobile, Ala. He served in the 21st Alabama Regiment as a private, and was wounded at Shiloh. He was then assigned to the secret service of the Confederate government, in which he continued to the close of the war. Immediately after the war he removed to Moss Point and engaged in the lumber business as a member of the firm of William Griffin & Co.; and after the dissolution of this firm, he continued the business alone, finally incorporating the firm of L. N. Dantzler Lumber Company, of which he was president. This firm operated seven mills with an output of one hundred million feet of lumber annually. Its real estate possessions comprise about 300,000 acres of timber land.

A sense of gratitude to this noble man induces more than the brief mention as above supplied. A few months before



L. N. DANTZLER.

his death he visited summer resorts in Tennessee, and made many friends. A topic with him in talking to mature people was the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. He did not hesitate to commend it and tell them they ought to take it. He became interested in the VETERAN through the thoughtfulness of a daughter who was educated in Nashville.

L. N. Dantzler was the youngest of six sons. His father, J. L. Dantzler, removed at an early day from South Carolina.

Training his sons as practical business men, Mr. L. N. Dantzler was relieved in later years of any business cares, and enjoyed the comfort he so well earned.

Mr. Dantzler was united in marriage in 1857 to Miss Eran Griffin, and eleven children were born to them, seven of whom are living: John Lewis, L. N., Jr., A. F., G. Bruner, Mary E. Cowan, Emma D. Izard, and Anna L. Bozeman. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

The funeral was held in the Methodist church at Moss Point by Rev. W. B. Lewis, the pastor and personal friend of Mr. Dantzler. The attendance was the largest ever known in the county. The Jackson County Camp, U. C. V., attended in uniform. Among the benefactions made before his death Mr. Dantzler gave to the Church at Moss Point $10,000 and to the public school of that place he gave a like sum.

GEN. JAMES H. LANE.

In a tribute to Gen. James H. Lane by Prof. F. H. Smith, of the University of Virginia, in November, 1907, he states:

"Among our general officers perhaps no one of his grade held a more honorable place in the esteem of our people—an esteem founded on his unswerving loyalty and courage in time of war and his quiet usefulness since the conflict ended—than Gen. James H. Lane, of Virginia, whose sudden departure from life has been a source of widespread grief.



GEN. JAMES H. LANE.

"James Henry Lane was born at Mathews C. H., Va., in 1833. He was descended from several of the old colonial families. He was trained at the Virginia Military Institute, that nursery of fine young manhood whose prowess on the battlefield years ago and on the athletic field in more recent days is nowhere regarded with greater honor and pride than it is at this institution. Stonewall Jackson was his teacher in natural philosophy. Of him he always had many stories to tell, for 'Old Jack,' as the boys loved to call him, was unique in many respects besides his military genius, which was then quite unsuspected.

"Graduating 'with honors' at the Military Institute in 1854, two years later Lane came to the University of Virginia. Though he stayed here but one year (1856-57), he made his mark, and left in the memories of his teachers an abiding respect for his ability and his solid character. The writer of this sketch enjoyed the privilege of being the head of one of the schools in the university which Lane attended, and in after years, with others, felt a pride in the distinction gained by his promising pupil. But the esteem was not one-sided, not merely that of the university for its son. No one of its alumni, however prolonged his connection with the institution might have been, ever left it with deeper affection or cherished for it a more unbroken loyalty during his entire life than James H. Lane. He did this without abating one jot of his love for the institute at Lexington, to which he owed his fine preparation. He did not believe that devotion to one required that he should disparage the other, but realized that they were coworkers in a vast field which neither could fill alone. From this university he went into the ranks of the teachers of our land.

"When the war broke out, he was professor in the North Carolina Military Institute, at Charlotte. His admirable military training and capacity pointed him out as one fit to be a leader, and almost immediately after entering the service he was elected major of the 1st North Carolina Volunteers, afterwards famous as the 'Bethel Regiment,' and in conjunction with these troops, under the command of Col. D. H. Hill, Lane had a conspicuous part in the battle of Bethel, on the Peninsula, which is considered as the first battle of the war.

"On September 21, 1861, he was unanimously chosen colonel of the 28th North Carolina Regiment, and between him and the gallant troops of that renowned State there grew up a mutual pride and confidence. 'Lane and his North Carolinians' was destined to be a historic phrase. In every important engagement of the Army of Northern Virginia and in many of the minor actions of that army, from the battle of Hanover C. H. to the surrender at Appomattox, Lane and his brave North Carolinians were conspicuous.

"He was with A. P. Hill in that memorable rapid march September 17, 1862, from Harper's Ferry to Sharpsburg, where Hill arrived just in time to hurl back Burnside's attack on the right. General Branch was killed in this battle, and Colonel Lane took charge of his brigade in the field. This was one of the three brigades that formed the rear guard of Lee's army when it recrossed the Potomac. At Shepherdstown September 20 Colonel Lane was still in command of this brigade when it helped to rout and drive the enemy into the Potomac 'in the face of a storm of round shot, shell, and grape' from the opposite bank of the river. The soldiers of Branch's Brigade asked for Lane's promotion; and on the recommendations of Generals Lee, Jackson, and A. P. Hill he was appointed brigadier general and assigned to the command of Branch's Brigade.

"To tell of the part that General Lane played in the great battles of the war would be beyond the limits of this sketch. Both General Lee and General Jackson held him in high esteem as one of their most capable officers, as is proved by the many important enterprises which were intrusted to him.

"In the battle of Spottsylvania C. H., May 12, 1864, 'Lane's North Carolina Brigade achieved undying glory.' The London Times's correspondent wrote that 'Lane's North Carolina veterans had successfully stemmed the tide of Federal victory as it went surging to the right.' And a writer, recalling this great battle thirty-three years afterwards, exclaims: 'Who will forget the figure of the "Little General," as the soldiers affectionately called the heroic Lane, when he gave the command for that deadly volley which checked Hancock's Corps?' It saved the right wing of Lee's army.

"A colleague of General Lane's at Auburn, Ala., speaks in a letter before me of the pride with which the General used to relate how his brigade, almost decimated by the murderous fire of the enemy in that battle (Spottsylvania C. H.), which they had sustained for hours in one of the bloodiest episodes of the war with colors flying and band playing, marched past General Lee, who bared his head in silence and watched them as they crossed the works, deployed, and disappeared amid the wild cheering of their comrades who remained behind.

"It is a touching fact that it was this noble brigade into whose lines Stonewall Jackson rode in the twilight of that glorious but dreadful day at Chancellorsville and by whose mistaken fire was laid low the hero for whom every man of them would willingly have died. No one will ever know certainly how Jackson was killed. Lane's Brigade was the only command in the front line. Gen. A. P. Hill, who was also wounded the same evening, told General Lane afterwards that he thought Jackson had been wounded by the firing of the 18th North Carolina Regiment, but that his own wound had been dealt by the enemy. In the dark on the 'plank road' General Lane, returning from a reconnoissance to get further instructions from General Hill about the night attack which Hill had ordered him to make, met General Jackson, who 'in an earnest tone and with a pushing gesture of the right hand in the direction of the enemy said: "Push right ahead, Lane!"' That was the last time Lane ever saw his beloved general. Later that night Jackson had been mortally wounded. Whenever General Lane tried to tell about it, his voice broke.

"At the close of the Civil War General Lane laid down his arms. It was not to abandon his country in despair and seek new allegiance, but, like his great leader, the noble Lee, to employ his powers in peaceful lines for the benefit of the people he loved and fought for. General Lane resumed the honorable life of a college professor: first at the Polytechnic Institute of Virginia, at Blacksburg, and then with Col. Leroy Broun in raising the Polytechnic Institute of Alabama to the remarkable place it holds in the respect of the citizens of that State and of the educational world at large. For twenty-five years he filled the chair of civil engineering and drawing at Auburn, Ala. * * * General Lane's influence here (at Auburn) will endure as long as the college itself. He was a man of singularly pure and simple character, absolutely straightforward and sincere, without fear, a soldier every inch of him, whose scorn no student dared to provoke, and a stanch friend whose loyalty none ever doubted.

"We recall a recent visit to Auburn. We had not seen General Lane since he was a student at this place. At the train we were greeted by several valued friends, among them the General, whose bright eye and elastic step and hearty salutation carried with them no sign of infirmity. But his work was done; and when the rolling year brought to him the call of the Master, he answered it with brave resignation. It is a beautiful fact in nature that the sunshine of to-day is not limited in its beneficent effects to the day itself. For all time to come the world will be the better for it. So a good life is never lost, but in its results is eternal."

[It was a strange oversight that due tribute was not paid to General Lane at the time of his death. He had been an active friend of the Veteran and gave much through its pages in the vindication of the Southern people. A sketch of him appears on page 150 of the Veteran for May, 1894.]

Riley Stephen Beaver.

Another seat is left vacant in the Bill Dawson Camp, No. 552, U. C. V., at Dyersburg, Tenn., by the death of Riley Stephen Beaver on July 16, 1908. He was born near Mifflin, Tenn., March 1, 1842, and was thus in young manhood at the beginning of the War between the States. He soon enlisted in the Confederate army, joining the second company made up in Henderson County, with "Uncle" Dick Barham as captain. It was made part of the 27th Tennessee Infantry.

Riley Beaver served with distinction through the entire four years, ever ready to respond to the call of duty. He was elected corporal at the organization of his company, and by his gallantry and popularity was soon elected second lieutenant, a position that he held throughout the war. He participated in the principal battles fought by the army of Joseph E. Johnston, and was wounded several times.

Comrade Beaver is survived by his second wife and several children, who mourn the loss of a devoted husband and father.

Three Comrades of Lumpkin, Ga.

Reports from Lumpkin, Ga., note the passing of three prominent Confederate veterans whose lives were identified with the growth and prosperity of the community:

Major Corbett, who died on August 21, 1907, was one of the most valued and highly respected citizens of Lumpkin, honored and loved by all who knew him. He went out as a soldier early in 1861 as a member of Captain Sheppard's Company C, 2d Georgia Regiment. After passing through many engagements, he was severely wounded in the second day's battle of Gettysburg, losing his right arm. As the Commander of Clement A. Evans Camp, of Stewart County, from its organization until his death he was much loved, and in return he was always planning for the pleasure and happiness of his comrades. He was buried in his Confederate uniform.



MAJOR CORBETT.

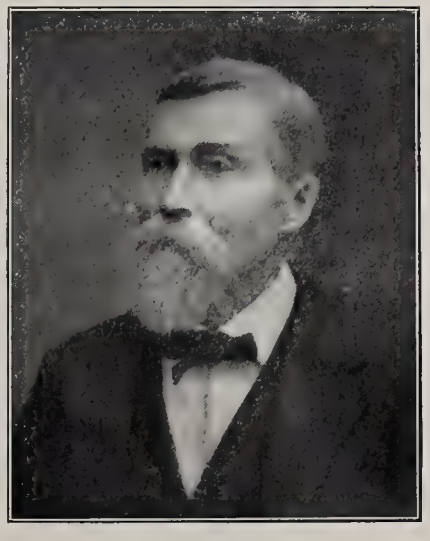
Major Corbett was married in 1878 to Mrs. Epsie Mansfield, who survives him with one daughter.

George W. Everett, who died very suddenly at his home, in Lumpkin, Ga., October 5, 1907, was born in Washington County, Fla., February 26, 1832. His parents removed to Stewart County, Ga., when he was a boy; but he was living in Louisiana when the war broke out, so he entered the army from there, joining Company K, of the 31st Louisiana Regiment. He was a faithful and courageous soldier, and was an active and faithful member of Clement A. Evans Camp, U. C. V. As a Christian who loved his Christianity, as a citizen who stood for true citizenship, as a husband considerate and true, a father loving and kind, his life was as full of good, useful deeds as it was of honorable years.



GEORGE W. EVERETT.

At the outbreak of the war John F. Irvin entered the army as a private in Company I, of the 21st Georgia Regiment, under Captain Lynch, and his record in the Confederate service was that of a brave and faithful soldier. He was honored by his comrades in being made captain of his company, and faithfully led them as duty directed to the end. He was married in 1878, and is survived by his wife and several children. Death came to him in November, 1906, at his home, in Lumpkin.



JOHN F. IRVIN.

Peter Monroe John.

Peter Monroe John, a Confederate soldier, a member of "Hampton's Legion," and a Christian gentleman, has "passed over the river" and joined his comrades on the other side. He was born in Marlboro County, S. C., February 11, 1831, on land settled by his grandfather, Griffith John, one of the early Welsh settlers of that section. When he grew to manhood, he built himself a house almost in sight of the old homestead, where as a successful tiller of the soil he led an independent and peaceful life in a home which was noted far and wide for its generous and delightful hospitality. At the outbreak of the War between the States he enlisted as a private soldier, and for four years followed South Carolina's matchless warrior, Wade Hampton, through success and defeat, participating in all the battles fought by that famous Legion.

Comrade John married first Miss Kate McArthur, of Richmond County, N. C., in 1859. She died in 1891, leaving two sons, the youngest of whom, Mr. W. L. John, survives his father. Mr. John married the second time July 12, 1893, his second wife being Miss Sallie Blue, of Marion, S. C., a daughter of the late Col. John Gilchrist Blue, of the C. S. A., and a sister of Lieut. Victor Blue, of the United States navy, who also survives him.

Comrade John was true to all the trusts that life imposed upon him. Modest in disposition, quiet and dignified in manner, earnest in purpose, faithful to duty, helpful to friend and neighbor, he pursued his even way far from the rush and turmoil of the world which held no attractions for him, and was beloved by all who knew him. In his youth he united with the Methodist Church at Parnassus, remaining a true and steadfast member thereof for more than fifty years, until his death, which occurred on the afternoon of July 16, 1908, after an exceedingly painful but patiently borne illness of one week. An immense concourse of people attended his funeral; so large, indeed, was the crowd gathered to show respect and honor to their departed friend that the church could not hold them, and on this account the services were conducted in the grove adjacent.

Peter John led a simple life, did the duty that was nearest, and in dying has bequeathed to those he left behind a wealth of beautiful memories which will live forever in their hearts.

In sending the foregoing Miss Kate Lilly Blue writes:

"As the daughter of a Confederate soldier long since gone to his rest, everything pertaining to the cause for which he fought is dear to me, and I also have been an interested reader of the Confederate Veteran for some years.

"Peter John was devoted to the Veteran. He preferred it to all other periodicals, and was greatly interested in the last copy, which came just before his death. He had his wife read it all to him. When she finished it, he said: 'The Confederate veterans are going very fast now.'"

Thomas W. Lockett.

Lieutenant Lockett was a gallant Confederate soldier. He was born in Autauga County, Ala., July 14, 1839, his father's family moving from there to Columbia County, Ark., before the War between the States. He died recently at his home, in Camden, Ark.

Lieutenant Lockett enlisted as a private in a company known as the Lisbon Invincibles in Union County, Ark., and marched on foot to Little Rock, where he was put in the well-known 6th Arkansas Regiment, which was first commanded by Col. Richard Lyon. Lieutenant Lockett was in the battles of Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Perryville, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Ringgold Gap, all through the Sherman and Johnston campaign from Dalton to Atlanta, and was at the close of the war, surrendering at Goldsboro, N. C.

When the 6th Arkansas was reorganized, Private Lockett was made a lieutenant. He was severely wounded in the battle of Chickamauga. That intrepid soldier, Gen. Pat Cleburne, complimented him on the battlefield for conspicuous bravery. No one who knew him ever doubted his moral or physical courage.

Lieutenant Lockett has a widow and three children who are living and prominent in Camden, Ark. The oldest is the wife of Shade B. Proctor. The second, a son, Reese Thomas Lockett, married Miss Bettie Ramsey, daughter of the late Rev. Daniel B. Ramsey, who was rector of St. John's Episcopal Church of Camden for several years, and was captain of Ramsey's Battery that did such efficient service in the

Army of Tennessee. Mr. and Mrs. Reese Lockett have a bright daughter, little Miss Bruce. William P. Lockett married Miss Lena Gee, daughter of Charles D. Gee and Martha Kellum Gee and granddaughter of Col. James M. Gee, the first colonel of the 15th Arkansas Regiment, C. S. A. The widow, Mrs. Mary E. Lockett, has for years been the efficient President of the H. L. Grinstead Chapter, U. D. C.

Mr. P. Lynch Lee, of Camden, who furnished the foregoing, gives the following in regard to Comrade Lockett:

"An incident in the life of Lieutenant Lockett was brought to mind by reading a newspaper article lately, headed 'A Second Solomon.' The article regarded a dispute in a New Jersey city over the ownership of a horse, the case having reached the court. After several hours had been consumed by lawyers on both sides, an adjustment appeared no nearer than at first. The plaintiff, who claimed the horse was stolen from him, made the proposition to let the horse, who he said was well acquainted with the city, decide the question.

"The officer having the disputed animal in charge was to turn him loose and the owner of the stable he went to was to be declared the rightful one. This being done, the horse went to the plaintiff's stable, which settled what the court found difficulty in doing.

"A somewhat similar case occurred on our own Washington Street not many years after the war between a city boy and a country boy over the ownership of a dog. Both were very persistent in their claims, and would not yield a particle. The animal was then in the possession of the city boy. At this juncture of the dispute Lieut. Thomas W. Lockett appeared; and as the city boy's father, a very nice gentleman, had sided with his son, saying that the country boy had not produced sufficient evidence to entitle him to the property, Lieutenant Lockett, as was characteristic of him, wished to see that the boy who had two against him had an even chance in the contest. He told the lads that he would test the question in a manner that would convince both of them who was the rightful owner. At Lieutenant Lockett's request the city boy delivered the dog to him. He then asked each boy to tell him the name he called the dog by. One said the dog's name was Dash, and the other that it was Ring. 'Very well,' said Lieutenant Lockett. 'Now one of you go up the street a little way and the other down the street the same distance.' They complied with his request, when he then told each of them to call the dog. After both called earnestly for the dog, Lieutenant Lockett let the animal loose, and it readily answered to the name of Ring. The country boy was rejoiced. He and Ring went on to their happy rabbit hunting grounds. These two incidents remind us of King Solomon's settlement of the baby question."

Col. T. B. Massie.

On the morning of the 29th of April, 1908, at his home, in Rappahannock County, Va., Col. T. B. Massie, of the 12th Virginia Cavalry, Ashby's old brigade, crossed over the river of death to meet his old commander, Stonewall Jackson. He was married twice and is survived by his widow and eight children, who mourn their loss. He was a chivalrous, patriotic Christian gentleman of the old Virginia type, and when mounted on his war horse, Perry (who was wounded four times), was a leader worthy of any foeman's steel.

When Col. A. W. Harman was wounded and captured on June 9, 1863, Massie had command of the regiment, except when he was wounded, until captured late in February, 1865.

On the 6th of May in the severe Wilderness fight General Rosser ordered Colonel Massie: "Clear your front!" In this charge Colonel Massie led a portion of the regiment through the enemy's lines. They closed in his rear; but he was equal to the occasion, and dashed into the wilderness, passed around General Grant's left flank, captured some prisoners, and reported at headquarters by midnight.

At Samaria Church on the 24th of June, 1864, in charging some breastworks built of rails he was wounded, and it was reported that his son, I. G. Massie, sergeant major of the regiment, killed the man who was trying to shoot his father the second time. Before his wound healed he was again commanding his regiment; and on August 25 at Reams Station, when Gen. A. P. Hill defeated Hancock and drove him out of his breastworks, the 12th Virginia Cavalry was dismounted and fought side by side with the 12th Virginia Infantry, and Colonel Massie's regiment was the first to enter the place.

On September 16, 1864, after passing in the rear of Grant's army at Sycamore Church, near the James River, his regiment, led by him, broke through Grant's rear guard and, assisted by the rest of the brigade, captured twenty-four hundred and eighty-three cattle, which Hampton's Cavalry safely delivered into General Lee's hands. This was the greatest achievement of cavalry during the war.

When the war was over, although he had lost heavily, few men did more to build up the waste places of his State, and at the time of his death he was Commander of the Camp of Confederate Veterans in Rappahannock, Va.

[Sketch by Capt. J. R. Russ, Company I, 12th Virginia Cavalry, Haymarket, Va.]



MRS. EDWIN G. WEED.

Mrs. Edwin G. Weed, of Florida.

[To the United Daughters of the Confederacy, by Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, President General.]

It is with a deep sense of sorrow and sympathy that it becomes my painful duty to announce to you the death of our beloved Ex-President General, Mrs. Edwin Gardner Weed, wife of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Weed, of Florida. A woman of exalted character, of gracious and winning manner, of warm and generous heart, and of superior mental attainment, she had lent the grace of all of these qualities to the service of her Church and to the work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and her loss is irreparable.

In 1896 Mrs. Weed was elected the first President of the Florida Division, U. D. C., and three years later her great executive and administrative ability had recognition in her election to the office of President General U. D. C. With her bereaved family we mourn that her beautiful life on earth is no more, yet we have the blessed assurance that she has entered into rest eternal.

Mrs. Weed was a daughter of Col. Thomas F. Foster, deceased, and was married to Bishop Weed April 24, 1874, at Summerville, Ga. The family removed to Jacksonville, Fla., in 1886, and had resided there afterwards. Mrs. Weed was strong in all good works, and never spared herself when public or private need was seen. As directress of the children's auxiliary to the Board of Missions and as President of St. John's Guild she accomplished a great deal for the Episcopal Church and endeared herself to its organizations generally. It was not alone in Church work but in every charity her sympathy and generous heart were active.

The Times-Union states:

"In 1901, when Jacksonville was destroyed by fire, the wonderful executive ability and resource of Mrs. Weed was most evident. She was at a luncheon when the fire started, and at once got in her carriage, and in full dress started out to find her friends in distress. Going to some houses, telephoning to others, by nightfall thirty or more persons had been gathered under the hospitable roof of the Bishop and Mrs. Weed. Telegraphing to Savannah for bread and coffee, Mrs. Weed not only served supper to her houseful of guests, but sent the gardener out with large buckets of coffee and boxes of sandwiches, and went in a carriage to the military pickets with hot coffee and sandwiches, telling them to come or send to her house if they wanted more. A piazza bench was filled with sandwiches for any who came.

"This hospitality was kept up for weeks, and daily telegrams were sent to Savannah for bread and coffee.

"When the Florida Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy was formed, in July, 1896, Mrs. Weed consented to become the first President of the five Chapters forming the Division, and lent her name and her influence to the upbuilding of the work in her adopted State, sparing herself in no way in the fulfilling of her self-imposed duties. For two and a half years Mrs. Weed filled this office.

"At the Richmond Convention of the general organization of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, in November, 1899, Mrs. Weed was unanimously elected President General of the organization. For two years she held this important office, and endeared herself to hundreds of women by her unfailing courtesy, gentleness, consideration and patience, and by the justice and impartiality of her rulings.

"One of the last important services performed by Mrs. Weed in U. D. C. work was that of chairman of the committee for the inscriptions for the monument to President Davis which was erected at Richmond by the people of the South. This was most important and exacting work, to be scanned and criticised by the entire country. The beautiful inscriptions on the monument prove the literary ability, wisdom, and judgment of Mrs. Weed and her committee. While they did not write all the inscriptions, having called upon foremost Southern scholars for advice and assistance, to Mrs. Weed and her committee alone belongs the credit of the completed work."

J. O. Allen.

("I triumph in death as well as in life.")

J. O. Allen died July 25, 1898. He was born December 3, 1843, at Rock Castle, near Nashville, in the home of his grandfather, Dr. James Overton. He was the eldest child of George C. and Martha Overton Allen. He volunteered October 10, 1861, at Camp Weakley, near Nashville, in Company I, 1st Tennessee Cavalry, and served under Gen. Joseph Wheeler. He served in some severe battles, and among them were those of Shiloh, Brittain's Lane, Chickamauga, and from Rocky Face Ridge to Atlanta.



J. O. ALLEN.

Comrade Allen was reserved almost to timidity, but he was noted for the strictest integrity. He was a very silent man, but ever expressed himself with forceful integrity. He was of Scotch-Irish stock. His father's family came from Donegal, Ireland, and settled in Pennsylvania in 1754. His mother was of the Wallers and Raglands, of England. Tillman Dixon, of Revolutionary fame, was his great-grandfather. Dr. Overton was an aid-de-camp to General Winchester. He was entitled to the crests of the Wallers, the Overtons, and the Allens; but that in which he prided most was his Cross of St. Andrew—the "cross of honor." Comrade Allen died where he fondly lived, by the Cumberland River, and was buried in his Confederate uniform.

W. B. Hart.

Mr. William Bilbo (Babe) Hart died at Austin, Tex., on July 22, 1908, from an attack of rheumatism. Comrade Hart was born and reared at Hartsville, Tenn. He belonged to an old and distinguished family. He became identified with the Confederate cause early in 1861. He first joined a company in the 2d Tennessee Infantry, commanded by Col. (afterwards Gen.) William B. Bate. He served the first year with that regiment in Virginia, after which he was transferred to Colonel Barteau's Tennessee Cavalry, and served in the Western Army during the rest of the war. He served his country faithfully and well. He was generous and a true patriot.

DAUGHTERS OF CONFEDERACY AT MONTEAGLE.

The President General Officiates on U. D. C. Day.

The day set apart in the Woman's Congress of the Monteagle Annual Chautauqua for the United Daughters of the Confederacy was one of the most interesting of the series of programmes carried out during that week, which was the exponent of woman's endeavor for the uplift and betterment of humanity. This having been the centennial year of the birth of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, the life, character, and service of this great man was the keynote of the addresses given. The speakers were Captain Guion, Vicksburg Park Commissioner, and in this position successor to Gen. Stephen D. Lee by appointment from President Roosevelt, and Judge H. A. Chambers, a distinguished lawyer and jurist of Chattanooga. These gentlemen were further known for their valued service as Confederate soldiers. Addresses were made by Mrs. Eleanor Gillespie, Historian Tennessee Division, U. D. C., Mrs. T. J. Latham, Mrs. E. A. Buford, and Mrs. Carrington Mason. Readings by Mrs. Zylla Cardin and Mrs. John Bell Keeble added a pleasing feature to the entertainment, and the Confederate Choir of Memphis, which attended only in part and was led by Mrs. E. B. Douglas, with Mrs. W. J. Meyer as accompanist, gave charming selections at each meeting. Mrs. M. M. Gardner, of Nashville, and Mrs. F. M. Guthrie, of Memphis, contributed vocal selections that were greatly appreciated.

At the afternoon meeting a memorial service was held, and tributes were offered to Mrs. E. Kirby Smith, Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Col. Robert A. Allison, Mrs. Stringer, former President of the Florida Division, U. D. C., and Mrs. Edwin Gardner Weed, Ex-President General U. D. C.

A symposium of interesting incidents and historical recollections given in three-minute talks by several speakers was one of the delightful features of the programme.

One of the most lasting benefits was had in the presentation of a scholarship in Buford College, Nashville, to a lineal descendant of a Confederate soldier of the State of Tennessee to be awarded by the U. D. C. of Tennessee. Mrs. E. A. Buford, President of this college, generously includes in this gift "board and tuition;" and this bestowal not only embraces the usual college curriculum, but also gives industrial and manual training, which is along the broad lines that all education should and will tend in the future.

Mrs. John W. Thomas, widow of the former President of the Monteagle Assembly, presented a handsome silk Confederate flag to the Monteagle Chapter, U. D. C., which is named for her husband in honor of his many benefactions to that mountain resort and of his valued services to the Confederacy. The presentation was made by Mrs. R. E. Folk, President of the "First Tennessee Regiment" Chapter, U. D. C., of Nashville, in an appropriate and graceful speech, and Miss Blanche Hindman, daughter of General Hindman, of Confederate fame, received it on behalf of the "John W. Thomas" Chapter, of which she is the President.

Miss Hindman delivered the address of welcome at the opening session, to which response was made by Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, President General U. D. C.

Mrs. C. B. Stone's Response to Address of Welcome.

There are few sweeter words in the Saxon tongue than "welcome," for it is born of the purest emotions of the human heart, prompted by hospitality, one of the typical characteristics of the Southern home. The cordial welcome extended to-day, voiced in words of eloquence from the President of your local Chapter, renders it difficult to express the tender appreciation of this warm heart and handclasp.

When your State President asked me to come to you on this day of the Woman's Congress of your great annual Chautauqua, the day set apart for the United Daughters of the Confederacy—to give such service seemed a sacred duty. We meet here as Americans, knowing one common country, with reverence for its flag, its achievements, and its standing among the nations of the earth, in all of which we have a just pride, for much of this sprang from Southern statesmanship and Southern valor. The South gave the world the Declaration of Independence, awakening the old despotic dynasties to a new sense of "liberty, equality, and fraternity;" the South won the War of the Revolution; the South, led by Andrew Jackson, gained the victory of New Orleans; the South established the great republic of Texas, and by treaty annexed it as a State and placed her "lone star" on the flag of the Union, and later in the Mexican War greatly aided in giving to this country its valuable Western territory.

The South through her sons had the largest share in creating and inaugurating the institutions of our government. Then why should we not glory in the ever-increasing power and renown of the United States? Since our patriotism is undoubted, there is a treasury of glorious memories all our own, the keynote of which was the valiant struggle made by this same people of the South to uphold that free government which their forefathers had done so much to found and defend and in which was involved the preservation of individual rights. When these were endangered, with united action the States of the South determined to resume their delegated rights, believing that the purposes for which these were surrendered had been violated and the compact broken.

Then when coercion like a great pall confronted them her men sprang to arms in defense of home and principle. For four long, sad, suffering years with a matchless courage and fortitude the men in gray won many victories, and left on the pages of history a splendid record of deathless deeds. Yet, outnumbered and overpowered by men and resources, they laid down their arms. With their homes in ruin, their land desolated, all seemed lost save honor.

The bereaved widows and mothers of the South who with unselfish devotion had borne their full part in that disastrous war received these heroes with pathetic smiles, and inspired new hope and courage to rebuild the shattered structure of Southern wealth. It is no vain boast to say that this has been done, and in its accomplishment the men and women of the South have indeed shown themselves worthy descendants of heroic sires.

But more than this: they have striven to weave into the life and civilization of the young men and women of our land a reverential regard and memory of their ancestors, who as Confederate soldiers and citizens during the four years of the War between the States gave to all future generations a stainless example of sacrifice, virtue, and valor from leaders and men that has glorified a cause sometimes called lost but for which there is no death, founded, as it was, on truth and justice.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy have adopted this work, and as their representative I stand here to-day to proclaim our faith and duty and to urge harmonious, united action in this great endeavor, without which there will be failure in best results.

It is gratifying to say that much has been accomplished in memorial tribute to the living and the dead; but much more remains to be done that the young men and women may know of the heroism of the men who followed Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Joseph E. Johnston, Albert Sidney Johnston, Forrest, Morgan, and Stuart, and a host of other commanders of immortal fame, and, above all, the great master mind of Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederate States of America, who wisely directed the affairs of that government from its "rise to its fall."

In this centennial year of the birth of Mr. Davis our efforts have been directed to secure a close study of his life and character in the public and private schools of the South and by the people at large that a just estimate might be had of the value of his service to this country on the battlefields of Mexico, in Senatorial and Congressional halls, and in the Cabinet of President Pierce as Secretary of War, where he left the impress of his great genius in many needed reforms and improvements.

His life was full of service to the United States from the time of his graduation at West Point until the hour when Mississippi, his adopted State, which had given him every honor at her disposal, called him to her allegiance and service in the field in defense of "Southern rights." Before he could fully enter into this he was elected to the office of Chief Executive of the Confederate States. To all of these positions of trust and honor he brought an integrity of purpose, a pure and patriotic motive, and marked ability.

That a more perfect knowledge of the life and Christian character of this distinguished man might be had, this movement was inspired by the Mississippi Division through resolutions presented and adopted at the General Convention held in Norfolk, Va., last November. The response from all of the Divisions and Chapters has been enthusiastic and faithful, and the centennial birthday, June 3, was observed with beautiful and fitting ceremony.

The Tennessee Division, under the efficient and energetic leadership of their President, Mrs. M. B. Pilcher, has kept pace with the most zealous in this work.

My dear Daughters, do not relax your efforts until every schoolhouse in the South shall have a portrait or picture of Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee, that these two great exemplars of unselfish patriotism, who gave service with an eye single to their country's good, may be a continual inspiration to the youth of our land toward that high type of citizenship which once held honor above all qualifications with a wholesome scorn for corruption in the conduct of the affairs of life and of government.

It is a valued privilege to be with you at this great assembly and Woman's Congress, where all that is uplifting and for the betterment of mankind is advocated and urged, and may this session be fruitful of much good!

With loving appreciation your President would make acknowledgment of your devotion to duty and your loyal and ready response to all service asked of you, and your tender consideration shown in her hour of darkness and distress. May God bless and protect you!

WOMAN'S CONGRESS AT MONTEAGLE.

Mrs. Judith Winston Pilcher, Chairman Woman's Congress, in sending Mrs. Buford's apotheosis on Jefferson Davis, writes: "At the earnest request of many friends and admirers, Mrs. Buford has agreed to have her rare oration upon Jefferson Davis published, as it formed a feature of the interesting U. D. C. programme at Monteagle. Being an unusual adaptation from Shakespeare, it came as the crystallizing of the patriotic thought and sentiment associated with the South's great leader. This being the centenary year of Jefferson Davis, we endeavored to make him the central thought among many fine papers, poems, and a Jefferson Davis symposium, which was a veritable love feast. This paraphrase of Mark Antony's oration over the dead body of Cæsar, adapting it to our great leader, was the *piece de resistance* by common consent of the day."

Mrs. Pilcher expresses gratitude to Judge Chambers, of Chattanooga, for his oration on President Davis.

The "Apotheosis of Jefferson Davis," by Mrs. Buford.

Friends, Comrades, President, lend me your thoughts.
I am no orator, as these speakers are,
But an earnest woman that loves the man—
And that they know full fell—that gave me
Public love to speak of him.
I come to test our hero, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it not be with Davis. His bitter foes
Oft have declared Davis was ambitious.
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Davis answered it.
Here under leave of our President and the rest
Come I to speak in Davis's defense.
He was our friend, faithful and true to all.
He did bring many treasures to the South,
Which did her empty coffers fill.
Did this in Davis seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Davis hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
You all do know that in the Senate oft
Most tempting honors unto him were shown
Which he did oft decline. Was this ambitious?
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you now to justify him?
You do all know our chieftain; you remember
The very place where he was born.
'Twas on the "dark and bloody ground" he woke,
The birthplace of the "Commoner" anear.
The broad savannahs of the South he claimed
Beside the Mississippi's bounding stream,
Where glorious Southern sun and clime and scene
Instilled into his youthful, thirsting soul
That warmth and light that should enthuse his life.
Within the nation's antique, classic halls
His mighty genius militant arose.
He from his *Alma Mater* issued forth,
The brave defender of his country's rights,
In war or peace her champion of truth,
And from the gory field of battle turned
To plead the independent rights of sovereign States.
Beneath Old Glory's e'er-inspiring folds
The consecrated patriot he lived
Till war's dark shadow fell upon his home,
And he with faith unblemished espoused our cause.
With head and heart and hand he wrought for all
Throughout the awful conflict, dark and sad;
And when the dread catastrophe befell,
Unflinching still he calmly met his fate
Till he, the foremost living statesman then,

In dungeon damp in shackles lay in chains.
This was the most unkindest cut of all.
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart,
As crushed and powerless he prostrate fell.
O what a fall was there, my comrades dear!
Then you and I and all of us fell down.
While cruel Tyranny reigned over us
The world aghast upon the horror gazed,
And yet humanity, not evil all,
Released the chastened spirit, ever true,
And Southern love and sympathy recalled
The martyred hero home to fair Beauvoir.
The awful storm and stress of life were o'er;
Its hopes and fears and passions all were dead,
And trustingly his soul majestic passed
Within the realms of justice, mercy, peace—
His memory our heritage so grand.
To-day we count the decades passed and gone,
While nations vindicate his life and cause,
And sons and daughters of Confederate fame
In honor and in reverence to him bow.
Jehovah reigns, the Union is preserved,
While battlefields historic stand for "Blue" and "Gray."

OUR "BLACK MAMMY."

BY MRS. WILLIAM HUME, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Prior to 1865 the Southern people were "plantation folk," living with their servants on large estates. There was among them a freedom from restless change because of the fixedness of their possessions. They were content and the happiest people on the face of the globe. Each proprietor felt himself a king. He was master of all he surveyed. The practical lives of our ancestors were such as to challenge and hold our loving respect.

At no time in the history of our race has there ever been a peasantry so happy and in every way so well-to-do as the negro slaves of America. The civilized world stood amazed at the social conditions in the South during the eventful period from 1861 to 1865. The slaves during that time guarded with loving fidelity the homes of their masters.

Among the most faithful were our black mammy. She was the most loved and by all odds the most privileged "pusson on the plantation." No one, not even "missus," opposed her. Though born in a lowly station, she wielded a scepter. She held in her arms the joy of the home—the little one given to make life beautiful, he who in coming time would be king in his father's place. It was young master! Or maybe the little one was "Meh Layde," the future queen and mistress.

Ah! history has no parallel to the faith kept by the negro in the South during the Civil War. Often five hundred negroes were found to one white man on these plantations, and yet through these dusky throngs the beloved women and children walked in safety. The unprotected home rested in peace. In the words of our brilliant Southern son, Henry W. Grady: "Unmarshaled the black battalions moved to the fields in the morning to feed the armies who but for their industry would have starved, and at night they gathered anxiously at the great house to hear the news from master, though conscious that his victory made their chains enduring."

Among the noblest and most devoted of all surely may be classed our black mammies. Being in the house altogether with the master, mistress, and children, they had fine opportunities for improving themselves in every way. No instance can be given of one of these faithful ones proving aught but the loving and devoted friend of the home, and black mammy would die for her baby—the baby in her charge. Not only in monumental praise but in "song and story should our black mammy receive a part of the dues we owe her memory."



MRS. WILLIAM HUME.

Her beautiful life of devotion and unselfishness and her sweet dialect will be buried in the grave of faithful mammy.

Her immortality is due to her devotion and loyalty under circumstances which never before tried human hearts. Her memory is a precious legacy.

At the conclusion of the above paper Mrs. William Hume read a scene "In the Cabin on the Old Plantation," "Mammy coming to meet Mistis' gran'chile." She closed by a plantation lullaby, which she sang very sweetly:

"Blow, li'l' breezes, blow.
Mammy's baby gone ter sleep.
Blow, li'l' breezes, blow."

Mrs. Hume had with her a picture of the black mammy of her family who had served them twenty-seven years.

The Daughters of the Confederacy in Nashville took no vacation this summer. They are fortunate in having the history building at Centennial Park whenever desired. In mid August the various Chapter meetings were well attended, and it was at one of these that Mrs. Hume read the story of black mammy, coming from her country home to attend the meeting.

INFORMATION SOUGHT CONCERNING JOHN J. MCGUIRE.—Mrs. John Joseph McGuire, of Pensacola, Fla., seeks information of her husband, who fought through the war as a Confederate soldier. He enlisted in an artillery company from Wilmington, N. C., and was afterwards put in the navy to run the blockade. His wife does not know further of his command. If any of his old comrades should see this and can give any light on the above, please communicate with Mrs. J. J. McGuire, Pensacola, Fla.

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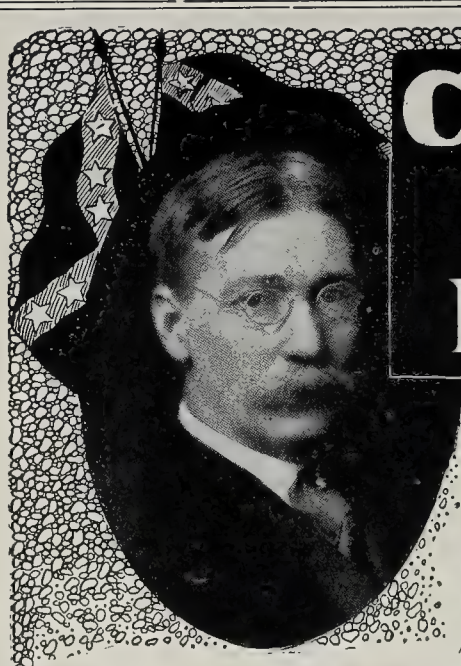
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Those who love the South and her brave old veterans have desired for many years to have their courage, their devotion, their unmatched heroism and the home-life of their families crystallized on canvas. After nearly a half century this has just been done. Gilbert Gaul, of New York, was employed several years ago, and has now finished the series. It is called **With the Confederate Colors, 1861-5,** and consists of six paintings, as follows:

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No. 4. The Picket and the Forager.—Companion pieces sold as one picture. The first shows a lonely picket on duty. The second presents a bread and chicken-laden forager returning to camp after a day's excursion.

No. 5. Betting on the Flag.—The boys in blue are backing their cause with a pile of coffee in a social game of cards between the lines. Southern tobacco is the bet of the "Johnny Rebs" that the bars will be victorious. One of the most popular of the series.

No. 6. Tidings.—A pretty Southern girl is reading a letter from the front to the groups of women and slaves. A grandfather bends forward eagerly to listen, and a wounded soldier on furlough forgets his bandaged arm as he hears tidings from the firing line. A beautiful and touching picture.

Mr. Gaul's strong brush has portrayed with much realism, not their bitterness and recriminations, but their magnificent motive, their magnanimous courage, their unmatched devotion. Those who love the real values of the Old South will prize these pictures beyond price, and indeed they should appeal to every intelligent American, man or woman.

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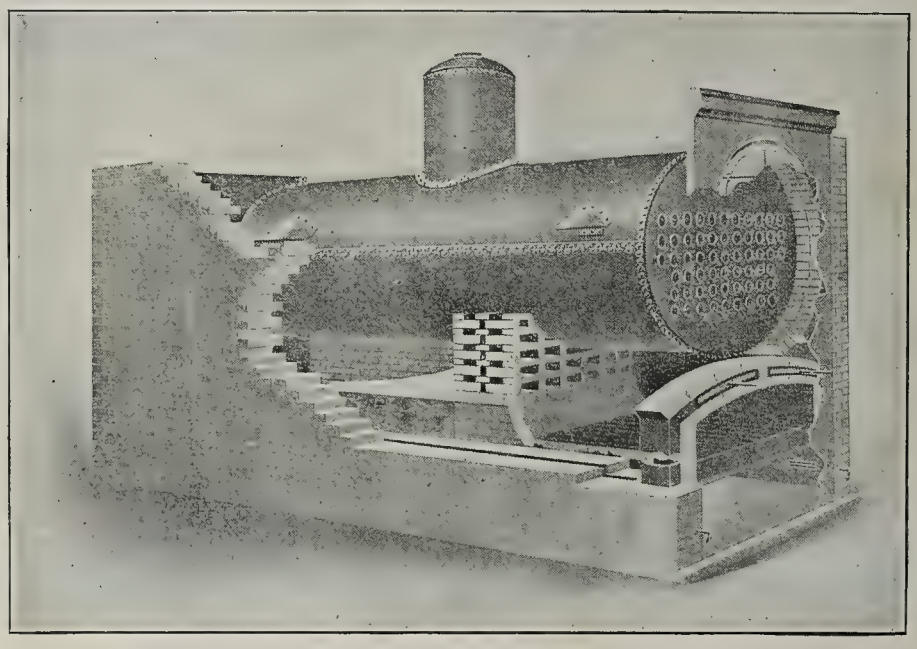
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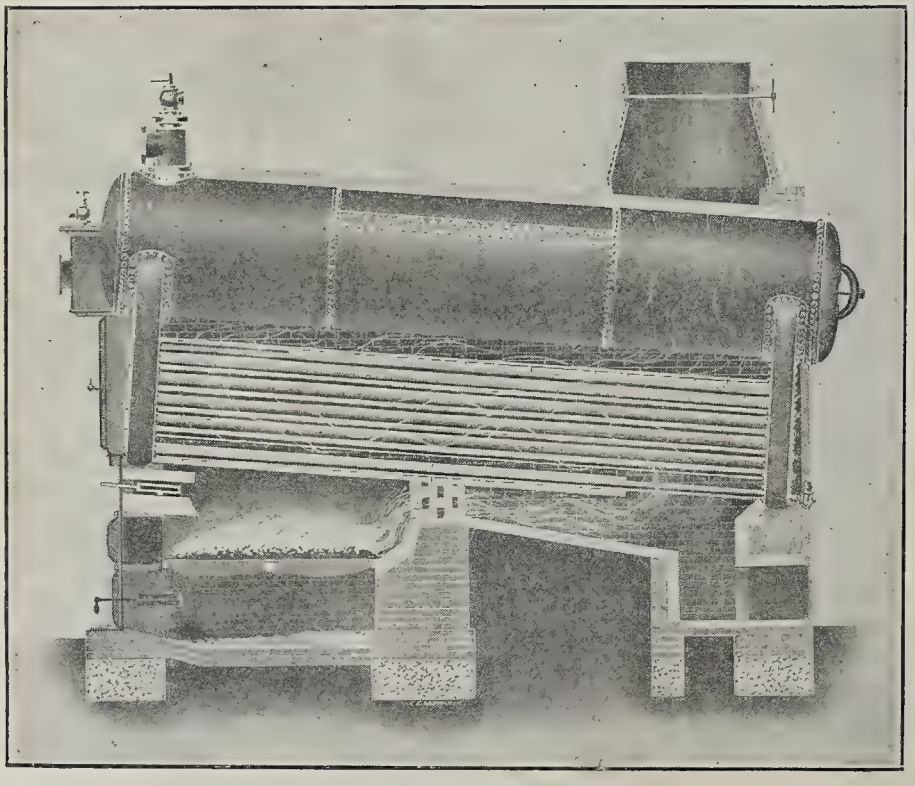
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General Marcus J. Wright, the well-known Confederate veteran, has this to say of the painting and lithograph:

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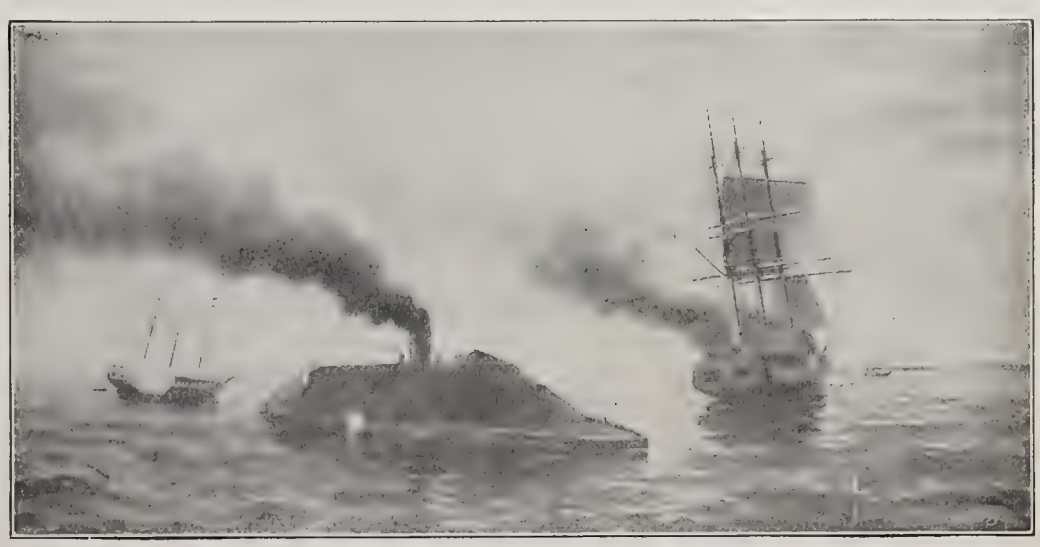
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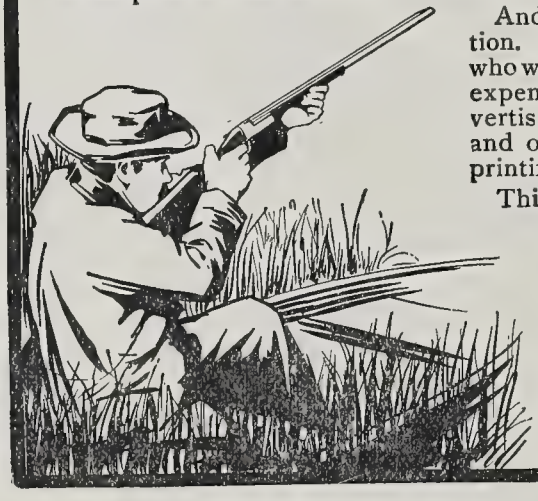
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Liquor, and Tobacco addictions cured in ten days without pain. Unconditional guarantee given to cure or no charge. Money can be placed in bank and payment made after a cure is perfected. First-class equipment. Patients who cannot visit sanitarium can be cured privately at home. References: Any county or city official, any bank or citizen of Lebanon. Large booklet sent free. Address

Dept. V. CEDARCROFT SANITARIUM, Lebanon, Tenn.

GUNNING FOR ORDERS

is much like gunning for birds. *You* must have a definite aim, because indiscriminate advertising, like indiscriminate shooting, results in empty pockets. The printer furnishes the shot, and postage is the powder that carries it wherever you direct.



And you *must* have good ammunition. Foolish indeed the sportsman who would use pebbles for shot to save expense, yet equally foolish is the advertiser who wastes energy, postage and opportunity on weak, ineffective printing.

Think it over; then let's talk it over. We have furnished ammunition for so many successful campaigns that we know you will find our experience of value.

Anyway, let's talk it over.

BRANDON PRINTING CO.

NASHVILLE, TENN.



Confederate Veterans' and Sons of Confederate Veterans'

UNIFORMS

We are official manufacturers of uniforms and goods you need. Send for Catalog. Orders for Jamestown Exposition should be sent us early.

THE M. C. LILLEY & CO.

Columbus, Ohio

GOOD POSITIONS

Draughon gives contracts, backed by chain of 30 Colleges, $300,000.00 capital, and 19 years' success, to secure positions under reasonable conditions or refund tuition.

BOOKKEEPING Draughon's competitors, by not accepting his proposition, concede that he teaches more Bookkeeping in THREE months than they do in SIX. Draughon can convince YOU.

SHORTHAND 75 per cent of the United States Court Reporters write the system of Shorthand Draughon teaches, because they know it is THE BEST.

FOR FREE CATALOGUE and booklet "Why Learn Telegraphy?" which explain all, call on or write JNO. F. DRAUGHON, President

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PRACTICAL BUSINESS COLLEGE

(WE also teach BY MAIL)

Raleigh, Columbia, Atlanta, Nashville, Montgomery, Jackson (Miss.), Little Rock, or Dallas.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:
UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. XVI. | NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1908. | No. 10. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR

JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION.

This most important matter is to be taken up in the November issue. It concerns a memorial park, etc., to our beloved President, Jefferson Davis, at the place of his birth. At a recent meeting in Louisville the action of the committee was to place the direction of this undertaking largely with the editor of the VETERAN. This was against his protest; but the enterprise has been undertaken, and the advantages are so fascinating in low options on part of the property desired and gifts of other portions that the Southern people will gladly procure it if the situation is properly presented, and this will be undertaken with merited zeal. Do let us work together in this worthy cause.

At going to press time good news comes from Gen. Clement A. Evans, Commander in Chief U. C. V., who writes, after mentioning that General Mickle has returned to his office after a prolonged illness: "I desire to take up at once actively the matter of the Davis home, and am writing on the subject to various members of the committee of fifteen." He refers also to the deep interest of General Buckner on the subject, and regrets that he cannot act as chairman of the General Committee. It is hoped that General Buckner will do so. He is now our last surviving lieutenant general.

THE SAM DAVIS MONUMENT.

It is not expected now to dedicate the Sam Davis monument on November 27, as was published in a recent issue of the VETERAN. The work is more prodigious than was realized, and to perfect all the details satisfactorily more time is required. Besides, by deferring it until the new year the State Legislature will be in session, and the event may thereby have increased importance and dignity. The concrete foundation is being put in, and all the work is being executed with much care. The fact that Maj. E. C. Lewis is giving it his close personal attention is a guarantee that the public will admire the result. Major Lewis was Director General of the Tennessee Centennial Exposition, and has directed the principal historic ornaments in Nashville for years.

In this issue of the VETERAN there is republished much of the wonderful history of Sam Davis. The next issue will continue the theme, and in the December VETERAN there will be published a complete list of subscriptions. This list is deferred in the hope that many other names will be added. It may be recalled that $1 is the amount especially solicited, and the suggestion is made that those who have already contributed and are inclined to do so will now send another dollar. One contributor has sent a dollar every year since his first subscription. That list will be deposited in the corner stone, and it is earnestly desired that it represent every State in the Union. About $1,000 more is necessary, and those who have contributed may now add to the sum if they wish. Some have voluntarily offered to double their subscriptions. It will be a special favor to the VETERAN for all who wish to subscribe or add to what they have given to do so at once.

PENSIONS FOR VETERANS AND WIDOWS.

The provision being made by the different Southern States for the relief of needy Confederate veterans and their widows has become a considerable item in their annual appropriations, such aid being of far-reaching benefit to the poor and dependent. However, some of the conditions under which this aid may be secured are such that many who need and deserve relief are shut out. For instance, each State is trying to provide for those who served with its own troops, yet a condition of residence in the State for a certain length of time prevents those who have settled in other States from enjoying its benefits. While this is overcome to some extent through other States making provision for those who are not of their State troops, but are residents of those States, still a general rule on this point would be to the benefit of all.

Another condition relates to the property owned by the applicant. In some of the States possession of property to the value of $75 or an income to that amount, which could not possibly provide for one's physical needs, debars the issuance of a pension. Other States put the limit at $300 or $400; yet the comrade whose thrift in working days enabled him to own a little home is certainly as much entitled to aid in his age and feebleness as one whose misfortunes and perhaps less diligence prevented the accumulation of anything.

It is hoped that these conditions may be overcome in some way, so that the really deserving may have this State relief It is understood, of course, that the applicant must prove a clean record before he can get a pension.

Statements having been secured by the VETERAN from the different Pension Boards as to the annual appropriations, the following showing is made for each State:

Alabama makes an annual appropriation of $150 for the support of each inmate of the Confederate Soldiers' Home at Mountain Creek, and in addition the sum of $400,000 is now appropriated annually for the additional relief of needy Confederate soldiers and sailors *resident citizens of the State of Alabama* and their widows.

Arkansas has a pension appropriation amounting to about $470,000, which is disbursed according to the disability of the pensioner, the largest amount to veterans or widows being $100 per year. This also applies to resident citizens of the State. In addition, the sum of $125 is appropriated for the support of each inmate of the Confederate Home established at Sweet Home, near Little Rock.

Florida has a pension roll of some 7,164, the average being $120 per annum for veterans or widows. The payment for this year will amount to about $900,000. The pensioners are those who have resided in the State ten years previous to applying for a pension and are over sixty years old, irrespective of State service. The Confederate Home and Hospital have additional appropriations.

Georgia's latest appropriation for pensions was $900,000 annually, which includes widows. This applies to residents of the State who were in the regular service of the Confederacy as members of Georgia regiments or companies. The Soldiers' Home in Atlanta has an appropriation of $15,000 a year.

Kentucky makes an annual appropriation of $175 for the maintenance of each inmate of the Confederate Home at Pewee Valley. No pensions are allowed by this State.

Louisiana maintains a Confederate Home at New Orleans, and in addition makes an annual appropriation not to exceed $150,000 for its pension fund, part of which is to be expended in providing artificial limbs to those who were thus injured in service and for keeping them in good repair.

Maryland has an annual appropriation of $12,000 for the Maryland Line Confederate Home at Pikesville, and there is also an appropriation of $750 for the interment of deceased Confederate soldiers. No pensions are given by Maryland.

Mississippi now has an annual appropriation of $300,000 for its needy Confederate veterans and widows, distributed according to class. While the appropriation for the Soldiers' Home at Beauvoir for 1908 was $22,500, it was increased to $25,500 for 1909. About $14,000 was also appropriated for additions and improvements to the Home and $2,500 for uniforms for the inmates.

Missouri makes an annual appropriation of $92,900 for the annual support of the Confederate Home at Higginsville, which includes salaries of officers and employees, expenses and improvements about the Home. No pensions are granted.

North Carolina pays annually to Confederate veterans and widows the sum of $400,000, with $12,000 additional for special cases, and about $20,000 annually for support of the Home at Raleigh. These pensions are paid to bona fide residents of the State for twelve months, regardless of State enlisted from.

South Carolina limits its appropriation for pensions to $250,000 annually for its veterans and widows. About $5,000 of this fund is to be expended for artificial limbs for those in such need and to keep them in repair. The last Legislature also made an appropriation for the erection of a Home for the poor and dependent soldiers, which building will soon be ready for their reception.

Tennessee appropriates $300,000 annually for its Confederate pensioners, with an additional $75,000 for Confederate widows. The Soldiers' Home on the Hermitage tract has now about one hundred and twenty-four inmates, with an annual appropriation of $135 for each one. Actual residency in the State is a condition for granting the pensions, yet exceptions have been made where Tennessee soldiers were residents of other States.

Texas has now and has had for two years past an annual appropriation of $500,000, the constitutional limit, for Confederate pensions. The Home at Austin also has State support.

Virginia's latest appropriation was $425,000 for pensions to Confederate soldiers and widows, and this includes matrons who served in Confederate hospitals as long as twelve months. The Lee Camp Soldiers' Home at Richmond is also provided for through an annual appropriation of $47,000 for the two hundred and eighty inmates.

MEDALLION OF GEN. R. E. LEE AND STAFF.

(Photographed by Rockwell & Cowell, of Petersburg, Va., about the time of surrender, 1865.)

Gen. R. E. Lee (center), Commander in Chief of the Confederate armies in the great War between the States, 1861-1865.

No. 1, Lieut. Col. Walter H. Taylor, Assistant Adjutant General, Chief of Staff to General Lee from 1861 to 1865; author of "Four Years with General Lee" and "General Lee's Campaigns in Virginia, 1861-1865." Colonel Taylor returned



OFFICERS DESIGNATED BY NUMBERS.

to Norfolk, Va., after the surrender, engaged in business there, was a member of the Senate of Virginia, of the Board of Visitors of the V. M. I., and is now President of the Marine Bank of Norfolk.

No. 2, Lieut. Col. R. G. Cole, Chief Commissary; deceased.

No. 3, Lieut. Col. C. S. Venable, Aid-de-Camp; professor of mathematics after the war at the University of Virginia until his death.

No. 4, Brig. Gen. W. H. Stevens, Chief of Engineers; settled in Washington or New York after the war; deceased.

No. 5, Lieut. Col. Charles Marshall, Aid-de-Camp; returned to the practice of law in Baltimore, Md., after the surrender, and continued until his death, a few years ago.

No. 6, Lieut. Col. J. L. Corley, Chief Quartermaster; deceased.

No. 7, Lieut. Col. Briscoe G. Baldwin, Chief of Ordnance; deceased.

No. 8, Surgeon Lafayette Guild, Medical Director; deceased.

No. 9, Maj. Henry E. Young, Judge-Advocate General; after the war returned to Charleston, S. C., where he is now living as an attorney at law, and, as was Colonel Marshall, very prominent in his profession.

No. 10, Brig. Gen. W. N. Pendleton, Chief of Artillery; returned to Lexington, Va., after the war, and was rector of the Church there until his death.

No. 11, Lieut. Col. Henry E. Peyton, Inspector General; after the war was clerk of the United States Senate for some time; deceased.

No. 12, Maj. Giles B. Cooke, Assistant Inspector General; after the surrender settled in Petersburg, Va., taught school there until 1872, when he entered the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and is now rector of Kingston Parish, Diocese of Virginia, and living at Mathews C. H.

From the above short history of these members of General Lee's staff it will be seen that only three of them are now living—viz., Colonel Taylor and Majors Young and Cooke. It is desired to procure for publication information of the time and place of the death of those members not given above and any other information of them that would be interesting to their old comrades and friends.

NOTICE TO THE CHAPTERS OF THE U. D. C.

FROM REC. SEC. GEN. U. D. C., MRS. A. L. DOWDELL, OPELIKA, ALA.

At each annual Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy the complaint comes from numerous Chapters in each Division that no credential blanks have been received, and hence the credentials of the elected delegates were not sent from the Chapter to the Credentials Committee, as required by the constitution.

The Recording Secretary General has always made every effort to avoid this by care and painstaking in her office, mailing these in sealed envelopes to the President of each Chapter as she finds the addresses among the rosters in the "Appendix" of the minutes of the preceding Convention.

Your Corresponding Secretary will with the same care try to have them reach you for the Convention in Atlanta this year. The loss of these credential blanks in transit is probably due to two causes: a loss in the mails, or more probably the Chapter has had a change of officers during the year of which the Secretary has not been informed.

To avoid a repetition of the same cry at the Atlanta Convention in November, "No credential blanks received," your Secretary decided to reproduce in the VETERAN a copy of the letter of information with the credential blank which has been sent in duplicate to the President of each Chapter by the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. R. C. Cooley. These we reproduce below, and your Secretary would urge each Chapter to use this form and write the credentials of its delegates, should no blanks be received, and send them, as directed to do in the letter of information, to your Secretary and to the Chairman of the Credentials Committee, Miss Benning. Your Secretary has followed still another plan of precaution to avoid this excuse of no credentials received. She has sent to each State President an extra number with the request that she will supply those Chapters in her State who may have failed to receive the credential blanks.

Special to Each Chapter: The next annual Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy will convene in Atlanta, Ga., Wednesday, November 11, at 10 A.M. Each Chapter is entitled to one delegate for every twenty-five members, or fraction thereof not less than seven. Any one delegate can cast the entire vote of the Chapter; or if no delegate can attend, the Chapter can be represented by proxy. It is very important that each Chapter should be represented; and if it cannot be represented by a duly elected delegate, it should be by proxy.

Please find inclosed two blank credentials for delegates which are to be filled out as soon as your delegates are elected. One of these forward to Mrs. Andrew L. Dowdell, Recording Secretary General U. D. C., 605 Avenue A, Opelika, Ala., and the other send to Miss Anna C. Benning, Chairman Credentials Committee, care Mrs. Robert E. Park, 48 Merritts Avenue, Atlanta, Ga. It is important that Mrs. Dowdell should receive these credentials at least ten days before the Convention and at the earliest possible time. Read carefully Article II., Section 3 and Article III., Section 1 of the By-Laws for full instructions.

The Piedmont Hotel, Peachtree Street, Atlanta, has been selected as headquarters. [Other places and the rates are in the President's letter, page 489, in this issue.—ED. VETERAN.)

The Leland, Peachtree Inn, and private boarding houses will furnish cheaper rates.

Secure rooms in advance by applying to Mrs. S. H. Malone, Chairman Information and Entertaining Committee, 144 East Pine Street, Atlanta, Ga., or to either of the hotels.

Reduced rates will be given on all railroads. See your ticket agent for exact particulars.

The Division Presidents and all chairmen of committees are required to have their reports typewritten ready for print and to leave them at the desk of the Recording Secretary after being read before the Convention. All reports when made belong to the Convention and must not be carried from the platform.

Note Article VI., Section 1, By-Laws.

By order of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

CORNELIA BRANCH STONE, *President General.*

MRS. ANDREW L. DOWDELL, *Recording Secretary General.*

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.

..... Chapter No. .....

This is to certify that there are upon the rolls of this Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy ..... bona fide members, which, under the Constitution of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, entitles this Chapter to ..... delegates.

This is further to certify that the following delegates and alternates have been duly elected to attend the Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, to be held in Atlanta, Ga., November 11-14, 1908.

.....

Witness our hands at ..... State of ..... this .... day of ....., 1908.

....., *Pres.;*

....., *Sec.*

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

CO-OPERATION AMONG CONFEDERATES.

There is no organization, however worthy, of greater importance than the Confederates, and those they represent should coöperate as a fraternity. Conditions to them are peculiar in the fact that there can be no succession, other than such as their progeny may represent, to veterans and the women who made equal sacrifice in the awful struggle for the principles of the government founders and in defense of their God-given rights. Happily the victors are beginning to do tardy justice; but there is no duty more sacred than the firm establishment of the reasons the Confederates had in their daring revolt against the defiance of principles upon which the United States Government was founded.

Confederates should be systematically organized on new lines for the maintenance of their high and sacred principles and at once. The VETERAN, the most important factor to these bodies, should not depend upon the ability, intellectually and financially, and the life of one person. There should be a line of succession established, and there should be a large sum of money for the maintenance of the principles involved.

There ought to be a strong financial committee comprised of rich and eminently reliable men to whom subscriptions should be sent (the funds to be invested wisely as to reliability with the best income practicable) and having authority to take such action as may be suggested by conditions. There are thousands of men and women who would certainly rather give practical indorsement in financial support to this cause than for any other, and it ought to be done. An opportunity of this kind would prove a spiritual blessing. Won't faithful, zealous comrades consider this subject and give their views through the VETERAN? It should be considered promptly, and in the meanwhile comrades and our dear women should be diligent to see that the VETERAN is sent to every Southern family. Camps and Chapters should canvass their vicinities and have every friend of the cause interested. If they would do that, copies might be sent to all who can't pay for it. Instead of twenty thousand circulation, there ought to be at least two hundred thousand. The founder merits this co-operation if unremitting zeal for nearly sixteen years and doing the very best possible all the time at every peril deserve the consideration.

So much lethargy is painfully surprising. Our generation is falling fast, and every faithful member knows that principle and honor caused more sacrifice than would be made for billions and billions of gold. We know too that if we would "work while it is day" we must do it now. Don't fail to consider these suggestions. Write and talk about them. Consider that you have neighbors who would coöperate with you and be blessed with you if you would only begin the mission work. It deserves your attention, and it should have it without delay. You can procure *one* subscriber who is not familiar with the VETERAN. Will you do it?

There is a class of veterans who left the South for large cities North at the close of the war who made manly struggles and won large fortunes. These men have been so absorbed in the affairs of time that they have never done what they might for their unfortunate comrades and to maintain the principles for which they suffered with their comrades. Let us appeal to them, so that in the Great Day they will be the happier in having contributed as they have been prosperous to that "story of the glory" in which they fought in defense of principles that link time to eternity.

MATTERS POSTPONED TO NOVEMBER ISSUE.

Some important articles for this number of the VETERAN have been necessarily deferred. A sketch of that royal man and able Confederate officer, Gen. A. P. Stewart, whose last article for publication appeared in the September VETERAN, is unavoidably delayed. Then the lovely wife and for many years widow of Gen. Braxton Bragg is to have record in the November number. She died recently in New Orleans.

[In connection with General Stewart the following is used, but too late for the purpose indicated.]

To the Chapter Presidents: Mrs. M. B. Pilcher, Treasurer Tennessee Division, U. D. C., requests that each Chapter in the State pay tribute to the memory of Lieut. Gen. A. P. Stewart in a memorial service on October 2, 1908, the eighty-eighth anniversary of his birth.

The State President further requests that each Chapter invite the veterans to participate in this loving service.

General Stewart was born in Tennessee, and at the time of his death was the ranking officer of the Confederate army.

MRS. E. E. ADAMS,
Cor. Sec. Tennessee Division, U. D. C.

TENNESSEE STATE REUNION, U. C. V.—The annual gathering of Tennessee Confederates, to occur this year on October 14 and 15 in Nashville, is anticipated with much pleasure. This is to be a joint meeting of Bivouacs and Camps, and they have not met in Nashville for many years. Very low railroad rates have been secured.

Mrs. John P. Hickman, who was Secretary General U. D. C. at the time, desires a copy of the minutes for the year 1897. It is the minutes of the Convention held in Baltimore.

THE ADJUTANT GENERAL ON TEXAS REUNION.

Since the report, found elsewhere, of the annual meeting of the Texas Division, U. C. V., Adjt. Gen. W. T. Shaw has written an account in which he states that no more successful and enjoyable occasion has occurred in the history of the organization. The attendance of veterans was good and the crowd of visitors exceptionally large for a State meeting, being estimated at from ten to fifteen thousand each day.

Great enthusiasm prevailed both among the veterans and the attending citizens at large. The Sons of Veterans, as is their custom, held their annual meeting at the same time, and under the capable and enthusiastic direction of Walter B. McAdams, State Commander, gave the veterans and others present a splendid entertainment on the evening of the 25th.

Major Harris, Commander of Wills Point Camp, opened the exercises on the first day at the pavilion in Goodnight Park with a few appropriate remarks, and after invocation by Rev. Ira M. Bryce introduced successfully the following local speakers: Judge John F. Spinks, in behalf of Van Zandt County; Hon. John L. Brooks, in behalf of the local Camp of Sons; and Miss Corinne Meredith, for the Mrs. Cone Johnson Chapter of U. D. C.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY MRS. CORNELIA BRANCH STONE (TEMPORARY ADDRESS), BLUE RIDGE SPRINGS, VA.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy:

Your attention is called to the meeting of the annual Convention of the General Association United Daughters of the Confederacy in Atlanta, Ga., on Wednesday morning, November 11, 1908, at ten o'clock, with a session of four days.

The Atlanta Chapter, with its President, Mrs. Edward G. Warner (217 Juniper Street), is making every effort to assure a successful meeting.

The Piedmont Hotel, Peachtree Street, has been selected for headquarters. Rooms on the European plan can be secured without bath from $1.50 to $2.50; with bath, $2.50 to $4. Other hotels on the European plan are the Kimball and the Aragon, both on Peachtree Street, with rates of $1 per day where two or more occupy a room without bath, and with bath $2 to $3.50. The Marion, three blocks from the Convention Hall, and the Majestic, four blocks distant, both on the American plan, offer rooms for $2 to $2.50 without bath and $3 per day with bath. "The Leland," a boarding house, four blocks from the Convention Hall, on Houston Street, offers room and board without bath for $1.50 per day. For further information in regard to accommodations write to Mrs. S. H. Melone, Chairman Information Committee, 144 East Pine Street, Atlanta, Ga.

The Convention will be held in the Cable Concert Hall, 82-84 North Broad Street, Atlanta, near the Piedmont Hotel.

Presidents of State Divisions and Chapter Presidents where no Division is organized will see that all requirements have been met for their full representation in the Annual Convention. Such requirements are: A complete registry of membership papers with each State Registrar or with Chapter Registrar where no Division has been formed, the payment of annual dues on October 1, 1908, which amount must be sent to Mrs. L. E. Williams, Treasurer General U. D. C., Box 55, Anchorage, Ky., and the filling out of credential papers and prompt return of the same to Mrs. A. L. Dowdell, Recording Secretary General U. D. C., Opelika, Ala. Duplicate copies of these credential papers must be sent to Miss Anna C. Benning, Chairman Credential Committee, care of Mrs. Robert E. Park, 48 Merritts Avenue, Atlanta, Ga. Chapters must elect delegates at once, that these credential papers may be filled out and returned without delay. If a Chapter sends no delegates to the Convention, proxy representation in writing may be appointed. Credential blanks will be sent out from the office of the Recording Secretary General, and any Chapter not receiving these will apply to Mrs. A. L. Dowdell, Opelika, Ala.

It is urged that all reports of general officers, State Division Presidents, and chairmen of committees be made as concise and businesslike as possible and typewritten. When read, these reports must be turned over to the Recording Secretary for printing in the minutes.

All officers and State Directors of the Arlington Confederate Monument Association must make a written report of all work done during the year to the President General, *ex officio* chairman, at the meeting of the Association, which will be held during the Convention in Atlanta. Do not forget our soldiers sleeping in the National Cemetery at Arlington and to whom we are now striving to erect a monument, a loving tribute from the Daughters of the Confederacy. To this end let the annual meeting show a good report.

10*

Chapters will bear in mind that the placing of portraits of our great chieftain, Jefferson Davis, and the peerless commander, Robert E. Lee, in the schools of the South should be continued, as this is in line with our purpose to keep alive the best and most sacred memories of "the days of the sixties;" and besides, such endeavor is inspiring and educational to the youth of our land.

Favorable railroad rates will be secured, and a large attendance is expected at this annual reunion, where our pledges of loyalty may be stimulated and renewed and where that fraternal spirit that makes us one in purpose and action may find its holiest and truest realization.

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

REPORT OF TREASURER OF THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE MONTH ENDING AUGUST 31, 1908.

Receipts.

Balance on hand, $5,715.79.

From Mrs. Clementine Boles, Director A. C. M. A., Arkansas, sale of articles at bazaar, Little Rock, $6.

From Mrs. Georgia C. Young, Director A. C. M. A., Montana, $21.95. The contributors from Montana are: Mrs. S. E. Larabie, Deer Lodge, $10; Mrs. John Longmaid, $1; John T. Murphy, $5; Dan Therrie, $3.45; A. J. Davidson, $2.50—all of Helena.

From Francis S. Bartow Camp, No. 284, U. C. V., $17.25.

From Mrs. Clementine Boles, Director A. C. M. A., Arkansas, Mary Lee Chapter, No. 87, U. D. C., $10.

From Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director A. C. M. A., South Carolina, $6. The contributors are: Mrs. Alice B. Wiles, Chicago, Ill., $5; Black Oak Chapter, U. D. C., $1.

Total receipts, $5,776.99, with no expenditures, leaving the full balance on hand.

Respectfully submitted. WALLACE STREATER, *Treas.*

RECORDS OF CONFEDERATES IN WASHINGTON.

BY J. W. COOK, HELENA, ARK.

Your August number, among other good things, contained a suggestion that every ex-Confederate should write the War Department and get a transcript of his war record. This was an entirely new idea to me, that of getting our records of service in the Confederate army by writing to the national war office. I remembered, however, that many years ago some of the Southern States (Mississippi, my mother State, among them) had made a special appropriation to properly verify and compile her war records; but with the demoralized conditions that surrounded everything Southern I supposed those records would naturally be very meager, including, perhaps, muster rolls and possibly giving some history of regiments and brigades and maybe larger bodies. Imagine my surprise, then, when, a few days after writing the Adjutant General giving my company and regiment, I received a short but complete sketch of my personal service, correct in every detail, dates and all. I can best describe it by giving it verbatim:

"WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., August 29, 1908.

"*Mr. J. W. Cook, Helena, Ark.:* The records show that one Joseph W. Cook served as a private and as a corporal of Company A, 43d Mississippi Infantry, Confederate States army. He was enlisted at Aberdeen, Miss., May 17, 1862, for three years, and on the muster rolls of the company for the months of July and August, 1864 (the latest on file), he is reported

absent in hospital, wounded July 24, 1864. The Federal records of prisoners of war show this soldier captured at Vicksburg, Miss., July 4, 1863, and paroled under the terms of the capitulation of that date, and that he was captured again in December, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., and was released at Camp Douglas, Ill., June 18, 1865.

F. C. Dominick, *A. A. G.*"

Now I consider this a very interesting and important document, and will heartily join in your suggestion that every Confederate should avail himself of this privilege, and the friends of those who have answered the last roll call would do well to do the same as a memorial of the advanced guard. These coming from the official records are the same in effect as an honorable discharge, which under the circumstances was impossible for every one to get.

[If applications for this data should be general, many would be disappointed, as the record is far from being complete. However, all who can should secure such record.—Editor.]

CONFEDERATE TWINS.

It is believed by the writer of this *on dit* that little Company E, 41st Tennessee Regiment, can safely challenge the many thousands of organized units composing the Confederate States army and navy upon the subject of twins. There were three pairs in that single company—namely, Capt. John F. and James Fly, Revs. Sam O. and J. Allen Woods, Edwin R. and Walter S. Bearden.

The Flys were originally from the vicinity of Nolensville, and both are dead. The Woodses were from Bedford County, both living and active ministers of the gospel, Allen being a Southern Presbyterian pastor in West Tennessee and Sam a Cumberland Presbyterian at Crowell, Tex. The Beardens were from Petersburg, Tenn., where Company E was formed. Edwin was a citizen of Chattanooga at the date of his death, in 1881, though he died at the home of his brother, Walter S. Bearden, in Shelbyville, Tenn.

The Woods and Bearden twins, each closely resembling his brother (too young even for mustaches) and uniformed alike as commissioned officers, were frequently mistaken one for the other by their most intimate comrades, resulting occasionally in ludicrous "situations;" and once at Port Hudson, La., in the arrest of Ed Bearden because he didn't have his coat buttoned and sword belt fastened, the supposition being that he was the other Bearden, who was on duty as brigade officer of the day (a very hot one in April, 1863). General Gregg discovered his mistake about the time that Ed reported at his headquarters, as at that instant Walter passed near accoutered *en regle* and appeared to enjoy the joke more than the pestered officer did at the time.

Captain Fly was left sick at Russellville, Ky., and hence was not captured at Fort Donelson; but he rejoined the regiment after the Vicksburg exchange, and, bearing its colors in the bloody battle at Raymond, Miss., was disabled by a wound through his right arm.

Sam Woods became the captain of the Richmond company (Company B). Ed Bearden commanded Company E in the battle of Chickamauga, where he was wounded seriously in the ankle, the fibula being broken. Walter was disabled at the battle of Jonesboro, Ga., while leading the company in a charge, receiving a serious wound through the thigh of his right leg, and, gangrene supervening, it was thought he would not recover. He and Ed each used a crutch and a stick coming home in May, 1865. Walter S. Bearden has been one of the Chancellors of the State since 1886.

Eighty Thousand Southern Voters in New York.—An Association of Southern Democrats in New York sends out a circular in which the statement is made that "there are some eighty thousand voters in this city who were born in Dixie land, few of whom fail to take an interest in the welfare of the South."

Word from Col. James D. Tillman.—Col. James D. Tillman, in whose regiment the editor of the Veteran served (the 41st Infantry), writes from his country place, Harms, Tenn.: "As I get older the Veteran seems to get better. I never fail to scan the death roll, and often see the name of some one I knew." Colonel Tillman seeks a copy of the diary kept by S. A. Cunningham during the war and published in a pamphlet of about sixty pages. The author printed three hundred copies of this reminiscence for free distribution. If any one who was the recipient of a copy will supply Colonel Tillman, he will confer an appreciated favor. He writes: "I had a copy, but it cannot now be found. It was of great interest to me, and I especially desire it to get some dates."

In "Confederate Military Annals of Tennessee," by Dr. J. Berrien Lindsley, the following memorandum appears: "One of the most valuable sketches of Tennessee in the great Civil War was brought out some years since by Sumner A. Cunningham, of Shelbyville, a private in the 41st Regiment."

The statement "private" is made the occasion to emphasize that the editor of the Veteran held no commission, and he aspires to be nothing above "Mister." True, he was chosen as orderly sergeant and served a good deal as sergeant major of the regiment, but no commission is given for these positions.

In this connection the last conversation remembered with General Lee was on this subject. It was last November at Vicksburg. Mr. C. was in conversation with several Federals who were attending their annual convention, the Army of the Tennessee Association, and had been addressed as a field officer, when he said: "Excuse me, gentlemen, I carried a gun." It happened that Gen. Stephen D. Lee was standing very close by, and he responded: "Well, I appointed you colonel on my staff; and if you repudiate it, I can't help it."

Comrade T. F. Perkins contributes a little fun for the Veteran: "While the 11th Virginia Regiment, Pickett's Division, was at Orange C. H. and the enemy was near, orders were positive that no drunkenness be allowed. One of my Irish comrades of Company D got very drunk, and the boys for a little fun got up a court-martial and sentenced Pat to be shot. When he was asked whether he had anything to say or not, Pat replied: 'Yes, I have an old friend, Mike, whom I would like to talk with.' Mike made his appearance, and he was a little drunk also. Pat said: 'Mike, they say I have got to go. We have been boys together, and I wish you to go with me.' Mike replied, 'Pat, I can't go, but I will divide my money with you,' and began to fumble with his pocket. At that the laugh was on the boys, so they turned them loose."

A "hard-tack" cracker picked up on the battlefield of Gettysburg by Lowndes Saunders, of the 2d Virginia Regiment, and sent to Miss Lela Roberta Perkins, of Bedford City (now Mrs. A. J. Hall, of Hartsville, Tenn.), was recently exhibited at the Veteran office. It is nicely browned, and does not appear to have been cooked a year.

REUNION AT COLUMBUS, MISS.

There was a most interesting service by the veterans of Lowndes County, Miss., early in September at Columbus. There was a feast for the inner man and a feast of reason and a flow of eloquence, prominent veterans relating stirring incidents of the great war. There was a fine orchestra present, and with song and music the day passed delightfully. The morning was devoted to business. This included the election of officers for the ensuing year. Capt. T. A. Stinson was made permanent President, Capt. W. E. Pope was elected Secretary, and Capt. John A. Neilson Treasurer.

A memorial service was held in honor of the veterans who had died during the past year, and a committee was appointed to draft appropriate resolutions to their memory—some of the most gallant men that represented Lowndes County in the great internecine struggle. Then there were Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, Gen. Jacob H. Sharp, "the hero of the Locust Grove," Capt. L. Walburg, Dr. A. A. Wofford, Dr. A. C. Halbert, Dr. W. L. Lipscomb, Capt. E. C. Leech, Messrs. E. C. Ferguson, R. L. Harris, and A. L. Myers. A committee consisting of Gen. E. T. Sykes, Judge J. A. Orr, and Col. C. L. Lincoln was appointed to prepare suitable resolutions, which were adopted as follows:

"Whereas Death, who knocks with equal hand at the door of the cottage and the palace gate, has been busy at his appointed work, and has during the past twelve months taken from our number ten of our most cherished and distinguished comrades; therefore be it

"*Resolved:* 1. That in the death of these comrades the members of this association feel that words are inadequate to express the deep and heartfelt sorrow their departure from among us has occasioned, and we feel that we can but feebly portray our emotions of sadness in thinking of the loss we have sustained.

"2. That we extend to the families and friends of our deceased comrades our heartfelt sympathy in this time of their great affliction, and assure them that in their hour of sadness their sorrow is the sorrow of us all.

"3. That a copy of these resolutions be furnished to each of the city papers and a copy thereof sent to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, at Nashville, Tenn., for publication."

At twelve o'clock dinner was served, and a sumptuous repast it was, too. The veterans and their friends were first served with Brunswick stew, which was faultlessly prepared. The Brunswick stew was followed by a meat course, etc., and in the barbecued meats the same degree of perfection was obtained. Fragrant coffee accompanied the meat, the whole making a repast that was verily fit for a king.

After dinner was over the speech-making commenced, and short addresses were made by several veterans. Capt. W. E. Pope officiated as toastmaster, and five-minute talks on war topics were delivered as follows: "The Hampton Roads Conference," Judge J. A. Orr; "Sharpshooters," Col. W. C. Richards; "The Scouts," Judge Newnan Cayce; "Prison Times," Capt. John A. Neilson; "Youths in the Army," Capt. E. D. Cavett.

In addition, Mr. R. B. Ford read several interesting poems relating to the war, which interested the veterans.

A graceful compliment to the Confederate veterans on the occasion of their annual barbecue, September 11, was bestowed by the Columbus Railway, Light & Power Company in providing for them free transportation to Washington Park.

ABOUT ATTACK ON FEDERAL WAGON TRAIN.

On page 396 of the August VETERAN Comrade W. H. Moore in his article, "Attack on Federal Wagon Train," says: "Lieut. Patton Inks, of Capt. Pleasant Buchanan's company, was ordered to select thirty men from Buchanan's, Brown's, and Beaty's companies and move in advance." Lieutenant Inks was first lieutenant of Capt. Buck Brown's company, though he had been first lieutenant of Captain Buchanan's company (H), 15th Arkansas Infantry. Captain Buchanan was killed a few months after this fight.

A few months after, in the early spring of 1864, Capt. Alvin Beaty and Lieut. A. M. Rich reorganized Captain Buchanan's company, and with other recruits formed a full company, and with its splendid officers kept up the fighting reputation of the old company. It is correct history we wish to leave to our country, and I am sure Comrade Moore wishes it as much as any one. He remembers incidents and names well after the lapse of forty-four years.

He also says: "Do not ask me why Colonel Brooks did not move forward and take possession of the train." It was not from lack of courage, as he had demonstrated on the battlefield before this and after. There was too much caution and lack of dash required by all successful cavalry officers.

J. M. W.

U. D. C. CHAPTERS NAMED FOR GOOD OFFICERS.

From J. P. Smartt's address to U. D. C. at Chattanooga:

"Chattanooga and vicinity is rich in memories of heroic deeds. F. M. Walker and A. P. Stewart, for whom our local Chapters are called, are names synonymous with all that is noble, pure, heroic, and sublime in life. The former was killed at the head of his brigade while leading a charge in front of Atlanta, Ga., July 22, 1864. Colonel Walker, as he was generally known in the army, was a lawyer in Chattanooga in 1861. He raised a company and joined the 19th Tennessee Regiment, was elected lieutenant colonel at the organization of the regiment, and subsequently colonel. He was in command of Maney's old Tennessee Brigade at the time of his death, and his commission as brigadier was received after the battle. A finer type of the Christian patriot and fearless soldier never surrendered his life on the field of conflict than Gen. Francis M. Walker.

"Of all the officers of the Volunteer State in the Confederate service, in the grandeur of his rounded character, to my mind General Stewart has always been 'the noblest Roman of them all.' Having attained the rank of lieutenant general and commander of the Army of Tennessee at the surrender, he is now the ranking lieutenant general of the Confederacy, and lives enthroned in the love and esteem of the people of the South, his life an example and benediction to this and all future generations."

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

REPORT OF MRS. MARY G. PICKENS, DIRECTOR FOR THE ALABAMA DIVISION.

Madam President and Daughters assembled, with greetings of love I submit my report. Since June, 1907, I have written two hundred and nine letters and sixty-eight postals; have issued two hundred and twenty-two application blanks, registered one hundred and eighty-five applications, and issued seventy-four certificates of membership and sent money for same ($3.70) to Mrs. Palmer. I have sent out sixteen packages of blanks, etc., and three registered packages of applica-

tion papers. Hoping to stimulate interest in my work, I mailed (at my own expense) in January a circular letter to every Chapter in Alabama (fifty-nine), that they might see the importance of the work and give their approval if not assistance to the Children of the Confederacy in their memorial to Gen. Robert E. Lee. I planned for them to work for this as a scholarship fund to be established at Auburn, Ala., where a boy or girl (of Confederate descent) with a common school education can go and with the "Lee Memorial" fund (when established) take any special course preferred to fit him or her for life's work. Many young men and women for want of proper training are deprived of getting lucrative work. I want twelve hundred and fifty dollars to endow this scholarship, from which to realize one hundred dollars a year, and it can easily be raised with the coöperation of all. See what a few Auxiliaries have already done:

Robert E. Lee Auxiliary, Eufaula, $35.
Pelham Auxiliary, Tuscumbia, $3.50.
Joseph E. Johnston Auxiliary, Athens, $7.
John W. Forney Auxiliary, Jacksonville, $5.
R. E. Lee Memorial Auxiliary, Anniston, $25.
Ellen Peter Bryce Auxiliary, Tuscaloosa, $20.
George P. Harrison Auxiliary, Auburn, $12.
Emma Sansom Auxiliary, Troy, $75.
J. E. B. Stuart Auxiliary, Montgomery, $3.
Eliza T. Porter Auxiliary, Greenville, $5.
Joe Wheeler Auxiliary, Birmingham, $10.
Sam Blackwell Auxiliary, Decatur, $8.
Sam Davis Auxiliary, Clayton, $2.
Eight Auxiliaries have not reported.

Gifts from individuals: State Director, Greensboro, $15; Miss Mary C. Forney, Jacksonville, $1; Mrs. B. B. Ross, Auburn, $2; Mrs. Martha Gielow, $1; Mrs. C. David White, Washington, D. C., $1; Mrs. Marion Butler, Washington, D. C., $1. Total subscriptions, $231.50.

We now have twenty-one live Auxiliaries and nearly five hundred children, six Auxiliaries having been organized and several old ones reorganized since I took charge.

Most of the Auxiliaries that have not responded to the Lee Memorial have promised to do so, and I feel sure that with the good start we have made our Children of the Confederacy will double their energies and soon accomplish this grand and beautiful work—one that no other Division has done. Mrs. Brown, our State President, takes great interest in this branch of her work, and has aided me in every way.

Mrs. Stone, our President General, wrote me a beautiful letter in which she said: "You are doing a splendid work. The 'Lee Scholarship' is a wise memorial which will give practical education to some boy or girl each year." She sent my circular letter to the Chairman of the Texas Division, Children of the Confederacy, and she indorses the little shield pin and suggests that we adopt it as a Division and bring it up at the General Convention to be indorsed for all Children of the Confederacy. I also sent out the question papers from our President to the Children, and many Chapters promised to work for the gold medal.

MISSOURI SPONSORS AND MAIDS OF HONOR.

Maj. Gen. J. H. Lowdermilk, of Joplin, Mo., in General Order No. 8 gives a long list of sponsors and maids of honor for the Reunion of the Missouri Division, U. C. V., to be at Nevada, Mo., Thursday and Friday, October 1 and 2, 1908:

Matron of Honor, Mrs. Hattie B. Pitts, West Plains.
Chaperon, Mrs. Addison B. Clark, Kansas City.
Division Sponsor, Miss Carrie Hume Lewis, Kansas City.
Sponsor Western Brigade, Miss Nadine Steele, Lexington.
Sponsor Eastern Brigade, Miss Myra Woodside McClelland, Thayer.

Maids of Honor: Miss Annie Freeman, St. Louis; Miss Dorothy Lee Shelley, Kansas City; Miss Christine Mary Bannerman, St. Louis; Miss Frances Napton, Marshall; Miss Natalie Ott, Independence; Miss Louise Britt, Clinton; Miss Inez Lowdermilk, Kansas City; Miss Sue Bunce, Nevada; Miss Jeanne Kendall, Kansas City; Miss Lucy Byrd Mock, St. Louis; Miss Vera Bassett, Moberly; Miss Fannie Rice, Neosho; Miss Catherine Bone, Kearney; Miss Ruth Fonville, Mexico; Miss Harrison, Auxvasse.



MRS. WM. HAMILTON GOTTFRIED AND SON, SPRINGFIELD, MO.

Mrs. Gottfried is such a favorite with our Missouri veterans that she has been chosen sponsor, etc., several times.

JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION.

At a meeting of the Jeff Davis Home Association, held in Louisville September 19 at the Louisville Banking Company, the following business was transacted:

1. The office of Vice President was created, and S. A. Cunningham, editor of the VETERAN, was unanimously elected.

2. The Vice President was authorized and empowered to take active charge of the canvass for funds for the purposes of the Association and to have charge of the appointment of agents for canvassing in the bounds of each Camp of Veterans and each organized Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy.

3. That our Secretaries be instructed to prepare news items and other matter for publication each month in the VETERAN.

There were present at the meeting Gen. Basil Duke (who presided), Gen. Bennett H. Young, Capt. John H. Leathers, Capt. J. T. Gaines, and Secretary Thomas D. Osborne, members of the Executive Committee.

BASIL W. DUKE, *Chairman;*
THOMAS H. OSBORNE, *Secretary.*

KENTUCKY TROOPS IN CONFEDERATE ARMY.

BY CAPT. THEODORE F. ALLEN, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Mr. R. L. Thompson, of St. Louis, Mo., in the VETERAN for September, 1908, says that the 4th Kentucky Cavalry (Giltner's Regiment) was organized toward the end of the war, and that the 9th Kentucky Cavalry (Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge) was organized in 1862, or two and a half years prior to the organization of the 4th Kentucky Cavalry.

I should say not—not by a long shot. Why, I was wounded and captured by Giltner's 4th Kentucky Cavalry in East Tennessee in November, 1863, and the 4th Kentucky Cavalry had then been in the field in active service for a year.

The records show that the 4th Kentucky Cavalry was recruited in the summer of 1862 while Bragg's army was in Kentucky.

The 4th Kentucky Cavalry Regiment, nearly nine hundred strong, was fully organized at Salyersville, Ky., on the 5th of October, 1862.

Another criticism by Henry George, of Pewee Valley, Ky.:

"In the VETERAN for September there appeared an article from R. L. Thompson, of St. Louis, Mo., which purported to give Mr. Thompson's recollections of the Kentucky regiments in the Confederate army, and the article shows that Mr. Thompson's recollections are seriously at fault. He says there were but fourteen regiments in the Confederate army and names them—2d, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 9th Infantry. Why did he not learn before he wrote the article that there were a 3d, a 7th, and an 8th Kentucky Infantry Regiment, commanded respectively by Thompson, Crossland, and Lyon? He further shows his lack of knowledge of Kentucky troops by stating that there were none in Virginia. It should be well known that the 1st Kentucky Infantry fought in Virginia until their time expired and they were discharged. Still another blunder: He says that early in the war there were two officers in Western Kentucky (H. B. Lyon and Ed Crossland) who commanded Confederate troops and each ranked as colonel, but the regiments failed to materialize.

"The above will be news to the survivors of that splendid Kentucky brigade composed of the 3d, commanded by Thompson, the 7th, commanded by Crossland, and the 8th, commanded by Lyon, and later the 12th Cavalry, commanded by Falkner, which brigade was commanded by Buford, Thompson, Lyon, and Crossland at different times. This command saw as hard service as any troops in the Confederate army, and participated in a number of the hardest-fought battles of the war, losing half their number in one battle—Harrisburg. The whole article is full of blunders."

Col. V. Y. Cook, of Batesville, Ark., calls attention to his language about Buford's Independent Company. This evidently refers to Gen. Abe Buford, whose name does not occur in the records in a rank below that of brigadier general. He commanded a division of eight regiments—four Kentucky and four Tennessee—under Forrest. Colonel Cook writes more on the history of Kentucky officers in the Confederacy, but expected others to reply to this.

T. B. Fauntleroy writes from Paducah, Ky.:

"An article written by R. L. Thompson, of St. Louis, in the September VETERAN stated that there were five infantry and nine cavalry regiments in the Confederate army from Kentucky. Mr. Thompson evidently forgets a few facts connected with Kentucky's record. The 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th Kentucky Regiments, together with the 12th Louisiana and the 35th Alabama, constituted Breckinridge's Brigade, Buckner's Division. These regiments were with Albert Sidney Johnston at Bowling Green, Ky., and were with him until he was killed at Shiloh. After the battle of Shiloh Beauregard assumed command, and we were with him all through the Corinth to Baton Rouge campaign. Then the Army of the Tennessee was formed. The 2d, 4th, 5th, and 9th Kentucky Regiments were transferred to Bragg's army; the 3d, 7th, and 8th Kentucky Regiments remained in the Mississippi Department, and were mounted and put under N. B. Forrest. They remained with him until the surrender to E. R. S. Canby at Citronelle, Ala., May 13, 1865.

"The colonels of all the Kentucky regiments but one (the 7th) were promoted to the rank of general; and if the numbers of these regiments were not known at the War Department in Richmond, I fail to observe how they could ever have received their commissions. If my friend Thompson will read the 'Life of Forrest,' he will see that the Kentucky regiments were in as many hard-fought battles as any command."

Thomas C. Wright, of Jackson, Miss. (629 N. Jefferson Street), writes in connection with the Thompson article: "There was a 1st Kentucky Infantry, Col. Thomas Taylor, which was in the Army of Northern Virginia very early in the war. It was a Kentucky regiment of Kentuckians, recruited largely in Louisville, Ky. This was prior to the brigade proper now known as 'The Orphans.'"

He writes of other commands already mentioned in the foregoing, and states that Ed Byrn's battery, organized in Washington County, Miss., was almost exclusively of Kentuckians. Comrade Wright adds: "I had a brother killed in Breckinridge's charge at Murfreesboro. I was much interested in Colonel Pickett's account of that battle."

The VETERAN owes an apology for the use without corrections or comment of Mr. Thompson's article. It was used with the presumption that the author had studied the subject, and was therefore not critically considered. Mistakes will continue to occur, careful as may be its management.

There was at hand a record of Kentucky troops in the Confederate army, published in Washington soon after the war, naming the regiments and battalions of infantry and cavalry. There were not many artillerymen from Kentucky. General Lyon was captain of a battery, Company F having been detached from the 3d Kentucky Infantry for that purpose. Then there was Cobb's Battery, whose commander was promoted to major of artillery. R. S. Williams is reported as having had a Kentucky battery, but there is no roll of members on file. Cobb's Battery was one of the most noted in service.

There were organized from first to last twenty-one Kentucky battalions, thirteen cavalry regiments, and nine regiments of infantry.

SUGGESTED INSCRIPTION FOR CONFEDERATE BANNERS.—Capt. J. V. Hooper, of Roanoke, Va., suggests that the Camps and the Chapters of the different Confederate organizations adopt a banner on which is a scroll with the inscription: "Our Aim, the True History of Our Cause." This would doubtless be very effective in that it would impress the younger generation with the serious idea which impelled the banding together of Confederate survivors and sympathizers, and perhaps induce a study of the principles which animated those who fought and sacrificed for the Southern Confederacy.

FIRST SOLDIER KILLED IN THE WAR.

BY J. OGDEN MURRAY.

Under the above heading the VETERAN for August contains the following statement: "John Quincy Marr, captain of the Warrenton Rifles (Company K), 17th Virginia Regiment Infantry, was evidently the first soldier killed in the war, having been killed at Fairfax C. H. on June 1, 1861."

Col. George A. Porterfield was in command of that part of Virginia now West Virginia in 1861, having been sent there to recruit men and hold territory most of which was intensely Union in sentiment and hostile to the Richmond authorities. On the 22d of May, 1861, Colonel Porterfield with a small number of men was rendezvoused at Fetterman, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, about one mile north of Grafton (now West Virginia). On that night a company of Union men left Grafton to attack Porterfield's camp. Two men of the Union company advanced and were challenged by the Confederate pickets. In reply to the challenge the Union men fired on Colonel Porterfield's pickets, who returned the fire, killing Bailey Brown, of the Union company, shooting him through the heart with a leaden slug. Colonel Porterfield's men had no fixed ammunition, and were compelled to cut lead into slugs for use in battle at that early period of the war.

Within the last two years there has been erected at Grafton a beautiful monument to the memory of Bailey Brown, "the first victim of the Civil War." I had always believed the gallant Capt. John Q. Marr was the first victim of the war; but the date of Bailey Brown's death being May 22 and Captain Marr's June 1, it is evident Bailey Brown was the first victim. I have become possessed of some very important facts in connection with this West Virginia campaign. We should have the true history of the West Virginia campaign of 1861 that the future student of history shall be clear when he writes upon the subject of why the Richmond authorities sent Colonel Porterfield alone into a hostile country to recruit and hold territory in which nine-tenths of the population were intensely Union in sentiment and opposed to the policy of the Richmond government.

MONUMENT AT BENTONVILLE, ARK.

BY GEN. J. H. BERRY, COM. ARKANSAS DIVISION, U. C. V.

On the 8th of August, 1908, a monument to the Confederate soldiers was unveiled at Bentonville, Ark. It is a beautiful monument with the figure of a private soldier at the top. It is in the center of the park on the Square at Bentonville. The following are the inscriptions:

"Confederate" on the four sides of base.

South side: "1861-1865."

East side: "They fought for Home and Fatherland."

North side: "Their names are borne on Honor's shield; their record is with God."

West side: "To the Southern soldiers. Erected by A. J. Bates and the James H. Berry Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, August 8, 1908."

Mr. A. J. Bates, a citizen of the town and who was a private soldier in Shelby's Missouri Brigade, gave $1,000 of the money to construct it, and the local Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy raised the rest of the money. There was a very large assembly of people present at the unveiling, a great parade, and fourteen young ladies represented the fourteen States whose soldiers fought for the Confederate cause. Prayer was offered by Rev. R. E. L. Bearden, of the M. E. Church, South. Mrs. W. F. Patton, President of the Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, gave a brief history of the construction of the monument, and announced that Miss Ruth Terry, whose father served in the Kentucky Orphan Brigade, had been selected to unveil the monument, and while the band played "Dixie" amidst the applause of the people assembled the monument was given to the public. Hon. Clifton R. Breckinridge, of Fort Smith, Ark., son of Maj. Gen. John C. Breckinridge, then delivered a magnificent address, thereby conferring additional honor on the name he bears.



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT BENTONVILLE, ARK.

Too much praise cannot be given to the Daughters of the Confederacy and Mr. A. J. Bates, whose united efforts made it possible to thus honor those who died for the Southern cause.

WORTHY TRIBUTE TO JEFFERSON DAVIS.

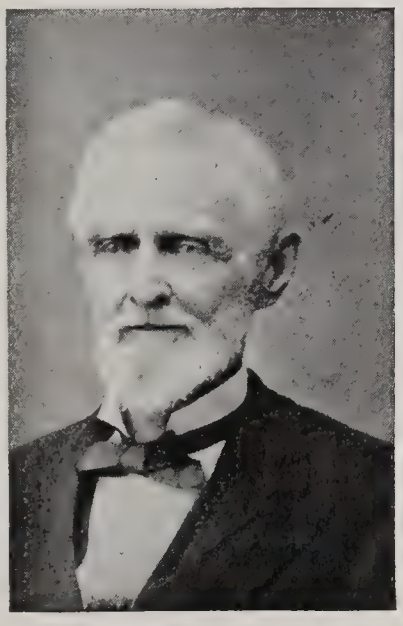
PROF. HENRY E. SHEPHERD, IN BALTIMORE SUN.

The two years extending from 1807 to 1809 are marked by the advent of a group of men of light and leading such as have rarely descended upon the world in so brief a period. Merely to suggest a few of the full welling fountain heads of change that cast their radiance over these crowded years of glorious life, Robert E. Lee, Jefferson Davis, Edgar A. Poe, Charles Darwin, William E. Gladstone, Abraham Lincoln were all born

between the dawning days of 1807 and the close of 1809. To the student of historic coincidences it is suggestive to note that Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln were both born in Kentucky at intervals of eight months from each other—June 3, 1808, February 12, 1809—and that the natal day of the Confederate chief falls on the anniversary of Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864, the most brilliant of the victories won by Lee over the vast and surging host of Grant, when ten thousand Federal soldiers lay prostrate in less than half an hour before the deadly fire of the Confederate army.

We assume on the part of the maturer readers of the Sun an acquaintance with the essential or characteristic events of Mr. Davis's life. His education at West Point, where R. E. Lee and Joseph E. Johnston were his contemporaries; his honorable record in the war with Mexico; his early Congressional services; his association with the Cabinet of President Pierce, 1853-57, as Secretary of War, from which he passed into the Senate, retiring upon the secession of Mississippi, the State of his adoption; the marvelous story of his administration as the only President of the Southern Confederacy; the final overthrow, the capture, the unique and fadeless infamy of his treatment at Fortress Monroe; his ungracious release when the charge of treason sank under the weight of its own flagrant absurdity; his death in December, 1889, almost simultaneous with that of Robert Browning—such is a mere outline, a faint suggestion of a character in distinctive features without parallel in our national annals.

The pitiless rancor of partisan hate has pursued the fame and memory of Mr. Davis far beyond the grave; notably was this deplorable tendency illustrated by the comments of the Northern press upon the occasion of the dedication of the monument at Richmond on June 3, 1907. Malignity and acrimony, unrelenting and untempered with the lapse of years, have obscured the historic perception of the American people, if they have not resulted in absolute eclipse of judgment, with regard to the motives, the ideals, the genius, as well as the personal character of the Confederate President. It is a significant fact that in not one of the text-books in current use in the schools of Baltimore, allied to the South by every bond and memory, social, material, and political, that centuries of historic community can inspire, is there to be found a single reference—even a remote allusion—to the prolonged and vicarious tortures inflicted upon Mr. Davis by his captors at Fortress Monroe, the lamp that cast its fierce and relentless light into his frail and delicate eyes, causing an agony that baffles all power of description, the shackling with heavy manacles, the inspection of his correspondence, even with his own wife, the crucifixion of the soul involved in the vigorous revision of his most sacred utterances by his vulgar and insolent jailers.



JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The story carries its own moral and conveys its own lesson. In the retrospect of the past it stands out in its appalling hideousness; age cannot dim its horror or wither its infamy. That which the shaping spirit of imagination strove to realize and portray through the medium of the drama was illustrated in the cell of the Confederate President at Fortress Monroe with a perfection far transcending the wildest dreams of the artistic fancy. Here, if ever in the tragedy of human history, was Prometheus chained to the rock, the vulture gnawing at his vitals. Yet in the revealing light of this centennial year the whirligig of time is fast bringing in its revenges. The streams of tendency that dominate our political evolution constitute the most far-reaching and effective vindication of the man and the cause of which he was the martyr as well as the champion to be found in the annals of contemporary ages.

The relentless gravitation of our national development for at least four decades has seen the creature supplant the creator until not only the sovereignty but the autonomy of the States has faded like the baseless fabric of a vision and left no trace behind. Such is the logical outcome of the failure of the Southern Confederacy to perpetuate its existence—an autocratic executive, an abject Legislature, a subservient judiciary. It is no overwrought fantasy of rhetoric to affirm that the American republic entered upon the downward slope to death with the coming of Appomattox.

If we contemplate Mr. Davis apart from his political career and his political convictions, he may be justly accorded a place in the foremost files of fame. No rational mind will at this stage impeach the purity of his motives or challenge the intense sincerity of his constitutional creed. More than this, the range of his intellect was majestic and all-embracing in its nature. He seemed at least to approach the Baconian ideal and take all human knowledge for his province. In the accuracy and the comprehensiveness of his acquirements he has no peer among American statesmen save Thomas Jefferson. His mind was endowed with a faculty of assimilation that was truly Shakespearean. Science, literature, art, history, jurisprudence—all had been absorbed in minute detail by his masterful receptive power.

As an illustration of his rare versatility of intellect and the affluence of his knowledge I recall my last conversation with him, which occurred at the home of a friend in Baltimore. The subject of discussion was the most effective method of teaching the English language in our higher forms of education. With the subtlest discrimination he ranged over every feature of the complex problem; one would have been inclined to suspect that the world-worn statesman had bestowed no small measure of his genius and labor upon the scientific elucidation of his mother tongue.

In his mastery of English, whether in the vigor and grace of a cultured diction or in the thrill and inspiration of an oratory which is in the man, the time, the occasion, and is fortified by the resources of an almost boundless knowledge, he stands with the foremost of those who have drawn the deepest meaning from the chords in dealing with the subtle harmonies of our native speech. Witness as illustration his messages to the Confederate Congress, and perhaps his noblest effort, the address upon the occasion of the death of Gen. R. E. Lee, October, 1870. Take him for all in all—his versatility of intellect, breadth of acquirement in spheres of knowledge remote and unrelated, his uncompromising allegiance to his own political ideal, his inflexible refusal to palter with the eternal truth—we shall not look upon his like again. It

is perhaps not too much to declare as an expression of personal conviction that he was the only character developed by our national conflict to whom the historian of the age to come can attribute the rare distinction of far-reaching, creative, and unsullied statesmanship.

ENGLISH MAN-OF-WAR AT FORT SUMTER.

W. B. Fort, of Pikeville, N. C., contributes a remarkable incident occurring during the eighteen months' bombardment of Charleston by the Federal fleet and shore batteries:

"One beautiful morning as the sun was rising from her bed in the ocean into a bright, clear sky with only a few fleecy clouds, while a balmy and gentle wind ruffled without roughing the surface of the sea, far to the southward could be seen a black smoke curling from the funnels of some large steamer, hull down. She was first taken to be another blockade ironclad of the Ironside's type; but after closer inspection with our powerful marine glasses, we found her to be a large man-of-war rapidly approaching the blockading line of the Federal fleet as they were bombarding the city and forts. As she approached the fleet she hoisted the English flag and sailed close in to Fort Sumter, so near that we could see from the forts and Confederate ironclads the expressions of the officers and men, many of them viewing us with marine glasses, evidently admiring the beautiful proportions of our formidable ironclad fleet and forts. Her flag saluted the stars and bars and her band played 'Dixie' amidst shouting and cheering on both sides. While our flag saluted theirs and our bands played 'God Save the Queen' grim war was forgotten for the time being, and both Confederates and Federals ceased firing to salute the colors of a nation that was mistress of the seas and upon whose possessions the sun never sets.

"The English man-of-war was making her annual trip north to English possessions in Canada after being stationed during the winter among the English West Indies Islands."

CORRECT ESTIMATE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BY GEN. C. IRVINE WALKER, CHARLESTON, S. C.

In considering the career of Jefferson Davis as President of the Southern Confederacy, we should ever remember that he was placed at its head by its people and against his wishes. He did not seek to govern us, but we called him to direct the destinies of our new nation. Therefore if he committed any faults (and, being human, he probably did), the blame should rest upon us, we who placed him in the position and forced upon him the responsibilities.

If, however, on Mr. Davis is placed the burden of the faults of the Confederacy, he should fairly receive the glory for what was accomplished. Really his work seems almost superhuman. Called to the presidency of a republic without any legal organization, without an army or navy, without even the means to arm or equip either, without a dollar in its treasury, he organized and directed it so admirably that for four long years, without resources and with only six hundred thousand armed men and the mere shell of a navy, we held at bay an old and well-organized country, with two and a half millions of fighting men under arms, a powerful navy, with the resources of the world to draw from, and supported by the moral sentiment and effective assistance of the great nations of the world. With the softening influence of time and the cooling of passion, his part in these magnificent achievements will receive its due meed of praise. The world will yet acknowledge him, as it should, as one of the greatest of the Anglo-Saxon race.

History will do justice and vindication must follow enlightenment. No general action has ever led to a fairer and juster consideration of the character and worth of Mr. Davis than that which the good women of the South, preëminently her loyal daughters, adopted to make memorable the centennial year of Mr. Davis's birth. They asked the schools of the South to give study to his character and to impress his greatness upon the children of the South, and specially requested that a true portrait of Mr. Davis be placed in every schoolhouse of the South.

It was my privilege to assist Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, in her work of securing a really good portrait of Mr. Davis. The coöperation of the Art Publishing Company of Charleston, S. C., secured the publication of a true portrait of President Davis which, as it should, depicts him in the vigor of his strong intellectual manhood and not in the decrepitude of old age, as most others have done. Mrs. Hayes, Mr. Davis's sole surviving child, selected the original photograph from which the engraving was made, and her heartfelt commendation of the engraving was given when it was published.

The States of Louisiana and Mississippi are fortunate in having liberal and patriotic citizens to be influenced and loyal Daughters as the ladies of the C. S. M. A. to impress this influence upon them. The New Orleans Picayune most generously donated enough of these portraits to give every school in these two States a copy. With like generosity the Times-Democrat of New Orleans contributed a pamphlet bearing on Mr. Davis's life for use in the schools. The interest of the officials of each State was evidenced by its distribution in Louisiana through the Parish Superintendents of Education and in Mississippi through Mr. Dunbar Rawlins, Director Department Archives and History. Fortunate these States!

In honoring the memory and exalting the appreciation of the character and deeds of President Davis the United Daughters of the Confederacy also did most valued and effective work. Largely by their influence Mr. Davis's birthday has become a legal holiday in most of the States which were in the Confederacy and is annually observed by the U. D. C. Chapters. Their efforts contributed to the most beautiful celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of his birthday, the study of his life in many schools, and the placing of his portrait in these schools. The work to these ends will be continued during this year and in the prosecution of their memorial work for all succeeding years.

Unfortunately nearly all of the schools of the South were closed, their sessions having ended, at the centennial anniversary of Mr. Davis's birth. Many of the schools then open celebrated the day and loyally installed portraits of the great Confederate chieftain given by the good women. The Association, therefore, acted most wisely at its meeting at Birmingham in extending to a later date (the anniversary of President Davis's death) the completion of this holy work. We can confidently look forward at this date to a general celebration, a study of his exalted character, and the placing of a true portrait of Mr. Davis in every school in the South, and with the closing of the year see the good work reach its full fruition.

General Evans Commends the Foregoing.

Gen. Clement A. Evans, Commander in Chief U. C. V., to whom was submitted the foregoing, writes:

"I have read to-day with special care and great interest your letter on the subject of our duty to make known to posterity the exalted character of Jefferson Davis as a man, a citizen, a statesman, and as the President of the Confederate States of America.

"Mrs. Behan has been for years the admirable and untiring leader in this just endeavor, and she has the gratitude of the Confederate soldiers as well as their admiration for her truly noble work in the past and also in her purpose officially to have a true portrait of President Davis placed in every schoolhouse in the South.

"The letter expresses fully the sentiment of the United Confederate Veterans."

ALSO COMMANDANT APPERSON, OF THE SONS.

Hon. J. W. Apperson, Commandant of the U. S. C. V., also indorses the sentiments, saying: "I heartily approve of your action in this matter. The suggestion in your letter should be carried out throughout the South, and I can assure you of the coöperation of the Sons of Veterans."

COLORS OF SEVENTH GEORGIA REGIMENT.

BY C. K. MADDOX, CAPTAIN CO. K, 7TH GEORGIA INFANTRY.

In October, 1864, during Grant's last advance on Richmond, the 7th Georgia Regiment, after marching from early dawn, reached an old field near Fair Oaks, across which they saw the Federals coming in line of battle. The Confederates were behind breastworks, and soon the field was covered with smoke. When it lifted, every Yankee to be seen was lying on the ground. The battle was fought and decided in ten minutes. Our lines remained quiet to see what would happen next.

Toward four o'clock Sergeant James L. Bell, of Company K, climbed over our works and went over the battlefield. Far off to the left in wooded land some of the enemy still lingered concealed. Now and then one would fire at the sergeant, and he fired back. But he ran forward to the shelter of a small tree when two shots at one time were fired at him. On reaching the tree he fired again. The weeds around him were nearly as high as his head. As he fired a soldier raised up right in his face and said: "Don't shoot; we'll surrender." Then another and another Yankee arose. They had run into a ravine and were lying there concealed by the weeds waiting for night. They thought they had been discovered by the Confederates and that the sergeant had been sent out to bring them in. They were the 19th Wisconsin and parts of some New York regiment, about three hundred in all.

When they offered to surrender, Bell said: "Put down your guns, then." They left them in the ravine and went by twos and threes to the Confederate breastworks, where they were taken and sent to Richmond. The 19th Wisconsin had its colors, and the color bearer, John Fallen, did not want to give them up; but Bell took them away and carried them to his regiment.

It is needless to say that the unexpected rising up of so many of the enemy almost paralyzed Sergeant Bell, but he bravely took the best course and brought them in. The flagstaff was tipped with a silver spearhead and had two silken tassels. Sergeant Bell took the stars and stripes off and presented the staff to the 7th Georgia Regiment, and the colors of the 7th have been attached thereto ever since. The next day Sergeant Bell took the captured colors up to General Field.

When Richmond was evacuated, these colors were taken along with the Confederate Cabinet, but were recaptured near Washington, Va., and returned to the State of Wisconsin, where they now are. The colors of the 7th Georgia on the Wisconsin staff were taken to Washington City, and remained there forty years, when they with the colors of all the Southern States were by act of Congress returned to their respective States. The colors of the 7th Georgia, still on the Wisconsin staff, are now in the Georgia Capitol, and on the staff is the following legend:

COLORS OF THE 7TH GEORGIA REGIMENT.

The 49th Wisconsin Regiment, with this staff, was captured by Sergeant J. L. Bell, Company K, 7th Georgia Regiment, October 30, 1864, at Fair Oaks, Va., seven miles from Richmond on the Williamsburg Road.

The Wisconsin colors were detached and turned over to Brig. Gen. G. T. Anderson, commanding.

The staff was presented to the 7th Georgia Regiment by Sergeant Bell, and the regimental colors placed thereon. It was surrendered at Appomattox C. H. April 9, 1865, and sent to Washington, D. C., where it remained forty years, from 1865 to 1905.

An act of Congress required the return of all colors to the States to which they belonged. This staff was returned with the colors of the 7th Georgia Regiment and placed in the State of Georgia archives.



J. L. BELL.

In November, after the fighting of the season was over, General Lee gave Sergeant Bell a furlough of thirty days for his brave and meritorious conduct. Bell still has a piece of this furlough.

SPLENDID WORK FOR SHILOH MONUMENT.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER B. WHITE, CHAIRMAN FOR U. D. C.

Friends of Shiloh: The Treasurer of the Shiloh Monument Association has sent me a full report; and as it shows the interest in the Shiloh monument, it is sent to the VETERAN that all may know the good work being done. This represents cash received only, while outstanding pledges amount to several hundred dollars.

Many who have visited Shiloh have told me it made them sad to see so many beautiful and handsome monuments to Northern soldiers and none to the Southern, though equally valorous. "Southern valor never rose to greater heights" than on this fatal field of Shiloh; so let us remove this reproach from us by speedily erecting there a monument commemorating Confederate valor.

I hope we shall soon have contributions to this most worthy cause from every U. D. C. Chapter and every Camp of U. C. V. and U. S. C. V. in the country. It will be a memorial to our own brave, our own loved ones, our own dead; so let us all help.

Report rendered to Mrs. White September 12, 1908, by Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, Treasurer of the Shiloh Monument Association, Paducah, Ky., to whom all State Directors are requested to send contributions from their respective Divisions by November 1, so that a full report may be made at the Atlanta Convention.

ALABAMA.

(Mrs. Harvey E. Jones, Director, 644 S. Laurence Street, Montgomery.)

John James, Camp U. C. V., Washington County	$ 6 05
Check from Mrs. White (Chairman)	29 50
Check from Mrs. White (Chairman)	12 00
Mobile Chapter, Mobile	6 50
Camp Warder, Birmingham	10 00
Joe Wheeler Chapter, Decatur	2 00
Camp Lomax, Montgomery	6 00
Commander Uttles and two veterans	6 00
Mobile Chapter, Mobile	10 00
Total	$ 88 05

ARKANSAS.

(Mrs. L. C. Hall, Director, Dardanelle.)

Arkansas Chapter, Little Rock	$ 10 00
Arkansas Division, U. D. C.	5 00
Lee pictures sold in Division	1 00
Memorial Chapter, Little Rock, for picture of Gen. Lee.	5 00
Total	$ 21 00

CALIFORNIA.

(Mrs. Alexander R. Jones, Director, 1529 Page Street, San Francisco.)

Gen. James L. Brent Chapter, Pacific Grove	$ 5 00
Gen. J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, Riverside	10 00
Check from Mrs. Jones	102 50
Total	$117 50

INDIANA.

Mrs. Upchurch, Evansville	$ 2 50

KENTUCKY.

(Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, Director, Paducah.)

E. M. Bruce Chapter, Covington	$ 10 00
J. M. Myers, Fishersville	$ 1 00
Lee pictures sold in Division	75
Total	$ 11 75

LOUISIANA.

(Miss Kate Tyler Childress, Director, 932 St. Charles Street, New Orleans.)

New Orleans Chapter, New Orleans	$ 5 00

MISSOURI.

(Mrs. W. L. Kline, Director, 4567 Washington Boulevard, St. Louis.)

List of Chapters not furnished.

Check from Mrs. Kline	$127 50

MARYLAND.

(Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer, Director, Jessups.)

Baltimore Chapter, Baltimore	$ 50 00
Cecil Chapter, Chesapeake City	5 00
Total	$ 55 00

MEXICO.

(Mrs. T. R. Crump, Director, City of Mexico.)

Father Ryan Chapter	$ 5 00

NEBRASKA.

(Miss Grace L. Conklin, Director, 4808 Capitol Avenue, Omaha.)

Check from Miss Conklin	$ 31 66

NORTH CAROLINA.

(Mrs. F. M. Williams, Director, Newton.)

Pamlico Chapter, Washington, N. C.	$ 2 50

NEW YORK.

(Mrs. L. D. Alexander, Director, 222 W. 23d Street, The Chelsea, New York City.)

Check in 1907 from New York Chapter	$ 25 00
Check in 1908 from New York Chapter	25 00
Dixie Club, New York City	10 00
Total	$ 60 00

OHIO.

(Mrs. Joseph C. Hosea, Director, 3457 Prospect Terrace, Clifton, Cincinnati.)

Mrs. D. L. Worcester, Cincinnati	$ 10 00

OREGON.

(Mrs. H. H. Durr, Director, 135 N. 22d Street, Portland.)

Check from Mrs. Duff, Portland	$ 5 00

PENNSYLVANIA.

(Mrs. L. Lewis, Director, 4324 Pine Street, Philadelphia.)

Philadelphia Chapter, Philadelphia	$ 10 00

SOUTH CAROLINA.

(Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, Director, 31 Meeting Street, Charleston.)

Abbeville Chapter, Abbeville	$ 5 00
Dixie Chapter, Anderson	5 00
Robert E. Lee Chapter, Anderson	15 00
Palmetto Chapter, Anderson	15 00
Edward Croft Chapter, Aiken	1 00
Charleston Chapter, Charleston	15 00
John C. Calhoun Chapter, Clemson College	5 00
Chester Chapter, Chester	5 00

John D. Kennedy Chapter, Camden	$ 3 00
Cheraw Chapter, Cheraw	5 00
B. W. Ball Chapter, Cross Hill	1 00
Moffatt Greer Chapter, Due West	2 50
Greenville Chapter, Greenville	15 00
Robert A. Waller Chapter, Greenwood	2 00
Ellison Capers Chapter, Florence	5 00
John Hames Chapter, Jonesville	3 00
Drayton Rutherford Chapter, Newberry	5 00
Black Oak Chapter, Pinopolis	3 00
Ann White Chapter, Rock Hill	5 00
S. D. Barron Chapter, Rock Hill	1 00
S. D. Lee Chapter, Stair	3 00
St. Matthew's Chapter, St. Matthew's	3 00
J. B. Kershaw Chapter, Laurens	5 00
Mrs A. T. Smythe, Charleston	10 00
Gen. Irving Walker, Charleston	10 00
John Bratton Chapter, Winnsboro	10 00
South Carolina Division (Norfolk pledge)	25 00
	$182 50
Less bank exchange deducted by Miss Poppenheim	20
	$182 30
Additional amount not itemized	5 00
Total	$187 30

TENNESSEE.

(Mrs. Alexander B. White, Director, Paris.)

Robert E. Lee Chapter, Puryear	$ 25 00
A friend, Paris	5 00
Richard Coley, Cottage Grove	5 00
Winnie Davis Chapter, Columbia	5 00
Knoxville Chapter, Knoxville	10 00
Maury County Chapter, Columbia	10 00
Baker-Lemon Chapter, Covington	25 00
Mrs. J. C. Frierson, Mt. Pleasant	5 00
Mrs. A. B. White, Paris	25 00
Dyersburg Chapter, Dyersburg	25 00
Mrs. Robert A. Allison, Jackson	5 00
J. D. Atkins Chapter, Paris	10 00
Fifth Tennessee Regiment Chapter, Paris	100 00
Mr. C. C. Miller, Puryear	5 00
Cash from friends at Cottage Grove	3 00
Martin Chapter, Martin	5 00
Kirby Smith Chapter, Sewanee	5 00
Mary Latham Chapter, Memphis	5 00
Rassie Hoskins White Chapter, Cottage Grove	10 00
Harriet Overton Chapter, Nashville	2 00
Gen. A. P. Stewart Chapter, Chattanooga	95 00
Sarah Law Chapter, Memphis	50 00
Tennessee Division (three years' pledges)	75 00
Pictures of General Lee sold at Paris	5 00
Pictures of General Lee and his generals	50
History of flags	1 35
Tennessee Division (half of Norfolk pledge)	50 00
Old Hickory Chapter, Dickson	10 00
John Southerland Chapter, Ripley	5 00
	$581 85
Expense for postage, etc., on circulars for Lee pictures deducted by Mrs. White	12 85
	$569 00
Mr. Odill, Camden	1 00
Total	$570 00

TEXAS.

(Mrs. Valery Edward Austin, Director, Galveston.)

Mrs. Mollie R. Macgill Rosenberg, Galveston	$ 25 00
Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, Galveston	5 00
Total	$ 30 00

VIRGINIA.

(Mrs. A. Cornelius Wyckoff, Director, Alexandria.)

Farmville Chapter, Farmville	$ 2 00
Chesterfield Chapter, Chester	5 00
Pulaski Chapter, Dublin	1 50
Total	$ 8 50

WASHINGTON.

(Mrs. Bushrod W. Bell, Director, 1419 E. Union Street, Seattle.)

R. E. Lee Chapter, Seattle	$ 10 00
Mildred Lee Chapter, Spokane	10 00
Mrs. B. W. Bell, Seattle, from eight ladies	8 00
R. E. Lee Chapter, Seattle	10 00
Total	$ 38 00
Cash collected in various small amounts by Mrs. White in 1906 and turned over to the Treasurer	$ 23 00
General U. D. C. contribution	300 00
	$323 00
Less cost of circulars, postage, etc., deducted by Mrs. White, Chairman	12 00
Net	$311 00

Total funds collected by Mrs. Roy W. McKinney and now in her hands as Treasurer, $1,697.76. In addition to the above, there is in the hands of the Shiloh Chapter, of Savannah, Tenn., drawing six per cent interest, funds collected by them for this monument about $1,700, making a grand total of $3,397.76.

[Doubtless there are some, if not many, not connected with any Confederate organization who would like to contribute to this most worthy cause, and they might do so directly to Mrs. McKinney at Paducah.—EDITOR VETERAN.]

WOMAN'S WIT FOR THE COTTON GIN.

Eli Whitney, inventor of the cotton gin, was aided in his success by the quick wit and insight of a woman. In "Old Paths and Legends of the New England Border" Miss Katherine M. Abbott gives the story of the consummation of Whitney's experiment. Mrs. Greene, granddaughter of Gen. Nathaniel Greene, had become interested in Mr. Whitney's enterprise, and invited him to spend the winter at her home, on Cumberland Island, "where an abundance of cotton and quiet were assured." One morning he descended headlong into the drawing-room from his workshop in the fifth story and excitedly exclaimed: "The victory is mine!" In sympathy guests and hostess went with him to see the model in motion by which Whitney was to change the industrial history of the world. For a few moments the miniature saws revolved without hindrance, and the separation of the seed from the cotton wool was successfully accomplished; but after a time the saws clogged with lint, the wheel stopped, and poor Whitney was in despair. "Here's what you need!" exclaimed Mrs. Greene. She seized a clothes brush and held it firmly to the teeth of the saws. "Madam," said Whitney, overcome with emotion, "you have perfected my invention!"—*Exchange.*

MEMORIAL TO GEN. GEORGE MOORMAN.

Plans for the proposed memorial to the lamented Gen. George Moorman are reported to be maturing rapidly, and the Moorman Memorial Association will be incorporated. A lot in Metairie will be purchased and the contract let for the monument. Some delay has occurred in preparation of the charter by W. O. Hart and Capt. E. M. Hudson by the illness of the latter. Col. J. A. Harral is an active worker in the movement. Arrangements have been made for the purchase of lot 97, plot 2, in Metairie Cemetery. The lot fronts eighteen feet on Avenue E. It measures fifteen feet in the rear and is twenty-four feet in depth. The lot will cost $500. There is $555, which will leave $55 of the fund now on hand to go toward the monument. It is intended to let the contract for the monument, and it is expected that the balance will be received before the work is completed.

The contract provides for a South Carolina granite shaft twelve feet in height, bearing a tablet for an inscription above the emblem of the United Confederate Veterans, which will cost $675. The burial place will be arranged for the interment by the side of General Moorman of his wife and son.

Colonel Harral read letters from Gen. George W. Gordon, of Memphis, inclosing a subscription of $10, and from Gen. V. Y. Cook, of Arkansas, with $10; also from Gen. John S. Carr, of North Carolina. The latter sent $25.

A letter from a Federal veteran, Maj. Everett Lane, of Rockland, Mass., asking the Association to accept a small contribution, was read by Colonel Harral. He said that he noticed in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN that subscriptions were being made for a Moorman memorial; and as he had learned to admire and esteem the late General Moorman, he asked to be allowed to make a contribution.

ANOTHER WAR HEROINE—ALICE WRIGHT.

BY E. LOUISE STROTHER, SHERMAN, TEX.

Mrs. A. W. Clinton (née Wright) presented a Confederate flag to the first company organized in Missouri for the Civil War, in Col. J. R. Boyd's command. From that time each moment of her life through the entire war was given with heroic devotion to the "Rebel cause." Enthusiastic, aggressive, and devoted, she seemed inspired, and performed services worthy to be remembered. She was the bearer of important dispatches at times and under conditions when it would have been impossible for a man to succeed. She hid soldiers in the woods far away from civilization, took them food, and then rode alone under the cover of darkness back home.

A price was set upon her head by the Federal authorities, but dauntlessly she continued to contribute to her country's cause. Quantrell, the noted guerrilla, trusted her, and many valuable services she rendered him. She was active on the battlefields of Glasgow, Independence, and Lone Jack, ministering to the wounded and dying.

At one time a number of Confederate recruiting officers from Price's army were captured; and although they were in possession of papers showing that they were entitled to be treated as prisoners of war, they were shot. Among them were her brother-in-law and two intimate friends, Col. B. G. Jeanes and his brother. She went unattended except by a Cumberland Presbyterian minister who was seventy-five years old, identified the bodies, and brought them one hundred miles in a wagon to their homes to be buried.

Her brother, Dr. W. S. Wright, chief surgeon in Col. A. E. Steen's command, was captured and placed in the Myrtle Street Prison, in St. Louis. Into St. Louis went Miss Wright. For a whole year she worked, and by her courage and diplomacy she secured his freedom, although he had been condemned to die.

She was generous as well as brave. Upon one occasion a man whom she had regarded with friendship, but who had espoused the Federal cause and was a known reporter of news against her side, was to be killed, and the plan was known to Miss Wright. Late in the afternoon of the fatal day she saw him passing her house. Mercy and tenderness impelled her in his behalf. She could not bear to know that a man was to be killed in cold blood. She went out, stopped him, and suggested that it would be better for him to take another route, which he quickly understood, and thus she saved his life.

Time and again fire in the hand of the enemy destroyed her property; and when the surrender occurred, she was without means. She went to Montana seeking health. There she met and married Judge J. H. D. Street, a prominent lawyer and gifted orator. One child blessed this union. Later as Mrs. Street she married a Mr. Clinton, who died about ten years ago. Mrs. Clinton is now the guest of honor in the North Texas Female College, in Sherman, Tex. Still unconquered, she is the heroic, delightful woman of "Secesh" times.

SEVERE SERVICE UNDER STONEWALL JACKSON.

BY ALECK HUNTER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

[The writer, Aleck Hunter, is a son of old Admiral Bushrod Hunter, of the United States navy, who was retired before the Civil War broke out.]

On July 25, 1862, Kemper's Brigade of Pickett's Division left Gordonsville, Va., in light marching order with three days' rations in their haversacks, and that was the last one we drew until September 20, almost two months—incredible, but true. Our brigade was about two thousand strong. My regiment, the 17th Virginia, had about four hundred and seventy-five in all or about four hundred and forty muskets.

We crossed the Rappahannock July 27 and skirmished all the 28th and marched to Salem that day and rested. On the night of the 29th we made that famous march of thirty-five miles. We reached Thoroughfare Gap the morning of the 30th and got breakfast of "roasting ears." The next two days we fought the battle of Manassas, and that night feasted on the captured supplies; then onward, without a halt, men dropping out constantly from weakness and sickness, over the mountains into the valley; then across the Potomac into Maryland, living entirely on green apples and corn. We fought the battle of Crampton Gap September 12, marched all night and fought the battle of Boonsboro the 14th, then northward and back, until the morning of the 17th of September, when my regiment drew up in line of battle at Sharpsburg with forty-six muskets and five officers. All of us were barefooted; not one had tasted meat for a couple of weeks; all were in rags and without underclothing, and we were "devoured" with vermin. All day we held Burnside's column back, though they were five to one. I was the only private unwounded and untouched at the end of the fight. With all the suffering, there was no complaint. We learned to cook anything. I even ate a part of a polecat. Naturally I have but little patience with whinings of men claiming to be heroes. I am glad to see that no complaints came from the Southern troops.

TEXAS CONFEDERATE VETERANS GATHER.

The News, Dallas, reports from Wills Point, Tex., August 25, that the seventeenth annual reunion of the Texas Division, U. C. V., was one of the best yet held, and exceeded in attendance and interest any previous meeting. The State Division of the Sons of Confederate Veterans convened there at the same time. The citizens of Wills Point have ever prided themselves upon their hospitality. The patriotism of the people there proved equal to the occasion. Visiting Veterans were given supper, bed, and breakfast in the homes assigned to them, and a barbecue dinner was served to the Veterans each day. Free transportation to and from the park was also furnished. A beautiful grove protected visitors from the sun, and bordering the park is a large lake of clear water that added to the picturesqueness of the scene.

At night the Sons of Veterans gave an entertainment to the Veterans at the auditorium in town, and Hon. Gordon Russell, Congressman from this district, delivered an address.

The meeting of the Veterans was called to order by Maj. James A. Harris, Commander of the local Camp. Rev. Ira M. Bryce invoked the divine blessings.

Major Harris extended a welcome from the city and introduced Judge John S. Spinks, of Canton, who welcomed the visitors in behalf of Van Zandt County. Hon. John L. Brooks extended a welcome from Camp Calvin Crozier, U. S. C. V., Wills Point, and Miss Corinne Meredith for the Mrs. Cone Johnson Chapter, U. D. C. All the welcome addresses were happy and interspersed with music by Peery's Military Band.

Capt. B. B. Paddock responded to the welcome addresses. "I was very glad indeed," he said, "when the General Commander so highly honored me by asking that I respond to-day to the gracious words of cordial welcome that have been spoken to us, because for many years I have looked upon Wills Point as one of the most loyal and devoted friends of the Confederate soldiers. From year to year it has been necessary for me, living as I do to the west of you, to pass through this beautiful city on our annual journeys to the Reunions of the entire South. As we would near Wills Point and look from the car window we could see the throngs of people in the sunlight and hear the delightful strains of Southern pieces furnished by the Wills Point Band. There were mothers and daughters always to bid us Godspeed on our journey to our national Reunion. I have always felt that I would like to come to Wills Point and meet her people, and I am pleased with the honor that has been conferred upon me to respond to these gracious words of welcome."

At the conclusion of Captain Paddock's response the meeting was formally turned over to Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, Commander of the Texas Division, U. C. V. General Van Zandt stated that he was glad to greet so many old comrades and expressed confidence that the meeting would be a most successful one. General Van Zandt introduced Miss Katie Daffan, President of the Texas Division, Daughters of the Confederacy, who spoke feelingly to those present, her remarks being roundly applauded. Before adjourning Commander Van Zandt announced the committees.

In the afternoon the report of the Committee on Credentials was read and adopted. The report of the Adjutant General was read and referred to the Committee on Resolutions. The report of the Historian was read by C. C. Cummins and referred to the Committee on Resolutions. The mortuary report was read, as was the report from John B. Reagan, Superintendent of the Confederate Home in Austin, both being referred to the Committee on Resolutions.

Governor Campbell was commended for his action in the text-book matter in an address by Colonel Miller.

Gen. W. L. Cabell ("Old Tige") was introduced and greeted with great applause. General Cabell made a short talk to the Veterans.

Colonels Miller and Booth were tendered a vote of thanks for their work in the text-book matter.

One of the interesting features of the day was a competitive drill by two companies of Confederate veterans, the Dallas Confederate Guards, commanded by Captain Lamar, and the Fort Worth Grays, commanded by Capt. M. D. Sellers. First Lieutenant Watkins had charge of the drill for the Fort Worth Grays. It was an interesting spectacle to the thousands who watched it, and as the old vets went through the drill the applause was deafening. The judges awarded the prize to the Dallas Confederate Guards. The prize was a beautiful Confederate battle flag, 4x7 feet in size and handsomely mounted. The flag was presented by Miss Katie Daffan, President of the State Division, Daughters of the Confederacy, and in presenting the flag to the successful contestants Miss Daffan compared the Confederate veteran with the knights of the age of chivalry, and said that a contest between Confederate veterans displayed more courage and valor than that displayed in the days of knight-errantry. She explained the meaning of the flag, the colors typifying the most refined of the human virtues—the white, purity; the red, daring and courage, etc. She presented the flag in the name of the Texas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The Sons' organization met in the Presbyterian church, Division Commander Walter B. McAdams presiding. The programme of business followed an invocation by Rev. Mr. Wright, of Wills Point. The number of Camps reporting was most encouraging.

In his address Judge W. M. Pierson, of Dallas, Assistant Judge-Advocate General U. S. C. V. and Lieutenant Commander Camp W. L. Cabell, Sons of Veterans, introducing the sponsors and maids of honor to the State Reunion of Confederate Veterans, Daughters of the Confederacy, and Sons of Veterans, said:

"As a son of the South and of a State that has ever been loyal to Southern traditions it is my pleasure to present to this Reunion the sponsors and maids of honor. * * * It is the well-known creed of Texas chivalry that our women are a part of our religion, and the first lesson the stalwart young Southerner learns as he faces the battle of life is that above all things he must protect and defend the sanctity of Southern homes. We are a little old-fashioned in our ideas of right and wrong. The history of the Southern people has been made great because of the influence of a sublime character who presides over the destinies of Southern homes, and with her regal scepter of love touches the great, throbbing heart of the South.

"My friends, if it were in my power to gather together all the laurels of victory and chaplets of fame of the eternal ages and make them into one loving wreath with which to crown the greatest hero of the centuries, I would think of her who fought the silent battles of the Confederacy, who amid the long watches of the night mingled her stitches on the garments of her loved ones with her prayers to her God for the success of Southern rights, and I would place this wreath upon the pure brow of her of whom I speak—the Southern woman!

"What strength of purpose and loyalty to duty must have been hers when she buckled the sword of her life's companion

as well as the sons of her bosom and bade them go with the knowledge that they might never return. 'You are my all, but duty to our country calls—go.'

"The women of the South are true to the traditions of the past. The glittering titles of broken-down, spendthrift noblemen (?) have for them no attraction. They hold that the greatest title a man can wear is that of a Southern gentleman, and that the most splendid royalty is that of Southern blood. * * *

"The Southern woman, like her Godlike sisters of old, was last at the Southern cross in its darkest hour and first at the grave of its buried hopes. Hers were the silent battles. For her there was no beat of drums, no song of the bugles, no excitement of the charge, no waving of victorious banners over embattled hosts upon the field of glory. She could only wait and wait and wait till at last the dread message came from the field of battle that her loved one had died for his country, and then 'with a more than Spartan heroism she gave no sign of despair that might discourage those at the front, but like a statue solid set and molded in colossal calm' she sat mute and resigned at the foot of the red, dripping altar of patriotism whereon lay in hallowed sacrifice her sainted dead. We have talked of building monuments to her memory; and, bless her heroic soul, she has been steadily going forward all this time building monuments to the soldiers of the South. The noblest woman who ever kissed away the furrows from the throbbing brow of pain or brushed back the tangled tresses of the dead is a Southern woman, the uncrowned queen of the centuries.

"When the war was over and the broken battalions of the South turned homeward, it was the Southern woman who met the returning soldier on the doorsteps; and as she had ever been his inspiration upon the field of battle, so now together they took up their task of restoring a desolated land, and upon the blackened ruins of battle building a grander civilization, a larger truth, and a better liberty.

"And in that dark night of negroid corruption, when slimy carpetbaggers, a few Judas Iscariots in the South (with all due apologies to Judas Iscariot), and half-witted negroes attempted to establish Ethiopian domination, it was the Southern woman who stood in the breach of the nation's honor and with the voice of a goddess demanded of Southern chivalry that they remember the spirit of the cavaliers that had baptized this continent in rivers of heroism and demonstrate their right to live. At once came the mighty response: the unconquered spirit of the Southern Anglo-Saxon that had never known what it was to submit to an inferior race arose like a mighty avalanche, swept the usurpers from their places, and reëstablished the government of the fathers. My friends, I desire to say here and now that in my opinion the enfranchisement of the negro was at once a grotesque comedy as well as one of the greatest crimes of history, and Southern blood does not to-day and never will recognize negro equality either socially or politically.

"Thus in those crucial times, when the fate of the South was being weighed in the balances, when hope seemed all but gone and our sons were almost in despair, there was a firm character who stood like a rock in midocean, braving the war of whirlwinds and the dash of angry waves; stood holding aloft the beacon of hope, stood firm and undaunted for the principles of the fathers, and, laying the sword of knighthood on the manly sons of the South, bade them go forward to the achievement of still other victories upon the glorious battlefields of peace. And be it said to her honor and glory as well as that of her sons and loved ones whom she inspired that the principles for which they contended are becoming more and more inwrought into the fabric of our nation, and under God I believe that the final preservation of this republic depends upon the ultimate triumph of the principles of the South and of our uncrowned queen, the Southern woman.

"Inspired by such mothers, is it any wonder that the Daughters of the Confederacy are to-day so true to the holy memories of the past?

"The women of this noble organization, with a zeal greater than that of Peter the Hermit, have made their crusade to the holy land of Southern memories, and as their prattling babes gather about their knees they look beyond the gleaming stars to where they know the record of the Confederate soldier is truly written; then with the vow of Hamilcar in their hearts and the love of justice in their pure souls, they teach their children and tell them to teach their children's children that the men who wore the gray were not traitors, but that they were the grandest patriots of the ages, and that when time shall be no more they will be the immortals of God.

"And now by the tender memories which halo the devoted past, by the memory of those who fell in defense of the right upon the red crest of battle, by the memory of the noble men and women who are to-day demanding that the record of the Confederate soldier shall be truly written, and in the name of these organizations which have for their object the perpetuation of these holy memories, I have the honor to present to this Reunion your sponsors and maids of honor, beautiful, refined, and patriotic women of the glorious Southland, of whom with one of old we may well say: 'In their faces we behold the eternal!'"

Judge C. C. Cummings's Annual Report.

Maj. Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, Commanding—General: I have the honor to submit this my annual report as Historian of the Texas Division at this the seventeenth annual Reunion.

The Woman's Home.—I was premature in announcing in my last report the adoption of the amendment to allow appropriations to the Home, so generously provided by the efforts of the Daughters of the State. It was afterwards found that it had been defeated by a small margin, the issue being confused by other propositions submitted at the same time. The Democratic platform recently adopted at San Antonio pledges a resubmission by the next Legislature.

Confederate Pensioners.—Comrade E. A. Bolmes, our efficient chief of the Pension Department, shows that a thousand new pensioners will be added to the 8,700 now on the roll at the end of this year. Advanced age alone is not the cause of this extraordinary addition, but increase of the cost of living, taken with the rejection of all applicants for labor except those who can command the highest mark of strenuous endeavor in our modern modes of workday rules. There seems provided no place in our ethics of political economy for any but the strongest, the fittest being secondary. This is drifting us to old age pensions, such as Germany and England are canvassing, caused by the flood of European labor taking the place of our home product. Comrade Bolmes is unable to give the death rate of pensioners because no mode is provided for such tabulation.

The Last Roll.—The death roll of our comrades grows apace every year. This year among the notables of the order is the departure of our chief in command, Stephen D. Lee, just before the Birmingham Reunion. Of the State, we have again to record the second vacancy of the Adjutant General's

office in the demise of Colonel Jackson, and among the leading Camps that of Col. E. W. Taylor, of Lee Camp, Fort Worth. Col. W. T. Shaw, who succeeds Colonel Jackson as Chief of Staff of the Division, will report in detail the death roll of the Camps.

Storied Urn and Animated Bust.—The good old State of Georgia through her press, Camps, and Chapters is earnestly advocating the erection of a monument to our war women of the South. "Woman in History," of which our Daughter, Miss Katie Daffan, is now preparing a volume, was last at the cross and first at the tomb. So with us in the short-lived Confederacy. Our women clung to the Southern cross of our Crucifixion and have been first to erect monuments to our heroes, and we owe them in turn a mausoleum as high as the sky. On motion of Captain Paddock and seconded by General Van Zandt, of Lee Camp, Fort Worth, the next Legislature is to be memorialized to mark the positions of Texas troops on the noted battlefields of our great war.

Adjutant General's Report.—Col. W. T. Shaw's annual report contains much of general interest and shows an increase of twenty per cent in Camps reporting over the previous year.

Partisan Text-Books Again.—After ten years of sectional peace under our school text-book law of 1897, there has arisen a power that knows not Joseph, and the John B. Hood Camp at Austin first made the discovery that partisan hints scattered in the text-books now in use were of such a character as to lead the young mind into the dangerous vortex of the darkest period of our unhappy strife between the States. Sheridan's ride, suggesting desolation as a fine art, and Sherman's march to the sea, recalling a period when the Duke of Alva with his council of blood doomed whole cities in the Netherlands, are not calculated to promote the object of our nonpartisan text-book law, especially when Texans by this law effaced all allusion to their own heroes to effect this nonpartisan purpose. The last reënactment carrying the law down to 1912 requires the Text-Book Board to adopt histories of the United States which give the construction of the Constitution which the fathers who formulated it placed upon it. I am not advised how far this suggestion has been used by the Board, but venture to assert that the South is willing to rest its case on this proposition. The Hood Camp found embalmed in the leaves of simple arithmetical propositions on page 251 of Mayers-Brooks text-book such dark shadows as above and many others which the State Board promptly eliminated and substituted nonpartisan incidents of Texas history instead. Since then other like violations of this beneficent law have been published. Whittier's barbarous myth of Barbara Frietchie is quoted as to a few lines, the whole of the fiction reciting falsely that Confederate soldiers fired on a Union flag in the hands of an old woman. The Biglow satires, written in derision of the Mexican War, which was for the integrity of the Union when Mexico sought to wrest Texas from under the stars and stripes, and others, the most dangerous being Seward's higher law than the Constitution, said to be on page 31 and repeated on page 215 of the large grammar of a series now in use—this is what dynamited the sections and brought on the collision of the States adhering to the law.

The Songs of a Nation.—Many of the above are used in sections of the Union which constantly boast of having been the savers of it and appropriate rewards confined to themselves in the act; but they seem not to apprehend that it is not only offensive to a large area not germane to the thought, but that it is even dangerous as a doctrine to be sung, as "Sherman Marching through Georgia" constantly paraded before eleven millions of a nonassimilating race, many of whom are yet immature in political wisdom and many more incorrigible degenerates, who are taught that all this stands for liberty with license to do at will as wards of the party claiming their allegiance. It is worthy of serious consideration whether or not such teachings seeking an entry into Texas schools and used more blatantly in other sections of the Union are the cause of the epidemic of violated law possessing this class of citizens yet in the first stages of civilization.

Roosevelt's African Mission.—The books quoted are made to say that President Roosevelt does the right thing at the right time. A query arises here. Is not this the right time for him as head of the party responsible for this condition of so large a class of citizenship to negotiate with some European power for a spot in Africa large enough to receive this castaway class, deported by and under control of the United States?

The Closing Day of the Reunion.

Many a camp scene was recounted as the hundreds of veterans in attendance at the State Reunion gathered in groups under the inviting shade of the trees in Goodnight Park or on the porches of the homes where they were being entertained in tales of incidents "during the war." Comrades long separated saw each other for the first time in years, and as they met and embraced each other tears of joy would stream from their eyes. They recalled scenes about the camp fires or on the battlefield, some humorous, some pathetic, and others tragic.

The crowd was reported as the largest ever assembled in Wills Point. Visitors were lavish in their compliments of the splendid arrangements for entertaining the guests and the good order that prevailed. Visiting veterans considered it a "record breaker."

Mount Pleasant was selected as the next place of meeting and the last Tuesday in July as the date.

The veterans are in earnest about the schoolbook election, and $305 was subscribed to carry into effect the resolution adopted to carry the question of annulling the present contracts into the courts. Much indignation is felt on the subject.

Gen. K. M. Van Zandt was reëlected Division Commander by acclamation. Accepting the nomination, General Van Zandt spoke feelingly and said the responsibility was a serious one, but that he could ask no greater honor of any people than to be Division Commander of the Confederate veterans of Texas. General Van Zandt reappointed Col. W. T. Shaw, of Fort Worth, Adjutant.

The following Brigadier Generals for the State were elected: First Brigade, J. T. Jarrard, Huntsville; Second Brigade, J. T. Largent, San Antonio; Third Brigade, F. T. Roche, Georgetown; Fourth Brigade, W. B. Berry, Brookston; Fifth Brigade, W. J. Lacy, Denton.

Miss Martha Crosby, of Bowie, was called upon to recite "Echoes of the Confederacy," and the rendition was greeted with great enthusiasm. The young lady was elected Daughter of the Division. [This address by her at Bowie was published last year in the Veteran.] A veteran sang an old war song, and then the vast audience sang "God Be with You till We Meet Again."

Walter B. McAdams was reëlected Commander of the Texas Division, U. S. C. V.

The entertainment given by the Sons of Veterans was interesting to the visitors.

Report of Committee on Resolutions.

We have carefully examined the report of Col. W. T. Shaw, Adjutant General of the Division, and note with gratification the improved financial condition of the Division and that twenty-two more Camps have made annual reports than at the last Reunion. We recommend the adoption of the report and that it be printed in full in the proceedings of this Reunion.

The report of John B. Reagan, Superintendent of the Confederate Home, is complete and satisfactory, and we congratulate our comrades in the Home upon the evident care bestowed upon them by the Superintendent, and we extend him our thanks for his unremitting attention to their comfort.

We recommend that the mortuary report be printed in full in the proceedings of this Reunion and that the following resolution be adopted:

Resolved, That the Adjutants of the several Camps in this Division be earnestly requested to make prompt and complete detail report of deceased members of their respective Camps, that their names may be printed in the proceedings of the Division at its annual Reunion.

Whereas the last Legislature requested the assessors of the State to list all veterans and widows in their respective counties, but it having developed that in many instances the work was so neglected as to be worthless, and appreciating the importance of thorough work in this matter; be it

Resolved, That the next Legislature be petitioned to pass a law to require the assessors in each county of the State to make a full and complete list of all Confederate veterans in their respective counties and also a complete list of all widows of all Confederate veterans in their counties, and that if it is found necessary in order to get such list complete the assessors be allowed an adequate compensation for their services.

Resolved, That we heartily indorse the action of the Democratic party in Texas in convention assembled in recommending the abrogation of the term "pauper oath" in applications for pensions by Confederate veterans.

Resolved, That we believe the taxpayers of Texas will cheerfully assume the burden of making provision for the care of the widowed mothers and sisters of Confederate veterans who are left without proper support in their declining years; therefore we call upon the Thirty-First Legislature to submit to the people of Texas at the earliest practicable day an amendment to the Constitution of the State authorizing liberal appropriation for the maintenance of the Confederate Woman's Home.

Resolved, That Texas, in the plenitude of its riches, should do honor to the Confederate dead that sleep in unmarked graves and who gave their lives as a willing sacrifice to constitutional rights.

Resolved, That the Thirty-First Legislature be memorialized to make liberal appropriation of funds to erect suitable monuments to the valor of Texas troops who fell and are buried in any and all of the national cemeteries of the country.

Resolved, That the law authorize and constitute the Commanding General of the Texas Division, United Confederate Veterans, and the Commanders of the several Brigades of United Confederate Veterans in Texas a commission to select designs and locate said monuments.

We have considered with great pleasure and interest the comprehensive report of the Historian of the Texas Division, Col. C. C. Cummings, and extend him the thanks of this Division for the care and labor devoted to the duties of his office, and we recommend that his report be printed in full in the proceedings of this Reunion.

Resolved, That we deplore the lack of Southern spirit, State pride, and patriotism that impelled the State Text-Book Board in its violation of the evident spirit and plain letter of the law in the selection of the schoolbooks from which the children of citizens of Texas are to be taught.

Resolved, That we recommend that the Commander of the Texas Division, United Confederate Veterans, endeavor to find some patriotic son of the South who will take this matter into the courts and if possible prevent this wrong being imposed upon the people of Texas and their descendants; that Confederate veterans who have been blessed with an abundance of this world's goods are hereby appealed to to contribute to the payment of such expense as may be incurred by such litigation; that we recommend that the books heretofore in use in the public schools in Texas be continued until this question is finally decided.

Resolved, That the Texas Division, United Confederate Veterans, reiterate their unswerving loyalty, undying affection for and devotion to the noble women who compose the United Daughters of the Confederacy. We appreciate the work of love in which they are engaged and the noble and unselfish devotion exhibited by them in everything which pertains to the welfare of the Confederate veterans and without which our labors in their behalf would be greatly increased.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Division are hereby extended these noble women for their efforts in our behalf.

Whereas since our last Reunion our beloved comrade, Col. George Jackson, former Adjutant General of this Division, has "crossed over the river;" therefore be it

Resolved, That this Division has lost an enthusiastic member, a faithful and competent official, and the State of Texas a worthy citizen; that we tender his grief-stricken widow our sincere condolence in her bereavement.

For seventeen years the Texas Division, United Confederate Veterans, has held its annual Reunions each in a different city of the State, and each occasion has been one of pleasure to us and of unstinted kindness, partiality, and attention that remains with us and ever will as most pleasant memories; but it has been left to Wills Point to especially display a hospitality and generous consideration for our comfort and entertainment that will be a perennial source of delightful recollection to us.

Resolved, That we assure the good people of Wills Point one and all, and particularly the kind and faithful ladies and gentlemen specially in charge of all arrangements, of our most sincere and grateful appreciation of their efforts in our behalf. And we beg to further assure them that neither time nor circumstance will ever efface from our hearts and minds the joyous and happy recollection of our Reunion in their young city, and for them and theirs we pray happiness, contentment, and prosperity for all hereafter.

Respectfully submitted, T. J. Jarrard, J. H. V. Miller, W. W. Heartsill, Charles L. Martin, B. B. Paddock, committee.

Reunion at Dallas in October.

Gen. W. L. Cabell, Commanding Trans-Mississippi Department, calls comrades to Dallas on October 20 as Confederate Day at the State Fair. This will be a fine Reunion.

Walter B. McAdams, Texas Division Commander U. S. C. V., issues like orders and a patriotic address to the young men of Texas, asking their presence in Dallas.

THREE HUNDRED MILES IN A WAGON.

BY SALLY ROYCE WEIR.

The sultry heat of the late afternoon was intensified by the almost unbearable fragrance of the magnolias, bays, jasmines, and other semitropical trees and shrubs with which the swamps surrounding the plantation were filled. Go where I would, there was no escape from this sickening sweetness; but it was some relief at least to be out of doors. So, taking my two little girls with me, we started for a walk.

It was in August, 1865, and we had long since received the sorrowful news of Lee's surrender. The struggle was over; the dreadful loss of life and property had not availed us. My husband had been in the Confederate army, and I was now in Alabama, far from the Tennessee home from which I had been ordered in the third year of the war by Gen. Gordon Granger, under suspicion of being a spy for the Confederate army. I had left with my children three days after receiving the order, and since that time I had wandered through many of the Southern States and suffered much privation. At present I was boarding in the home of a Southern planter whose negroes, numbering over a hundred, were now set free, and were as helpless and lost as children in their unaccustomed freedom. Provisions were very scarce in the South, and we had often suffered with hunger.

The children, blessed with the light hearts of childhood, were chattering gayly as we walked; but I was sad at heart and lost in deep thought. I was startled by hearing their joyful cry, "Look, mother, look! there's father, there's father;" and looking quickly where they pointed, I saw some distance up the road what appeared to be a ragged, dirty negro. "Hush, girls," I said reprovingly. "What do you mean? That is not your father, but a negro. You should be ashamed of yourselves." They were silent for a moment, but unconvinced, and in a moment they broke away from my side and went racing up the road to meet this stranger. He lifted up each little girl to hug and kiss her, and then I saw that they were right, and it was indeed my dear Moses! Dirty, ragged, and sunburned till he was almost black, he had come to us afoot after Hood's army had disbanded, and had actually walked sixty miles that day, and was so weary he could hardly stand.

After he had rested for a week, he began to plan for our return home. We had over three hundred miles to travel, and how to accomplish it was a great problem. The railroads through the South were in such a condition that many of them had been abandoned, and those still in use were uncertain and unsafe; but even if the service had been good we could not have used it, for all our Confederate money was dead on our hands, and our condition was desperate. We heard that it was even suggested in the town to raise a purse of money for us, as we were so far from home; but we felt unwilling to accept it.

In the midst of our perplexities, to our great surprise, a letter came from Moses's brother-in-law, who was a quartermaster in General Butler's army in New Orleans, sending us two hundred dollars in greenbacks. He had heard in some way of our whereabouts, and felt that we would need help. Surely money was never as welcome before.

After receiving this unexpected help, Moses went to a place some miles away where the Union army had a wagon yard and general supply depot, which they had taken from the Confederates, and told the officers where he lived, and that he wanted to get a wagon to take his family home. They told him he could go out in the yard where the wagon refuse was, and if he could patch up a wagon out of that he was welcome to it. After he had been absent nearly a week, we saw him returning late one afternoon with a strange-looking skeleton of a wagon drawn by one large bony horse. Moses was more sunburned and ragged than ever, but in good spirits.

"How did you manage to get it?" I asked him that night. Moses took his pipe from his mouth and said: "I'll tell you all about it, Martha, when I am done smoking." So after a time, when the pipe was empty, he said: "When I first went to those Yankees at the yard, I could hardly make up my mind to ask any favors of them; and if it had not been for you and the children, I would not. As it was, I put my pride in my pocket and told them that I was three hundred miles from home with my family and wanted to buy a wagon to travel in. 'We have no wagons to sell,' said the man to whom I spoke as he walked away. Then another man who had overheard me came up and said: 'No, we have none to sell, that is true; but out there in that part of the yard is a lot of broken and mismated stuff; and if you can find anything there to make a wagon out of, you can have it without charge.' I thanked him and walked over to the rubbish heap. Now, as you know, I never made a wagon nor anything of that kind; but it was a case of necessity, and I went to work. I found the sun had made the irons so hot that they blistered my hands; so I got some water to cool them in. I also found wagon-making was hard, tiresome work, and I was often uncertain how to proceed. But by looking at other wagons and profiting by some of the advice which was liberally offered, I managed at last to get together the structure which you see at the gate. I used the fore wheels of a four-horse wagon and the hind wheels of a two-horse wagon, but it runs as well as if it was made to go together; and if it will carry us home, that is all I ask of it. Next I must have something to bring it here; so after some bargaining I bought Frank, the black horse, and some harness. I hitched up and started; but after I had traveled half a day, the sun was so hot and I felt so tired that I drove out in the shade of the cypress trees and lay down for a rest. I fell asleep and dreamed the journey was over and we were safe home; but when I awoke and looked around, I found my horse was gone. 'Stolen,' I thought. I looked and called, but he was nowhere to be found, and I sat down and cried, for I felt that if my horse was gone and the money with which I bought him I was simply ruined. Some distance down the road I saw a house, and I went to it to make inquiries. When the man of the house, who was a Methodist minister, heard of my loss, he said he had not seen the horse, but added kindly: 'You come right in and stay with me, stranger. This is Saturday, and to-morrow there is to be a big meeting at our church and I will give notice that you have lost your horse, and I reckon you will most likely get some news of it. Anyway, that is about all you can do.' I thought so myself, so I stayed over. There was a large crowd at the little church; and when the minister told of my loss, a man in the congregation stood up and said: 'The horse is over at my place. I found him in my field and did not know where he belonged.' I was so happy when he said that I declare I felt like shouting, and I never enjoyed a meeting in my life as much as I did that one. After I found the horse, you may be sure I did not lose sight of him any more till I reached here. To-morrow we must begin preparing for our journey."

The wagon lacked a body, so Mr. Oliver, the old planter with whom we boarded, gave us the box in which his daughter's piano had been shipped. We were glad to get it, and found it an excellent fit. Some kind of cover was necessary to

protect us from the blazing heat of the August sun; so Moses managed to buy for a fabulous price a few yards of unbleached muslin. This I made into a cover, and Moses and Mr. Oliver put it on over some bows which they had manufactured. The cover was so scanty that it only reached from the top of the front bow to the top of the back one without an inch to spare, and on each side it lacked a foot and a half of coming down to the wagon bed. It looked cool and airy; but as our heads would be out of sight up in the top, like that of the ostrich, we were happy and contented.

From a man on another farm Moses bought a small gray mare, paying forty dollars for her. It was fair to assume at that time that every horse was of doubtful ownership, and this man, Mr. Boswell, said that one of his had been taken from his field and this, a gray mare, left in its place; so with that warning Moses bought her. We then bought some flour, a little meat, and what else we could in the way of provisions, and were ready to start.

The day before we left Mr. Oliver asked us to go out on his back veranda and witness the contracts he was going to make with his former slaves. When we were all ready, the horn was blown for the negroes to assemble from the quarters, and soon the yard was filled with the dark-hued crowd. Their attire was very scanty, the climate was hot, and our long sojourn there had accustomed us to the sight. The grown women wore only one long garment, a "shift," the men cotton shirts and trousers, and all the children under twelve years of age, both boys and girls, were clad only in their own dark skins. Mr. Oliver was an old man, and the negroes waited in respectful silence.

"I have already told you," he said, "that the war is over and the Yankees say you are free. If you want to go away and leave me, I have no right to keep you. But I am not compelled to feed and clothe you as I have done; you must now learn to make enough to feed and clothe yourselves. That is what freedom means—a little more work. My crops are still growing in the fields, and I want hands to work them and women to cook and wash. I would rather hire my own negroes than others. Now those of you who want to hire to me step up one at a time and tell me."

They came forward slowly, hesitating, as yet, to think and act for themselves; all but one man who sulkily refused—a man whom Mr. Oliver had whipped some months before and who evidently bore him a grudge. Some who came he refused to hire. Turning to us, he said: "They have only been burdens to me; and if freedom has come to them, it has also come to me." One of these was Emmaline, a woman who before her freedom had been valued—with her expected child—at one thousand dollars. Negroes always took a great pride in the price at which they were held by their masters, and Emmaline had often boasted of her worth. Later, when the hiring was over, she came to me, weeping bitterly, and said: "Miss Martha, master don't want me; he won't keep me, and mistis says she don't want me neither! I wish to de Lord dem Yankees had done let me 'lone. Den I was worth a thousand dollars, an' now I ain't worth nothin', an' can't even hire myself. O what will I do when master sends me 'way?" I was sorry for her, for her case was a hard one; but I could find no words of comfort. Freedom had come to her, even if it was unwelcome, and the poor woman went away wringing her hands and bitterly lamenting.

The next morning my two small trunks were lifted into the wagon, the children's cream-colored pony, Dolly, was tied to the back of it, we said farewell to the family, also the yard full of negroes, climbed into our places, and were fairly started on our three-hundred-mile trip.

At the first motion of the wagon the pony saw the white cloth cover swaying above her head; and being frightened, she pulled back with all her might, stopping our progress altogether. A dozen little darkies rushed her in the rear; and thinking this last state worse than the first, she consented to trot behind us. All went well till about a mile from the house, when we came to a wide and deep mud puddle. The horses and wagon plunged into its depth, and were safely across it and fairly up the other side when the pony happened again to look up and see the flapping cover. She squatted down on her haunches and pulled back with all her might just as the horses were trying to drag the wagon over a large root. Their effort was fruitless; the pony was fat and stronger than both thin horses, so back came the wagon into the puddle. Three times Moses put the horses to the bank, and every time the pony pulled us back. Moses was so angry he could hardly trust himself to speak, and the children were distressed about the pony. "You may as well give it up, Moses," I said. "They will never pull us out; they can't; and if I untie Dolly, she will run back and you will have to lose time going after her."

Moses began to take off his shoes and socks and roll up his trousers. When he at last descended into the puddle and untied the pony, I could have screamed with laughter, but dared not. The pony was led out and tied, and the wagon rescued from the mud; but Moses was in no humor to be spoken to for some time. When I thought he had cooled down enough, I ventured a suggestion: "Moses, suppose you try to fasten that saddletree on Dolly and let me ride her; then she won't give you so much trouble. I don't think she intends to lead behind the wagon." "I am afraid you will get a fall," he answered. "I have nothing but a bridle rein to strap it on with." "I am not afraid," I said. "I am so accustomed to riding that I could almost do without a fastening. Let's try it."

So a halt was made, the bare tree of a man's saddle was fished out of the wagon and strapped on her fat back with a bridle rein, a wooden stirrup was shortened to fit my foot, and I mounted, riding sideways and carrying over my head a green silk parasol to shield me from the sun. I found riding more comfortable than the hard, springless wagon, and the children were delighted to watch me ride Dolly.

Sometime that day we came to the banks of the Black Warrior, where we found a ferryboat. The river was very narrow, not more than two boat lengths across, though we were told it was often six miles wide when in flood. After we crossed, we came to a very nice house on the road near the ferry, and I sent the children there to ask for some drinking water. They came back, and filling my tin cup handed it to me, and the wagon started on. I was very thirsty and drank eagerly, and as I did so I let my green parasol drop more and more over Dolly's head till at last she saw it, and with one clean spring sideways left me sitting on the ground with the cup of water still unspilled in my hand. I was very much jarred, but fortunately unhurt. The gentleman at the house came running out to help me. I mounted again, and soon overtook the wagon.

At noon we halted for our first meal on the road. I had biscuits and some nice honey in a tin box and a few other eatables; but before the meal was over a sudden sharp shower drove us to the shelter of the wagon, and some of the honey was spilled on our dresses, to our great discomfort. Toward

night we halted and made our first camp. The condition of the country was very unsettled and dangerous, filled as it was with disbanded soldiers, robbers, and desperadoes of all kinds. Moses had been over the road before, and always tried to make our camp near some house for protection. The horses were fed and tied near the wagon; and after a cold and scanty supper, we made the best arrangements we could for sleeping. Moses took his army blanket and lay on the ground under the wagon, where he could better watch the horses. My oldest girl, Betsey, and I slept in the front of the wagon on the horses' hay; while my youngest, Sally, as we called her, thought she had a very snug place between my two trunks at the rear.

We started again at daybreak, after a restless night, and sometime that day arrived at Eutaw. As we were driving through the street a man came up and hailed Moses. "Where did you get that gray mare you are driving?" he said, looking hard at our sorry outfit. "I bought her from Mr. Boswell," Moses answered in his slow, deliberate way. "What did you pay for her?" "Forty dollars," said Moses. "Well, she is mine," the stranger answered. "She was stolen from me at a picnic, and I have not seen her since. Where are you going?" When Moses had explained our situation, the man said very kindly: "I see how you are placed, and I won't stop you. As it happens, I know Mr. Boswell, and we will settle it between us. I think he will do what is right." "I think he will," said Moses, "and I will be under many obligations to you if you will let us go." "Drive on," said the stranger, "and good luck to you;" and we were on the road once more, blessing him in our hearts for his kindness.

We traveled steadily that week without further mishaps; and after a few days, the girls took turns riding Dolly astride and bareback as they had done on the plantation. We had by this time passed out of Alabama and were in the eastern part of Mississippi. We now took a straight course for Aberdeen, near which a cousin of mine lived, thinking we would break our journey by visiting with him for a few days.

After we crossed the beautiful, clear Buttahatchee River, we soon came to his home, tired and sleepy, as we had been trying for many nights to sleep in the piano box on the top of trunks, saddletrees, corn and fodder for the horses, and no one knows what else. We received a warm welcome, and for a few days lived again like "white folks." Here we saw rice growing which was taller than my head (and I am called a tall woman) and beautiful pomegranates both in fruit and in flower. I was very much interested in the way the people of the neighborhood had barricaded their barn lots to keep their stock from being stolen. They had built double log fences all around them, and where the logs crossed each other they were pinned together with stout wooden pins. The space between the logs was filled to the top with stone, and the fence was fifteen feet high. The doors which opened into these lots were such a complication of bolts and bars that it would have required powder to open them, and we felt quite safe about our horses while we stayed there. Here we were able to buy a sidesaddle for Dolly, hoping that by using it the children could ride her with more safety.

After visiting with my cousin a few days, we again took up our journey, rested and provisioned afresh.

"Let me ride Dolly to-day, mother," begged Betsey after we started; and when I consented, she proudly mounted. But pride goes before a fall, and Betsey soon got hers. Being unused to a sidesaddle, she fell off the first time Dolly trotted down a short hill; and Dolly, taking advantage of the situation, ran away down the road, till she was caught by some men and returned. Then I mounted, being an experienced rider. After a day or so, I put little Sally up to ride, keeping her behind the wagon. All went well for some time, till at last, coming down a hill, Sally let the shawl I had thrown over the saddle slip down on one side, and Dolly, looking back, saw it. Without a moment's warning she bolted in a mad runaway, with Sally clinging to the saddle horns and not even trying to hold her in. There was a rail fence on one side and thick woods on the other, and I saw she was going to pass between the fence and the wagon. If she succeeded, I knew she would kill Sally. "Moses!" I screamed, "jump out and stop the pony!" Almost as I spoke he jumped in front of Dolly, throwing up his arms as he did so, and she checked suddenly in her mad flight, reared straight up, throwing Sally on the ground under her. As I saw her hoofs descending on the child I covered my face with my hands to shut out the sight of her death. I heard Moses groan and Sally scream, and then Dolly, wheeling away, rushed madly into the woods. He picked up the child, who was crying and said that Dolly had stepped on her side; but on examination we found her more scared than hurt.

In the meantime we could hear Dolly in the thicket plunging, rearing, and kicking till at last she came out on the road cowed and trembling, with the saddle and blanket kicked off and her fore leg bleeding and cut by the horns of the saddle. "I think," said Moses as he grimly inspected her, "we are having too much pony on this trip. We had better sell her the first chance we have." At that the children cried and begged for their pony, as they always did when we spoke of selling her; so, as there was no purchaser in sight and Dolly was too badly hurt to travel, we moved slowly on till we found good water, and went into camp for a few days. We spent Sunday at this camp, and hired a woman who lived near to bake us some fresh bread. When we started again, we tied up Dolly's bridle and let her follow the wagon.

We now began to come into a rough, hilly country, and were warned that it was very dangerous to follow the road we were taking. "You will certainly be robbed and killed," said one man whom Moses questioned. "If you go this way, it will cut off quite a distance, to be sure, but the longest way around is often the best. Very few people live there now, and the old road is blockaded by the trees which the soldiers cut to impede pursuit. I would not take my family that way for money." After some debating, Moses at last decided to take the risk, especially as our horses were now so worn out that he did not think they could stand the longer road.

Once on the way, a new trouble beset us. Frank, the black horse, which had done so well on the level roads we had traversed, now showed a strong determination to trot down all the hills. He had evidently been accustomed to a curb bit, and the snaffle had no effect on him. He did not know what holding back meant, and trotted gayly on down the hills, taking Pat, the gray mare, with him. Moses wrapped the reins around his hands as we started down a steep and a regular corduroy road. Halfway down were two men walking their horses over it very carefully. Away went Frank, with Moses leaning back on the reins, and everything in the wagon bouncing up as high as it could. We held on tight, and flew past the men, who had drawn their horses to one side when they heard the clatter of our coming. When we reached level ground, they came up with us. "That is a very dangerous horse you are driving, stranger," said one of them; "and if you don't mind, he will be the cause of some accident."

"I am obliged to you for your warning," Moses answered when he had recovered breath. "I would be pleased to travel slower if I could." They laughed at his answer, and so we parted.

Later the same day we passed a band of robbers. They looked us over very carefully as we passed; but our appearance was so utterly forlorn that they let us pass. I had two valuable gold watches, Moses's and my own, concealed on my person, where I had carried them all through the war except for a short time when they had been sealed in tin cans and buried in the ground. We feared for the pony, she was so fat and pretty; but for some reason they did not take her. Often after that we met many whom we supposed to be robbers and some disbanded soldiers, but none of them molested us.

We began to find a great deal of cotton dropped on the road which in some places was nearly white with it; and as the girls and I often walked behind the wagon, we picked up quantities till we had no more room for it. Moses said the planters were taking their own cotton away by night, because they were afraid it would be confiscated by the government, and in their haste the bales got broken and there was much of it wasted.

One day as the children and I walked we fell some distance behind the wagon; and when we came in sight of it again, we were at the foot of a steep hill. There, to our surprise, we saw Moses and the wagon clearly outlined against the sky. The wagon was on one side of the road and the horses on the other side, facing the wagon and divested of all their harness except their collars, while poor, patient Moses stood by in despair. "How did you get in such a fix?" I asked when I reached him. He replied that the hamestring broke, and of course all the harness fell off. It took some repairing before we were ready to move on again.

We were now in a land made desolate by armies, and a more forsaken country I never saw. For ten miles at a stretch we would pass nothing but deserted houses. In many cases the doors were open and the furniture still there, showing that the flight had been hasty and the need of departure very urgent. From one elevation where we could look over the country we saw thirty chimneys standing as lonely sentinels to mark the ruins of what appeared to have been beautiful homes. The roads were blocked by large trees which the soldiers had cut, which made our progress slow.

Saturday came while we were in this part of the country, and at night we stopped near a clear, pretty creek which ran between two deserted houses, and there prepared to camp over Sunday, as was our custom. Moses went off to investigate the country around us; and when he returned, he said: "Give me some flour, Martha, and I will get some fresh bread baked. I have found a very nice house still inhabited, and they will bake it."

He was gone some time; and when he returned, we let the girls go a little distance up the creek in the bushes to bathe. As Moses and I sat talking we were startled by hearing the most piercing screams of distress. "It's Sally!" I cried. "Some one is killing her! Run, Moses, run!" We both ran at full speed, guided by the screams. Moses soon outran me, but now I heard no sound from Sally. "They have killed her," I thought. Then I began to go more slowly, and soon I saw both girls hidden under the bushes, laughing and trying to pull on their clothes as fast as their wet skins would allow. "What have you been doing?" I asked, angry that we had been so badly frightened for nothing. "Just as we came out on the sand bank to dress," said Betsey, still laughing, "a crawfish took a good bite on Sally's big toe, and she fell down on the sand and kicked and screamed; but it would not let go. And just as she did kick it off we saw father go running past, calling us, and we did not answer, but hid in the bushes because we did not have our clothes on. Then I washed the mud and sand off Sally's back where she could not reach it, and we were dressing as fast as we could before father should come back and find us." I felt like whipping them both, although I was very much amused at the culprits. "You nearly scared us to death. Here they are, Moses. It was nothing but a crawfish."

That Sunday we visited the deserted houses; and when we went in one of them, a drove of sheep came dashing down the stairs from the rooms above and ran outdoors. They frightened us at first, for we thought there was some one in the house. In one house we found a stove and some furniture.

When we started Monday, Moses said: "About a good day's travel ahead is a very nice place, and I hope we shall be able to camp there to-night. I stopped there as I came through, and know the lady of the house. She was very kind to me." Thus encouraged, we pushed on as fast as our gaunt horses would permit, and about noon we came to the finest spring I ever saw. It was in a rough part of the country where it would not be of much use to any one, and there was no house near; but it gushed out from under a great overhanging rock like the mouth of a cave, for we could walk into it. The spring was deep and cold, and evidently the source of a large creek. We ate our dinners there, and later in the day came to level ground, and passed over a beautiful clear river whose name we did not know. On the other side we found a lovely cypress grove, the most beautiful thing we had seen in our journey, and we rested there an hour. The long arms of the cypress trees were twined and intertwined above our heads, shutting out the sun and making a cool green light which was indescribable in its beauty, and their great knees were twisted into fantastic shapes, suggesting goblins and dragons in their fairy bower, and the entire ground was carpeted with rare and lovely flowers. Care seemed to roll from our shoulders, and for one never-to-be-forgotten hour we were in fairyland. When we came out into the fierce glare of the sun, we plodded on for a time in silence, still longing for that lovely grove we were never to see again.

About dusk, when the poor horses looked as if they could hardly endure any longer, Moses said we had come to the place he wished to reach; and driving a little way from the road, we prepared to camp. I thought it was a very dismal place. There was too much thick underbrush close around us and no house in sight; but Moses said it was not far away, and, unhitching the horses, he led them away to water. The children also got out of the wagon to rest; but I still sat there, feeling a strange presentiment that all was not well. In a few minutes some negro women appeared, and looked only too well pleased to have found us. They rushed to the children and grabbed up their hands to see if they wore rings. Finding they each had a small gold ring, they tried to get them to go to the peach orchard with them. I gave the girls a look which their war training had taught them to understand, and they at once came to me and climbed into the wagon. Then the negroes came and peeped in till they saw our trunks, about which they whispered. Then I heard them say: "I wonder if she has any rings; let's take her out and see." They gave a whoop, which was answered, and soon the thick underbrush began to part in many places and black half-

civilized negroes crept out in constantly increasing numbers. They crowded around the wagon to look, and then began to yell and dance and roll in the sand like so many savages preparing for a feast.

Moses did not return with the horses, and I felt as if he had been gone an hour. I was afraid they would take the children from me by force and afraid they had already murdered him, as they were so evidently planning to do to us. Their yells were understood and answered, this time by men. At present there were only women and children and young boys around us—about thirty or forty, I should think—but I heard what sounded like a large party of men coming across a cornfield. If Moses would only come in time to save us! Just then he appeared, leading the horses, and said in great surprise: "Why don't you and the children get out and rest and have your supper?" I motioned him to come to me and whispered: "They are going to kill us! Their mistress is gone, and there are no white people here; they told me so. Hitch up as quick as you can before the men come, or we shall never get away alive; they are only waiting for them." Moses glanced around at the yelling, dancing crowd, and saw there was truth in my words; so he began to put the horses to the wagon in a hurry. "What are you doing?" they called. "Going to drive up a little farther to camp," he answered; and they let us move out into the road, while they whooped and danced and rolled in the sand with renewed vigor in their delight at the prospect of the great riches which were to be theirs when they had secured our rings and trunks.

When we gained the road, it was almost dark, and not far away we could hear the men talking and answering the calls of the women. "There is a small town about two miles ahead; we shall not be safe till we reach it," said Moses to me. "Do you think you and the children can keep up with the wagon? We had better lighten it all we can. These poor horses are so tired I am afraid they will fail us." He sprang out as he spoke, and we also jumped down. I took the pony by the bridle to lead her, and Moses ran by the horses and urged them up to their best speed. After we had gone a short distance, the negroes woke up to the fact that we were trying to get away, and pursued us with whoops and yells and calls to stop.

We had but little hope of escaping, as the road was very rough and the horses were so tired; but we all put our last remaining strength into the effort to save our lives, and the noble horses responded as gallantly as if they knew what depended on their speed. Sometimes the negroes sounded very close, and I shuddered as I fancied a black hand was stretched out to grasp me in the darkness, and I dared not even think what my fate would be nor the fate of my poor little girls. Then in some turn of that endless road they seemed farther away, and my hopes rose. I panted for breath as I ran and thought of the stories I had read of poor unfortunates pursued by wolves, and I thought that our case was worse than theirs, pursued as we were by human wolves. The wagon rocked and swayed, and I thought: "What if it turns over or the rotten harness breaks?" The pony also gave trouble. Being stung, I suppose, by gnats, she kept throwing her head back trying to bite her back till she nearly jerked the bridle rein out of my hand, and at last she even tried to lie down and roll. "Get some switches, girls, and whip her," I called, and they ran behind and kept her going with their switches. Then I thought: "What if little Sally gives out? she is the youngest. Can she stand such a run?" The strength of a chain is always the weakest link, and Sally was ours; but by good fortune she made no complaint, and kept up with the rest of us. At last the pursuit seemed to slacken. For some time I had not heard them, and presently Moses halted the weary horses and said we were near enough to the town to be safe.

We camped close to a large mill that night and were told that our lives would not have been worth a moment's purchase if we had stayed where we first intended, and that no white person was safe outside the town. I have often thought that if we had been murdered that night our families would never have known in this world what became of us, and our fate would have been one of the unsolved mysteries.

When we reached the town and were driving through the street, we passed a livery stable. A group of men were standing before the door, and I heard one say in an angry tone: "She is mine, and I intend to have her." He appeared to be looking after us, and suddenly we thought of Dolly. What if she was a stolen horse when Moses bought her and this was her former owner? for she had been bought in West Tennessee. We drove on as fast as we could; and as the man did not at once follow us, we turned off the road and went out some distance to camp. We did not see the man again.

Soon we passed into Northern Alabama, intending to cross the Tennessee River at Florence. After crossing the beautiful river, we began to feel as if we were near home once more. The roads were dusty and the wells and water courses so low that it was difficult to get water for the horses. Often people would give drinking water only to us, but refuse it to the poor famished beasts, and we felt distressed about them. How often we thought of that beautiful spring on the mountain and longed for its clear, cold water!

We were now in a part of the country where we were well known, and might reasonably expect to meet people who knew us; so we naturally began to think more of our appearance than hitherto. We were not only dirty, but our clothes were worn. Moses's trousers were out at the knees and the sunburned skin showed through, and Sally was especially shabby. We both hoped and dreaded to meet friends. The nights also were getting colder, and we would wake in the morning almost chilled through and quite stiff. As we neared Mt. Pleasant two nice-looking gentlemen passed us riding good horses. They were almost by when one exclaimed, "Hello! is not that Mr. Royce?" and wheeling his horse, he came back and greeted us with much fervor. He was a younger son of one of the best-known families in Tennessee—the Polks—and had once been Moses's pupil. "Now you and Mrs. Royce and the children must come right on to father's house and take dinner and rest a day. I won't take any refusal, and I will be at home by the time you arrive," he said, and he would not leave us till we had reluctantly promised.

"What shall we do, Moses?" I said when Mr. Polk had gone on. "I don't feel as if we could go to such a house as that dressed as we are. Just look at your trousers." "We certainly don't look stylish," he said, smiling at my distress. "Why don't you redeem the credit of the family by putting on that blue-flowered silk that you have in the trunk and the blue crape bonnet with green grapes that I brought you from Macon and paid a hundred and fifty Confederate dollars for? That would be something like style." "Don't mock my distress," I answered. "We can keep our promise by stopping at the door; but I just will not go in the house and dine with them, dressed as we are now. As it is, we must try to improve our appearance in some way. Suppose you drive out to

one side and we will dress up the best we can, but not in the blue silk. I have only half of it, anyway, for the other part was stolen from me at Chattanooga when my trunks were robbed early in the war."

Moses did as I suggested, and I opened the trunks and got out some of our most suitable clothes, though the best was poor enough, and, pinning up shawls around the wagon, I tried to dress the girls and myself. When this impromptu toilet was finished, we took down the shawls and continued our journey. We came to the house in about half an hour, and the family all came out to greet us, for we had often visited with them in happier days and Moses had always been a great favorite of theirs. When they found we steadily refused all invitations to remain, they brought out cake and wine and ice water for our refreshment. They also advised us to leave Dolly with them, assuring us it would not be safe to take her with us, as there were still many soldiers around, and we all understood only too well their fondness for horse-flesh. We were thankful to take their advice, and considered they had done us a great kindness. They also told Moses that as he had escaped from the military prison the year before he was not included in the general pardon and would be in danger of arrest. This was very disturbing news, and we hardly knew what course to pursue. We finally decided to go on and trust to our friends, who would know what to do, and could hide Moses if necessary.

The next point we wished to make was Columbia, and about two miles from that city we came to a stream of water crossed by a bridge. Moses took the horses out and led them down to the water, saying: "They shall have all they can drink this time." We drove on afterwards, and just before we entered Columbia we came to a bridge which crossed above a railroad at an elevation of forty feet. Near it was a house which had been a tollgate, and a number of Union soldiers were lounging on the porch. When we came on this bridge, we saw that it was not very safe; the side rails were gone and the floor looked rotten. What, then, was our horror to see our black horse, Frank, walk in a slanting direction toward the edge of the bridge, taking the small gray mare with him! Moses was pulling on the reins with all his might, but I saw he could not stop Frank; and as he jumped out at the front we jumped out at the back, fully expecting to see our horses and wagon and all we possessed lying crushed on the railroad forty feet below. Instead I saw Frank lying on the bridge as rigid as if he had been dead and the gray mare standing beside him. His leg had broken through a rotten end of plank, going through to his body, and instead of falling out he had fallen over on the bridge floor. Then I did what I had never done before—asked the Union soldiers to help me. They came very willingly and lifted the poor horse out, and after a little got him on his feet and led him off the bridge and pulled our wagon over. They told us he had had a fit from being allowed to drink too much water when he was overheated.

After a time the poor horse seemed to feel better and began to pick grass; so we hitched him up and drove slowly on once more, because we must reach the town before nightfall. We passed many people, all strangers to us, till at last an elderly lady and gentleman who were out for an evening walk met us. They, too, almost passed us, till suddenly the gentleman said, "Can this possibly be you, Royce?" and at the same moment Moses threw down the reins and jumped out. They were so glad to meet that they threw their arms around each other's necks and kissed as fervently as I have ever seen women do. He was a brother minister, Dr. Peas, and a dear friend of ours, and that night we stayed at their house and slept in comfortable beds and ate at a well-appointed table once more. In the morning, after bidding them farewell, we started on the last stage of our journey, for we hoped to reach Franklin that night. Several times as we drove through the town we were hailed with the call: "Hello, Uncle! have you any butter or eggs to sell?" Moses patiently answered "No" and drove on, but I felt indignant. We had made the wagon our home for so long that I had come to feel a certain pride in its appearance, and resented the fact that it was mistaken for a common market wagon and Moses for a darky.

After we cleared the town, we knew we were only a day's travel from home, and began to feel very much excited. We had heard that our house had been destroyed; but all our interests centered in the town, and we had many friends there. We felt that whatever work we took up in the future could most readily be begun in this locality. But the day still reserved some discomforts for us to crown our long journey, and presently it began to rain. This made us very uncomfortable, as our cover was but scanty. All through the South we had had sunshine and but little rain; but now it blew in at the sides where the cover was short and made us wet and miserable. We would not stop for it, because the horses traveled slowly and we had no time to spare if we would reach home that night.

"We are nearly home, Martha," called Moses as the sun began to set. "We are only about a mile from Franklin." We all roused up and began to peer eagerly forward, when all at once the black horse began to turn out of the road as he had done at the bridge, and in a few moments he fell down rigid and stiff in another fit. We climbed out and Robert unfastened the harness and loosed the collar; and when the poor horse had recovered consciousness once more, we began in great disappointment to make our last camp. Before the light faded we searched for water, for we were very thirsty, but could not find any, nor could we see any house near; so after a scanty supper, thirsty and disappointed, we lay down in our wagon beds for our last sleep outdoors. In the early morning we could hear the roosters crowing for day and the dogs barking in the town, and roused up cold and hungry to resume our interrupted journey. In half an hour we had climbed the last hill between us and home, and paused for a few moments to look down once more on the well-remembered scene.

SON OF A VETERAN ON SOUTHERN SENTIMENT.

BY R. W. GRIZZARD, LOUISVILLE, KY.

Sentiment has ever been the finer fiber of our Southern people. We rejoice that its strain is still a part of our heredity. May our people never lose this distinguishing trait nor become so commercialized as to grow recreant to the glorious past and to history! Posterity should see that the valor, heroism, and deeds of the Confederacy be never lost to memory, but rather be chanted along with the pæans of all ages. Moving epics and compelling tales, voices sweeter than any siren ever uttered, and pens sprightlier than have hitherto been wielded will tell yet again of the Old South and its glory; how its gray-clad heroes, when war's dread tocsin sounded in the land, rallied to the cry of arms, and, marching to the front, proved their love to their hearthstones, their devotion to their God-given principles on every field of carnage from Bethel to Appomattox.

THE FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE OF THE SOUTH.

BY SAMUEL E. LEWIS, M.D., LATE ASSISTANT SURGEON C. S. A.

(Read before the Association of Medical Officers of the Army and Navy of the Confederacy at their annual reunion in Birmingham, Ala., June 9, 1908.)

There is now living in Washington, D. C., a noble woman whose sacrifices and devotion for the welfare of the sick and wounded of the Confederacy, though highly valued at the time when the horrible carnage of war and camp diseases filled the hearts of the Southern people with distress, have been forgotten in her old age save by some of her cotemporaries still living, when it would be gratifying to her to know that she is held in kindly remembrance by the people of her beloved South.

In the belief that it would prove of interest to this Association to revert to the humane services of this devoted woman, some few gleanings relating to her history and work are selected from a book written some years ago by Miss Kate Cumming, a cotemporary nurse.

This lady, then the widow of Dr. Frank Newsom, of the State of Tennessee, was a native of Brandon, Miss., the daughter of the Rev. Dr. T. S. N. King, who went to live in Arkansas when she was still but a little girl. There a few years later she was met by Dr. Newsom, to whom she became endeared in virtue of her many charms of person and noble characteristics of mind.

Dr. Newsom died not very long after they were married, leaving her the great wealth of which he was possessed. Not long after she became a widow hostilities took place between the Northern and Southern States. She took a number of her own servants and, collecting hospital supplies, went to Memphis, where her work in hospitals commenced. Her initiatory work was in the City Hospital, of which Dr. Keller had charge, with a corps of Roman Catholic sisters. From there she went to the Southern Mothers' Home, under Mrs. Sarah Gordon Law, who organized and managed that institution for some time.



MRS. E. K. NEWSOM—FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

After the battle of Belmont, she was solicited by Drs. Tenner and Marstin, who were in charge of the Overton Hospital, to become its matron. There she remained until, becoming aware from the abundant attentions bestowed upon the sick and wounded by the ladies of Memphis that she could be of more service elsewhere, she went to Bowling Green, Ky., in December, 1861, taking her servants and a car load of supplies with her. There the most horrible suffering and lack of comforts existed in the hospitals. There were no suitable buildings, few supplies of any kind, and the weather was extremely cold. There was, indeed, scarcely any organization in the hospital departments in the entire South at that time. She bent all her energies to bring order out of chaos, and from four o'clock in the morning till twelve at night this devoted Christian woman was a ministering angel at the bedside of stricken, suffering, and dying Confederate soldiers.

When General Floyd reached Bowling Green with his troops, the surgeons, hearing of Mrs. Newsom and her noble work, waited upon her and requested that she take sole charge of the hospital in Bowling Green, which she consented to do, and she remained there until the fall of Forts Donelson and Henry. Then she went to Nashville and organized the Howard High School into a hospital, and in a very short time had it ready for the wounded from those forts. Before Nashville fell into the hands of the enemy Mrs. Newsom, assisted by Colonel Dunn, had the wounded and sick placed in cars and carried to Winchester, Tenn., and there she worked as assiduously as ever for the comfort of the sufferers. The encroachments of the enemy making another movement imperative, she went with the sick and wounded to Atlanta, Ga.

Later she was summoned from the Empire City Hospital of that city to Corinth, Miss., with her servants and supplies, to administer to the wants of the wounded from the battle of Shiloh; first to the Tishomingo Hospital, and from there to the Corinth House.

Later Mrs. Newsom became matron of a hospital in the Crutchfield House, Chattanooga, where with her servants she worked as heroically as ever for the good of the cause. She kept with the Western Army until the close of the war.

When our army was retreating before Sherman, she was in Atlanta associated with a high-toned Christian lady, Miss Munroe, of Kentucky. The wounded men under their care were encamped in tents, and the exposure was so great that the Sisters of Charity, who were then in charge of the hospital, gave it up to them. Her health gave way at this time, and she returned to her home, taking back with her a young sister, Miss Fannie King, who then assisted her in the hospitals.

When duty called, her perseverance was inflexible. By the wounded and sick to whom she ministered she was looked upon as an ethereal being, and many of her patients spoke of her as such. Being a devout Christian, her whole walk in life showed her love for her Master's work. The beauties of Christianity were so exemplified in her life that its influence radiated upon all with whom she came in contact. The memory of her noble life spent in the cause of suffering humanity during our war will ever remain as a memorial of what can be done by a true woman.

No one would seek to take from the high credit due to the English Florence Nightingale or the great recognition and high honors she has received from the British government and people for her philanthropic labors. But Mrs. Newsom would not suffer by comparison with her so far as sacrifices,

devotion, labor, and suffering are to be considered. The family of her English sister humanitarian had been enriched by the inheritance of the estates of Peter Nightingale. She rendered great service in philanthropic work, it is true; but it nowhere appears that she sacrificed the wealth of her family or of herself in devotion thereto. Mrs. Newsom gave all she had—wealth, youth, health, and opportunities, all that made life dear—and is now at advanced age living poor, forgotten, and unknown by her Southern people; while her English sister humanitarian has had abundant wealth showered upon her. On one occasion alone 50,000 pounds sterling in money was collected for her in reward of her services in the Crimea, which, it is true, she declined to receive except on the condition that the money should be appropriated to the establishment of a training school for nurses, which was done, and the institution placed under her direction. There had been sent to her by Queen Victoria a precious jewel and a letter of thanks. There had been raised by the soldiers of the Crimean War a penny contribution to erect a statue in her honor, which she would not permit. During quite recent years high honors have been bestowed upon her by King Edward of England; and she has been presented with the freedom of the great city of London.

[It is worthy of mention that the freedom of the city of London consists as follows: A parchment inscribed with the name and titles of the person to whom it is to be presented guarantees to the holder and his children after him forever the right to live and trade within the city without having to pay a tax on the goods as they are brought in. It exempts him from naval and military service and tolls and duties throughout the United Kingdom. It assures to his children the care of the Chamberlain, who, in case they are left orphans, takes charge of their property and administers it in their interest until they arrive at years of maturity. The parchment bears the seal and signature of the Lord Mayor and Chamberlain, and is generally ornamented with ribbon and illuminated. It is always inclosed in a long thin gold box and is intended, of course, as an heirloom.



MRS. E. K. TRADER IN LATER YEARS.

At the appointed time the individual is met in the Common Hall by the Mayor and Chamberlain, the latter informing him that the city has decided to confer upon him the privileges of a free citizen, and makes an address applaudatory of the special services or merits of the individual. The recipient signs his name in the clerk's book, and this officer and the City Chamberlain sign their names beneath as guarantors, becoming, according to the rule, responsible for his acts as a citizen. The recipient then steps forward, the oath is administered by the Chamberlain, who demands that he shall be in every respect true and loyal to the interests of the city, and the gold box is committed to his care.]

Miss Nightingale is a good and noble woman, and well deserves all the honors which have been bestowed upon her. For many years she has lived in London in retirement and ease in the full enjoyment of the recognition and appreciation by her fellow-countrymen and countrywomen. But she was no more noble and good than Mrs. Newsom, and no better deserved the adoration and requital of her people. How unlike the treatment which has been accorded these two noble women, engaged in similar humanitarian work! To the one all that heart could wish; to the other, forgetfulness.

Though others may forget, let us not permit such reproach to rest upon the medical corps of the army and navy of the Confederacy, particularly of the Western Army. While she is still living and would be cheered by the knowledge of it, let us do what we may be able to render just honor to this noble, patriotic, humane, and devoted Christian woman.

To that end the following resolutions are herewith submitted and their adoption by this Association earnestly prayed for:

"Whereas there is now living in the city of Washington, D. C., a noble Christian woman, formerly Mrs. E. K. Newsom (now Mrs. E. K. Trader, a widow), born in Brandon, Miss., a daughter of the Rev. T. S. N. King, a Baptist clergyman, who went to live in Arkansas when she was but a child; there she was married to Dr. Frank Newsom, of Tennessee, who died a short time before the war of 1861-65 began; laboring in which war she sacrificed her entire wealth of servants and other property and impaired her health in her great and distinguished ministration and services to the sick, wounded, and dying soldiers of the Confederate army throughout the entire period of the war, which at that time won for her the great love of the officers, soldiers, and physicians; and whereas this Association deems that the devotion of this noble woman is not recognized; or if so, not appreciated by the people of the South at this time as it should be; therefore be it

"*Resolved:* 1. That this Association of the Medical Officers of the Army and Navy of the Confederacy at this the eleventh annual meeting in the city of Birmingham, Ala., send her loving greeting with best wishes that the Supreme Being will vouchsafe to her declining years fullness of peace and comfort, and the gratifying consciousness that the veteran Confederate soldier and his descendants hold in kindly remembrance the great and distinguished services which she rendered the sick, wounded, and dying at a time when the Southern people were themselves suffering and in the greatest distress.

"2. That this devoted Confederate woman is hereby com-

mended to the high consideration of the Southern people of this day.

"3. That the Secretary is hereby authorized and directed to transmit a copy of these resolutions to Mrs. E. K. Trader in Washington, D. C., and to request the daily press of this city and the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, of Nashville, Tenn., in behalf of this noble Confederate woman, to give place in their columns to this brief sketch of her history and services and to these resolutions."

HOW "JOHNNY" GOT SOME BLANKETS.

The following incident was recently related by a Federal:

"Once we were camped in the mountains of East Tennessee. I didn't know it could be so cold down South till I tried it for myself. One bitter night I was on picket duty away off from camp, down in the edge of some woods and close beside a little creek. I was tramping along through the snow, kicking my feet and beating my hands together trying to keep warm, when I heard a voice somewhere off on the other side of the creek calling softly: 'Yank! Yank!'

"I knew the enemy was in camp not far away, so I raised my gun in an instant; but the voice called again: 'Don't shoot, Yank! I'm all alone, and I don't mean any harm.'

"'Who are you, then, and what do you want?' I asked as quietly as I could.

"'I'm a Johnny,' said the voice again, 'and I want to see if you can't spare me a blanket.'

"'You are crazy,' said I. 'I'd be shot if they caught me giving you a blanket.'

"'There's no need for you to get shot,' said Johnny, 'and I'm 'bout to freeze, picketing out here in the snow. My uniform's nothing but rags, and I haven't got any overcoat or blanket or anything. Blankets are scarce over in our camp, and it's awful cold, Yank.'

"He said it solemnly in that soft voice of his (the Southerners have a soft, easy way of talking), and—well, the upshot of it was that I promised him I would bring a blanket with me when I came back the next night and leave it to him to get it. Next night when I went to saddle up (our picket line was so far from camp that we had to ride) I got half a dozen blankets out of the commissary and put them under my saddle, and was just about to get away with them when the sergeant spied me. 'Hello, there!' said he. 'What you going to do with all those blankets?'

"My heart was in my mouth; but I knew he couldn't see how many I really did have, and so I answered back cool enough: 'You don't suppose it's warm out there picketing a night like this, do you?' And with that he turned away. I tell you I was glad to see his back!

"Well, I got safe out to the woods with my blankets, and pretty soon I heard the same voice calling again: 'Yank, Yank, have you got that blanket?'

"'Yes,' I said. 'I have six of them, and I came near getting caught, too.'

"'Glory!' said Johnny. 'Glory! Now you jest slip down to the creek and unfold them a little and drop them in one at a time, and I'll do the rest.'

"I did just as he told me (I didn't have to get off my beat to do it), and he went a little way down the creek and fished the blankets out as the current brought them along. When he'd got the last one out, he fell down on his knees (I could see him in the dim moonlight), and I never heard anybody pray such a prayer as that Southern soldier prayed for me, kneeling there in the snow in his ragged old uniform. I took off my hat and stood still till he was through, and then he faded away in the darkness."

[Let us quit talking about "time healing the wounds" or the bitter spirit of true soldiers. The foregoing illustrates the kindly regard that existed while the soldiers on both sides were suffering each for his principles.—ED. VETERAN.]

WARRIORS GRAY.

[The army under General Lee passed by the old gray stone gate of Mount St. Mary's College on its way to Gettysburg. Three Southern students joined it, and met soldiers' deaths on July 3, 1863. They lie buried in the college cemetery within sight of historic old Round Top. Their names were Maurice Byrne, Millikens Bend, La., Jules Freret, New Orleans, and James Norton, Mobile, Ala. These verses commemorate a war tradition of the college, in which there is involved (poor fellows!) more fact than fancy for the young "Warriors Gray." The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Mobile, Edward P. Allen, D.D., was formerly President of Mount St. Mary's.]

Warriors gray, with stars and bars,
Erect and strong, and seamed with scars,
At dusk pass by "the old mount" gate,
Nor falter foot in step with fate.

With blaring bugle, throbbing drum,
From old Virginia up they come;
Each war-worn face tells dark, stern tales
Of bloody fields and wasted vales.

Manassas' scars in ragged lines
Cross slash the gash of Seven Pines.
Ah, bugle, drum, and flag of fate!
Three boys from Dixie guard the gate.

Warriors gray and glad as song,
With swinging stride swirl swift along;
Brothers in arms and torn with scars,
What flag makes kin like stars and bars?

Who lags and shirks the grim, red war
When kinsmen fight for home afar?
When brothers march to meet the fray
And Dixie dies in garb of gray?

Gayly the colors seem to dip,
As through the dusk the bearers slip;
Yea, fond as death and fierce as fate,
They wrap young hearts that guard the gate.

Warriors gray and strong and straight
Pass out with dusk the old gray gate;
Boy soldiers ere the sunken sun
Shades stars and bars and glinting gun.

At Gettysburg, where Pickett led,
With Kemper, Garnett, Armistead,
Bravest of brave, where battle rolls,
In front they fall; God rest their souls!

Thus ever at dusk the flag goes by
With warriors gray that may not die!
Alas! the fair, furled flag of fate!
The warriors gray! The old gray gate!

An error was made in the notice of Bishop Ellison Capers, page 289 June VETERAN, which stated that he was colonel of the 23d South Carolina Regiment, when it should have been the 24th. He was made brigadier general in 1865.

SOLDIERS OLD AND YOUNG.

Referring to the recent publication about a Confederate soldier who was over sixty years old when he enlisted, Capt. J. H. Lester, now of Rogersville, Ala., mentions one who was considerably older as well as a very youthful one:

"I will not claim the youngest, but I believe I can give you the name of the oldest soldier who served in the Confederate army, or perhaps of any army, and for the two extremes of youth and old age in the same company I challenge the world.

"Robert Patrick, of Rogersville, Ala., enlisted in Company E, 7th Alabama Cavalry, in the summer of 1862, aged fourteen years and nine months, and served to the close of the war. Mr. Patrick is now a citizen of Pulaski, Tenn., with plenty of this world's goods to insure him not only the comforts of life but the means for pleasure in his old age.

"Richard J. Andrews enlisted in Company E, 7th Alabama Cavalry, in the fall of 1862 at Rogersville, Ala. He was born in Lunenberg County, Va., May 24, 1793. He was discharged in 1863, in his seventy-first year, on account of old age, against his very earnest protest; in fact, he was very angry when informed that I had an order to discharge him. I appointed him sergeant (fifth) of my company and favored him while in the army in every way consistent with my duty. He was a neighbor and friend of my great-grandfather, Henry Lester, in Virginia, and also a soldier from 1812 to 1815 and a pensioner at the time of his death for services in that war. On his tomb is: 'Richard J. Andrews, born May 24, 1793; died June 6, 1887.'"

SAW GENERAL LEE AT PETERSBURG.

A. A. Garrison writes from Derita, N. C.:

"On the 2d of April, 1865, I was in the engagement to the right of Petersburg, Va., when the enemy first broke our lines in a most serious hand-to-hand engagement. I went to the locks of the canal, where I saw Gen. R. E. Lee. He was putting up his field glasses and looked very sad, but brave. The shells from Fort Steadman were scouring the air and plowing the ground. I realized that it was no safe place for him nor for me. I was eating my last piece of corn bread. I was three months in my eighteenth year, and had been in service about one year.

"General Lee gave an order to our brigadier, General Lane, to 'Gather up those stragglers and hold Fort Gregg as long as you can.' General Lane 'gathered' his men (sixteen in all), one of whom was Lieutenant Riglar, turned us over to him, mounted his horse, and rode to the rear. We were all of the 37th North Carolina Regiment.

"A man of Company D, of our regiment, volunteered to shoot while three of us loaded, and we did the best that was possible. I had about eighty rounds of new cartridges; and when I surrendered, my cartridge box was nearly empty. This soldier of Company D took good aim, and I think he must have killed and wounded scores of the enemy. Near the close of the engagement he was shot through the jugular vein. I was captured and taken to Point Lookout, Md."

CONFEDERATE CEMETERY, THOMASVILLE, N. C.

BY REV. DR. WILLIAM H. RICH, MACON, GA.

Who can ever forget the disastrous march of Gen. W. T. Sherman through Georgia, South Carolina, and into North Carolina, leaving death and destruction in his wake? On April 26, 1865, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston surrendered to him near Greensboro, N. C. Some of the sick and wounded soldiers were carried to Thomasville, N. C., and the Baptist church building was turned into a hospital, where faithful and patriotic women ministered to them in their sufferings, wiped the death damp from their brows, and tenderly laid their bodies to rest in the little cemetery hard by.

These women and their daughters to whom they told the story of their loving work have been endeavoring to erect a suitable monument to mark the last resting place of those faithful and battle-torn heroes. So far they have gathered a neat little sum for the work, but it is not enough. Being associated with them in this work while pastor of the Baptist Church there, they have asked me to make the appeal and receive the funds and assist them in erecting the monument.

Herein I give a list of those buried there. When you have read these names, please mail me a check, money order, or registered letter, so that the monument may be erected. This will be read by many who are able to send large amounts and by others who are only able to send small amounts. Let no one fail to have some part in this blessed work. I have laid the matter before Col. N. E. Harris, of Macon, Ga., and Col. C. M. Wiley, who approve it. Send all contributions to me.

List of These Comrades.

These graves, arranged in rows, are as follows:

B. Zeigler, S. C. Vol. April 15, 1865.
J. Woods, Co. I, 18th Ga. Regt. April 3, 1865.
E. Taylor, Georgia Vol. 1865.
S. A. Douglas, Corp. Co. A, 17th Bat. S. C. April 10, 1865.
J. F. Wood, Sergt. Co. H, 23d Regt. April 11, 1865.
Lieut. G. S. Garvin, Co. D, 2d Bat. S. C. April 13, 1865.
R. B. Gray, Co. B, 40th Regt. April 22, 1865.
J. Everhart, Co. K, 6th Ga. Regt. April 21, 1865.
J. A. Hobbs, Co. K, 6th Ga. Regt. March 29, 1865.
W. H. Anderson, Co. G, 4th Ky. Regt. May 5, 1865.
E. J. Stevenson, Co. F, 2d S. C. Regt. April 2, 1865.
H. H. Allen, Co. A, 24th Ga. Regt. June 4, 1865.
——— Brim, Co. D, 24th Ala. Regt. March 25, 1865.
E. Beemes, Co. G, 45th Regt. March 25, 1865.
A. J. Turner, Ga. Vol. March 25, 1865.
W. C. Daniel, Co. D. March 29, 1865.
T. W. Stuart, Co. D, 2d Bat. S. C. Reserves. March 31, 1865.
J. L. Whitager, Co. D, 6th Fla. Regt. April 2, 1865.
T. E. Turner, Co. G, 55th Ga. Regt. April 8, 1865.
Sergt. P. Otis, Co. G, 5th Ala. Regt. April 1, 1865.
Corporal A. Hamilton, Ala. May 6, 1865.
W. H. Manning, Co. B, 54th Va. Regt. May 13, 1865.
W. W. Reed, Co. F, 2d S. C. Regt. 1865.
Corp. Jas. J. Leith, Co. B, 11th N. C. Regiment. Killed at Sheppardstown February 2, 1864.
Sergt. J. P. Waters, Co. G, 6th Ga. Regt. May 6, 1865.
Sergt. I. Buillard, Co. I, 6th Ga. Regt. April 6, 1865.
D. D. Starmin, a young Federal prisoner. Feb. 1, 1865.
C. Lane, Co. A, 10th Ill. Regt. April 3, 1865.
W. H. Shoaf, Co. A, 10th N. C. Bat. June 10, 1864.
B. H. Badge, Co. D, 2d N. C. Regt. April 26, 1865.
Lieut. W. D. Ward, Co. D, — Ga. Regt. April 16, 1865.

The dates are of the death of the soldiers' names.

[Dr. Rich is pastor of the Vineville Baptist Church. This cause should appeal to those who do not let the right hand know what the left hand doeth.]

FIGHT AT MOUNT STERLING, KY.

[This letter was written forty-five years ago by a reputable citizen of Mount Sterling, Ky., to a personal friend then living at Owensboro, Ky., but now at St. Louis, Mo. Having

discovered the letter among some of his old papers, he sent it to the VETERAN. The author of the letter died years ago.]

MT. STERLING, KY., April 4, 1863.

Brother C., yours is received. We are well. For the first six months we have done very well indeed, but things look awfully gloomy ahead at this point. The recent fight and fire here have embittered everybody.

You ask some information of the recent fight at this place. Having perfect knowledge of the whole affair, I will give you the truth; but it has never appeared yet in the papers. Col. Roy S. Cluke, from this town formerly, came here over four weeks ago with about six hundred men (8th Kentucky Cavalry), mostly men from this region with whom you and I are acquainted. At their first entrance here the troops (about four hundred) which had been here all winter ingloriously fled toward Paris and left us to the tender mercies of the Rebels. About sixty of Cluke's men came in pellmell after them, screaming like devils. They overhauled and captured and destroyed nineteen out of twenty of their wagons, burned all the commissary stores left, broke up all their guns (amounting, I suppose, to several thousand dollars' worth of property), and had what they thought a good time generally. Since then they have destroyed about sixty government wagons and other things proportionately. Cluke's entire command came in the next day. Since then there has been skirmishing through town and near here several times, with sometimes a loss of one or two in killed or wounded.

But last Sunday week was the fight proper. Colonel Walker took five hundred men and went up toward Hazael Green in hunt of Cluke, leaving here near three hundred men. While he was away Cluke slipped back and drove in the pickets on Saturday night. The Federals took to the houses in every available place. At daylight the firing commenced, and I witnessed the whole scene from behind a large locust tree in the yard while the bullets were whistling through the tops of the trees. The fight lasted about three hours, when a flag of truce was sent in for an unconditional surrender of the town, which was refused.

The Rebels then commenced firing the town, and burned fifteen buildings, including the "Campbellite" church. Another demand for a surrender was made with a threat to burn the entire town. The Federal commander, seeing the flames around him everywhere with no chance to escape, surrendered. And then from every hill and "nook and crook" they came pouring in like so many locusts; but, strange and unaccountable, they behaved well. They were highly gratified seemingly with the government property they found in town. The losses were four Federals killed and two wounded. One Rebel was killed, a young man by the name of Curtis, from near Washington, Mason County, and four wounded. One, Captain Pendleton, from Clarke County, has since died; all the rest will probably recover.

Cluke took out and paroled two hundred and eighty-three men, besides a few at the hospitals and a few pickets since taken. There has been some skirmishing since, with a loss of one or two killed. Steele's company left Cluke last week and went back to Tennessee. Cluke's whereabouts is not exactly known; but some of his men were day before yesterday cutting up some of their "shines" on the pike near Maysville. The Federals have passed through here since and stole pretty much everything in town—wood, corn, hay, chickens, pigs, bees—and burned fences.

As eyer yours, etc.,

T. F. V.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

["Let us pass over the river and rest in the shade of the trees." Written by N. B. Bowyer, now of Lakeland, Fla., in 1863, soon after the death of Stonewall Jackson.]

A wail sweeps o'er thy valleys,
Virginia, deep with woe;
Thy noble sons and daughters
In silent grief bend low—
In silent grief bend low
Above the fallen brave,
The high-souled, gallant Jackson,
Who sleeps in glory's grave.

The noble chieftain's form is still,
He sleeps his last long sleep;
His brave and faithful legions
In deepest sorrow weep—
In deepest sorrow weep
For their daring leader slain,
Who sleeps in silent grandeur
Beneath the battle plain.

Death stilled the clarion voice
That stirred his band to dare
The front and shock of battle
When cannon rent the air—
When cannon rent the air
And armies met in strife,
Advancing and receding
Before the tide of life.

Our tongues will ever whisper
The glory of his name,
And our hearts will always cherish
The hero's deathless fame—
The hero's deathless fame
And the cause he loved so well
And the sorrow that consumed us
When the noble Stonewall fell.

With the fall of Stonewall Jackson
The South had cause for woe,
For the name of that bold warrior
Struck terror to the foe—
Struck terror to the foe
That turned and wildly fled,
For victory was the watchword
When the gallant Stonewall led.

Virginia, with thy glory,
Shall link his endless fame;
Her limpid streams of water
Will chant his deathless name—
Will cant his deathless name,
And every rill will tell
And every breeze will whisper
How the immortal Stonewall fell.

The South will never cease
To praise his glorious name,
And our hearts will ever cherish
The hero's boundless fame—
The hero's boundless fame
And the heavy debt we paid
When he crossed over the river
To rest in the shade.

MEMORIES OF WAR TIMES.

BY JOE F. WILLIAMS, WALNUT GROVE, MISS.

I joined the Confederate army in Company K (Joe Rodgers, captain), 5th Mississippi Regiment, at Chattanooga, Tenn. My first battle was that of Chickamauga, September 18-20, 1863. I was shot in the neck on the 19th. The bullet lodged in my body somewhere, and is still there. Jack Sanders saw me falling and caught me. The captain said, "Let him alone;" but he held on to me as if I had been his brother. He took me about two miles and made me a bed of straw. During the night the straw caught fire near me. Being paralyzed, I could not move; but I managed to wake him, and he kept me from burning. The next morning he returned to the command. I was taken to the field hospital, and thence to Marietta, Ga. My father came and took me home. A few days after I got home a paroled soldier, W. T. Edgeman, came to our home. He had been captured at Vicksburg. He stayed with us several months. His home was in Texas. He went back to the war with me and joined my company. We fought together in the "Rye Patch" battle, May 15, 1864. I should like to hear from him. He was a fine boy.

The day I was eighteen, May 17, 1864, I rejoined the army. I did so just to be with my brothers. There were four of us in the same company. One was killed in that terrible battle of Franklin, Tenn. I lost my right arm near Atlanta July 22, 1864; then my fighting was over. But there came something worse: I was captured in thirty yards of the breastworks, and was hauled in a rough wagon about twenty miles to their field hospital, where my arm was amputated on the 26th. I suffered greatly. The wound became infested, and they used turpentine as a disinfectant, which caused agony.

On September 1 I was sent to the hospital at Marietta, Ga. A Yankee woman proposed to dress my arm every day if I would give her a ring that I was wearing. She got the ring. One day I was walking on the street when I met an old lady, "Grandmother Calder." I went to her home every day. She gave me nice dinners and money. Two young ladies, the Misses White, lived near her. They were planning to get me out by dressing me in ladies' clothes, getting passes, and riding out of town, as they often did. Just then a Yankee called for me and said: "Johnnie, they sent for you to go back to the hospital." In two days I was sent to Atlanta, Ga., and put in prison, where I stayed about two weeks. They sent me to Chattanooga, Tenn., and there I was put in jail for three weeks. Then I was sent to Nashville, Tenn., and put in the penitentiary for three days. While we were on the train a Yankee hung his haversack near me, and I was so hungry that I slipped a cracker just as easy and ate it as sly as a mouse. That was all the stealing I did during the war. They took me to Louisville, Ky., and after four days sent me to Camp Douglas, Ill. When we were inside the gate, we had to undress, even pull off our shoes and socks, in the snow six inches deep, that they might know we had no arms. We were then put in barracks. I was sick, and the doctor called to see me every morning. He would say: "Good morning, Mr. Williams. How do you feel this morning? Take one of these pills every two hours or take them all at once; it doesn't make any difference." I had mumps and smallpox, and did not want anything to eat; so I got along well on that line.

We were sent from there March 15, 1865, to Baltimore, Md., and by boat on the Chesapeake Bay into the James River, twenty miles below Richmond. I took pneumonia and was sent to a hospital. I was so sick that I could not see, and could not get any medicine. Hamil McDonald told me that if we didn't get out soon the Yankees would get me again. I didn't think I could walk, but I thought I would rather die on my way home than get in their hands again. So he got us a sixty days' furlough, and I walked a mile and a half to get a train. We went through North and South Carolina, and reached my old home where I was born, in Marion County, Ga. I weighed then one hundred and thirteen pounds. I stayed with Uncle and Aunt Nancy Greene, who treated me as if I had been their own son. I was with them two months, until the surrender. I left for home June 1, and reached there the 10th.

I went to school until I was twenty-two years old. I was married to Miss Fannie Hays, of Philadelphia, January 14, 1869. We had eight children, and six are living. Three daughters and one son are married, while one daughter and a son are unmarried. My wife died January 25, 1895. I was married to Miss Fannie Burnett, of Carthage, Miss., July 21, 1896.

I was converted and joined the Cumberland Presbyterian Church (where I expect to stay) in July, 1862. I have been an elder since 1866. I have attended five General Assemblies: at Evansville, Ind., Nashville, Tenn., Marshall, Mo., Springfield, Mo., and Dallas, Tex.

I have been to four Reunions of the old soldiers. At the first, in Atlanta, I visited the battle ground on which I lost my arm. I met some of Grandmother Calder's family, but she was already numbered with the blessed. At the next, in Memphis, Tenn., I met Jackson Hudson, whom I hadn't seen in thirty-four years; then at New Orleans and next at Dallas.

I hope all the veterans who read this are Christians, and that one day when we "pass over the river" we will rest beneath the shade of the trees.

NORTH CAROLINA TROOPS AT GETTYSBURG.

BY A. T. MARSH, HIDDENITE, N. C.

I was a member of Company I, 53d North Carolina Regiment, Daniel's Brigade, which was composed of the 32d, 43d, 45th, and 53d Regiments, and 2d Georgia Battalion—in all about five thousand strong. Although we had been in the field nearly sixteen months, it was our first regular battle. Our division (Rodes's) arrived at Carlisle, Pa., on Saturday evening preceding the battle, where we rested two days. We then set out for Gettysburg; and after marching a day and a half, we met the enemy, and without ceremony went to fighting in earnest.

We were in an open field, while the enemy in front of our regiment were in a grove of large trees. After fighting for some time, they made a charge on the 45th North Carolina, which was the extreme right of our brigade. We were ordered to fire right oblique, which soon caused them to about face and run to the rear faster than they came toward us. They left quite a number killed and wounded. Later they rallied and came at us again, with the same result. They made the third attempt, and as soon as they turned their backs we were ordered to charge them, driving them from the grove and capturing most of them in our front.

We advanced to the suburbs of Gettysburg, where we bivouacked in line of battle during the night.

In passing over a gully I saw a puddle of muddy water; and being very thirsty, I stopped, dipped a tin cup of it, and just as I raised it to my lips I discovered a wounded Yankee a few feet from me, lying in the bottom of the gully. He looked at me wistfully, and I asked him if he would have a drink. He replied in the affirmative, and I gave him the cup,

telling him I could do no more for him and that our ambulance corps would be apt to find and take care of him. His thigh was broken. Five minutes before I would have shot him, but instead of an enemy he was only a helpless man.

Early next morning we fell back just beyond Seminary Ridge, where we supported some of our batteries from about ten o'clock till dark, when the artillery duel ceased. Many shells exploded in our ranks, killing and wounding several of our men. It was a trying ordeal to lie there and take it without being able to return a shot. However, we were consoled by the thought that our artillery was paying them in kind. About dark our command advanced a few hundred yards to the front and relieved other troops. We stayed there till not long before day. We then moved by the left flank for three or four miles and took position facing where we had been the first two days.

Daylight came before we had reached our position, and we advanced under a terrific shelling from the enemy's batteries. Being in open ground for about a half mile, it is a wonder that our loss was not greater. We finally reached the woods, and the shelling ceased, they not knowing where we were. We advanced up a long, steep hill and reënforced some Georgia troops. The enemy being on another hill with a deep ravine between us, we fought there for several hours, till the enemy placed a battery on a height to our left and commenced enfilading our line with grape and canister.

Our position being untenable, we were ordered back to the foot of the hill. We then moved by the right flank a short distance and again ascended the hill, where we held our position the rest of the day, after sending a very heavy force of skirmishers a short distance to the front. The skirmishers kept up almost an incessant roar of small arms, while the cannonading exceeded anything we had ever heard.

Hill's Corps was making its charge on the opposite side of the heights; but our line of battle was not engaged after the morning, though we were momentarily expecting it. After dark we retraced our steps of the early morning and went into camp near our position of the first and second days of the battle. We rested here on the 4th, and left on the retreat on the morning of the 5th.

Our regiment lost ninety-nine men in killed and wounded the first day, nine belonging to our company, all wounded. One man in our company was shot through the body just above the hips, the same ball breaking one of the bones in his arm; another was shot through the breast, the ball going out by the side of his spine. A third one lost a leg. The rest were flesh wounds. The youngest member of our company, a sixteen-year-old boy, was struck on the forehead. We were moving by the left flank, and I saw him lying on his back, the blood trickling down his face. I thought he was dying; and after the battle was over that evening, some one asked: "Where is Simpson?" I replied, "He is dead," and was corroborated by others who saw him. We knew no better till next morning about ten o'clock, when we heard that he was at the field hospital walking about. He came to us on the third evening, and upon my telling him that I thought he had been killed on the first day he replied that he knew nothing about it till he found himself about one hundred and fifty yards to the rear, running like a whitehead. He never missed a battle in which the brigade was engaged till the close of the war, and he lived till a few years ago.

We were once on the Rapidan River near Moreton's Ford, and near by was a large patch of Irish potatoes. The land had been plowed and part of the potatoes saved; but a lot were left, which the men soon found and commenced grabbling out of the dirt. A guard was put around the patch, and Simpson was caught. General Daniel told his captor to take him to a large apple tree not far off and keep him under guard. In a short while Simpson was in the top of the tree, singing "Dixie" at the top of his voice. General Daniel, hearing him, sent a courier to tell the guard to let that man go to his company.

I am nearly seventy-eight years of age; but I do not forget the scenes through which we passed from 1861 to 1865, and I cherish the memory of all true Southern soldiers.

INSIDE TESTIMONY FROM JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

[J. M. Gresham, of Monroe, Ga., who was lieutenant of Company H, 42d Georgia Regiment, replies to Col. H. A. Smith, of the 128th Ohio Infantry, as to the treatment of prisoners on Johnson's Island, which article appeared in the VETERAN for May.]

I was captured on December 16, 1864, near Nashville, and with many others (commissioned officers) sent to the Island. I was released June 20, 1865. We did not get the same rations as their soldiers.

A day's allowance of wood never lasted all day. I often carried at two armfuls a day's allowance of wood, and this was for a small stove for about two hundred prisoners. The winter was very severe, and the lake was covered with ice all winter two to three feet thick. The captain stated that all used water from the same wells. There was no well inside the prison yard. The prisoners used water from the lake. Clothing, blankets, etc., were not furnished plentifully. My captain and I slept for two weeks on a bunk (plank floor), our only bedding two light blankets we had when captured. After some left our room on exchange, they divided their bedding and kept us from freezing. No provisions, not even a grain of black pepper, could be purchased from the sutler till after the surrender. Those who were fortunate enough to have any money had to give it to the authorities before entering the pen, but it was placed to their credit outside. As stated, we could buy nothing to eat until after the surrender. We would make out our little orders, have roll caller vouch for correct name given, carry order to headquarters, and have it approved and returned to us at next roll call. We would go to the sutler's quarters, present our order; and if the name appeared on his list as having enough money outside, we would get the articles mentioned, but at an enormous price.

Printed cards were distributed among the prisoners, issued by Col. Charles W. Hill, commander of the post, promising all who would take the oath full rations and tobacco, the same as their army got, and privileges of going outside the pen. This looked like we were getting the same rations as their soldiers. I have one of the printed cards in my possession now. About two hundred, under above promise, made application for the oath. An order was issued separating the oath takers from the faithful prisoners and assigning them separate quarters. We did not know till then how many nor who they were. After being separated, the two classes kept aloof from each other. They were not given full rations, but fared as the balance of us.

On one occasion, after paper reports of a great victory by the Federals, these scalawag oath takers applied to Colonel Hill for a United States flag and hoisted it on the roof of their building, and as soon as seen the loyal prisoners scaled the roof and tore it down. An armed company of Federals rushed through the gate to quiet the disturbance; but quiet

was not restored until Colonel Hill came in and made a speech, apologizing for letting the United States flag come into the pen, stating that he honored and respected the loyal prisoners and would trust them further than the oath takers.

Large quantities of provisions and tobacco were shipped through flag of truce from Richmond via Old Point Comfort to prisoners on the island, but were never delivered until after the surrender, when many had gone out on exchange, and therefore never received them. I wrote an aunt in Kentucky to send me a suit of clothing. My letter was returned from outside stating on envelope that my order must be for gray and of inferior quality. I managed to get hold of another United States stamp and wrote again as per orders. The suit was received outside and the letter sent in marked "clothes not such as ordered," and I never got them.

I could mention many things very humiliating, but space forbids. I guess Capt. H. A. Smith was there, but I did not see things as he reports. Lieut. Foster V. Tollett, of the 128th Ohio, was our last roll caller, Block 12. He was a nice, clever man, but was under strict orders and could show no favors if he desired to. I never heard of a Federal there asking a prisoner if he could do anything for him. I never saw any waste rations in slop tubs, but have seen prisoners fishing out meatless bones to boil for soup. Wharf rats and house cats never escaped if they got into the pen, but were chased and caught and eaten by the prisoners. I saw one large Irish potato sliced and divided among six men and one teaspoonful of beans to each. This is what the Northern papers called giving vegetables to prisoners once a week and their "fare as good as at home." While their prisoners were "starving to death at Andersonville" ours were ditto on Johnson's Island.

I have the names and addresses of a large number of comrade prisoners from all the Confederate States, many of them now living, and I can substantiate every word I have written and much more equally as humiliating.

While we are all now under the same flag, let us be agreeable, but I want to see true history written.

WADE HAMPTON AND W. T. SHERMAN.

Many people do not yet know the truth about the burning of Columbia, S. C., and there are still perverters of the truth.

In a "History of the United States," by Henry William Elson, published by the Macmillan Company in 1905, page 287, appears the following: "At Orangeburg a slight battle was fought and another before Columbia, the enemy being led by Gen. Wade Hampton. Columbia surrendered February 17, 1865, Hampton escaping after setting fire to five hundred bales of cotton. The fire soon spread, and a large portion of the town was soon consumed."

Many times has this falsehood been very fully exposed.

On page 286, Volume II., Sherman in his "Memoirs" says: "In my official report of the burning of Columbia I distinctly charged it to Gen. Wade Hampton, and I confess I did so pointedly to shake the faith of his people in him."

In his official correspondence at "Headquarters Military Division of the Mississippi in the Field, February 24, 1865," Sherman wrote to Lieut. Gen. Wade Hampton, commanding cavalry forces C. S. A.: "It is officially reported to me that our foraging parties are murdered after capture and labeled 'Death to All Foragers.' One instance of a lieutenant and seven men near Chesterville and others about three miles from Feasterville. I have ordered a similar number of prisoners in our hands to be disposed of in a like manner. I hold about one thousand prisoners, and can stand it as long as you can; but I hardly think these murders are committed with your knowledge, and would suggest that you give notice to the people at large that every life taken by them simply results in the death of one of your Confederates. Of course you cannot question my right to forage on the country. It is a war right as old as history. . . . I merely assert our war right to forage and my resolves to protect my foragers to the extent of life for life."

To this letter General Hampton replied as follows:

"Headquarters in the Field, Feb. 27, 1865.

"*Maj. Gen. W. T. Sherman, U. S. Army, General:* Your communication of the 24th reached me to-day. In it you state your foraging parties were 'murdered' after capture, and you go on to say you had 'ordered a similar number of prisoners in our hands to be disposed of in like manner'—that is to say, you have ordered a number of Confederate soldiers to be 'murdered.' . . . In reference to the statement you make regarding the death of your foragers, I have to say I know nothing of it; that no orders given by me authorize the killing of prisoners after capture, and I do not believe that any of my men killed any of yours except under circumstances it was just and proper and perfectly legitimate that they should kill them.

"It is a part of the system of the thieves whom you designate as foragers to fire the dwellings of those citizens whom they have robbed. To check this inhuman system, which is justly execrated by every civilized nation, I have directed my men to shoot down all of your men caught burning dwelling houses. This order shall remain in force as long as you disgrace the profession of arms by allowing your men to destroy private dwellings.

"You say I cannot question your right to forage on the country. 'It is a right as old as history.' I do not, sir, question this right. But there is a right older than this and one more inalienable—the right every man has to defend his home and protect those that are dependent upon him. And from my heart I wish that every old man and boy in my country who can fire a gun would shoot down as he would a wild beast the men who are desolating their land, burning their houses and homes, and insulting their women.

"You are particular in defining and claiming 'war rights.' May I ask if you enumerate among them the right to fire upon a defenseless city without notice, to burn that city to the ground after it had been surrendered by the authorities, who claimed, though in vain, that protection which is always accorded to civilized warfare to noncombatants, to fire the dwelling houses of citizens after robbing them, and to perpetrate even darker crimes than these—crimes too black to mention?

"You have permitted, if you have not ordered, the commission of all these offenses against humanity and contrary to the rules of war among civilized nations. You fired into the city of Columbia without a word of warning. You gave no notice. After its surrender by the Mayor, who requested protection of private property, you laid the whole city in ashes, leaving amid its ruins thousands of old men and helpless women and children, who are likely to perish of starvation and exposure. You turned no pitying eye upon their sufferings; your line of march can be traced by the lurid light of burning houses, and many are the households where there is agony far more bitter than that of death.

"The Indian scalped his victims, regardless of sex or age; but with all his barbarity he always respected the persons of

his female captives. Indians were not rapists. Your soldiers, more savage than the Indian, not content with burning homes to the ground, insult those whose natural protectors are absent. . . . I shall hold numbers of your men as hostages for those whom you have ordered to be executed."

What a rebuke to General Sherman! He must have winced! For in his "Memoirs," after admitting he laid the burning of Columbia on Hampton for a specific purpose, in that same report he says: "I estimate the damage to Georgia alone at one hundred million dollars: ninety-eight millions was simple destruction; two millions inured to our advantage." And then with a boast, like Thad Stevens or Beast Butler would have indulged, he boastfully adds: "My soldiers have done the work with alacrity and with a cheerfulness unsurpassed."

Forget it not, Hampton pointedly charged Sherman then, on the 27th of February, 1865, while it was all fresh, just done, with the crime of burning Columbia. This correspondence was accessible to "Historian" H. W. Elson had he desired to tell the truth.

But Sherman's object to discredit Hampton did not succeed. He destroyed Columbia, but not Hampton. Nor does Historian Elson refer to Hampton's demand in 1866 that Congress appoint a committee of investigation to fix the charge of "who burnt Columbia."

Hampton does not stand discredited. Sherman did not "break the faith of the people in him." He died mourned by all the South and honored and beloved like Lee and Jackson and Forrest and Stuart. His name sheds luster on the American character. No monument will be higher than his. After the war were his greatest battles and his greatest triumphs. He redeemed the State from carpetbag rule; he glorified the land that Sherman had despoiled, and died not only beloved as a great commander in war but a great statesman as well.

PRISONERS AT FORT WARREN, BOSTON HARBOR.

Miss C. M. Davis sends from Fernandina, Fla., these pictures of prisoners at Fort Warren. The scenes are in front of a building with stone front of massive blocks and in block letters the name, "Fort Warren, 1850."

Fort Warren is in Boston Harbor. The date of the taking of these pictures is not known, yet it was evidently between January, 1863, and the time the prisoners were released in 1865. Miss Davis, the sender of the pictures, is a daughter of George W. Davis, deceased, who was a "blockader." She is anxious to procure information in regard to any others in the picture than the three marked with figures 1, 2, 3. Those known to her in the two groups are her uncle, Cornelius Galloway Smith, deceased, a native of Brunswick, Ga., who was a blockade runner, making a successful trip on the steamship Calypso, but was captured on a second trip. He was two years and nine days in prison, being released June 20, 1865. He is seated on the left, lower row. Her father, G. W. Davis, is standing nearer the center of the group and facing No. 1. No. 3, it will be seen, is in the top row sitting with a shawl around him—Edward John Johnston, an Irishman, who died and was buried at Fort Warren. This is the first picture ever printed in the VETERAN of any prisoners at Fort Warren. It will be remembered that in that prison Alexander H. Stephens, John H. Reagan, and other prominent Confederates were confined.

SCOUTING IN GEORGIA.

BY WILLIAM A. ROBY, HAMBURG, ARK.

After a long. hot march across Mississippi and Alabama, W. H. Jackson's Division of Cavalry joined Johnston's army at Rome, Ga., about the 10th of May, 1864, and engaged the enemy at Kingston a few days afterwards, which was our first fight in Georgia.

Two regiments of Furguson's Brigade, the 2d Alabama and Perrin's Mississippi Regiment, and the 8th Confederate Cavalry were engaged in the fight. Perrin's Regiment dismounted and the other two were held in reserve mounted. We were opposed by "Wilder's Lightning Cavalry." Frenoy's scouts and Battle Fort's company were thrown to the front mounted.



PRISONERS AT FORT WARREN, BOSTON HARBOR.

Wilder came on us with a charge. Our advance met him with two volleys each, and retired to the rear of the dismounted men, who met them with a broadside that checked their charge and threw them into confusion. The 8th Confederate, armed with sabers and pistols, backed up by the 2d Alabama, charged them, which made the rout complete. In the fight Colonel Earl, in the 2d Alabama, was killed. I was a member of Captain Fort's company, H, Perrin's Regiment, which was afterwards commanded by H. L. Muldrow. You can form some idea of the service we rendered from that which I now relate.

On November 2, 1864, Sergeant W. A. Campbell and myself spread out blankets at Blue Mountain, Ala. I remarked to him: "This is the first time we have spread out blankets out of the hearing of guns since the 10th of May." He replied: "Yes, and this is the first day since that date that we have been all day out of the reach of Yankee bullets."

Lest my article be too long, I will give you but one other instance of scouting in Georgia. While Hood was marching into Tennessee Fort's scouts were operating on the right flank of his army near Villa Rica, Ga. We came in contact with a party of Federal scouts about equal in number to ours, and we were at them before they knew it. Part of them had stopped and were catching some horses and two or three young mules in a citizen's lot. We fired on them and charged them. They abandoned the citizen's stock and some of their own horses and took to their heels. We followed them closely for about a mile, where they had rallied and formed a line of battle. Before we reached the line Captain Fort was shot through the shoulder. Comrade Campbell overhauled a Yankee corporal, who would neither stop nor surrender; so he knocked him off his horse with the butt of his gun. We made another charge and routed them. One of the scouts, J. G. Gunn, who had just received from home a fresh young horse, dashed by the wounded captain and said as he passed, "Captain, I can't stop my horse and my pistol won't shoot," and like a flash he went in among the Yankees and out of our sight. They did not attempt to capture him, as they were in so great a hurry to get away themselves. When Gunn returned to us, it was found that his horse was shot, and I think died the next day. We got a doctor to the Captain that night. The next day I was detailed to take the prisoners back to the brigade. Comrade Campbell joined me in a couple of days. From there he was sent home after supplies, clothing, etc. I went with him to Blue Mountain, where he took the railroad for home and I returned to the command at Ladiga, Ala.

THE THRILL OF "DIXIE" IN BIRMINGHAM.

During the Reunion in Birmingham the Confederate veterans were given a cordial invitation by the best musical artists of the city to a concert which proved of unusual merit. While every number was highly meritorious, the singing of "Dixie" by Mrs. J. Griff Edwards, of Portsmouth, Va., was the event of greatest joy. She was aided by her company or band of beautiful and lovely young ladies from Virginia and Tennessee, dressed in Confederate gray jackets and gray slouch hats.

They sang it at the afternoon session of the veterans' business meeting, and an enthusiastic veteran, L. M. Park, of Atlanta, was eager to hear it again. At the close of a magnificent instrumental piece by the band he arose from his seat in the audience and exclaimed: "Mr. Bandmaster! Mr. Bandmaster!" Immediately all eyes were centered on him. The bandmaster delayed his programme while the veteran continued: "Many years ago there was held in Baltimore a convention of ministers, and the 'Elder' Booth (as he is called to distinguish him from his sons, Edwin and John Wilkes) was playing an engagement in the city. Booth happened in on the convention, and was recognized by one of the clergymen who had heard him on one occasion recite the Lord's Prayer. He made the motion that the convention ask Mr. Booth to recite the prayer. Some of the 'strait-laced' disciples were horrified, secretly believing such a proceeding by a 'play actor' was profane if not sacrilegious. Mr. Booth reluctantly complied with the request. At the conclusion it was said that not an eye but was more or less misty with tears, and one old brother exclaimed with emotion: 'For over forty years I have been repeating that prayer secretly and publicly and hearing it so repeated, but I can truly say I never before knew of its wondrous beauty and power.' Some of my old Confederate comrades can with equal truth say we have heard 'Dixie' sung thousands of times since it was first composed and have hip and hurrahed over it, but never were we so thrilled and filled with enthusiasm and love for our Southland as we were when 'Dixie' was rendered by Mrs. Edwards and her young ladies. Will they not exceedingly oblige by singing it over again?"

Mrs. Edwards most graciously complied, and not only sang "Dixie" with her voice, but she spoke it, she acted it with every motion of her head, body, and eyes. And when at the chorus she so winsomely and witchingly sang, "I'm glad I live in Dixie," the audience went wildly mad with joy that they, too, lived in Dixie; and when a little farther on she so boldly declared, "In Dixie's land I'll take my stand," and defiantly declared she would "live and die for Dixie," the audience was thrilled with the wildest enthusiasm. Hats were thrown in the air, handkerchiefs and flags wildly waved, and the Rebel yell filled the hall and echoed and reëchoed the enthusiasm of the delighted hearers and intensified their love for the song, the sunny South, and for the charming singer.

Never was seen in Birmingham anything approaching it in patriotic fervor.

DIXIE LAND.

BY S. W. F. PREWETT.

Though "Greek met Greek" and freed the slaves,
I hold no hate for Northern braves;
The brothers' war made brothers' graves—
  But Dixie land for me!

Forgive! forget! O heed the cry!
Each thought it right, each heaves a sigh,
America will do or die!
  Thou Dixie land for me!

I love my native Southern hills,
Her mountains, vales, her plains, her rills;
Each sacred spot my being thrills—
  Proud Dixie land for me!

'Tis here the sweetest warblers sing
To greet the rarest charms of spring;
And here my fondest mem'ries cling—
  Fair Dixie land for me!

'Tis here the balmy zephyrs blow,
'Tis here the fairest flowers grow,
And here the sweetest girls I know!
  O, Dixie land for me!

Grand, matchless beauty spot of earth!
Thou land of chivalry and worth,
I love thee, loved thee from my birth!
Old Dixie land for me!

Let poets sing thy charms sublime.
Let patriots praise this hero clime
And damn the wretch who calls it crime!
Hurrah for Dixie land!

Blame not to me the old "Confed;"
I love the living, love the dead;
All honor crowns our hero's head
In dauntless Dixie land.

UNVEILING OF MONUMENT AT LEESBURG, VA.

BY HUGH LEE POWELL, LEESBURG.

May 28, 1908, will be long remembered by our county people, as it embraced more of pleasant occurrences than any day within the memory of our people.

In the early morning a large crowd gathered for the celebration of Memorial Day. The multitude marched with music and carried beautiful flowers to the cemetery to decorate the graves of the Confederate dead. On returning to the courthouse lawn, the veterans were cordially received and entertained at an elegant luncheon tendered them by Mrs. Stirling Murray, President of the Loudoun Chapter of the U. D. C. The hour for the unveiling of the beautiful monument having arrived, Gov. Claude A. Swanson was introduced, and made an eloquent address, after which Col. Edmund Berkeley, who commanded the splendid old 8th Virginia, spoke to his cheering veterans. At the conclusion of Colonel Berkeley's address our beloved United States Senator, John W. Daniel, held his large audience spellbound for two hours by his eloquent recital of the facts that made glorious the record of the Army of Northern Virginia.



MONUMENT AT LEESBURG, VA.

Our townsman, Harry T. Harrison, a son of one of Loudoun's soldiers, recited the following original poem:

A Statue.

A statue, proof of thy maker's art, bronze cast;
In days to come a monument to ages that have passed;
To-day to us who gather here
You are that some one our hearts hold dear.
That father, brother, husband, lover
At peace with God beneath the sod,
Who heard the call, who walked the way,
That soldier of right who wore the gray.

A statue mutely telling the sad story
Of a nation that died 'midst a halo of glory;
Of shattered hopes, ambitions dead,
Of noble blood that was freely shed;
Of the bugle's call for more to fall;
Of those who went, none being sent;
Of where the fiercest waxed the fray
Was found the soldier who wore the gray.

A statue linking the heavens with the earth,
The form of that hero to whom our nation gave birth,
Who followed on where honor led,
Till he rested with our holy dead;
And when at the last the trumpet's blast
Sends forth that call that comes to all,
As an honor guard on that last day
We'll find the soldier who wore the gray.

All that preceded was a delightful introduction to the effective unveiling of the beautiful bronze statue surmounting a massive granite base, which was presented as an affectionate testimonial to the memory of the faithful sons of Loudoun County by the Loudoun Chapter, U. D. C.

MEMORIAL TO GEN. STEPHEN D. LEE.

Mr. W. T. Rigby, Chairman of the Vicksburg Military Park Commission, is taking an active interest in the memorial to Gen. Stephen D. Lee. He writes on September 7, 1908, to the editor of the VETERAN: "It gives me pleasure to be able to herewith hand you a copy of Colonel Watterson's very encouraging letter. Should other friends take hold of the matter in the same generous spirit, we need not call on General Lee's son for a large part of the cost of the statue. This would be very gratifying; in fact, the statue should be placed in the park by the General's friends. Six contributions of $100 each have now been made: three by Confederate and two by Union veterans, one by the son of a Confederate veteran. We are now expecting, with the permission of the sculptor, to dedicate General Lee's statue in the park sometime next May."

Mr. Watterson's letter to Colonel Rigby is as follows: "Naturally all of us here take a very deep interest in the proposed memorial to Lieut. Gen. Stephen D. Lee. You can place upon your subscription list the names of Col. W. B. Haldeman, Bruce Haldeman, Esq., and Henry Watterson each for $100. Whenever you need the money, Mr. Haldeman will send check for the whole amount."

SAMUEL DAVIS.

An Unexcelled Illustration of Highest Honor in Man.

Upon the forty-fifth anniversary of the execution of Samuel Davis, which occurred at Pulaski, Tenn., on November 27, 1863, it is expected that a bronze statue will be formally dedicated at the capital of his native Tennessee in commemoration of his sublime example of regarding truth and honor of greater value than life. Readers of the Veteran for a dozen years will recall the history which so moved the multitude that several thousand dollars were contributed to a monument in commemoration of the matchless record made.

Articles Copied from the Veteran.

[A paper by S. A. Cunningham, the editor, read before the Tennessee Historical Society, tells the story in brief.]

Introductory to this paper on Sam Davis, the writer mentions that he had never heard of him until after the Confederate Veteran was established, and then, when a school oration was submitted for publication, he was inclined to reject it, feeling that there were so many equally worthy heroes it would hardly be fair to print this special eulogy. The fearful trial of the young Tennesseean was not then comprehended. Later on, when returning from a reunion on the battlefields of Shiloh in April, 1895, participated in by the veterans of the two great armies engaged in it, two ex-Federal soldiers who witnessed Davis's death on the gallows at Pulaski, November 27, 1863, recited the details of the event; and when they said "the Federal army was in grief over it," he resolved to print the story, and reprint it until that typical hero should have as full credit as the Veteran could give him.

The history in brief, as told by his comrades, was sublime, while every additional fact in connection with his career demonstrates all the stronger his merit to immortality. The record now submitted to the keeping of this noble society contains extracts from some data that has been published; but the concise collation, it is hoped, will be treasured and preserved for the edification of generations to come after us.

Samuel Davis was born October 6, 1842, near Smyrna, Rutherford County, Tenn. His parents had emigrated from Virginia. Upon the tablet of a beautiful marble monument erected by his father in the garden of his good country home are these words: "He laid down his life for his country. He suffered death on the gibbet rather than betray his friends and his country." The monument is surrounded by an iron fence. Within that inclosure are buried father, mother, and maternal grandmother.

When the South and North rushed to arms, Sam Davis was attending a military school at Nashville, under the direction of Bushrod R. Johnson and Edmund Kirby Smith. Soon these teachers were commissioned to positions in organizing the Confederate army, and both were promoted to important commands. Many of the cadets were sent out as drillmasters, while Sam Davis enlisted in the 1st Regiment of Infantry as a private soldier. His record was so good that when General Bragg directed the organization of a company of scouts, in 1863, Davis was chosen as a member. This company was under the leadership of Capt. H. B. Shaw. It is said that Captain Shaw, disguised and called "Coleman," posed as a herb doctor, and in most successful ways used deception as a spy; and his scouts wore Confederate gray with pride and independence. This command of scouts was organized by Gen. B. F. Cheatham, who took first into his confidence Captain Shaw and John Davis, the older brother of Sam, in service.

These scouts slept in thickets, where devoted friends, mainly ladies, underwent the peril of going to them by night to feed and inform them of all they could learn about the status and movements of the Federal forces. Sam Davis was one of the coolest and bravest of the command, a young gentleman whose integrity of character was as near faultless as can be conceived, with a patriotism that induced him to suffer any privation and any peril. About the 20th of November, 1863, having been supplied with reports as complete as it was possible to procure and a note from Captain Shaw ("Coleman"), he started on his perilous journey through Federal to Confederate lines.

Gen. G. M. Dodge had an army of sixteen thousand men in that vicinity, with his headquarters in Pulaski. He was much disturbed by the efficiency of these scouts, and determined upon desperate measures to stop them. The noted "Kansas Jayhawkers" (7th Kansas Cavalry) were scouring the country, and they captured Sam Davis with these important documents upon his person. There is no evidence of treachery upon the part of anybody. The patrol of that region was so complete the wonder is that any of the scouts escaped. Captain Shaw was captured, but so kept his identity concealed that he was held as a prisoner. I have seen his autograph, with rank and position attached, in a book belonging to his fellow-prisoner, A. O. P. Nicholson, a Tennesseean, written at Johnson's Island. While it has been impossible so far to ascertain whether Davis knew of Shaw's capture, the belief is that he did, and that he referred to him when he said the man who gave him the information was worth more to the Confederacy than he was. Joshua Brown, who was in jail with Davis, states that he (Davis) knew Shaw was in jail. Mr. Brown wrote at length upon the subject, and from his paper several extracts are made:

"General Bragg had sent us, a few men who knew the country, into Middle Tennessee to get all the information possible concerning the movements of the Federal army; to find out if it was moving from Nashville and Corinth to reënforce Chattanooga. We were to report to Captain Shaw, designated by us as 'Coleman,' who commanded the scouts. We were to go south to Decatur and send our reports by a courier line to General Bragg at Missionary Ridge. We were told that the duty was very dangerous, and that but few of us might return; that we should probably be captured or killed, and we were cautioned against exposing ourselves unnecessarily. After we had been in Tennessee about ten days, we watched the 16th Army Corps, commanded by General Dodge, move up from Corinth to Pulaski. We agreed that we should leave for the South on Friday, the 19th of November, 1863. A number of our scouts had been captured and several killed. We were to start that night, every man for himself; each of us had his own information. I had counted almost every regiment and all the artillery in the 16th Corps, and had found out that they were moving on Chattanooga. Late in the afternoon we started, and ran into the 7th Kansas Cavalry, known as the 'Kansas Jayhawkers;' and when we learned who had captured us, we thought our time had come. We were taken to Pulaski, about fifteen miles away, and put in jail. Davis was one of the number. I talked with him over our prospects of imprisonment and escape, which were very gloomy. Davis said they had searched him that day and found some important papers upon him, and that he had been taken to General Dodge's headquarters. They had also found in his saddle seat maps and descriptions of the fortifications at Nashville

and other points, together with a report of the Federal army in Tennessee, and they found in his boot this letter:

"'GILES COUNTY, TENN., THURSDAY MORNING, November 18, 1863.

"'Col. A. McKinstry, Provost Marshal General, Army of Tennessee, Chattanooga.

"'*Dear Sir:* I send you seven Nashville, three Louisville, and one Cincinnati papers with dates to the 17th—in all eleven. I also send for General Bragg three wash balls of soap, three toothbrushes, and two blank books. I could not get a larger size diary for him. I will send a pair of shoes and slippers, some more soap, gloves, and socks soon. * * * Dodge says he knows the people are all Southern, and does not ask them to swear to a lie. All the spare forces around Nashville and vicinity are being sent to McMinnville. Six batteries and twelve Parrott guns were sent forward on the 14th, 15th, and 16th. It is understood that there is hot work in front somewhere. Telegrams suppressed. Davis has returned. He tells me the line is in order to Summerville. I send this by one of my men to that place.

"'I am, with high regard, E. COLEMAN,
Captain Commanding Scouts.'"

It was evidently not known by "Coleman" when writing to whom he would intrust the papers and articles. W. L. Moore was first directed to carry them, but his horse required rest.

Davis's pass is of the usual kind. It reads:

"HEADQUARTERS GENERAL BRAGG'S SCOUTS, MIDDLE TENNESSEE, September 25, 1863.

"Samuel Davis has permission to pass on scouting duty anywhere in Middle Tennessee or south of the Tennessee River he may see proper. By order of General Bragg.

E. COLEMAN, *Captain Commanding Scouts.*"

"The next morning Davis was again taken to General Dodge's headquarters," Joshua Brown continues, "and this is what took place between them, which General Dodge told me occurred: 'I took him into my private office and told him that it was a very serious charge brought against him; that he was a spy, and from what I found upon his person he had accurate information in regard to my army, and I must know where he obtained it. I told him that he was a young man and did not seem to realize the danger he was in. Up to that time he had said nothing, but then he replied in the most respectful and dignified manner: "General Dodge, I know the danger of my situation, and I am willing to take the consequences." I asked him then to give me the name of the person from whom he got the information; that I knew it must be some one near my headquarters or who had the confidence of the officers of my staff, and repeated that I *must* know the source from which it came. I insisted that he should tell me, but he firmly declined to do so. I told him that I should have to call a court-martial and have him tried for his life, and, from the proofs we had, they would be compelled to condemn him; that there was no chance for him unless he gave the source of his information. He replied: "I know that I will have to die; but I will not tell where I got the information, and there is no power on earth that can make me tell. You are doing your duty as a soldier, and I am doing mine. If I have to die, I do so feeling that I am doing my duty to God and my country." I pleaded with and urged him with all the power I possessed to give me some chance to save his life, for I discovered that he was a most admirable young fellow, with the highest character and strictest integrity. He then said: "It is useless to talk to me. I do not intend to do it. You can court-martial me or do anything else you like, but I will not betray the trust reposed in me." He thanked me for the interest I had taken in him, and I sent him back to prison. I immediately called a court-martial to try him.'

"The following is the action of the commission, which has been furnished me by General Dodge:

"'Proceedings of a military commission which convened at Pulaski, Tenn., by virtue of the following general order:

"'HEADQUARTERS LEFT WING 16TH ARMY CORPS, PULASKI, TENN., November 20, 1863.

"'General Orders No. 72.

"'A military commission is hereby appointed to meet at Pulaski, Tenn., on the 23d inst., or as soon thereafter as practicable, for the trial of Samuel Davis, and such other persons as may be brought before it. By order of Brig. Gen. G. M. Dodge. J. W. BARNES, *Lieut. and A. A. G.*'

"Report of the commission:

"'The commission do therefore sentence him, the said Samuel Davis, of Coleman's Scouts, in the service of the so-called Confederate States, to be hanged by the neck until he is dead, at such time and place as the commanding general shall direct, two-thirds of the commission concurring in the sentence. Finding and sentence of the commission approved, the sentence will be carried into effect on Friday, November 27, 1863, between the hours of 10 A.M. and 2 P.M. Brig. Gen. T. W. Sweeney, commanding the 2d Division, will cause the necessary arrangements to be made to carry out this order in the proper manner.'

"Captain Armstrong, the provost marshal, informed Davis of the sentence of the court-martial. He was surprised at the more humiliating punishment, expecting to be shot, not thinking they would hang him; but he showed no fear, and resigned himself to his fate as only brave men can. That night he wrote the following letter to his mother:

"'PULASKI, GILES COUNTY, TENN., November 26, 1863.

"'*Dear Mother:* O, how painful it is to write you! I have got to die to-morrow morning—to be hanged by the Federals. Mother, do not grieve for me. I must bid you good-by for evermore. Mother, I do not fear to die. Give my love to all.

"'Your son, SAMUEL DAVIS.'

"'Mother, tell the children all to be good. I wish I could see you all once more, but I never will any more. Mother and father, do not forget me. Think of me when I am dead, but do not grieve for me. It will not do any good. Father, you can send after my remains if you want to do so. They will be at Pulaski, Tenn. I will leave some things, too, with the hotel keeper for you. Pulaski is in Giles County, Tenn., south of Columbia. S. D.'

"After his sentence," continues Mr. Brown, "he was put into a cell in the jail, and we did not see anything of him until on Thursday morning, the day before the execution. We were ordered to get ready to be removed to the courthouse, in the public square, from the jail. Davis was handcuffed and brought in just as we were eating breakfast. I gave him a piece of meat that I had been cooking, and he, being handcuffed, was compelled to eat it with both hands. He thanked me, and we all bade him good-by. The guard was doubled around the jail.

"The next morning, Friday, November 27, at ten o'clock, we heard the drums, and a regiment of infantry marched

down to the jail, and a wagon with a coffin in it was driven up, and the provost marshal went into the jail and brought Davis out. He got into the wagon, stood up, and looked around at the courthouse, and, seeing us at the windows, bowed to us his last farewell. He was dressed in a dark-brown overcoat, with a cape to it, which had been a blue Federal coat, such as many of us had captured and then dyed brown. * * *"

Upon reaching the gallows Davis got out of the wagon and took his seat on a bench under a tree. He asked Captain Armstrong how long he had to live. He replied: "Fifteen minutes." He then asked him the news, and Armstrong told him of the battle of Missionary Ridge, and that our army had been defeated. He expressed much regret, adding: "The boys will have to fight the battles without me." Armstrong said: "I regret very much having to do this. I feel that I would almost rather die myself than do what I have to do." Davis replied: "I do not think hard of you; you are doing your duty."

General Dodge still had hopes that Davis would recant when he saw that death was staring him in the face, and that he would reveal the name of the "traitor in his camp." He sent Captain Chickasaw, of his staff, to Davis. He rapidly approached the scaffold, jumped from his horse, and went directly to Davis, placed his hand on Davis's shoulder, and asked if it would not be better for him to speak the name of the one from whom he received the documents found upon him, adding: "It is not too late yet." And then, in his last extremity, Davis turned upon him and said: "If I had a thousand lives, I would lose them all here and now before I would betray my friends or the confidence of my informer."

Davis then requested Chickasaw to thank General Dodge for his efforts to save him, but to repeat that he could not accept the terms. Turning to the chaplain, he gave him a few keepsakes to send his mother. He then turned to the provost marshal, saying, "I am ready," ascended the scaffold, and stepped upon the trap.

The theory that the papers were secured by a negro and that Davis sacrificed his life because of the promised confidence to the black man, while very pretty, is not consistent with the letter from Captain Shaw ("Coleman"), in which he itemized the things sent, and Davis evidently would not have failed to report any important information to "Coleman" that he might have secured before starting, who would have mentioned it, and he evidently was making the best possible speed to get away after leaving his chief. Another theory that certain papers were secured from a Federal officer through his wife, who was intensely concerned for the Confederacy, is not now believed. Divest the event of all fancy ideas, and credit the solemn fact of Davis's self-possession and his immovable courage when the awful test came, and that is glory enough.

Many pathetic incidents have occurred in connection with it. Only a few weeks ago one of his executioners came to Nashville; and having expressed a desire to visit the grave, I went with him to the place. He was received kindly and treated courteously by the families of a brother and sister. After dinner we went to the grave, accompanied by Oscar Davis and family. The guest placed some flowers upon the monument, saying, "He was the best friend I ever had," and stepped away in tears. Recovering himself, he said: "You must excuse me." During the day he visited other members of the family, and all treated him with real hospitality. The circumstances called for their courtesy and kindness. Theirs was the philosophic acceptance that a soldier must obey orders.

Courteously Federal survivors are reminded, however kindly they may have felt, that, with the law to "execute between the hours of 10 A.M. and 2 P.M.," they need not have been so hasty as to have him on the way to the gallows at ten o'clock. Such haste was not necessary, and is not to their credit.

All efforts to secure a picture of Davis have failed; but a gifted sculptor, coming to Nashville for work upon the Tennessee Centennial Exposition, made a composite bust portrait of Davis, using photographs of his brothers, and taking poses from a sister, some of whose features were said to be much like his. With these guides and counsel from some gentlemen who well knew the dress and general outline of a Confederate soldier, the bust portrait was made which, whether a good likeness or not, so well represented the character that it gave great comfort to admirers of the hero.

R. B. Anderson, of Denton, Tex., who was a member of Shaw's Scouts, writes that Davis was captured under the bluff at Bainbridge (Ala.) Ferry, on the Tennessee River. When he realized that he must surrender, he threw his package of papers as far as he could into the river; but a Federal followed them down until they floated near enough for him to get them. This was told by the ferryman. Davis was taken to Pulaski by Lawrenceburg, at which place the captors divided, and one of the detachments captured Captain Shaw on the way, who claimed to be an "ex-surgeon of the Rebel army." After Shaw's capture, Alex Gregg was placed in command of the scouts.

Mr. Anderson states that on April 9, the date of Lee's surrender, he was passing General Wheeler's headquarters, when he was hailed by "an emaciated old man," whom he soon recognized as Captain Shaw. This was soon after Shaw's exchange, and Mr. Anderson adds: "I could not help shedding tears when he told me how Sam Davis died to save his life, and how he pleaded with him to save his own by telling. Davis replied to Shaw, moreover, that if he should tell 'Dodge would murder them both.'"

After the war Captain Shaw returned to Tennessee and reengaged in steamboating, taking John Davis with him, the father of the Davises, John and Sam supplying largely the money to buy the boat. In an explosion soon afterwards on the Mississippi River the loss was total, while Shaw and Davis were of those killed outright.

Tributes to the Hero.

It is now several years since the heroism of Sam Davis became a theme in the Veteran. Much has since been learned. Mr. John C. Kennedy, a friend of the family, went to Pulaski, accompanied by Oscar Davis, a younger brother of Sam, secured the body, and brought it home. He told of the deference paid him on his mission by the provost marshal at Pulaski, of the voluntary offer of Federal soldiers to exhume the body, and how reverently they stood by the grave, their assistance not being necessary. He told of the special order given at Columbia by the commander of the post to have a ferryboat transfer his team, and how the Federal soldiers there volunteered to ease the wagon down an embankment, and, putting their shoulders to the wheels, pushed it up the steep grade across the river, and how they walked away in silence with uncovered heads as he turned to thank them.

A Federal officer gave a succinct account in the Omaha Bee of April 13, 1895, of Davis's heroism, and recites that when the offer was sent to him at the gallows "the boy looked about him—he was only twenty-one years old, and life was bright and promising. Just overhead, idly swinging back and forth, hung the noose; all around him were soldiers, standing in line, with muskets gleaming in the bright sunshine; at his feet was a box prepared for his body, now pulsing with young and vigorous life; in front were the steps that would lead him to a sudden and disgraceful death, and that death it was in his power to avoid so easily. For just an instant he hesitated, and then the tempting offer was pushed aside forever. The steps were mounted, the young hero stood on the platform with hands tied behind him, the black hood was pulled over his head, the noose was adjusted, and the drop fell, * * * and thus ended a tragedy wherein a smooth-faced boy, without counsel, standing friendless in the midst of enemies, had, with a courage of the highest type, deliberately chosen death to life secured by means he thought dishonorable." And that Federal officer added: "Of just such material was the Southern army formed."

Gen. G. M. Dodge paid tribute to Sam Davis through a letter of several columns in the VETERAN, and inclosed his check for $10 for the monument. He gave a history of the conditions in the department under his command and then of Davis's extraordinary courage, concluding with the following: "I appreciate fully that the people of the South and Davis's comrades understand his soldierly qualities and propose to honor his memory. I take pleasure in aiding to raise the monument to his memory, although the services he performed were for the purpose of injuring my command, but given in faithfully performing the duties to which he was assigned."

THE SAM DAVIS OVERCOAT.

Rev. James Young, to whom General Dodge referred in his letter as chaplain in the Federal army, and Sam Davis were much attached to each other. In a letter to the VETERAN May 22, 1897, he wrote a description of the overcoat, in which he said: "Before we left the jail he gave his overcoat to me, requesting me to keep it in remembrance of him." In a subsequent letter the venerable clergyman stated that, while still appreciating the gift, he regarded "the remembrance fairly fulfilled," and added: "I am in my seventy-third year, and cannot reasonably expect to care for it a great while longer, so you need not return it. I have cut one of the small buttons off the cape, which I will keep. The night before the execution Mr. Davis joined with us in singing the well-known hymn, 'On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,' in animated voice." Chaplain Young died a few weeks after sending the coat. He had used it to cover his children in winter.

The overcoat was received just as the Nashville Daughters of the Confederacy opened their first meeting in Ward Seminary (U. C. V. Reunion headquarters); and when they had recited the Lord's Prayer in unison, the recipient of the coat called attention to what he wished to show them, stating that he did it at once as a fitting event to follow "that prayer." Miss Mackie Hardison, Assistant Secretary of the Chapter, wrote in the minutes: "When it was shown, every heart was melted to tears, and there we sat in that sacred silence. Not a sound was heard save the sobs that came from aching hearts. It was a time too sacred for words, for we seemed almost face to face with that grand and heroic man, the noblest son of the South and our own Tennessee. Never have we seen hearts melted so instantaneously as were these the instant this treasure was revealed. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, with one accord we wept together; and then Mr. C—— quietly stole away, taking this sacred relic with him. It was some time before we could resume business and hear the minutes of the previous meeting."

This coat, now at the VETERAN office—in a cedar case furnished by generous W. B. Earthman—was procured by Oscar Davis only a few days before the capture from a deserter of the Union army, and it had been dyed by the mother.

This sketch must be concluded with the merest mention of a memorial service held at the Davis home, attended by some fifteen hundred persons. One-third of the assembly went from Nashville on a special train. The service consisted of sermons, songs, and addresses—all appropriate.

Announcement, after much reflection, to undertake the erection of a monument to Sam Davis resulted in quick and cordial approval from all sections, North as well as South, and there has been already subscribed over $4,000.

GENERAL DODGE'S LETTER IN FULL.

NEW YORK, June 15, 1897.

Editor Confederate Veteran: In fulfillment of my promise to give you my recollections of Samuel Davis, who was hanged as a spy in November, 1863, at Pulaski, Tenn., I desire to say that in writing of matters which occurred thirty-four years ago one is apt to make mistakes as to minor details; but the principal facts were such that they impressed themselves upon my mind so that I can speak of them with some certainty.

When General Grant ordered General Sherman (whose head of column was near Eastport, on the Tennessee River) to drop everything and bring his army to Chattanooga, my corps, the 16th, was then located at Corinth, Miss., and I brought up the rear. General Grant's anxiety to attack General Bragg's command before General Longstreet could return from East Tennessee brought on the battle before I could reach Chattanooga. General Grant therefore instructed General Sherman to halt my command in Middle Tennessee and to instruct me to rebuild the railway from Nashville to Decatur. The fulfilling of this order is fully set forth by General Grant in his memoirs.

When I reached the line of the Nashville and Decatur Railroad, I distributed my troops from Columbia south toward Athens, Ala. I had about ten thousand men and eight thousand animals, and was without provisions, with no railroad or water communication to any basis of supply, and was obliged to draw subsistence for my command from the adjacent country until I could rebuild the railroad and receive my supplies from Nashville.

My command was a part of the Army of the Tennessee, occupying temporarily a portion of the territory of the Department of the Cumberland, but not reporting or subject to the commander of that department.

Upon an examination of the country I found that there was an abundance of everything needed to supply my command, except where Sherman's forces had swept across it along Elk River. He wrote me: "I do not think that my forces have left a chicken for you." I also found that I was in a country where the sentiment of the people was almost unanimously against us. I had very little faith in converting them by the taking of the oath of allegiance. I therefore is-

sued an order, stating the products of the country I required to supply my command, and to all who had those products, regardless of their sentiments, who would bring them to the stations where my troops were located I would pay a fair price for them; but if I had to send and bring the supplies myself that I should take them without making payment, giving them only receipts; and also issued instructions that every train going for supplies should be accompanied by an officer, and receipt given for what he took. This had a good effect, the citizens generally bringing their supplies to my command and receiving the proper vouchers; but it also gave an opportunity for straggling bands to rob and charge up their depredations to my command. This caused many complaints to be filed with the Military Governor of Tennessee and the department commander of the Army of the Cumberland.

Upon investigation, I found that most of these depredations were committed by irresponsible parties on both sides, and I also discovered that there was a well-organized and disciplined corps of scouts and spies within my lines, one force operating to the east of the line, under Captain "Coleman," and another force operating to the west, having its headquarters in the vicinity of Florence, Ala. I issued orders to my own spies to locate these parties, sending out scouting parties to wipe them out or drive them across the Tennessee River. My cavalry had considerable experience in this work in and around Corinth, and they were very successful. They brought in many prisoners, most of whom could only be treated as prisoners of war. The 7th Kansas Cavalry was very efficient in this service, and they captured Samuel Davis, Joshua Brown, —— Smith, and General Bragg's chief of scouts and secret service, Capt. H. B. Shaw—all about the same time. We did not know of the importance of the capture of Shaw.

Nothing of importance was found on any of the prisoners except upon Davis, who evidently had been selected to carry through to General Bragg the information they had obtained. Upon Davis were found letters from Captain Shaw (known as "Coleman"), the commander of the scouts to the east of us, and many others. I was very anxious to capture "Coleman" and break up his command, as my own scouts and spies within the Confederate lines were continually reporting to us the news sent by Shaw and his movement within my lines.

Davis was brought immediately to me, as his captors knew his importance. They believed he was an officer, and also knew he was a member of "Coleman's," or Shaw's, command. When brought to my office, I met him pleasantly. I knew what had been found upon him, and I desired to locate "Coleman" and ascertain, if possible, who was furnishing the information, which I saw was accurate and valuable, to General Bragg. Davis met me modestly. He was a fine, soldierly-looking young man, dressed in a faded Federal soldier's coat, one of our army soft hats, and top boots. He had a frank, open face, which was inclined to brightness. I tried to impress upon him the danger he was in and that I knew he was only a messenger, and held out to him the hope of lenient treatment if he would answer truthfully, as far as he could, my questions. He listened attentively and respectfully to me, but, as I recollect, made no definite answer, and I had him returned to the prison.

My recollection is that Captain Armstrong, my provost marshal, placed in the prison with him and the other prisoners one of our own spies, who claimed to them to be one of another Confederate scouting party operating within my lines. However, they all kept their own counsel, and we obtained no information of value from them. The reason of this reticence was the fact that they all knew Captain Shaw was one of our captives, and that if his importance were made known to us he would certainly be hung; and they did not think that Davis would be executed. One of the prisoners, named Moore, escaped.

Upon Davis was found a large mail of value. Much of it was letters from the friends and relatives of soldiers in the Confederate army. There were many small presents, one or two, I remember, to General Bragg, and much accurate information of my forces, of our defenses, our intentions, substance of my orders, criticisms as to my treatment of the citizens, and a general approval of my payment for supplies, while a few denounced severely some of the parties who had hauled in supplies under the orders. Captain Shaw mentioned this in one of his letters. There were also intimations of the endeavor that would be made to interrupt my work and plans for the capture of single soldiers and small parties of the command out after forage.

I had Davis brought before me again after my provost marshal had reported his inability to obtain anything of value from him. I then informed him that he would be tried as a spy, that the evidence against him would surely convict him, and made a direct appeal to him to give me the information that I knew he had. He very quietly but firmly refused to do it. I therefore let him be tried and suffer the consequence. Considerable interest was taken in young Davis by the provost marshal and Chaplain Young, and considerable pressure was brought to bear upon them by some of the citizens of Pulaski, and I am under the impression that some of them saw Davis and endeavored to induce him to save himself, but they failed. Mrs. John A. Jackson, I remember, made a personal appeal in his behalf to me.

Davis was convicted upon trial and sentenced. Then one of my noted scouts, known as "Chickasaw," believed that he could prevail upon Davis to give the information we asked. He took him in hand, and never gave it up until the last moment, going to the scaffold with a promise of pardon a few moments before his execution.

Davis died to save his own chief, Captain Shaw, who was in prison with him and was captured the same day.

The parties who were prisoners with Davis have informed me that it was Shaw who had selected Davis as the messenger to General Bragg and had given to him part of his mail and papers. I did not know this certainly until a long time after the war. I first learned of it by rumor and from what some of my own scouts have told me since the war, and it has since been confirmed confidentially to me by one of the prisoners who was captured about the time Davis was, and who was imprisoned with him up to the time he was convicted and sentenced, and knew Shaw also, as well as all the facts in the case. Captain Shaw was an important officer in General Bragg's secret service corps. He had furnished the important documents to Davis, but his captors did not know him and his importance. I sent Captain Shaw North with the other prisoners as prisoners of war. I learned that he was greatly alarmed when he was informed that I was trying to induce Davis to give me the information he had. This is where Davis showed himself a true soldier; he had been intrusted with an important commission by an important officer, who was imprisoned with him, and died rather than betray him. He knew to a certainty that if he informed me of the facts Shaw would be executed, as he was a far more important person to us than was Davis.

During the war I had many spies captured, some executed who were captured within the Confederate lines, and who were equally brave in meeting their fate. By an extraordinary effort I saved the life of one who was captured by Forrest. Through my efforts this man escaped, though General Forrest sized him up correctly. He was one of the most important men we ever had within the Confederate lines. Forrest was determined to hang him; but Major General Bishop Polk believed him innocent, and desired to save him.

Great interest was taken in Davis at the time, because it was known by all of the command that I desired to save him. Your publication bears many evidences of this fact. It is not, therefore, necessary for me to state that I regretted to see the sentence executed; but it was one of the fates of war, which is cruelty itself, and there is no refining it.

I find this letter bearing upon the case. It may be of interest. It was my first report to Maj. B. M. Sawyer, assistant adjutant general, Army of the Tennessee, notifying him of the capture of Davis:

"Pulaski, Tenn., November 20, 1863.

"I herewith inclose a copy of dispatches taken from one of Bragg's spies. He had a heavy mail, papers, etc., and shows 'Captain Coleman' is pretty well posted. We have broken up several bands of mounted robbers and Confederate cavalry in the last week, capturing some five commissioned officers and one hundred enlisted men, who have been forwarded. I also forward a few of the most important letters found in the mail. The toothbrushes and blank books I was greatly in need of, and therefore appropriated them. I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

G. M. Dodge, *Brigadier General.*"

The severe penalty of death where a spy is captured is not because there is anything dishonorable in the fact of the person being a spy, as only men of peculiar gifts for such service, men of courage and cool judgment and undoubted patriotism, are selected. The fact that the information they obtain is found within their enemy's lines and probably of great danger to the army is what causes the penalty to be so very severe. A soldier caught in the uniform or a part of the uniform of his enemy, within his enemy's lines, establishes the fact that he is a spy and is there in violation of the articles of war and for no good purpose. This alone will prohibit his being treated as a prisoner of war. When caught, as Davis was, in our uniform, with valuable documents upon him, such conditions seal his fate.

I appreciate fully that the people of the South and Davis's comrades understand his soldierly qualities and propose to honor his memory. I take pleasure in contributing to a monument to his memory, although the services he performed were for the purpose of injuring my command, yet given in faithfully performing the duties to which he was assigned.

Gen. G. P. Thruston, of Nashville, who occupied conspicuous positions as adjutant general in the Federal army during the war, and secured both the gratitude and esteem of noncombatants for his manly course, writes the following: "I inclose $25 for the Sam Davis Monument Fund. The example of this noble young Southern soldier should be kept in lasting remembrance. I wish also to commend and thank you for the spirit of justice and fairness with which you have always seemed personally disposed to treat the soldiers of the Union side in the Civil War in your valuable publication, the Confederate Veteran."

Rev. James I. Vance, in sending a check to the Sam Davis Monument Fund, writes: "As a Southerner and a Tennesseean I cannot allow such a memorial to Southern valor and sublime heroism to rise without some share in so noble an enterprise. You are speaking a stirring message of unfaltering devotion to duty in preserving to coming generations the fame and glory of Sam Davis."

Twenty-five dollars has been received from a gentleman now living in Chicago who, when a boy of fourteen, served as a militiaman in Mississippi in 1864. He prides himself that he is a "regularly ordained veteran," and is a member of the Isham Harris Camp, at Columbus, Miss.

Bill Arp's Tribute to Sam Davis.

When we were schoolboys one of the questions that was discussed in our debating society was: "Is There Such a Thing as Disinterested Benevolence?" The affirmative side generally gained the victory, and ought to, though it must be admitted that selfishness is at the bottom of many acts of charity and pretended friendship. Indeed, disinterested benevolence is so rare that when a well-authenticated case occurs it is talked about and gets in the newspapers. In the olden times it became a matter of history, and has come down to us like the parable of the Good Samaritan and the story of Damon and Pythias. Indeed, if our lamented soldier boy, Sam Davis, who died rather than betray a friend, had lived in Roman times, he too would have come down to us as a sainted hero. There are Knights of Damon and Knights of Pythias, and there ought to be Knights of Sam Davis.

Parental love, fraternal love, conjugal love are not to be counted in these historic incidents. Such love is to be expected from those relations. That goodness of heart which prompts a man to befriend those who are no kin to him and from whom he expects no reward is disinterested benevolence. Samuel Davis was the highest type of loyalty to friendship that history makes any record of. Pythias was condemned by Dionysius to suffer death for a crime of which he was guilty. He begged for a short respite to go home and arrange his family affairs, and Damon took his place in prison and agreed to die for him if he failed to return. But he did return, and Dionysius was so impressed with admiration for their love for each other that he pardoned Pythias and became the friend of both. But Samuel Davis had no friend to take his place. * * *

Mr. Lincoln would have pardoned Sam Davis if he had known of it. I wish that every boy in the Southland knew of the sad yet glorious death of this hero at Pulaski. Tennessee has a State history. If not already, it should be recorded in the next edition. My good friend, Sumner Cunningham, has done all he could to make it historical in the Veteran and to have a noble monument erected to his memory. It is a comfort to know that many Federal soldiers and many big-hearted people from the North have contributed largely to it.

Comrade Noel's Tribute to Sam Davis.—I have often thought to write and convey to you my appreciation of your noble and grand effort, not so much in history making as in its preservation and truthful narration. In being the chief factor in the building of the monument to young Davis, you have done more to bring before the great American people a character that is likened unto none ever referred to by any history since the days of Zerubbabel, who would have given up his life as young Davis did rather than to have betrayed the

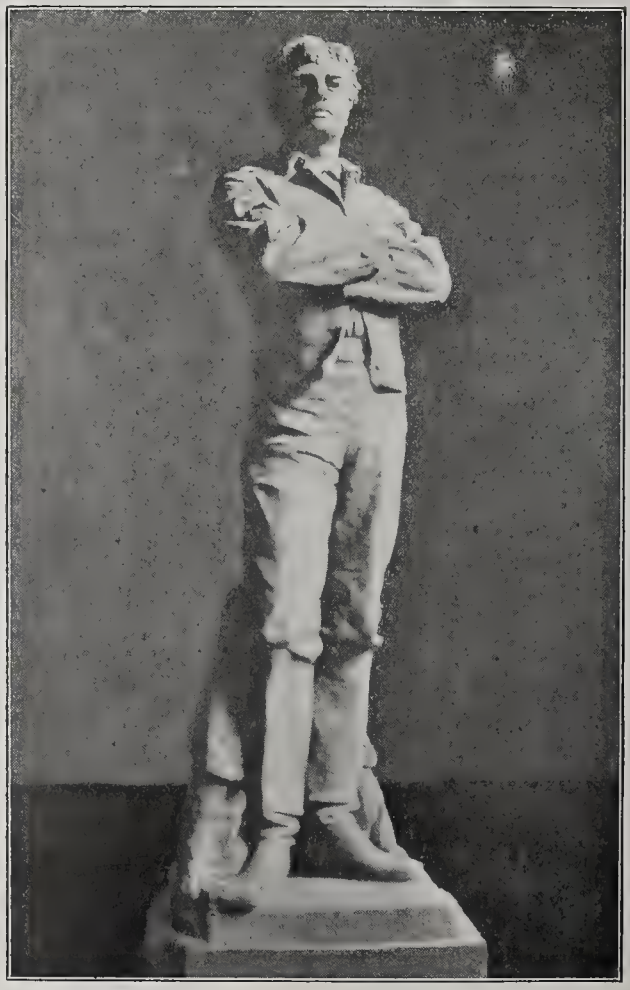
trust reposed in him. No character in the War between the States is by half so grand and noble as that which led young Davis to the losing of his life.

THE BOY HERO OF THE WAR.

And lo! thy matchless boy, O Tennessee!
With pinioned arms beneath the gallows tree,
Looked forth, unmoved, into the wintry skies,
The nut-brown ringlets falling o'er his eyes;
He, by kind gaolers, had been oft implored:
"Speak but one word! To freedom be restored!"
The lifted signal, "Hold," the messenger cried;
And, springing up, stood by the hero's side.
"My boy! This bitter cup must pass you by!
Too brave, too noble, and too young to die!
Your mother, father, sisters—when they learn—
Even now, perhaps, they wait your long return.
Speak but one word—the real culprit's name!
'Tis he should bear this penalty and shame.
Live for your mother! Think a moment how"—
"Not with the brand of fraud upon my brow!
I and the 'culprit,' true, might both go free;
The broken pledge would haunt not him, but me.
How light soever what promise man may make,
Should be kept sacred for his honor's sake!
My mother!"
(And choking back the sob, but half concealed,
His head drooped low! At last must nature yield?)
"My mother!" flashed again the tear-dimmed eyes.
"At her dear knees she taught me how to die!
Her loving heart would be too sorely pained
If to her lips were pressed her boy's with falsehood stained."
"My brave, brave boy," the pleader spoke again;
"A boy in years, but worth a thousand men
Like him for whom, the coward, traitor, knave,
You'd lay your own brave, young life down to save.
Speak out! Life is so sweet! Be free once more!"
"I never knew how sweet life was before!
Still—words are useless, General, but forgive—
You're kind; yet if I had a thousand lives to live,
I'd give them all ere I could face the shame
And wear, for one hour, a base, dishonored name."
The die was cast! Our tears were idle tears
For him, who gave one day and gained a thousand years!
Centuries on centuries shall go circling by,
But still he is not dead! SAM DAVIS cannot die!

The Nashville Christian Advocate of back date: "Whoever rescues from oblivion the name of a noble man performs a service to humanity. We therefore commend with all our heart the effort now making by Mr. S. A. Cunningham, of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, to raise sufficient funds for building a monument to that gallant Tennessee boy, Samuel Davis, who was hanged by the Federal authorities at Pulaski during the great war. Detailed by General Bragg to act as a scout in Middle Tennessee, Davis was captured after he had accomplished his purposes, and, on being searched, was found in possession of important drawings and other military papers. A court-martial was summoned, and he was tried on the charge of being a spy, and sentenced to death. So deeply impressed, however, was General Dodge with the manliness and straightforwardness of the beardless soldier that he offered to cancel the sentence and send him to the Confederate lines under a safe escort on one condition: that the names of the persons who had furnished the contraband information should be given up. This was a terrible temptation to put before one so young and so full of life and hope. Davis, however, not only declined to accept his release on any such terms, but also expressed a sense of indignation that he should be asked to betray the secrets that had been confided to his keeping. Even on the scaffold General Dodge renewed the proposition, and urged its acceptance, but was met with the same unyielding spirit. In recent months the General has written most warmly of the high and steadfast courage that Davis displayed, and many other Federal soldiers who were conversant with the facts and witnesses of the execution have also borne witness to the sublimity of the action by which the promise of life was thrust away without the quiver of a muscle, because it involved the sacrifice of personal honor. Mr. Cunningham has already received about two thousand dollars, the most of it in small sums from old Confederates, but some from Federal soldiers. In due time we may look to see a proper monument of the stainless young hero set up in the capital city of Tennessee, to teach our young men forever that it is better even to die rather than prove false to a trust."

The editor of the VETERAN had a conference with Lieutenant General Schofield, commander of the United States army, on this subject, and he said that it was "not because there is anything dishonorable in the acts of a spy; that only men of courage, fine judgment, and undoubted patriotism are ever selected as spies. It is the great danger to an army that causes the penalties to be so severe. The garb of a spy will not save him from the severe penalties, although it is in his favor to be in the uniform of his army."



FROM MODEL DESIGN OF THE SAM DAVIS STATUE.

RECORD OF AN INFANTRY COMPANY.

[John J. Eaves sends from Chaseville, Tenn., this record of a company. Those who may know of errors in it will confer a favor by reporting. It is designated as the "Rank, File, and Roll of Company C, 33d Tennessee Volunteers (Col. Alexander Campbell), Strahl's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee." Nearly all of them are Kentuckians. When from other States, the fact is stated.]

Capt. W. F. Marberry. Wounded at Perryville. Served all through the war. Died at Austin, Tex.

First Lieut. J. N. M. Lynch. Died in Texas.

Second Lieut. R. A. Johns. Died at Corinth, Miss., after the war.

Third Lieut. J. B. Lassiter. Wounded at Chickamauga. Served through the war. Died near Pine Bluff, Ky.

First Sergt. J. C. Stubblefield. Died near Concord, Ky.

Second Sergt. J. A. Morris. Died at Murray, Ky., a few years ago.

Third Sergt. T. H. Sanders. Tennesseean. Lost leg at Perryville. Taken prisoner at Perryville and died in prison.

First Corporal J. T. Stubblefield. Lives at Fulton, Ky., now.

Second Corporal G. D. Parker. Lives near Brandon, Ky., or did a few years ago.

Third Corporal J. H. West. Was living at Mayfield, Ky., at last account.

Quartermaster R. A. Hutcherson. Died near Camden, Tenn., about ten years ago.

Ensign J. C. McCuiston. Died since the war.

J. N. Marberry. Tennesseean. Lived through the war and went to Texas. Think he is dead.

A. M. Brandon. Killed at Resaca, Ga.

C. M. Brandon. Moved to Missouri after the war. Do not know if living.

J. F. Brandon. Died since the war.

J. S. Bourland. Tennesseean. Died at Humboldt, Tenn., in 1862.

J. H. Brigham, Tennesseean. Lives Stewart County, Tenn.

M. M. Brigham. Tennesseean. Dead.

E. S. Bucy. Tennesseean. Dead.

W. W. Bucy. Tennesseean. Living at Concord, Ky.

J. E. Bucy. Tennesseean. Living in Henry County, Tenn.

J. M. Bucy. Tennesseean. Received wound at Shiloh, and think dead.

T. T. Bucy. Tennesseean. Wounded at Shiloh, and died.

J. L. Bucy. Tennesseean. Living in Henry County, Tenn., at last account.

E. P. Cook. Living in Texas at last account.

E. J. Cook. Dead. J. W. Cook. Dead.

T. T. Coleman. Killed near Conyersville, Tenn.

W. G. Coleman. Living in Missouri.

A. J. Elkins. Living in Lake County, Tenn., last known.

M. V. Elkins. Wounded at Chickamauga, and died since the war from wound.

James Elkins. Living in Lake County, Tenn., at last account.

O. H. Eldridge. Dead.

W. R. Eldridge. Living near Pine Bluff, Ky.

John J. Eaves. Wounded at Chickamauga on September 19, 1863. Still suffers from wound, but living yet.

T. F. D. Garret.

J. C. Forrest. Living at Fulton, Ky., at last account.

Foster Forrest. Wounded at Peachtree Creek, Ga. Living at Fulton, Ky., at last account.

W. H. H. Ferguson. Living in Texas.

F. M. Guil. Tennesseean. Dead.

T. H. Hasford. Moved to Missouri, and think living.

Bill Hazlerig. Living at Pierce Station, Tenn., last account.

W. B. Hodges. Captured at Murrfreesboro, and dead.

J. T. Hodges. Shot at Murfreesboro, and died from wound.

Ely Hodges. Living at Florence, Ala., at last account.

W. G. Hogue. Died at Columbus, Ky., of pneumonia.

W. P. Hubbard. Living at Mayfield, Ky., at last account.

Pink Jamison. Killed at Shiloh.

W. M. Kimbrue. Died at Macon, Miss., in hospital in 1862.

J. W. Kimbrue. Shot at Chickamauga, but living at Portertown, Ky.

B. F. M. Lasiter. Last account in Texas teaching school.

L. W. Lasiter. Living in Texas.

Jesse B. Lasiter. Shot at Chickamauga, and died from the wound after the war.

T. L. McCuiston. Living in Kentucky.

J. M. McGonagill. Tennesseean. Living in Henry County, Tenn., at last account.

R. S. Menifee. Died in Mississippi in 1861.

George Morgan. Tennesseean. Dead.

John Meador. Died in hospital at Jackson, Miss.

Buck Morton. Lives near Newburg, Ky.

G. W. Osborn. Killed at Perryville.

John Osborn. Lives in Missouri.

W. C. Outland. Killed at Shiloh.

Jack Overby. Died since the war.

J. A. Parker. Lives near Brandon, Ky.

Nat Pitman. Lives in Kentucky.

Robert Ramsey. Dead.

A. B. Sparks. Tennesseean. Lives in Henry County, Tenn.

G. N. Smith. Died in Texas since the war.

William Smith. Living in Texas at last account.

R. C. Stubblefield. Died in hospital at Jackson, Miss.

S. J. Stubblefield. Living at Pottertown, Ky.

J. B. Stubblefield. Lives at Fulton, Ky.

J. R. Stubblefield. Lives near Concord, Ky.

Pat Sheehan. Drowned since the war.

Cal Stilley. Died at Columbus, Ky.

William Stilley. Died at Columbus, Ky.

G. W. Strader. Lives near Concord, Ky.

Robert Sanders. Died at Corinth, Miss.

G. W. Thomason. Dead.

James Underwood. Wounded at Shioh, and died.

John Underwood. Killed at Perryville.

A. B. Underwood. Wounded at Shiloh, and died.

B. J. Wesson. Lives at Wingo, Ky.

William West. Killed at Perryville.

S. J. Waters. Lived in North Carolina at last account.

R. C. Waters. Dead.

W. V. Walker. Dead.

M. G. Walton. Lives in Texas.

Coleman Winchester. Tennesseean. Lives in Henry County, Tenn.

Clint Yates. Tennesseean. Living in Tennessee last account.

This company was made up at New Concord, Ky., and was mustered into service at Union City, Tenn., about August 1, 1861. It was disbanded at Greenville, N. C., at the close of the war.

This sketch is given as extraordinary in many respects. Not many have kept as complete a record as Comrade Eaves. It is important that these several company rolls be preserved and copies should be made.



JULIUS FREED.

Although born in a foreign land, Julius Freed espoused the cause of the South at the outbreak of hostilities, in 1861, joining the Washington Rifles, Company I, 15th Tennessee Regiment, at Memphis, Tenn. He fought gallantly to the end, coming home, like many others, with wasted fortune; but he took up his life again with great determination to win a name and place among his fellow-men, which was accomplished by his energy, push, and fair dealing. The most of his life was spent in Trenton, Tenn., where he succeeded in business as well as helping materially toward the welfare of the town, and was a good neighbor and friend. He died July 17, 1908, leaving a wife and eleven children—eight sons and three daughters.

WILLIAM H. LEWIS.

The Adjutant of Joe Kendall Camp, Warrenton, Va., reports the death of William H. Lewis, an esteemed citizen of Fauquier County, Va., and a prominent member and officer of the Camp. At the beginning of the war he entered the service of the Confederacy as a member of the Black Horse Troop, Company H, 4th Virginia Cavalry, and served with conspicuous gallantry until that eventful day at Appomattox.

When the Black Horse Camp was organized, soon after the war, he was elected Commander, serving as such for several years. At the time of his death he was Lieutenant Commander of the Joe Kendall Camp, one of the largest Camps in Virginia. In the organization and advancement of these Camps he manifested great interest.

As a citizen he was beloved by all who knew him. He represented the two counties of Fauquier and Loudoun with ability for several terms in the Virginia Legislature.

JUDGE JOHN O'STEEN.

Judge John O'Steen was born in Panola County, Miss., April 17, 1845; and died at Paragould, Ark., August 14, 1908. His parents were of Scotch descent, originally from Alabama. With his father Judge O'Steen went to Arkansas about 1859, and in 1862, when but seventeen years old, he enlisted as a volunteer for the Confederacy, joining Captain Adair's company at Jonesboro, and he served until the close of the war in Company B, Lyle's Regiment, Trans-Mississippi Department, and surrendered at Vicksburg in 1865.

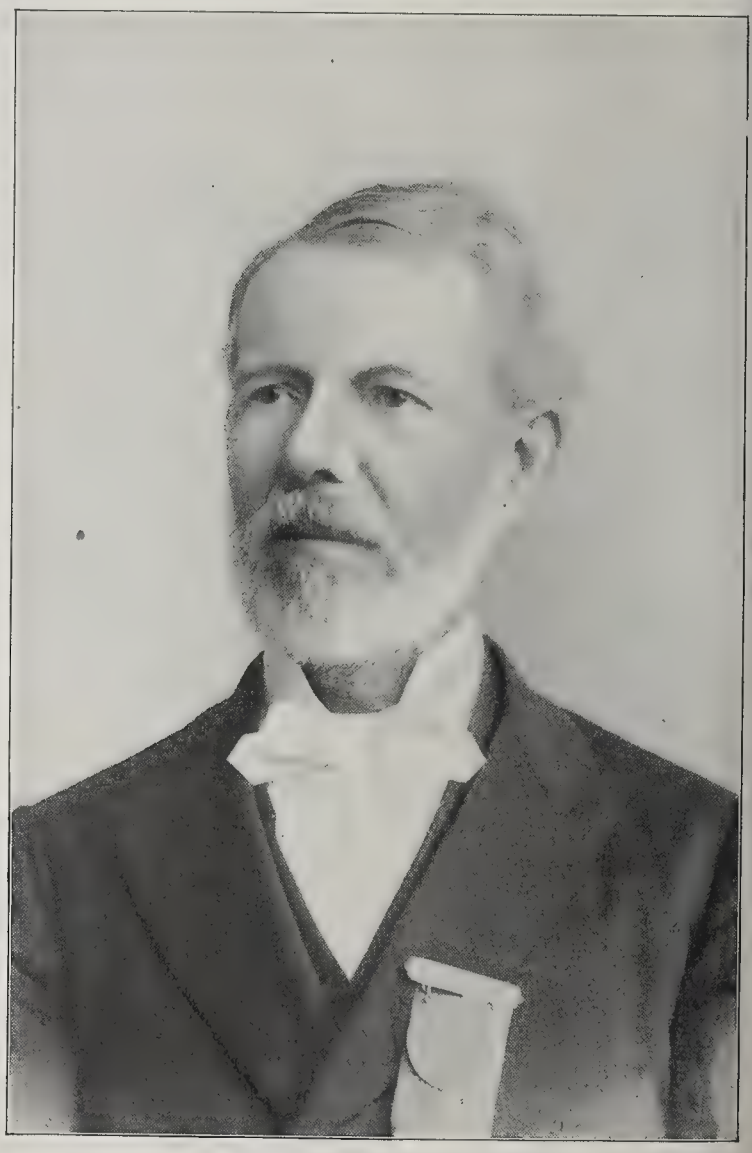
He settled in Greene County after the war, following his trade as a gunsmith in St. Francis township, which he served as justice of the peace from 1878 to 1882. He was elected county and probate judge in 1882, and reëlected in 1884 without opposition and for a third term in 1886. It was during his administration that the county site was moved from Gainesville to Paragould and the present courthouse and jail were built. Judge O'Steen was elected county and probate judge again in 1902 and 1904, and served as Mayor of Paragould from 1896 to 1898. He was prominent also in Church work and Masonry, having held almost every office in the lodge. His death occurred after a brief illness. He was married in 1870. His wife survives him.

MAJ. WILLIAM M. STRICKLAND.

Maj. W. M. Strickland, patriot and soldier, after years of suffering borne with that fortitude which characterized him in all the trials of a life whereon the shadows often rested, heard "the one clear call" on March 4, 1908, and went to "the Master of all good workmen" with a record of brave and fruitful service, valuable alike in war and in peace.

William Matthew Strickland was born near Raleigh, N. C., January 1, 1823. His father, Matthew Strickland, moved to Panola County, Miss., in 1837. Later Major Strickland went to Holly Springs, where he continued to reside for half a century, a citizen beloved and honored. He studied law with the late Judge James F. Trotter in 1847, and the following year entered the law office of Watson & Clapp, afterwards becoming the junior member of the firm of Clapp & Strickland. The early recognition of the talent of the young attorney by such men as Judge J. W. C. Watson, one of the leading chancery lawyers of the South, and Hon. J. W. Clapp, eminent jurist and Congressman, gave him foremost rank at the bar, a position which his ability and learning maintained thereafter.

When the dread war cloud burst over the Southland, Major Strickland responded at once to his country's call. Entering as a young sergeant in the Jeff Davis Rifles, a company in the first volunteer regiment of Mississippi, under Col. Christopher Haynes Mott, he rose rapidly in military service, and at the



MAJ. WILLIAM M. STRICKLAND.

close of the war bore the rank of major—promotions that speak at once for his valor and efficiency. He was a close friend of President Davis, whose guest and host he frequently was. When Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston was killed at Shiloh, the remains were placed in Captain Strickland's office at Corinth until sent to New Orleans for interment. They were later removed to Austin, Tex. Returning to Holly Springs, he resumed the practice of law, and won laurels for his thorough legal knowledge, honesty, and high purpose.

During the days of reconstruction, when tried and true men were needed as they were never before needed in the history of the South, Major Strickland was wise in counsel and quick in action, meeting with brave heart and patriotic devotion every trust imposed upon him. He was an enthusiastic party man, a Jeffersonian Democrat, prominent in all political measures and meetings in town and State. A recognition of the great brotherhood of man kindled his unselfish, enthusiastic interest in fraternal orders, conspicuous among them being the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, which in turn did him the highest honor within the State and beyond its borders. The Grand Master of Tennessee wrote: "He was as devoted and true a friend as ever clasped a hand. * * * I shall wear his memory near my heart as an inspiration to higher thought and better deeds."

In 1902 a decline in health removed Major Strickland from fields of activity and made him a quiet onlooker for six years before his earthly pilgrimage ended. Major Strickland was twice married. His first wife was Miss Martha Mildred Thompson, daughter of Dr. James M. Thompson. His second wife, who survives him, was Miss Janie Leake, daughter of Col. Francis Terry Leake, whose affluence, liberality, and devotion to the cause made him a potential force in the Confederacy. Major Strickland also leaves five children.

Such in brief is the record of a life which gave ready response to human needs and human service—an honorable heritage to wife and children.

In the more intimate circle of the home, where it was my privilege to know him, Major Strickland met as fully as any man I ever knew those sacred relations of husband and father. His watchful care was manifest everywhere, while his forceful personality was underlined with rare tenderness and sentiment. Such devotion called forth the respect and love it so well merited. Throughout his long and trying illness wife and daughter, possessing all those attributes that are admirable and charming in woman, were as ministering angels, while the sons bore faithfully the responsibilities that had fallen upon them. This devotion knew no weariness in good and in evil days—aye, "a growing and abiding love." Loyalty was a marked characteristic of Major Strickland—loyalty to his God, his family, friends, and country, and to all mankind a ready, responsive sympathy. His was essentially a religious nature, abounding in faith, hope, and charity. Though always a true and unquestioned follower of the Master, he did not enlist until the day was far spent, when he was baptized and confirmed in the Episcopal faith.

He solved the problem of life rightly, adjusting the prose to the poetry, the sordid to the spiritual, the common and selfish to the high and beneficent. Thus he realized the higher joy of living with a vivid sense of beauty and appreciation as one who stood ever for nobler and better things. A clergyman friend often entertained in his hospitable home writes this simple, forceful eulogy: "It is like the passing of Enoch or Elijah: 'he walked with God, and was not; for God took him.' His wonderful mind seemed so clear; his sweetness and beautiful serenity under his affliction were in a nature so full of vigor and action—simply a marvel. I know not when anything has ever taken hold upon me as the rugged, heroic, polished strength, combined with gentleness, patience, and fortitude undaunted, displayed each day and each hour by this man whom I shall always account it an honor, a privilege, and an inspiration to have known." B. J. G.

Dr. John T. Irion.

On August 9, 1908, at the ripe age of seventy-one years, after a prolonged illness borne with fortitude and patience, Dr. John T. Irion, physician, minister of the gospel, journalist, Mason of high rank, and brave Confederate soldier, "passed over the river" mourned by a host of friends. His funeral at the Methodist church, of which he was a member for over fifty years, was one of the largest ever held in Paris. For years he was a distinguished minister in the Methodist Church.

Dr. Irion was a man of unusual ability and attainments. He was a deep thinker, a man of literary tastes, and a ready and forceful writer. For fifteen years he was editor of the Paris Post-Intelligencer. He was an enthusiastic Mason, and was from 1880 to 1882 Past Grand Commander of the Masons of Tennessee, and later was Grand Lecturer three years.

No braver or better soldier ever wore Confederate gray; nor was any one more devoted to the loved cause. For years he was the beloved Adjutant of Fitzgerald Camp, 1284, U. C. V.

At the age of twenty-three he enlisted at Paris, Tenn., on May 21, 1861, in Company G, of the celebrated 5th Infantry Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers, which did valiant and hazardous service in all the Kentucky and Tennessee campaigns and in Georgia, winning a fine reputation for faithfulness and heroism. After Perryville it received honorable mention, and several times was commended by commanders for brave and brilliant service.



DR. J. T. IRION.

Dr. Irion was wounded at Perryville in the brilliant charge that General Cheatham made on Gilbert's army corps, destroying it as an organization. He was disabled for field service and was kept in prison at Louisville.

In May, 1862, Dr. Irion was elected captain of his company, and later was offered promotion as surgeon and again as major, but declined. In the Kentucky campaign he commanded his company, which part of the time formed the rear guard of Gen. A. P. Stewart's command.

He was appointed inspector of hospitals of his corps by General Polk, which position he held until failing health compelled him to resign November 15, 1863. A peculiarity of his service was that all the time he was on detail as surgeon he still held his position as captain of his company. He did not take the oath of allegiance to the United States until March 22, 1886.

Dr. Irion was married three times, and is survived by a wife and six children. He was a stalwart character, a safe counselor, a true friend. He was a friend "tried and true" to the writer of this little sketch, to whom it is a sad pleasure to pay this slight tribute.

[The writer of the foregoing is Mrs. Alexander B. White, former President Tennessee Division, U. D. C., of whom Dr. Irion requested proper notice in the VETERAN.]

CHARLES W. TEMPLE.

The Springfield (Mass.) Republican reports the death at the Farren Hospital in that city of Charles W. Temple, at the age of seventy. The Republican states that he went to a hospital in New York some time ago and submitted to operations for the removal of cancers in the throat and on the tongue, but obtained no permanent relief.

Mr. Temple was a native of Colrain. Being in Mississippi at the outbreak of the Civil War, he enlisted in the Louisiana "Tigers," and later served on the general staff of the Confederate generals, A. P. and D. H. Hill. In the battle of Gettysburg he served on the staff of Gen. Carnot Posey in Anderson's Division.

In 1875 he enlisted in the 8th United States Cavalry under Colonel Gregg, serving five years. For sixteen years he fought Indians under various generals, including Reno and Miles. In 1889 Mr. Temple went to the Philippines with the 22d Regulars, and reënlisted after the expiration of his first enlistment. He was mustered out at Fort Leavenworth October 18, 1904. When he retired, he was first sergeant. He came from fighting stock. He was never married. He leaves a brother, Dr. A. H. Temple, of Colrain, and a sister, Mrs. Helen Temple Brigham, of Elm Grove and New York, well known as an inspirational speaker.

JACOB VALENTINE GRINSTEAD.

J. V. Grinstead died recently at his home, in Lexington, Va., aged sixty-one years. He was a member of the Lee-Jackson Camp, U. C. V., and a prominent attorney of that city. He was a native of Abingdon, Va., the son of Benjamin Franklin and Catherine Ann Grinstead. When a mere boy he joined Smith's Battalion, Morgan's Brigade, serving as orderly sergeant until captured in October, 1863. He was sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, and was kept a prisoner until June, 1865.

Comrade Grinstead was a faithful Church member, and his loss is deeply felt in the community. He is survived by his wife and three daughters.

CAPT. WILLIAM BRAME FONVILLE.

Capt. William B. Fonville died at Hot Springs, S. D., November 21, 1907, of heart failure. His health had been impaired for about two years, but his friends were shocked by his death. Captain Fonville was a native of Bedford County, Tenn., born near Shelbyville February 13, 1833. He was engaged successfully in the mercantile business at Petersburg, Lincoln County, in 1861, when the men of Tennessee were called to arms, and he promptly enlisted. He was chosen captain of Company E, 41st Tennessee Infantry, and was captured at the siege of Fort Donelson. He was imprisoned at Camp Chase and later at Johnson's Island. In September following he was exchanged at Vicksburg, and in the reorganization of the regiment he was selected captain of his company, and was with it in the campaign in North Mississippi, Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Raymond, and later in the siege of Jackson. He was with his command in the battle of Chickamauga. At Missionary Ridge sometime afterwards he was captured and again sent to prison.

Captain Fonville was a vigilant disciplinarian, and prided himself in having a larger per cent of his men for duty than did any other company of the regiment.

After the war Captain Fonville engaged in the life insurance business, and was one of the most noted agents in the country. He resided in Kankakee, Ill., for some years after the war, but returned later to his native State, being an ardent Southerner and loyal to his people. He made his home in Nashville from 1887 to a few years ago, when he moved to Chicago.

Captain Fonville is survived by two sons and three daughters; also by a sister, Mrs. Ann O. Stone, of Fayetteville, Tenn. His wife died in the summer of 1906, and is buried in the family lot at Mount Olivet, Nashville.

JAMES C. JONES.

By an oversight in making up the forms for the June VETERAN a fine engraving of Comrade James C. Jones was omitted. (See page 293.)

Comrade Jones was an invalid and occupied a wheel chair for twenty-eight years. His father, for whom he was named, was one of the most eminent Governors in the history of Tennessee, serving two terms, and later was United States Senator. This son served in Col. W. F. Taylor's regiment of



CAPT. JAMES C. JONES.

cavalry as a private, was promoted for efficient service to lieutenant, and later was assigned to the staff of Gen. W. H. Jackson, of Forrest's command, as assistant adjutant general.

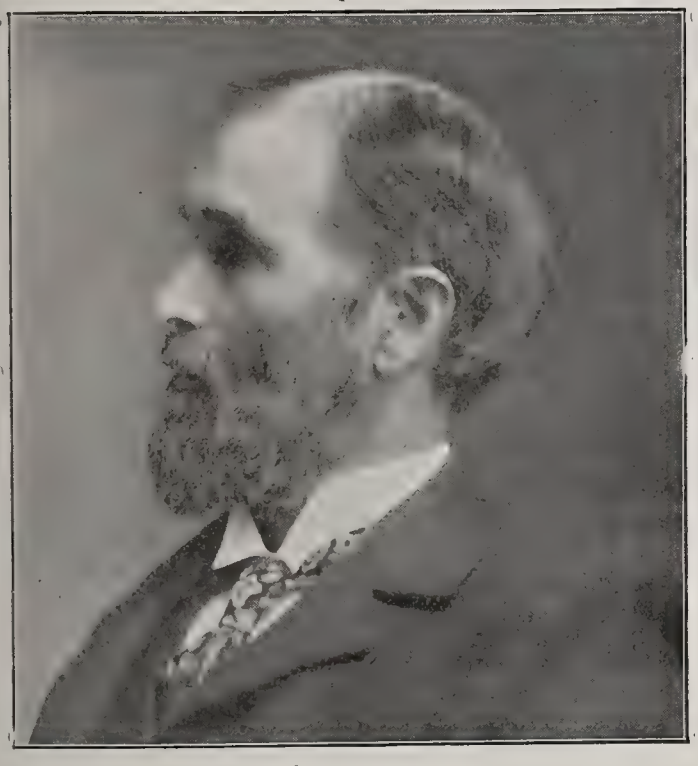
After the war he became a teacher, and later still was elected county register in Memphis. It is stated that he was the only register of Shelby County who ever succeeded himself in that office.

Invalid as was Captain Jones for many years, he was an eminent social favorite; and when staying at what he was pleased to call his "Mississippi home," where he had spent the summers since 1888, he was the charm of the young people in their social gatherings there, which were frequent. In 1877 he married Miss Alice Tate, who survives him.

Francis Marion Kelso.

"A Confederate Soldier" was the inscription requested for his tomb by F. M. Kelso, familiarly known to friends and kindred as "General"—a simple line that is full of meaning. Kind-hearted, true, and brave, he lived his life as a gentleman, always thoughtful of others, never self-seeking.

Francis M. Kelso was the son of Jefferson and Malinda Kelso, born June 29, 1842, in Lincoln County, Tenn. A



"GEN." F. M. KELSO.

friend writes that "as a boy he was kind, generous, lovable, always respecting the rights and privileges of others." He became a Christian in early boyhood, and lived that life consistently. In November, 1861, he became a member of Company B, 44th Tennessee Regiment, and was with his regiment through all its campaigns from Shiloh to Appomattox, and was present in every battle and skirmish in which it was engaged. He never asked for leave or indulgence at any time, believing that the few which could be granted should be enjoyed by fathers and husbands, and in every battle he was to be found where it raged most furiously, yet came out of the war unscathed. His courage and patriotism won for him the love and respect of his men and the implicit confidence and admiration of his superior officers. He was several times mentioned in Gen. B. R. Johnson's reports for gallant and meritorious conduct on the battlefield and recommended for promotion. His gallantry at Petersburg, where with fifteen others he captured twelve hundred of the enemy, has no parallel in history, save that of Captain Bell, reported in this issue of the Veteran.

Returning home at the close of the war, he contributed his share toward the restoration and upbuilding of the country. He represented his district twice in the State Legislature—an honor unsought. His love for old comrades had never grown less, and of late years his attention had been given toward securing pensions for those needing such assistance. In his last illness he sought to have a comrade of the war as his companion. He died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. R. L. Cunningham, in Knoxville, Tenn., on the 26th of November, 1907, and was buried at Rose Hill Cemetery, Fayetteville.

Dr. Hildreth H. Smith.

At the advanced age of nearly fourscore and ten years Dr. H. H. Smith died at his home, in Atlanta, Ga., September 14, 1908. Though a native of New Hampshire, he came South when a very young man, and he soon espoused the spirit of his adopted section. He began the practice of law in Baltimore; but through affliction of his eyes he abandoned the profession, and with a party of friends he went on a sailing vessel to the capes of South America and up to San Francisco. In 1849 he taught school in North Carolina. He was married in North Carolina to Miss Mary Brent Hoke, a sister of Maj. Gen. Robert F. Hoke. In 1854 he accepted a chair in the University of North Carolina, at Chapel Hill, which he held until the days of reconstruction, when negroes were admitted to the schools despite the protests of white people; so he resigned and established a school at Lincolnton, where his educational work was continued without the humiliating embarrassment that was then unavoidable at Chapel Hill. Later he went to Texas, becoming President of the State Normal School at Huntsville. He had much to do with the Peabody Educational Fund in organizing municipal schools under terms of the trust. Later for a time he taught at Shelbyville, Tenn., after which he settled permanently in Atlanta.

Dr. Smith was a man of most extensive learning and possessed a marvelous memory. He was an ardent secessionist. Surviving him are his wife, two sons (Gov. Hoke Smith and Burton Smith, son-in-law of General Gordon), and two daughters (Mrs. F. S. Whiteside, of Atlanta, and Mrs. Everett McAshen, of Houston, Tex.).

Dr. Smith had been a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church for about fifty years.

Van Buren Vinson.

Van Buren Vinson died at the family home, Houston, Tex., on August 27, 1908. The deceased was born at Franklin, La., on September 25, 1840, of a fine old Southern family, and throughout his long life he maintained the ideals of Southern manhood and the high traditions of his ancestry. He served the South well, there having been no truer soldier in the Confederate army. He was of the first company, the Washington Artillery. As a citizen he ever cherished the memories of that heroic struggle of the Southern soldiery and people. He was a devoted member of Dick Dowling Camp, and the Camp attended the funeral in a body.

He leaves a wife and two sons (David and Carroll Vinson) and two brothers (B. F. and Soule Vinson). His death was due to a stroke of paralysis about three weeks previous.

The funeral was conducted from the residence by Rev. T. J. Windham, of Trinity Episcopal Church. The following citizens were chosen as pallbearers: B. B. Rice, J. R. Waties, James Adair, Phillip Fall, Leonard Abercombie, June Cox.

Ritch.—Andrew J. Pickett writes from Shopton, Ala.: "A. S. Ritch, of Company E, 60th Alabama Regiment, died August 2, 1908, eighty years old, leaving a wife, two daughters, and one son. He was a brave soldier and a good citizen."

Robert Brank McLean.

Robert Brank McLean was born at Greenfield Place, Flat Rock, Tenn. (near Nashville), September 5, 1883; and died near Waverly, Tenn., on the 17th of July, 1908, having nearly completed his twenty-fourth year. He was a son of Charles Andrew McLean, of Flat Rock, Tenn. To the sorrowing father, mother, sister, and brothers the many tributes to this worthy young man, passing so suddenly in his youth, are a solace in the midst of desolation. A few are here given:

"Your sorrow is overshadowing many homes, and hearts are bleeding with yours and longing to share your burden. How proud you must feel that God lent you such a treasure! And now can't you give it back to God? Try to realize that he means only good. I have heard nothing but the kindest things of dear Brank, and never saw him without feeling the deepest admiration and regard for him. Truly he hath left a good name."

"There was never a more noble, manly, Christian boy, devoted brother and son; and knowing his worth on earth, we should not be surprised or grieved because God was ready to welcome him to the happy home he won by his many good and noble deeds here."

Dr. W. F. Tillett, of Vanderbilt University, wrote to a member of the family: "It was worth much to you to have a brother whose character and reputation in a community were such as he had earned."

Another who knew him well said: "What a comfort the memory of your dear boy will ever be! Nothing in his short manly life you would blot out."

"You have my deepest sympathy in the loss of one of the best boys in the world."

"He has been crowned among those who deserved many stars."

"I prized his friendship more than I can tell you, and I am glad that I knew him."

"I have been in your home enough to know what a kind son, brother, and grandson he was."

"What a blessed example his life should and will be to his younger brothers!"

"And surely there is no one who knew and loved Brank but has been made a little more tender, gentler, more loving, and more forgiving by his going."

"What a comfort it must be to think what a splendid man he was and that he was ready to go!"

"In time to come what a pleasure and satisfaction it will be to look back and remember what a perfect boy in every respect your dear Brank was!"

"He had such strength of character, was so noble and manly in all things."

With his application for the post office at Flat Rock this recommendation was sent to Washington: "He is rigidly honest."

He was a member of Woodbine Methodist Church, having joined in 1897, when he was fourteen years old.

This fine young man was not a Confederate; but his family on both sides, while largely of the old Whig party, were zealous for the cause of the South, regardless of sacrifice. He was connected with the postal service, and the funeral, occurring on Sunday, was largely attended by his associates from the city.

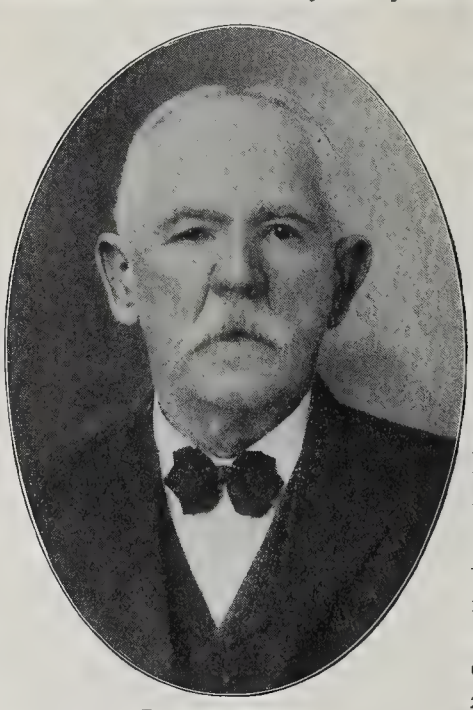
His home, from which the funeral occurred, was at Flat Rock, and formerly the residence of Wesley Greenfield, quite in the city now.

Here Gen. B. F. Cheatham established his headquarters as corps commander when the Confederate army confronted Nashville during the first two weeks of December, 1864.

[Mr. Greenfield being a kinsman, the editor of the Veteran enjoyed the comfort of his splendid home during that period—an unusual treat for him. Calling by there after the battle lines had been withdrawn late in the night, the venerable gentleman procured such food as he had and gave him some Confederate money, hoping it would do him "some good."]

James Richard Thomson.

James Richard Thomson, born near Russellville, Ky., in 1837, was an only child and early left an orphan. He was married when but twenty-two years old to Miss L. L. Edwards in January, 1860, removing with his wife and her sister to Navarro County, Tex. In 1862 he joined and helped to raise Company D, 20th Texas Cavalry, F. M. Martin captain and T. C. Bass colonel. He was elected lieutenant in 1863, and during the last year of the war commanded his company most of the time on account of the captain's ill health. Serving faithfully through the war, he was honorably paroled May 23, 1865. Just after the war he lived at Brenham, Tex., for a number of years, removing thence to Weatherford and then in 1896 to Wagoner, Okla., where he had lived since. He was a member of Camp W. L. Cabell.



J. R. THOMSON.

On the 31st of July he quietly and peacefully passed into eternal rest, survived by his wife, three sons, and five daughters. He had fulfilled the early promise of a useful life, and was well known and loved in his community.

George Wofford.

George Wofford was born in Georgia April 7, 1843. He volunteered as a soldier in the Confederate army in 1861, serving in Company D, 21st Georgia Regiment, which went at once to Richmond and was attached to the Army of Northern Virginia. During the four years of service he returned home but once. He was a cool and fearless soldier in all the great battles of his command, proving his absolute loyalty to Georgia and the South. Part of his service was under Gen. John B. Gordon. These four years of war in the Army of Northern Virginia filled up in a large degree the pleasures of his memory, and he liked to talk of his experiences. As one of the starved and ragged remnants of the Army of Northern Virginia he was at Appomattox, and sorrowfully stacked his gun in surrender because Lee said so. After that war he enlisted under the banner of Christ, and under his leadership he fought a good fight, kept the faith, and finally on the 4th of September, 1908, he stacked his arms of earthly warfare for the peace of eternity.

DR. H. M. FIELD'S "BRIGHT SKIES."

F. M. Farr, Adjutant Camp 708, Union, S. C., writes: "Dr. Field's volume, 'Bright Skies and Dark Shadows,' sent me by you, has been read with much interest and pleasure. To a veteran his vivid portrayal of the battle of Franklin gives a pleasure which only an old soldier can experience when some skillful narrator recalls to him the memory, mellowed by years, of the scenes of his former exploits. His sympathetic treatment of our Southern heroes and his appreciation of Southern scenery and character make the book a delight. As a contribution to the literature of the race problem his chapters on that vexed subject seem valuable from the spirit in which he has approached the question. To a lover of literature the book is pleasing from the charming style, the broad spirit of humanity, the liberal culture, and the good, hard common sense shown by the author. I consider it a valuable acquisition to my library, and hope that the feeling displayed in its pages may soon permeate both North and South."

This book by Dr. H. M. Field, the last of the four eminent brothers, the others being David Dudley, Cyrus, and Stephen J., is most accurately described in the foregoing. The price ($1.50) has been reduced to fifty cents, postpaid.

SPLENDID NEW JERSEY ESTATE.

PROPERTY ON LONG HILL ROAD, NEAR CHATHAM.

A magnificent place twenty-five miles from New York on the Lackawanna Railroad and Hudson River Tunnels (running time about fifty minutes) is offered for sale or exchange by Dr. Edward H. Hamill, a Confederate veteran, and since its organization the Medical Director of the Prudential Insurance Company. It is located one and a half miles from Chatham Station and about two miles from Summit, and is one of the most beautiful places in America. It consists of twenty-nine and a half acres beautifully situated on a mountain top overlooking Summit and the Passaic and Green River Valleys.

The grounds are most attractive, there being beautiful lawns, broad, winding, well-shaded macadam driveways, and many flowering shrubs, bushes, and plants.

From an orchard of some two hundred young fruit trees there is fine fruit in season. The large vegetable garden contains many varieties, including an asparagus bed and an abundance of small fruits.

The purest water is piped to all buildings and to hydrants throughout the grounds from an artesian well four hundred and thirty feet deep.

The property has large frontages on two avenues, and neighbors and surroundings are most desirable. The residence is modern and of cement stucco and timber construction. In the basement are a large splendidly equipped kitchen, servants' hall, laundry, boiler room, and storage room. On the first floor are the large hall, library, parlor, dining room, etc.; also an extensive octagonal porch, pergola, and sun porch. The second floor contains four commodious chambers, two modern tiled baths, large closets, etc.

The house is finished in hardwood throughout, including floors, has plate-glass windows, hot water heat, open fireplaces, double storm sashes and doors for winter, awnings and copper screens for summer.

The house, barns, and grounds are lighted by acetylene gas and are wired for electricity.

The carriage barn is large and constructed of the same material as the house, and will accommodate several horses, carriages, and three cows. A five-room apartment with bath is on the second floor. There are also a large hay and vegetable barn, corncrib, chicken house, engine house, garage, and two small buildings which could be used for servants' quarters.

The buildings are all new and in perfect condition, having been completed during the past two years. They were built and are now occupied by the owner, who must sell on account of failing health.

The property is one of the handsomest small estates in the State of New Jersey, is unencumbered, and title is guaranteed by the Fidelity and Trust Co., of Newark, N. J.

This property will be sold for $35,000, which is below actual cost, on terms satisfactory to responsible purchaser.

Address owner, Edward H. Hamill, M.D., Chatham, N. J.

[The editor of the VETERAN visited this magnificent place recently, and the memory of it all is that of one of the most charming homes ever seen. The realty was selected by the owner, who had lived in the vicinity for some years, and he secured the best of locations, and the improvements were all made for a home and not for sale. It is one of the highest spots in the vicinity of New York, and is surrounded by wealthy, refined people. It is well away from manufacturing industries, an ideal locality for those who desire the luxury of cultured country life and yet of easy access to the metropolis of the country. Seated in the "pergola," built of Portland cement—the same as the construction of a large pool in which were the finest goldfish—choicest cantaloupes, delicious peaches and grapes, all grown on the place, were enjoyed. The landscape in all directions is exquisite.]

"MY MARYLAND" AND OTHER POEMS.

The recent publication of the poetical works of James Ryder Randall, author of "Maryland, My Maryland," in book form has added another valuable volume to our literature. Randall's fame need not now rest on the fact that he had done one thing better than any one else. The work of compilation was a labor of love undertaken by two devoted friends of Mr. Randall's, Miss Lillian MacGregor Shepherd and Matthew Page Andrews, of Baltimore. The expense of publication was met by contributions secured through the efforts of Senator Whyte, while the proceeds from the sale of the volume are to go to the benefit of Mrs. Randall. The book was issued in April and has been well received, many favorable comments having appeared in leading journals. The reader will be delighted with the varied beauty of his composition, many of his poems equaling any of the shorter lyrics in English literature. Senator Whyte wrote the introduction to the volume; and though death intervened before the kindly hand had finished its friendly task, yet his great admiration for the poet and his genius is most fittingly expressed. Oliver Wendell Holmes once said: "My only regret is that I could not do for Massachusetts what Randall did for Maryland."

James Randall was a native of Maryland, and he never lost his intense love for the place of his birth, though circumstances compelled his residence far away from his State for many years. At the time of his death, in January, 1908, he was residing in Augusta, Ga., and from there supplied special articles to different newspapers in Baltimore and elsewhere. He had for many years been a resident of New Orleans, where the ties of friendship held him very close.

The book is published by the John Murphy Company, of Baltimore. Price, $1.50. Orders filled by the VETERAN.

"GENERAL LEE, HIS CAMPAIGNS IN VIRGINIA, 1861-1865."

As a member of the official household of General Lee from the beginning to the end of the War between the States, acting first as aid-de-camp and then as adjutant general on his staff, Col. Walter H. Taylor was doubtless in closer touch with our great General than any one during that period of strife, and therefore he is well prepared to give the history of his campaigns. Colonel Taylor will be remembered as the author of "Four Years with General Lee," published some thirty years ago with the special idea of "establishing the fact of the great numerical odds against which General Lee's army had to contened," and which was necessarily restricted largely to purely statistical matter. In this later volume he has given larger scope to his memoirs, especially of General Lee personally, and has endeavored to give such account of the different battles as will enable the reader to secure a fair idea of each, while the tediousness of detail is eliminated. The excellent maps of some of the more important battlefields add to the impressiveness of his descriptions. Colonel Taylor has made a most readable narrative of his reminiscences, and his close connection with the men and events of which he writes gives weight to all he says.

The book is dedicated to "The Noble Women of the South," who in their devotion and self-sacrifice made the achievements of the Southern soldiers possible. The mechanical make-up is excellent, good, clear type on good paper, well bound in cloth. See advertisement in this number.

A SOUTHERN ENTERPRISE.

The Magic Food Co., whose attractive advertisement appears in this issue, can be relied upon as one of the largest and most reliable concerns of Chattanooga.

The business was started sixteen years ago by I. C. Mansfield and W. T. Tyler, who are still connected with the active management.

These gentlemen are both Confederate soldiers, having served throughout the war with Lee in Virginia.

By honest, square, and capable methods they have built up an enviable reputation for their famous Magic Stock and Poultry Remedies until they are well and favorably known from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean.

They have been proved to be especially adapted to Southern climatic conditions, and for that reason are now largely used in the South.

Every Stock and Poultry Feeder should read this advertisement and write to the Company for further particulars.

They maintain a Veterinary Department, and will give advice, free of charge, to all who write them.

Some recent communications touching on the organization known as the "Sons of Liberty" or "Knights of the Golden Circle" induce the request for reliable data concerning the organization which had its base of operations in the Northwest. Especially is it desired to learn who of its members were responsible for any failure in plans or what outsiders discovered and frustrated the plans of the organization.

PRIZE BY ARKANSAS DIVISION, U. D. C.—In May, 1908, the Arkansas Division, U. D. C., offered a prize of twenty-five dollars in gold to the students of the State University for the best essay on the "Life and Character of Jefferson Davis." Quite a number entered the contest, but the prize was given to Mrs. R. S. Womack, of Bentonville.

Legal and Historical Status of the Dred Scott Decision.

BY W. R. EWING, LL.B., Att rney and Counsellor of the Supreme Court of the Unite d States; Author of "Northern Rebellion and Southern Secession," Etc.

This work is a history of the famous case, and a thorough judicial examination of the opinion of the court, together with a plain statement of the legal questions involved.

An unanswerable *vindication* of the *correctness, justness, and legality* of every point decided in that world-famous opinion read by Chief Justice Taney, of Maryland, March 6, 1857. The decision was made the excuse for dangerous

NORTHERN NULLIFICATION,

more rebellious and more extensive than ever known in the South, and *which became one great cause of secession.* So to save the North and incriminate the South the opinion was misrepresented, the court maligned, and vital error thrust into our history; and there it has long remained.

The decision "gave conspirators new confidence," said Sumner.

Taney covered "the most glorious pages of his country with infamy and insulted the intelligence and virtue of the civilized world," it was said in the *Atlantic Monthly.*

SUCH CHARGES ARE LEGION: LIKE ERROR IS YET TAUGHT

both to the children of the South and the North. Professor Pomeroy, for instance, says the decision is "a by-word and a hissing;" while Carson says "the infamy of that fatal blunder" and "the blood-stain on his ermine" must be carried by the Chief Justice to eternity.

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Dan W. Ward, of Juno, Ark., inquires the whereabouts of J. A. Kelley, who belonged to Company E, 3d Arkansas Regiment. When last heard from he was in New Orleans.

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Dr. A. C. Bennett, Vinson, Okla, who was in Gen. Sterling Price's command, Marmaduke's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department, wishes to correspond with some survivor of Company H, 44th Mississippi Regiment. This company was made up at Holly Springs, Miss., in 1861.

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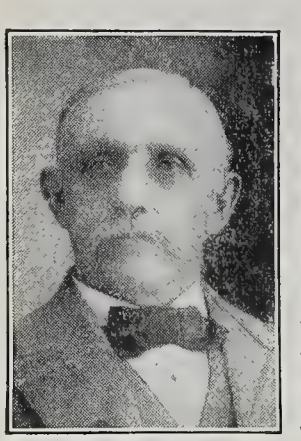
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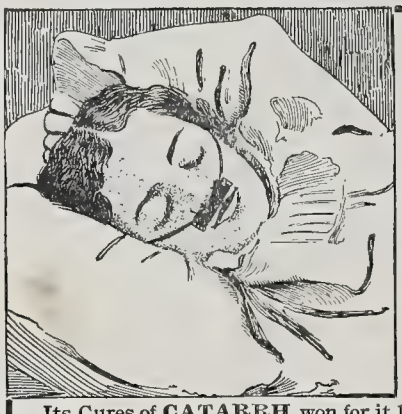
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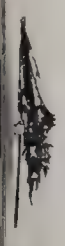
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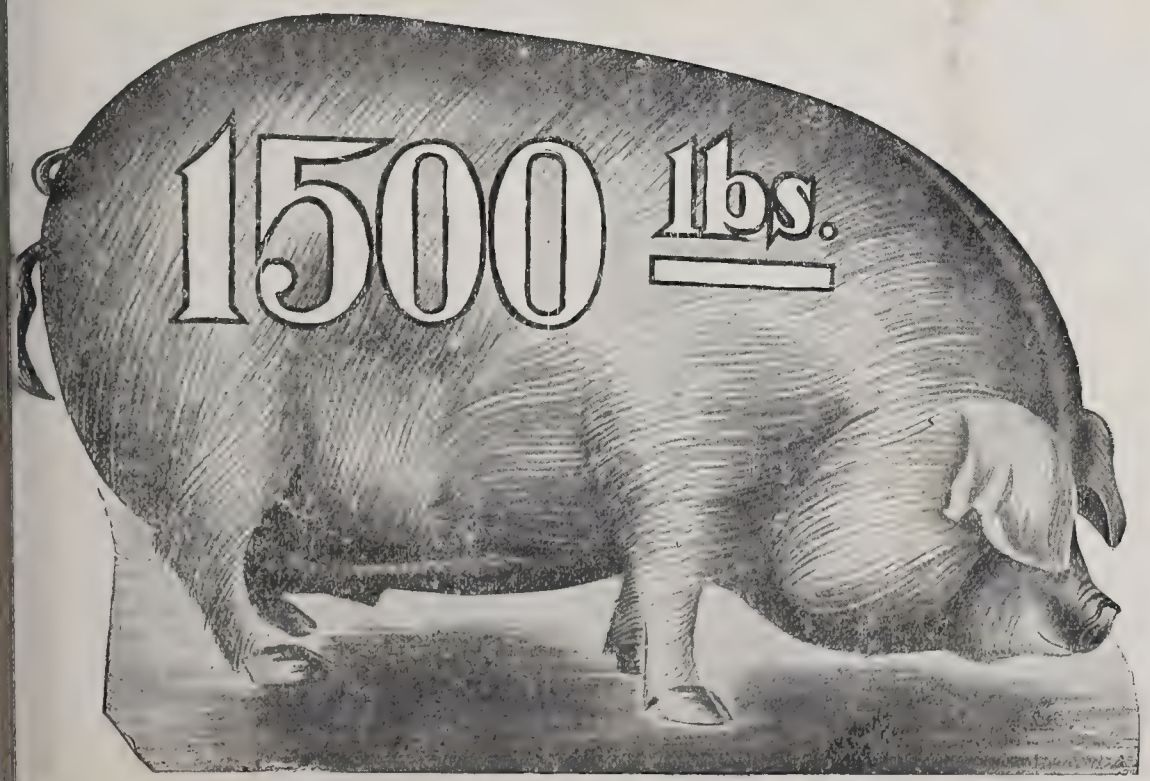
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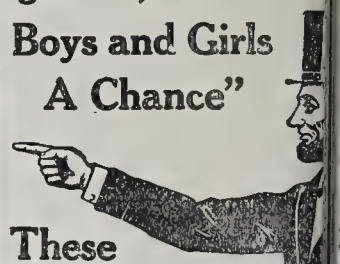
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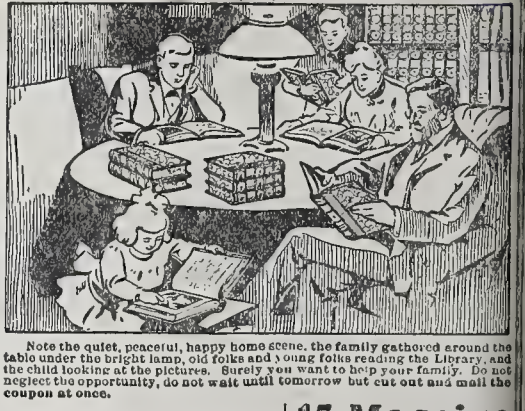
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Watch the starving line of patriots battling against the wealth and bullets of the mother country; **grasp the hand of Washington** at Valley Forge, walk through the snow with him and hear his cheering words to his shivering, ragged army; sit with him on his wide veranda and talk with him at Mt. Vernon; **follow the thrilling rise of our own republic** and pass through the dark days when brother was arrayed against brother. **Know the mighty rail-splitter, Lincoln,** as he was. **Stand beside Grant** at Vicksburg, or Meade at Gettysburg; hear the awful cannonading, and see the dashing lines cut to pieces. **See the valor and the courage of the gray,** through the very eyes of the indomitable Lee, **view all these thrilling events** as if the world were passing once more before your own eyes.

To own this history means you need never spend a lonely evening. It is ennobling to commune with the children of destiny. To be associated with great men and events is to be great oneself, and you will add to your store of knowledge, which is power, and to the richness of your life.

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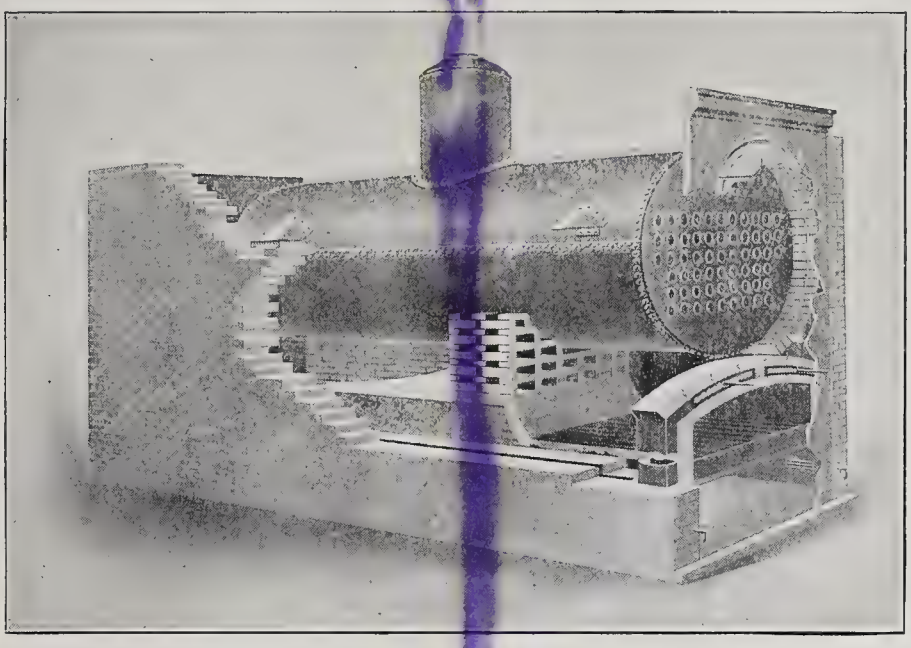
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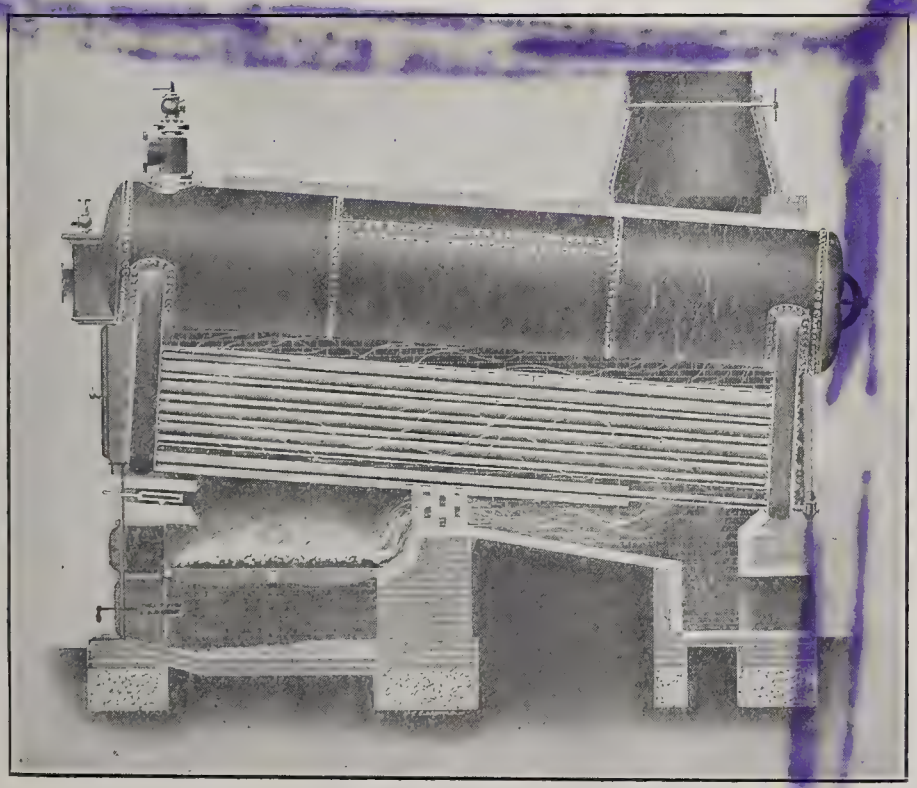
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VOL. XVI. NOVEMBER, 1908. NO. 11.



BIRTHPLACE, FAIRVIEW, KY. MARRIED MISS TAYLOR, NEAR LOUISVILLE. EDUCATED AT LEXINGTON.

REDUCED MEMBERSHIP CERTIFICATE, LESS THAN ONE-FOURTH SIZE

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Selected from Neale's Fall List

ORATORY OF THE SOUTH

BY EDWIN DuBOIS SHURTER

Author of "Science and Art of Debate," published by this house.

Professor Shurter is in charge of The School of Public Speaking at the University of Texas. He is an authority on the history and development of oratory in America, and especially that of the South, and his book is devoted to Southern oratory from the close of the War between the States to the present time. This is the first of a series of similar volumes, to be issued from time to time, and the plan of bringing out this series had its inception in the fact that the current oratory of the South has been little exploited. As Professor Shurter says in his Preface: "While in books of oratorical selections we find represented noted Southern authors of the past, . . . since the Civil War, with the exception of Grady, public speakers of the South have received scant recognition. This certainly is not due to lack of material, for the new problems of liberty, education, and government that have arisen in the South . . . have brought forward their champions and expounders." The author's aim being to give these latter-day speakers a fair representation, each selection in "Oratory of the South" is preceded by a few lines of introduction relative to the speaker, and the occasion and circumstances under which the oration was delivered. This first volume of the projected series contains nearly a hundred selections, and among the orators represented are Henry W. Grady, Stephen D. Lee, John Sharp Williams, David A. DeArmond, Richmond P. Hobson, Henry Watterson, W. C. P. Breckinridge, Edward W. Carmack, John W. Daniel, Champ Clark, Fitzhugh Lee, William Gordon McCabe, Isador Rayner, Emory Speer, Albert H. Whitfield, General Joseph Wheeler, Charles B. Galloway, and Cardinal Gibbons. Large octavo; $3 net; postage, 20 cents.

TWO KENTUCKY NOVELS

Beyond the Blue Grass

By George Creswell Gill.

Ginseng County, beyond the famous Blue Grass region—a succession of hills and bowlders and miniature canyons and sparkling streams, where the rarest wild flowers grow and the sunsets are glorious; where the people live as their great-grandfathers lived, where the mail is carried on horseback, and comes twice a week in favorable weather; where the houses are built of hewn logs, the women weave their own linsey-woolsey, and the men talk politics of two decades ago. The story of the way Ginseng County threw off the lassitude of generations, its complacent acceptance of the traditional, is written here. Mr. Gill knows the people; he knows the mountains, their beauty, their moods, their secrets. 12mo; postpaid, $1.50.

The Heart of Kentucky

By Mrs. H. D. Pittman.

In the year 1825, when Kentucky was almost rent in twain by two political factions, the Attorney-General was killed at his own door by a midnight assassin (?), presumably a political adversary. History records no motive for the crime. Using this brief chronicle as a framework, Mrs. Pittman has written a forceful novel of absorbing interest. She is well known as the author of "The Belle of the Blue Grass Country." In her new book she mirrors the fine old days—if they be "the old days"—when that great heart beat for honor and courage, the honor of beautiful women and the courage of brave men, and love was an exalted thing, to be vindicated at the risk of all else. The spirit of old Kentucky is here; what else need be said? 12mo; postpaid, $1.50.

THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN

BY COL. R. W. BANKS

Capt. Co. D, 37th Miss. Consolidated Inf., C. S. A.; Lieut. Col. Commanding 3d Miss. Inf., U. S. Vol., Spanish-American War.

"The bloodiest engagement of the War between the States, November 30, 1864," says Colonel Banks. Indeed, the battle of Franklin was frightful, appalling, bloody, brilliant. For sheer gallantry, daring initiative, and sacrificial courage it has no superior, perhaps no equal, in all the brilliant and terrible battles of the War between the States. From a swift charge against fearful odds it grew to a hand-to-hand encounter in the dead darkness, a struggle in a steady hail of bullets—shouts, groans, commands, and, above all the tumult, the thrilling "Rebel yell"—courage and death and blind endeavor in one mighty uproar! John Fiske, the historian, writing of this battle, says, in part: "Again and again the Confederates renewed the attack with bravery and pertinacity almost incredible. But against the storm of grape and canister and musketry in front, with the enfilading fire of the batteries across the river, no human gallantry could stand. . . . When we bear in mind that the battle of Franklin began at four o'clock in the short afternoon of the last day of November, the destruction of life seems awful. . . . More than 8,000 men were killed and wounded—nearly 6,000 on the Confederate side, about 2,300 on the Union." Colonel Banks has done his gracious work with excellent effect. One can see it all—the early winter night gathering darker and darker, the flashes of fire spurting through the smoke, and young "Ed" Russell, now Major E. L. Russell, pressing forward, over the dead, over the dying, over trampled breastworks, past slashing bayonets, on, on, carrying his sacred flag, his heart aflame—on to "the inner breastworks," where he plants his colors, the dead all around! 12mo; $1.25 net; postage, 10 cents.

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TO THE PEOPLE OF THE SOUTH



LEE AND HIS GENERALS.

As owners of the three lithographs *in color*, all three copies of great paintings from the brush of George B. Matthews, a native son of Virginia, we make an appeal to our Southern brethren to assist us in placing them in every Southern home, so that to the younger generation as much as possible of the atmosphere of the past may be transmitted, and they may the more readily treasure the memories of a noble ancestry and of a sacred cause.

The first lithograph, "Lee and His Generals," is thus described by one of our Southern writers, Mr. Robert Watkins, of Alabama:

"A study of the picture will doubtless convince all who behold it that it is the greatest group portraiture ever produced in America. It required a study of each face, form, and character, with a scrutiny of the best photographs and portraits extant of each. That this undertaking has been accomplished in every phase and detail, with wonderful fidelity to nature in each portrait, and with marvelously effective ensemble, is the comment of all who have seen the picture.

"To uncover the head and stand in thrilled awe before this great presentment of these immortal warriors who wore the gray has been the instinctive act of every Southerner as he entered its presence. It fascinates and holds one who gazes upon it with enthralling emotions.

"What a host of memories it must invoke for the veterans who followed those leaders and obeyed their commands! Involuntary is the reflection that there was not one of the twenty-five about him but did not loyally, heartily, and devoutly give the laurel of transcendent greatness to the star of all the darkness of Appomattox. Of all the twenty-six, but one is living—General Simon Bolivar Buckner."

General Marcus J. Wright, the well-known Confederate veteran, has this to say of the painting and lithograph:

"Mr. W. B. Matthews.

"DEAR SIR: I have had the pleasure of seeing the original picture of 'Lee and His Generals,' painted by your brother, George B. Matthews. I regard it as one of the finest paintings I ever saw. His truthfulness of feature of all these great generals is most remarkable.

"I have also seen the lithographic copy of the great painting, which is a most striking and accurate reproduction of the original. I hope all Confederates will procure copies. [Signed] MARCUS J. WRIGHT."

"The Last of the Wooden Navy" is the only authentic picture of the first day's fight which changed the mode of naval warfare all over the world. It was a Southerner who conceived the idea of an ironclad, who built the first ship, and it was in Southern waters that the fight was fought. There are only 3,000 of these pictures remaining on hand to be sold.

Lieutenant Littlepage, of the C. S. Navy, has this to say of the "Last of the Wooden Navy:"

"It affords me pleasure to state that the painting recently made by your brother, George B. Matthews, of Virginia, entitled 'The Last of the Wooden Navy,' is a remarkably fine one, and gives a very excellent idea of that memorable engagement in Hampton Roads, on the 8th of March, 1862, when the Merrimac (the Virginia as she was first christened) engaged the U. S. fleet. Just the evening before the engagement I made a pencil sketch of the Merrimac, and the painting by your brother was made from this drawing. I personally supervised the painting as it progressed, and I believe it gives a very fair representation of the fight as it actually occurred. It may not be amiss for me to add that I was a lieutenant in the C. S. Navy, and was on board the Merrimac during the engagement.

"With the hope that the lithographic reproduction of this painting, which is exceedingly fine, may meet with a ready sale, I am, very truly yours, [Signed] H. B. LITTLEPAGE."

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The third lithograph was made from an oil painting made from the last photograph taken of Mr. Davis prior to his death, and is a very fine likeness of the great Confederate—the leader of the "Lost Cause." The original painting hangs in "Beauvoir," Miss. There are only 1,000 of these left. The prices of these pictures are as follows—viz.:

For "Lee and His Generals," 55 cents sent by mail in tubes; for "Last of the Wooden Navy," 55 cents; and for Jefferson Davis, 25 cents. To agents, the price is, in lots of twenty-five or more, for the first two, 25 cents each, and for Jefferson Davis, 15 cents.

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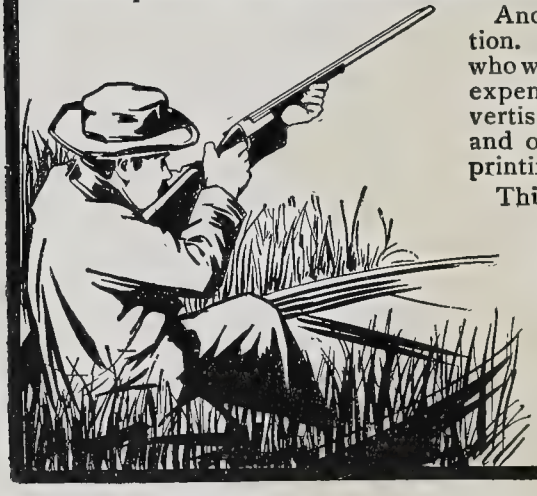
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C U V 1861-65

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Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. XVI. | NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1908. | No. 11. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR

JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION.

CONFEDERATES AND THEIR FRIENDS SHOULD CO-OPERATE.

VETERAN readers are familiar with the movement to purchase a sufficiency of the birthplace of Jefferson Davis for a memorial and a park. At Birmingham on June 10, 1908, the United Confederate Veterans accepted the responsibility of the purposes of the promoters of the scheme to procure the property indicated. General Buckner forcibly urged the Convention to acquire this memorable spot of Southern ground, and on motion of Gen. Bennett H. Young the Convention directed that a committee of fifteen be appointed of which the Commander in Chief should be chairman *ex officio,* and the following committee was appointed to coöperate with the subcommittee: S. B. Buckner, Bennett H. Young, S. A. Cunningham, H. C. Myers, W. A. Montgomery, K. M. VanZandt, V. Y. Cook, Stith Bolling, John H. Bankhead, T. W. Castleman, Basil W. Duke, Julian S. Carr, T. D. Osborne, J. P. Hickman, and J. H. Leathers.

The subcommittee has taken action by appointing S. A. Cunningham Vice President of the Association and giving him full authority to take active charge of the canvass for funds and the appointments of agents for canvassing, etc.

If Daughters of the Confederacy will make known their purpose to secure the premises made sacred for all time—and they will do the work eventually—each State member of the committee will be animated in its purpose.

This work must be taken in hand at once to secure the property desired at the very low prices designated in options. These low options were secured by Hon. W. B. Brewer, a patriotic representative citizen of Fairview, who unhappily died in October. The committee approves heartily and gratefully all that Mr. Brewer and others of Fairview have done in securing these options, and they appeal to every Confederate organization to be diligent to secure these lands. The options expire next April, and some of the more important ones cannot be renewed. Appeal is made to the United Daughters



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BIRTHPLACE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS, FAIRVIEW, KY. THE RESIDENCE AS IT APPEARED IN 1886, WHEN REPLACED BY A BAPTIST CHURCH.


To Elkton 9 M.
C. Presb. Ch.
To Trenton
9 M.
Todd County
Mill Street
Wade
House
Layton
Brewer
Humphreys
Carroll
McGee
Combs
Hunt
Lot Conveyed by
Jefferson Davis
To
Bethel Baptist Ch.
Church
Timber
Main Street
Yancey
Scattering
Doctor Woosley
Covered
School House
County
Line
6½ M.
To Pembroke
Stuart
Kirkmansville Road
J. R. Wiles
Christian County
To Hopkinsville 10½ M.
Doctor Stuart
Sketch-Map of
FAIRVIEW, KENTUCKY
October. 1908
Scale One Inch = 100 Yds.
North
W. F. Foster
once Maj. Engrs C.S.A.

of the Confederacy to coöperate with the committee in buying the lands. The most desirable place in the list is that of Dr. Woosley, whose house would be at once a fitting home for worthy widows of Confederates who may be in need.

TENNESSEE CONFEDERATES FAVOR THE MOVEMENT.

The following resolutions were adopted at Nashville:

"The Tennessee Division of United Confederate Veterans commends the movement which has been inaugurated to pro-



THE WOOSLEY HOME, FAIRVIEW, KY.

cure for a perpetual memorial the birthplace of our beloved President, Jefferson Davis, at Fairview, Ky., and commends to our comrades and all friends of the Confederate cause in Tennessee active coöperation for the success of the movement.

"The Vice President of the Association, who has the active arrangements in hand, is our comrade, S. A. Cunningham, editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

"Options upon the property desired have been secured at actual values, and the Association is extremely anxious to secure this realty before the options expire. Engraved cer-



VIEW OF GROUNDS FROM YANCEY'S CORNER.

ificates of membership are ready for delivery, and may be ıad from Capt. John H. Leathers, banker, Louisville, Ky., ɔr S. A. Cunningham, Nashville, for $1—or more."

All sections are concerned. While members of the committee predominate from Kentucky, it is no more a Kentucky than ı Virginia or Texas enterprise. The inspiration of every Southern man and woman should be to take this up and accomplish its purposes during the remainder of this year, 1908. Next year there will be a widespread effort on behalf of the



VIEW OF THE WOOSLEY GROUNDS FROM NEAR MAIN STREET.

memorial to President Lincoln at the place of his birth, near Louisville, and surely the pride of Southern people will induce a procurement of the birthplace of President Davis if its adornment should be left to coming generations.

Dr. C. C. Brown, of Bowling Green, Ky., who conceived the plan, was appointed to solicit subscriptions, and by his enthusiasm good results are being accomplished.

Veterans, Daughters, and Sons of Veterans who are inclined to coöperate in this work will help the cause very much by letting the South know through the VETERAN their purpose and the progress they make. This is a fitting opportunity to show that spirit of coöperation which the Southern people should possess above any others of the earth.

The most isolated Camps, Chapters, or individuals can help in this undertaking. The matter of memorials may be cared for in the future. It seems so fitting in this centennial year of the birth of our Confederate President that we would do well to honor his memory by securing such an admirable area that our children's children may have the inspiration of this year's work to build worthy memorials. Next year vast sums will be spent on the birthplace of President Lincoln.

Send subscriptions to Capt. John H. Leathers, Louisville, or to S. A. Cunningham, Nashville. Report to the VETERAN.



DR. E. S. STUART AND WIFE AT HOME.

(Dr. Stuart estimates that the faithful horse in the picture has carried him 25,000 miles. The animal is of "voting" age.)

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

THE SOUTH'S PATRIOTIC MECCA.

The best showing possible under the circumstances is made in this issue for the Jefferson Davis Home Association. Maj. W. F. Foster, of Nashville—as loyal and faithful comrade as survives the war, who occupied various responsible positions in the army, serving as engineer for Lieut. Gen. A. P. Stewart's Corps much of the time—has graciously visited Fairview and made a sketch map of the town, indicating clearly the property it is desired to procure as a perpetual memorial. The late W. B. Brewer, of Fairview, exercised much diligence in procuring options upon such parts of the property as seemed desirable by the committee. These options run until April 27, 1909, and every option seems to be on terms of actual value. Mr. Hunter Wood, of Hopkinsville, has procured a quit claim to the Baptist Church area from Mrs. J. A. Hayes, the bequest being such that the property would revert to her estate if it be converted to any other than Church purposes (which is the usual form), and the spirit of the community is general in behalf of the worthy purpose of making it a perpetual memorial to the most distinguished citizen in the South's history. The State of Kentucky will doubtless release the property that may be procured from taxation for all time.

This should be the South's Mecca, and it would seem most fitting to locate here such a memorial as the Southern people desire to Maj. Henry Wirz, who was offered his life if he would incriminate our beloved President of the Confederacy, but preferred death. In this connection the suggestion is made that the Wirz monument fund be applied to the Davis Home enterprise for all who want to pay tribute to his memory and likewise honor Mr. Davis. With greatest possible deference to Georgia's noble, patriotic, and Christian women the Veteran bespeaks their most favorable consideration of the blending of the funds for the two sacred purposes.

Photographic illustrations are given of the Woosley property, with the suggestion that the splendid residence be made a Home for Confederate Women. Kentucky might take charge of this feature in the outset. It is highly important to procure the Woosley property anyhow, as shown on Major Foster's map. That generous patriot, Dr. E. S. Stuart, whose aunt nursed Jefferson Davis in his infancy, donates the lot on the corner of Main and Pembroke Streets. This, with the Yancey lot fronting Main Street (Mr. Yancey gives an option on it for less than he has been offered for the property and then offers to buy the house from the Association) and the other lot backed by the Woosley property, as may be seen on the map, would suffice for the great purpose of the undertaking. It is desirable, however, to procure the entire area.

Fairview is easily accessible. A splendid turnpike connects the town with Hopkinsville, and the magnificent highway runs in the other direction to Elkton and on to Russellville, while Pembroke Street is the nearest direction to the railroad. Then it is quite possible that an interurban railway will ere long connect Hopkinsville and Russellville via Fairview and Elkton.

The Veteran appeals to every Southern man and woman—to Camps and Chapters—to consider this subject earnestly and at once, and that they write to S. A. Cunningham, Nashville, Tenn., Vice President of the Association, or to some member of the committee and demonstrate what can be done by general coöperation. Such action would be in accord with the appeal (in behalf of the Veteran) by Gen. Clement A. Evans, Commander in Chief U. C. V., on the following page.

Beautifully engraved certificates of membership in the Association worthy to be framed will be sent to all subscribers who contribute one dollar or more. These will be furnished by Capt. John H. Leathers, Treasurer (banker), Louisville, Ky., S. A. Cunningham, Nashville, or Dr. C. C. Brown, of Bowling Green, who conceived the idea of this Mecca and is ardently devoted to its achievement.

On the day of going to press it appears that the location of the Wirz monument is to be determined. If a plea by wire does not cause postponement, it is desired that the matter be reconsidered, since in honoring the memory of Maj. Henry Wirz no more appropriate spot could be designated than the birthplace of President Jefferson Davis.

CONCERNING THE VETERAN.

Please consider contents of the following page carefully and write Mr. Cunningham if you desire to coöperate for the greater usefulness of the Veteran. If the officers of every Camp and Chapter would procure publication in their local papers, many thousands of people would become interested, for a large number don't even know of the Veteran. Exchange copies would be sent to all editors who would help us, and they doubtless would take pleasure in it if requested to do so. Ask all such editors to write for particulars.

In this plea for a universal effort by Confederates to greatly enlarge the circulation of the Veteran the editor asks his personal friends if they won't coöperate for one year at least. He never has directly solicited a subscription. Suppose they regard it a tax. Would they not agree to that much? Many of them would gladly entertain him at ten times the cost. The Veteran will be sent to January, 1910, for one dollar.

President General U. D. C. Urges Support.

In a letter of October 26 Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, President General U. D. C., writes: "It is a singular coincidence that my annual report was just written and in the hands of the printer in which I had urged that the Confederate Veteran ought to be in the hands of every Daughter of the Confederacy when I saw that General Evans is also urging the support of the Veteran. I don't understand how a member of the U. D. C. or a veteran can get along without it."

Pleasing Tribute from Virginia.

At a meeting of the Joe Kendall Camp, No. 91, U. C. V., October 3, at Warrenton, Va., this resolution was passed:

"*Resolved,* That this Camp cordially recommends the Confederate Veteran, a monthly publication published in the city of Nashville, to the patronage of all Confederates cherishing the memory of our cause, as it faithfully reiterates the heroism and valor of our dead and cannot but be instructive to the children of all veterans. We insist that our posterity should be imbued with the principles of their fathers and intensified in the faith for which they fought and died. The editor of this publication was a faithful Confederate soldier.

Thomas Smith, *Commander.*
R. A. Hart, *Adjutant.*"

WILL YOU READ THIS AND SHOW IT?

HEADQUARTERS COMMANDER IN CHIEF U. C. V.,
ATLANTA, GA., October, 1908.

I desire to use space in the true and able magazine, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published monthly at Nashville, Tenn., to appeal personally and officially to the officers of the United Confederate Veterans, to the officers of all Camps, and to all Confederate soldiers—the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the Confederated Southern Memorial Association—to take into special practical consideration the very important matter of greatly increasing the subscription list and the general distribution of our official organ throughout the Southern States especially and in all other States as well.

The Confederate Associations above mentioned are members of one great body, each bound to the others by the most sacred ties which ever united a patriotic people. They are united in the spirit of perfect patriotic allegiance to our own great country as the union of great States, and our aims and objects are worthy of our best and purest purposes to keep good faith with all the prime principles which distinguish our government; while we will be equally faithful to our own Confederate history, our memories, and our present obligations to the dead and the living actors in the Confederate struggle.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is the organ of all our Confederate Associations; and it is not only most ably and attractively engaged in presenting every month the true historical features of the Confederacy and publishing incidents of heroic life in Confederate times, but it is becoming a truly Southern magazine which represents the present glory of the South as well as the historic glories of the Southern States and people. Its own fidelity in our service for many years demands our fidelity to it, which we can show by an energetic effort to increase its usefulness.

Permit me, therefore, to urge the officers and members of our Associations to recall the appeal made a few years ago on this behalf by General Lee and the Commanders of Departments, Divisions, and Brigades of United Confederates, which produced widespread interest throughout the South; also to urge again all the Camps of United Confederate Veterans, all Chapters of the United Daughters, and the Camps of Sons to adopt practical plans by which subscriptions will be secured. We should show in this way our appreciation of the great work done for us by the able editor, our faithful Confederate comrade, S. A. Cunningham.

I would not ask my comrades and others addressed in this communication to do this important work for our cause without doing the same myself. I will gladly make personal solicitations for subscriptions wherever I have opportunity.

Faithfully yours, CLEMENT A. EVANS.

ACTION IN TENNESSEE ON GENERAL EVANS'S APPEAL.

The following resolution was adopted by a rising vote:

"The Tennessee Division of United Confederate Veterans, in annual convention assembled, express their most grateful appreciation to our Commander in Chief, Gen. Clement A. Evans, of Georgia, for his timely and most worthy appeal to us and to all Confederate organizations of the South in behalf of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and its founder, S. A. Cunningham.

"We as an organization and as individuals testify to an exception of the rule in that one prophet is honored at home—in his own country—and vie with our comrades and our daughters everywhere in ardent, loyal indorsement and support of the VETERAN as an absolutely faithful representative of our sacred cause, and we thank General Evans for what he states in his appeal. Moreover, we will join with him in a pledge to personally labor to secure its greater usefulness to the present and coming generations.

"*Resolved*, That General Evans's appeal be published in the minutes of this Convention."

ACTION OF GEORGIA CONVENTION, U. C. V.

Mr. Cunningham, editor of the VETERAN, was presented to the Convention, and General Evans made earnest plea, as in the foregoing address, urging general coöperation.

After suspension of the rules, the following was adopted by the Convention in a heartily unanimous vote:

"*Resolved* by the Georgia Division, United Confederate Veterans, That each Camp in said Division appoint a committee to request editors of newspapers in their vicinity to publish General Evans's appeal in behalf of the VETERAN, and that this committee also see the officers of Sons of Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy in this behalf.

"*Resolved*, That our comrades consider and communicate their views to Mr. Cunningham in regard to plans for perpetuating the VETERAN."

The resolutions were offered by Sergeant Malcolm MacNeill, who served in the 18th Mississippi Regiment, Forrest's Cavalry, and now resides in Atlanta.

To enable comrades to comply with the foregoing resolutions, copies of the appeal, etc., will be supplied upon request and a year's edition will be sent to all newspapers who will generously comply with applications.

COMMENT BY THE CHATTANOOGA TIMES.

Gen. Clement A. Evans, of Georgia, Commander of the United Confederate Veterans, in a recently published letter, commended in the highest terms the work of Mr. S. A. Cunningham, of Nashville, in the making of his magazine, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. General Evans is emphatically right. Mr. Cunningham is doing the old soldier, the cause he fought for, and the people of the South an invaluable service and one that in after years will be appreciated as it should be. The publication of the VETERAN, begun in a modest sort of way, has come to be the greatest enterprise of the kind in the country. Each number contains records that in after years will be of the utmost importance in making up the history of the Civil War period.

The VETERAN contains from time to time personal reminiscences and individual experiences in connection with every important campaign and every engagement of the war, which, prepared and written by those actively engaged therein, will afford the historian the most reliable and accurate data in compiling the future true and unbiased account of the great civil conflict that can be found anywhere. Its files will prove an inexhaustible thesaurus of interesting incidents of "the national tragedy," and from its pages will glow countless side lights that will give truthful views of the men who participated, and the details of their deeds and actions will be read with pleasure and pride by their children and children's children for many generations. As the ranks of the surviving Confederates grow thinner, the columns of the VETERAN become more important, more interesting, and with the encouragement the publication ought to have it will in time become the most reliable and accurate compendium of history and story pertaining to the Confederate cause we have.

FROM "THE OTHER SIDE" AT FRANKLIN.

BY J. K. MERRIFIELD, ST. LOUIS, MO.

The battle of Franklin, in my opinion, was one of the most desperate of the Civil War. There were not as many men engaged as in other battles; but as line after line charged and was cut down by our guns a new line would be seen coming up to meet the same fate, until the charging stopped from lack of men. As reports show, 1,640 dead Confederates were buried on the field out of, say, fifteen thousand troops engaged. This showed a loss of 6,560 wounded by the rule that for one killed four are wounded. Besides, a list of generals killed and wounded shows a greater loss of generals than in any other battle of the war.

Our regiment, the 88th Illinois Volunteer Infantry, was in the 1st Brigade (Opdyke's), 2d Division (Wagner's), 4th Corps (Stanley's). Our brigade had been rear guard all day up to Franklin, and we lost some men on the skirmish line. As we arrived at Franklin we filed through the works, formed in line a short distance in the rear, stacked our guns, and were going to make coffee and eat. Our center was the pike between the cotton gin and the Carter house. The first thing to attract our attention was a cannon shot from a Confederate gun. The ball rolled down the pike through our command; then began the rattle of musketry. Our brigade was quickly called to arms. Ahead of us we could see the line broken between the Carter house and cotton gin. We at once moved forward, and after a desperate struggle recaptured the works and all the Confederates inside of them as prisoners. This was the first I ever saw of hand-to-hand fighting. Bloody bayonets were frequently seen. Picks, shovels, pistols, and butts of guns were used on both sides to gain the mastery.

Then commenced a series of charges by the Confederates, lasting until after nightfall. One act of bravery I shall never forget. The color bearer of General Featherstone's headquarters flag rode a horse as close to the works as he could before the horse was killed, and then the bearer of the flag ran to the top of the works and pitched forward (I supposed killed) inside, and as he fell I grabbed the flag. Prisoners told me it was General Featherstone's headquarters flag of a Mississippi brigade. I have it now in my home, in St. Louis. It is elegantly framed, and I prize it very highly. After a charge by General Cockrill's Missouri Brigade, I ran out over the works about one hundred feet where I had noticed a flag go down. I picked up the flag, pulled it off the staff, and put it in my pocket. A fine-looking officer lying there covered with dead bodies asked me if I would remove them from his leg, as he was wounded in the knee. I got his leg free. Then he asked me for a drink out of my canteen. I leaned over and told him to drink. While he was drinking he asked me to unbuckle his sword belt, which I did. Just then I heard the wisp of a bullet, and, looking up, I saw another line about three hundred feet distant advancing. I turned and ran to our works, taking the belt and sword with me. These I presented to the Historical Society at St. Louis through General Harding, of Jefferson City.

The flag was of the 1st Missouri Infantry and was destroyed in the big fire in Chicago. The sword was the property of Col. Hugh Garland, commanding the 1st Missouri Regiment in that battle. Colonel Garland was undoubtedly killed where he lay after I left him, as he was in the line of the firing. I have no doubt but that I was the last person to whom Colonel Garland ever spoke. I have often wondered if any of his relatives were living. If so, I wish I could see them. I was glad to be able to give him a drink of water.

I have talked this battle over with our dear old Ex-Senator Cockrill, of Missouri, who was a brigade commander there and was wounded. He agrees with thousands of others that Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864, was the worst "slaughter pen" and the most bitterly contested of all our battles with more loss of life on the Confederate side for the number engaged than any battle of the Civil War.

The question has often been raised: "Why did General Hood fight that battle?" * * * If Hood had made an attack on us at Spring Hill, in my opinion a different tale would have been told, and the Northern army would have been routed; and if Hood had succeeded in breaking our lines at Franklin, he would have captured or killed all troops south of the river and would have come on into Nashville.

Van Horn's "History of the Army of the Cumberland" says there is nothing in the record of any war that shows so few men as Opdyke's Brigade had saved an army as they did that of the Cumberland at Franklin. Had we not retaken the works, Hood's army could and would have whipped each wing cut off in detail, and too much credit cannot be given to the men of Opdyke's Brigade for what they did that day. I have received a medal of honor for my part in that terrible battle. But I only did my duty. I believe this government should buy the ground and make the Franklin (Tenn.) battlefield a national park, and the different States should erect monuments there, as they have at Vicksburg, Chickamauga, and Gettysburg. This battle of Franklin was the turning point of the war in the Western armies.

General Hood allowed his army on the day after the battle to go over the field, and what the troops saw there (1,640 dead comrades) took all the fight out of them. That is why the battle of Nashville soon after was such a rout.



GENERAL SCHOFIELD FAVORED MONUMENT AT FRANKLIN.

Capt. Thomas Gibson, of Nashville, who served on the staff of Gen. John Adams (killed at Franklin), wrote a plea that the government take an interest in the battlefield of Franklin. He sent the print to Gen. J. M. Schofield, who wrote to him in reply:

"ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA., December 11, 1901.

"*Capt. Thomas Gibson, Nashville, Tenn.—Dear Sir:* I have read your very interesting article in the Nashville Banner of November 30 on the battle of Franklin. It is entirely just in its estimate of the character and importance of that battle.

"I concur heartily in your general suggestion that the people should erect suitable monuments to commemorate the heroic sacrifices of the soldiers who gave their lives for the cause they had espoused and which they believed to be just. And I concur in your view that the battle of Franklin might well be regarded as an exceptional case. There the Confederate army made its last desperate effort to maintain an aggressive campaign. Its failure marked the beginning of the end—the restoration of the Union in which all now rejoice. The government of the United States might appropriately erect on that field a monument to commemorate the valor of the American soldiers, their fraternal reunion where the conflict was decided, and the glorious result to which this finally led in the hearty reunion of all the people."

THE BATTLEFIELD OF FRANKLIN.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH, CASSTOWN, OHIO.

It has been my fortune to visit nearly all the great battlefields of the great war, and among them all there is none that so impresses me as the field of Franklin. This is not so much on account of its natural beauty as for the valor displayed there by the veterans of both sides, who there covered themselves with imperishable glory. Franklin has an interest which no other battlefield possesses. The gigantic conflict which raged there November 30, 1864, took place when the fortunes of the heroic Confederacy were about to terminate in gloom. The crowning disaster of Appomattox was almost in sight; but the heroism of the South as displayed at Franklin added another star to the shining crown of her achievements.

Why this great battlefield has not been appropriately mapped and memorialized in bronze and granite has ever remained a mystery to me. It was not an epoch-making battle like Gettysburg or Chickamauga, but it stands out as a field of individual heroism above the many conflicts of the sixties. Any one who visits Franklin is thrilled by the memories that meet him there. It was largely fought by the young men of Tennessee, led by some of the bravest generals of the Confederacy; while the men of the Federal army were the youth of the North and West. It is to-day a crying shame that nothing has been done for the field of Franklin. It deserves monuments upon which should be inscribed the deeds of the men who fought there, that coming generations visiting this spot could read the lines dedicated to American valor.

Franklin will ever be connected with the heroism of Cleburne, Granbery, Gist, Adams, Strahl, and other Confederate leaders who ended their lives upon its crimsoned soil, as well as the rank and file of that heroic army in gray which stained its trenches with their blood. I have heard from the lips of Federal soldiers only praises for the fighting qualities of the men whom they met on the field of Franklin, and likewise Confederates have given unstinted praise to the gallantry of Federals there. It was American against American, and this is what has crowned Franklin forever as a field where valor clashed against itself. There is no more historic structure in our country to-day than the Carter House. A mighty memorial should rise where it stands, a memorial dedicated to the heroes of both armies who met on that ill-fated field, hand to hand, bayonet to bayonet, each struggling in the autumn dusk like Titans for the ascendency.

Steps should be taken at once looking toward the proper marking of the field of Franklin. Ere long the last veteran of the two grand armies will have joined the "universal bivouac," and none will be left to attend the dedication of a monument to their valor at Franklin. The erection of a memorial shaft should be undertaken at once. It is wrong to postpone it longer. The Harpeth, which sings on its way to the sea, should have the honor of reflecting in its lisping waters a monument to the men who invested the battlefield of Franklin with deathless renown. All deserved well of their country, the men in gray and the men in blue, children alike of the greatest republic on earth. Kentucky has erected at Chickamauga a monument to all her sons who fought there. Let Tennessee or the general government do the same at Franklin. I hope to see the day, and trust it is not far distant, when high above the sward of Franklin will tower a stately shaft dedicated to the men who met in battle there and placed in Columbia's diadem a new star to American valor.

I saw the gentle Harpeth flow
  Among the hills one day,
Where, when November's sun was low,
  Fell fast the brave in gray;
I saw the daisies blow and nod
  Where once the trenches rose,
And heard a song bird greet her God
  Where legions met as foes.

I looked across the shimmering plain
  From battle's echoes free,
And in the gloaming saw again
  The brave Confederacy;
I saw the gray-clad legions form
  In glory's endless line,
Baring their breasts to meet the storm
  'Neath shattered oak and pine.

On, on they came in glory's van,
  On, on with shining steel,
Shoulder to shoulder, man to man,
  In battle's shock to reel.
I saw the line of deadly fire
  That swept the trenches grim;
I saw the South's true sons expire
  Within the battle's rim.

Brave were the men the Southrons met
  On Franklin's field that day,
A gallant foe whose bayonet
  Pressed sharp against the gray.
Heroic as their sires of old,
  Upon the ground they stood,
And breasted, brave, undaunted, bold,
  The battle's surging flood.

'Twas bayonet to bayonet,
Amid the smoke of war,
Till all the ground with blood was wet
Beneath the twilight star.
I heard the autumn breezes sing
A requiem for the brave
Who found within that crimson ring
A gallant soldier's grave.

I'd weave a wreath for those who died
That day in Southern gray,
Who fell where glimmers Harpeth's tide
And leaps its crystal spray;
And here's a crown for those who yet
Can muster in that line
Which stood behind the bayonet
In Franklin's shade and shine.

The years may softly come and go,
Your valor will not fade;
The Harpeth will forever flow
Where you your record made;
The daisy in her vestments white,
The rose of crimson hue
Will greet the morn and greet the night
On Franklin's plain for you.

REUNION AT TIMOTHY, LA.

[From a report by Timothy Oakley, Adjutant.]

September 9 was a "red-letter day" for the people of Timothy, La., the occasion being the Reunion of the veterans of Camp Henry Gray and the barbecue dinner given in their honor. The people of Timothy did themselves proud. The committee was most active in seeing that every possible attention was shown every visitor. It was one of the largest gatherings ever held at Timothy, and in all the vast assemblage the best of order prevailed. There was no evidence whatever of any whisky being on the grounds. The best of feeling prevailed between all present.

The old veterans were made to feel that they were still held in the highest esteem by the people of the present generation. The veterans met many of their old comrades, and our hearts were saddened by reports that many had passed away since our last annual meeting.

A pleasing feature of the programme was the singing of "Dixie Land" by twenty-four little girls who stood while singing on the grand stand while Confederate flags fluttered in the breezes on every side.

There was speaking by Senator W. B. Boggs, of Plain Dealing, Attorney Pope, of Magnolia, J. H. Barnes, Lee Coyle, S. D. Knight, L. E. Russell, and others. Lieut. Charley B. Heflin, of Heflin, La., sang "Twenty Years Ago" and a love song of "Auld Lang Syne" that greatly delighted the young and old.

S. R. Wheeler, of Talladega, Ala., refers to an error in the account of the death of Gen. A. P. Stewart that appeared in the Veteran for September, in which it is stated that he was in command of the Army of Tennessee at the close of the war. Of course it is known that Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was commander of the Army of Tennessee following Hood's disastrous Tennessee campaign. General Stewart was promoted after the death of Gen. Leonidas Polk to command his corps to the close of the war.

GEORGIA STATE REUNION.

It is impracticable to give in this issue of the Veteran as full report as desired of the Georgia State Reunion, held in Atlanta October 22 and 23. There is much of general interest in the proceedings, which will be given later.

The Convention was held in the large Broughton Auditorium, and the attendance of old soldiers seemed large; but it was not until the parade on the 23d that a conception of the number in attendance was had. The veterans in the parade were estimated to be between three thousand and four thousand. Then the military of Georgia, a long line of carriages bearing U. D. C., L. M. A., and D. A. R., with their multitude of occupants and gorgeous decorations, together with a long line of schoolboys (perhaps a thousand), each one bearing a tiny Confederate battle flag and moving like a soldier, furnished a scene that was inspiring. It is not extravagant to state that under the circumstances the equal has not been seen at any State Reunion, and that it will perhaps never be equaled again.

It seemed beforehand that $7,000 was an unnecessary amount of money to be raised, and yet after so much hospitality the wonder is that so much of it could have been extended with that amount.

The Governor of the State, the Mayor of the city, and others made addresses, inspired by the magnitude of conditions, which were a credit to the Empire State of the South.

Welcome and Farewell.

[Reply of Hon. Joseph B. Cumming, of Augusta, to the welcome by the Governor of Georgia and the Mayor of Atlanta.]

It is certainly no small compliment for any man or any body of men to receive a welcome from the great State of Georgia and from the marvelous city of Atlanta. This high honor is enhanced in the present instance by this great State and this brilliant city putting forward their chief magistrates for the purpose of tendering it. Personally I esteem it a great privilege to be asked to express as far as I can for these old Confederates their appreciation of this distinguished honor; and in their name, your Excellency and Mr. Mayor, I voice their thanks, albeit feebly and inadequately. We are glad to launch so pleasantly and auspiciously this one of our Reunions, any one of which in the nature of things may be ultimate or at least penultimate.

As I am put forward to discourse of welcomes, permit me to speak not only of this one but also of others.

The welcome which you have given so cordially suggests others which the Confederate soldier has encountered along his pathway in war and in peace. As I speak memory flies back with its more than lightning speed to those early days of the great war, when companies of ardent volunteers were moving on to future battlefields to take their places in those armies which later on were to do deeds of deathless fame. What welcomes they received in every town and village! How the good things with which the then unwasted land abounded were lavished upon them! Wreaths and garlands of flowers, waving handkerchiefs, cheers from the multitude, smiles and blandishments of the fair, benedictions of the old—these and much more were bestowed in abundance at every stage of "young Mowbray's journey to the war." Vivid even now are those far-off scenes to those of us who yet survive them, and unspeakable are the emotions which their memory after so many years still awakens in our hearts.

The welcome so ardently and lovingly bestowed on the soldiers of '61 was speedily followed, as to many of them, by another "welcome" of a far different character—the "welcome" which a brilliant orator coming from Ohio, but speaking to a sympathetic New England audience at the commencement of the war with Mexico, invoked at the hands of that people for the soldiers of the Union, which had not as yet suffered disruption—a "welcome with bloody hands to hospitable graves." Such "welcome" awaited soon many of those gallant soldiers who marched gayly to the front amidst the cheers and flowers, the smiles and benedictions which had accompanied their earlier welcome.



MAJ. JOSEPH B. CUMMING.

The next welcome to the Confederate soldier was when he returned at the end of the war defeated, disappointed, and discouraged. His welcome then almost without exception was to a family circle narrowed by the loss of some of its members—brother, father, son—whom the great war had claimed. Not infrequently his welcome was to a home marked by gaunt chimneys and beds of ashes. The accompaniments of his welcome in almost every instance were poverty, broken fortunes, and gloomy outlook. But this melancholy welcome was glorified by something of the heavenly. The noble, lovely women of the stricken land remained to console, to cheer, and to charm. Something of the heavenly, did I say? Aye, indeed! The nearest thing that I can imagine to this welcome of the returning Confederate soldier is the case of some poor mortal soul liberated from the sufferings of this world welcomed by the angels of heaven.

Welcome to the young soldiers marching to the wars; welcome of bloody graves to so many of them; welcome for returning soldiers to desolate homes, but loving hearts—these I have mentioned. And now we have reached the last stage of welcomes—the welcome extended by hospitable communities to a diminished and fast-diminishing number of that vast army which first and last marched under the flag of the stars and bars. Mingled with your words of welcome are expressions of praise and laudation. If we accept these as our due, do not on that account accuse us of a lack of becoming modesty. We base our claim to them not on valor nor on battles won. Valor is common to most men. Victories are ordained by the God of battles. But we base our claim on that attribute which raises poor mortals nearest to divinity—self-sacrifice. That was the crowning virtue of the Confederate soldier. Permit me to repeat myself on this theme. The enunciation of a truth cannot be repeated too often. And so I beg to be permitted to say again in substance and in form what I have said before on similar occasions—that I believe the sentiments of the average Confederate soldier: "That period of my life is the one with which I am most nearly satisfied—a period of persistent, steady effort to do my duty, an effort persevered in in the midst of privation, hardship, and peril. If ever I was unselfish, it was then. If ever I was capable of self-denial, it was then. If ever I was able to trample self-indulgence underfoot, it was then. If ever I was strong to make sacrifices, even unto death, it was then; and if I were called upon to say on the peril of my soul when it lived its highest life, when I was least faithless to true manhood, when I was most loyal to the best part of man's nature, I would answer: 'In those day when I followed a battle-torn flag through its shifting fortunes of victory and defeat.'"

Welcome. Farewell. How nearly alike are the two words! "Well" is the keynote of both. To the arriving guest we say in effect: "It is well that you have come." To him departing we express the wish that he may fare well on his journey. How near together and yet how far apart! The language of the great Roman people was in this like our own. With them too the two words kept close company. In one short sentence and in one salutation they united the two, "Salve et vale," welcome and farewell. Æneas, when with magnificent funeral ceremonies he awaited by the funeral pyre the body of the young hero Pallas, saluted it with "Welcome and farewell." Salve et vale: "Salve in eternum, mihi; in eternum vale."

Nothing could so emphasize the nearness of welcome to farewell as an occasion like this. In the very nature of things the welcome given on this occasion must tread close on the heels of farewell. Think of it! Those whom you are welcoming so generously are the diminished survivors of a war begun and ended nearly fifty years ago. The youngest of the soldiers of that war must needs be old men now. The average soldier of that period if still living has passed the limit sung by the poet king of Israel, and now, only "by reason of strength," lingers a little longer on the stage. Since they ceased to be soldiers Atlanta has had time to rise from her ashes and to grow into the magnificent city which now welcomes them. How near, then, under such circumstances must be your farewell to your welcome! What one of us listening to the music of your welcome does not seem to hear all through it the minor note, farewell? Indeed, must not this occasion in the very nature of things have less of the joyful reception of the guest than the affectionate speeding of his departure? Whatever language of cordiality and hospitality you may employ, however often you may use the word "welcome," there must arise in the minds of those who speak and of those who listen the thought that this is equally an occasion for the word "farewell." How many of those who now hear the gracious words of welcome will listen to them no more forever! How soon there will be occasion, so far as the Confederate soldier is concerned, for but one of these words, "Farewell!" How near together have the passing years brought welcome and farewell, *Salve et vale!*

GREETING BY MISS MAY FOREHAND, VIENNA, GA.

Veterans, Friends, and Daughters of the Confederacy: I am no orator, as these speakers are, but an earnest daughter of the Confederacy who loves the cause. I come bearing the greetings of the local Chapter of the Dooly County Daughters of the Confederacy, a company of local Southern women wishing me to place a garland of love upon the brow of the survivors of our Southern braves.

Since your last annual Reunion we have erected in a beautiful little park in the capital city of our county a Confederate veterans' monument at a cost of about $2,000. This beautiful piece of polished masonry stands topped with the chiseled form of a manly private soldier resting upon his gun, thus indicating that, while the war is ended and the battle is lost, the cause still lives. It is a monument erected to commemorate the valor of the Confederate soldier and to show what men and women would do for a cause they believed just and right. We want it to perpetuate the deeds of the men of '61 who went forth to meet an invading foe and who from battlefield to battlefield drove the enemy until subdued by starvation and overwhelming numbers.

I come bearing the greetings also of the Dooly County Camp of the Confederate Veterans. I covet no higher privilege as one of their daughters than to be their sponsor on this great occasion. I convey to you as survivors of that great army their congratulations on this your general Reunion day, for they deem it your duty as long as you live thus to assemble yourselves and memorialize in song and speech, in prose and verse the valorous deeds of fallen heroes.

[Here Miss Forehand recited the stanzas beginning with "Git my old knapsack, Mary, and my uniform of gray," etc. This was on title-page of VETERAN for June, 1908.—ED.]

Yes, the brave boys of 1861-65! Who but mighty men of war could have taken the small resources of the South and stood for four long years against the well-equipped North with limitless resources? In population they stood as eleven to three, in soldiers as four and one-half to one, in money and resources as plus to minus. Think of it! The North had nearly twice as many soldiers to send home at the close of the war as the South had on the field at any time—two million six hundred thousand North in deadly combat against six hundred thousand South. For four years the conflict waged. When peace was declared and the smoke of battle was cleared away, nearly four to one lay on the field as slain by the Southern soldiers, with fifty thousand more prisoners of war than they had. This is too sad to make boastful mention of; it is only to reveal to our sons and daughters the noble heroism of their fathers as well as to do justice to the matchless leadership of the commander in chief, Robert E. Lee, and our other generals. He was a military genius, keen in foresight, masterly in strategy, wise in bravery. He was brilliant and scholarly, clear-headed and sweet-spirited. He had the temperament of a poet, the instincts of a business man, the qualities of a soldier, and the habits of a saint.

No, we rejoice not in the number slain or imprisoned by our Southern grays, but in the bravery impelling them on. Let our right arms lose their cunning and our tongues be silent ere we forget our fallen chieftains or cease to honor their brave deeds.

But the war is over. Now the sixties are more than two-score years past. General Lee realized at Appomattox that the end had come. He said: "It is the part of wisdom for us to acquiesce in the inevitable; to hope for the best, turning to our material interests, and await results." In this same spirit the bereaved widows and mothers of the South who with unselfish devotion had borne their part in that disastrous war received back home these heroes with pathetic smiles, and inspired them with new hope and courage to rebuild the shattered structure of Southern wealth. It is no vain boast to say that this has been done, and that the men and women of the South of to-day are worthy descendants of heroic sires.



MISS MAY FOREHAND.

So in all of the pathetic scenes of this hour, a commingling of tears for the fallen with our love for the living, we are nevertheless Americans, knowing one common country, with reverence for its imperial flag, its achievements, and its standing around the nations of the earth, in all of which we have a just pride as Southern patriots.

The delivery of the address was so happy, concluding with the entire "Conquered Banner," that a rousing yell that belongs to our veterans demonstrated thorough appreciation.

ATHENS GETS THE NEXT GEORGIA REUNION.

Comrade and Hon. A. L. Hull invited the Georgia veterans to Athens next year in an appeal so pertinent that without competition the Convention accepted by a rising vote of approval and thanks. He spoke briefly and concisely, saying:

"There are twelve hundred students at Athens. We are desirous to have the Reunion there, that in this day of commercialism these young Georgians may know that there is such a thing as sentiment—a sentiment which controls the actions of men, which impels them to maintain their rights, even though in maintaining them they suffer hardships and hunger and loss of property and even of life.

"Besides this, Athens has a claim on this Reunion. There is no city or town in the South which exerted so potential an influence in the formation of the Confederate States as did Athens. Of the seven Southern States which met in Montgomery to organize the Confederacy, Georgia, by common

consent, was the most influential. Of the ten delegates from Georgia, Howell Cobb, Thomas R. R. Cobb, and Benjamin H. Hill were residents of Athens. Of the remaining seven, five—Robert Toombs, Alexander H. Stephens, Eugenius A. Nisbet, Augustus R. Wright, and Francis S. Bartow—were students at Athens, and at the formative period of their lives drew the inspiration there which fruited in their manhood.

"Eugenius A. Nisbet wrote the ordinance of secession of Georgia, Howell Cobb was the President of the Provisional Congress, Alexander H. Stephens was Vice President of the Confederate States, Robert Toombs was Secretary of State, Thomas R. R. Cobb virtually framed the Constitution, and Benjamin H. Hill was an influential member of the Confederate States Senate. Four of these became generals in the army, and two were killed in battle.

"What other city in the South can claim an equal influence in the formation of the Confederate States as Athens? I hope we shall see you there at the Reunion next October."

"GIRLS' CONFEDERATE HOME."

BY MRS. NATHANIEL GREEN WILLIAMS, FRANKLIN, TENN.

When we read in the reports of the Educational Committee of the U. D. C. of the scholarships bestowed by different institutions of learning, we feel constrained to add a small quota of praise to those whose generous impulses, taking tangible form, have made it possible for so many young women to fit themselves for teachers.

The Peabody College, at Nashville, offers free tuition to those who intend to become teachers; and when we shall have erected a girls' dormitory or Girls' Confederate Home in the vicinity, where board at a minimum price can be obtained, with all the home comforts, restrictions, and parental care exercised in discretion by a competent matron, we shall make it possible for many bright, ambitious young women to acquire an education and become self-supporting.

A diploma from Peabody College carries with it the open sesame to all the public schools and many private schools of the country for those seeking a position in them. Then, too, there are disadvantages under which many young women labor, even after obtaining scholarships. For example, three young girls from different sections of a neighboring State secured scholarships on a competitive examination. It was by the most economical living and the cheapest board.

Let every member of the U. D. C. strive to make it possible to educate one daughter or granddaughter by building this Girls' Confederate Home, and thus enable them to secure a comfortable home and board as the young men do at their universities.

Do not disregard this call, Daughters of the Confederacy, but aid in erecting this living memorial to our honored dead, and thus perpetuate the memory of those noble sires who gave all for their homes and loved ones.

If every Chapter in the Tennessee Division would raise $100 or every member give $1 *per capita,* our hopes would be realized in the grandest monument yet erected except the Soldiers' Home. Daughters, veterans, friends, take this matter up, and do not let Thanksgiving pass without an offering for this worthy, benevolent, and philanthropic cause.

A correction is due in the address given with the article on page 400 of the VETERAN for August by Mrs. Bettie J. Lindsey, which should have been Eufaula, Ind. T., instead of Alabama. It was read before the Stephen D. Lee Chapter.

TENNESSEE U. D. C. PROGRAMME.—The Historical Committee of the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., has issued its programme for 1909-10 in a pamphlet that will be remembered for its exquisite beauty and for the lofty sentiment, especially in its tribute to Dixie Land. The November and December suggestions are for the study of South Carolina. Public memorial service for January 19, 1909, is to be on Gen. Robert E. Lee, and the general outline for that month includes the settlement of Mississippi and comments upon Jefferson Davis as a statesman. The thirteenth annual Convention of the Division is to be held in Jackson during May, with Bishop Thomas F. Gailor as orator. The committee is composed of Mrs. Eleanor Molloy Gillespie (Chairman), Mrs. Emma Neil Gates, and Mrs. Corinne McCorry, of Jackson, Mrs. Newton White, of Pulaski, Mrs. Jean Dobbins, of Columbia, Mrs. George Blake, Nashville, and Mrs. Owen Walker, Franklin.

It was a happy inspiration by Mrs. Annie B. Voorhies, of San Francisco, which started the planting of a Confederate grove in each city where the General Convention U. D. C. is held to commemorate that meeting. Each State sends a tree typical of its forests, and this "tree-planting" is made quite a feature of the Conventions. This year the meeting will be in Atlanta, Ga., and the Mayor and Park Commissioners have offered a beautiful place in the City Park for the "Confederate Grove," and on the day before the Convention meets the planting will take place.

POLICE OF NASHVILLE AND ATLANTA—A WORD OF HUMOR.—In the resolutions of thanks by the Georgia Division, U. C. V., at its recent Convention in Atlanta thanks were expressed for the services of the police. There was no record of heroic deeds by those officers of the law. The Mayor in his welcome address had said: "You can sit in our best rockers, put your feet on the pianos, and spit on the carpets." The resolutions of thanks to the police of Atlanta recall the comment by "Will," a Nashville bootblack, who, thankful for a well-earned dime soon after the Tennessee Confederate Reunion the week before, said: "They had a good time. The police had nothing to do." The spirit of the old boys was thus illustrated by a member of Cavalry Troop A on the night parade (not a "night rider" in the usual sense): "I don't drink liquor, I don't smoke cigarettes, and I'm happy."

Capt. W. H. Gregg, of Kansas City, Mo., corrects a statement made by Mrs. E. Louise Strother in her article on page 500 of the VETERAN for October—that Col. B. G. Jeans and brother were executed with her brother-in-law at the time referred to. Captain Gregg says:

"I knew Col. B. G. Jeans and the entire Jeans family. There were three brothers, Beal, Lum, and Sam. Lum, being an invalid, was shot down at his home in Jackson County by Kansas Jayhawkers about 1863; Sam became insane and died. Colonel Jeans left this county in the eighties.

"My own dear wife, I think, deserves to be placed on the list of Missouri heroines. I married her November 3, 1864, and took her to Texas on horseback to prevent her imprisonment. In our party were two other ladies and fifty men; and besides the many hardships, we had one day's fighting, and, being in the enemy's country, we were obliged to keep the women near the command. They heard many bullets whiz. In this day's fighting we killed forty-five nigger Indians and white soldiers without the loss of a man killed or wounded. This was our bridal tour."

SAM DAVIS, AN AMERICAN HERO.

An Address by the Monument Committee.

The Legislature of the State of Tennessee by resolution authorized the location of a monument to Sam Davis within the Capitol grounds, and a committee clothed with proper power was designated to carry out the provisions of this resolution.

This committee has selected the site on the most fitting and unique promontory of this magnificent area, near the southwest entrance at Vine and Cedar Streets, and has completed the concrete foundation, ready to receive the marble paving inclosure and base for the statue.

The Zolnay bust of Davis, exhibited to a million people at the Tennessee Centennial, is the accepted personification of the hero, and the artist has designed a full figure of heroic size, clothed in his Confederate gray jacket, with trousers tucked in cavalry boots, just as worn by the martyr when he so heroically met his death. This statue is now at the bronze works ready for casting.

All who are familiar with this sad story and have observed the pose, features, expression, and air of this conception of Sam Davis will be gratified to anticipate its perfection in complete heroic figure of bronze. It will give increased sympathy and admiration for the patriotic hero—awakening emotions akin to worship.

Sam Davis was a youth of Tennessee who, like many another of her boys, went to war in 1861 for home and friends, except that he was tried as never soldier was, and through his trial lives, and the wonderful story of his life will, regardless of sectional lines, stimulate men and women to continue to sacrifice for truth and principle.

Young Davis belonged to Shaw's Scouts, who, under orders from General Cheatham, were operating in Tennessee around their very homes, when they were nearly all, including Captain Shaw himself, captured by the Federals of General Dodge's command. Valuable papers were found on the person of Davis, clearly implicating him. Shaw was in the prison also at the time, but was known as Coleman.

Davis was tried by court-martial. The evidence being clear, he was convicted and sentenced to be hanged. The same death for the violation of the same rule of war was met by Nathan Hale eighty years before when acting under General Washington's order, the difference, giving Davis the greater distinction, being that he was offered life and liberty under conditions which he declined as dishonorable.

As Davis went to his death immunity was offered him if he would tell who gave him the papers found on his person. His captain, Shaw, had given them to him, and was then in the same prison at Pulaski. He refused to purchase his own life at the price of another's. The Son of Man says: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Sam Davis said: "If I had a thousand lives, I would lose them all here and now before I would betray my friends or the confidence of my informer." Nathan Hale said: "I regret I have but one life to give to my country." Monuments erected by the American people to Nathan Hale stand in numerous places, and now after forty-five years we, encouraged by nearly every State in the Union, have come to build a monument to Sam Davis's memory.

Let us make it so suitable, so beautiful, so suggestive, so true that those living who knew him and his record for truth and honor and those who may come after and read that story in this monument will feel only pride in the consciousness that they are fellow-men of Sam Davis, of Tennessee.

By the committee: Joseph W. Allen, J. M. Lea, John W. Thomas, J. W. Childress, R. H. Dudley, G. H. Baskette; J. C. Kennedy, Treasurer; S. A. Cunningham, Secretary; E. C. Lewis, Chairman. [The first four have died.]

The committee desires to raise a sum sufficient to complete this monument according to the design. We desire that the monument shall be eminently fitting to the subject and appropriate to the place. Of this amount there is now on hand $5,000. Contributions are solicited to make the sum desired, $6,000, and should be sent to the Treasurer, John C. Kennedy, Nashville.

Wishing to complete this monument at once, request is made of all persons interested in this worthy cause to send their names with amounts or remittances promptly, so that the scope of plans may be determined and the work completed. Will you not kindly send —— dollars?

Nashville, Tenn., November, 1908.

The editor of the Veteran is gratified with the promise of completing this monument very soon. He recalls his dread of responsibility in beginning to raise money for it.

Since the estimates as above by the committee more elaborate work has been determined, so that considerably more than the estimate will be necessary. Therefore it will be opportune to remit now by those who desire to contribute to the honor of this incomparable young Confederate hero. One gentleman who had contributed $25, realizing the necessity of a large increase, increases his donation to $100.

Remember that the entire list of subscriptions is to be published in the December Veteran, and it would be a happy condition to place in the corner stone the entire list of names.

WAR RECORDS ON SAM DAVIS.

The following official paper from "headquarters left wing 16th Army Corps, Pulaski, Tenn., November 20, 1863," is signed by G. M. Dodge, brigadier general:

"*Maj. R. M. Sawyer, A. A. G. Department of Tennessee:* I herewith inclose a copy of dispatch taken from one of Bragg's spies, Samuel Davis. He had a heavy mail, papers, etc., and Captain Coleman is pretty well posted. I think I will have him in a day or two. We have broken up several bands of mounted robbers and Confederate cavalry in the last week, capturing some five commissioned officers and one hundred enlisted men, who have been forwarded. I also forward a few of the most important letters found in the mail. The toothbrushes and blank books I was greatly in need of, and therefore appropriate them. I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant, G. M. Dodge, *Brigadier General.*"

An Order from General Sherman to General Dodge.

On November 12 General Sherman wrote from Winchester to General Dodge at Pulaski: "Whilst at Pulaski let your mounted men hunt out the pests that infest that country. Show them no mercy; and if the people don't suppress guerrillas, tell them your orders are to treat the community as enemies. If they keep order and quiet, then pay for corn and hogs, etc., or give vouchers; but eat up all the supplies—grain, hogs, and cattle—of Elk River."

Sherman wrote to Dodge from Bridgeport, Ala., in November: "I think it right to make citizens earn good treatment."

On November 11 General Dodge wrote to Col. J. W. Fuller, commanding brigade: "All destruction of property must be prohibited. * * * For everything taken by the proper officers proper receipts must be given."

SEVENTH TENNESSEE CAVALRY.

BY COL. W. L. DUCKWORTH, BROWNSVILLE, TENN.

To the communication in the June (1908) VETERAN, page 268, signed by R. J. Black, Memphis, Tenn., I feel impelled to make reply.

With his narrative as a whole I shall have nothing to do. It is the closing sentence only with which I wish to deal—namely, "Col. W. F. Taylor commanded the 7th Tennessee to the close of the war." A similar erroneous statement occurs in the book entitled "The Seventh Tennessee Cavalry," by J. P. Young. In the closing sentence of page 101 of this book is the following statement: "This left the regiment under the command of Lieut. Col. W. F. Taylor, and it so continued until it assembled at Gainesville, Ala., to be surrendered in May, 1865." Immediately preceding this statement there appears this: "And next day Colonel Duckworth was sent to Mobile." This is an error. I was not sent to Mobile next day nor any other day. In truth, I was never in Mobile, Ala., from the day of my birth to the present time.

The book is in error at another point. The regiment was never assembled at Gainesville, Ala., for parole or for any other purpose during the war. Mr. Black and the book agree, however, on this one point: that Col. W. F. Taylor commanded the regiment until the end of the war. What became of Colonel Duckworth they do not pretend to say, leaving the reading public to infer, inasmuch as he had been "sent to Mobile," whose prison was at that time the synonym of degradation and infamy, that his sun went down in darkness and his life out in disgrace.

When I called Judge J. P. Young's attention to these errors, he recognized the injustice and gravity of them, sympathized with me, and said he would be glad to do anything in his power to right the wrong if any way could be found by which it could be done. He informed me that he had nothing to do with the subject-matter of the book; he was only employed to edit and bring out the book. For his courtesy and kindness he has my thanks.

It is a fact that W. F. Taylor was lieutenant colonel of the 7th Tennessee Cavalry, that he was in command of the regiment during my absence from September, 1864, to April, 1865; but it is also a fact that I was ordered to "report for duty to these headquarters" (headquarters of 1st Division of Forrest's Cavalry, Brig. Gen. James R. Chalmers commanding) in April, 1865, which, having obeyed, I received orders signed by Brig. Gen. W. H. Jackson (acting temporarily for General Chalmers) to proceed to the head of the 7th Tennessee Cavalry and to take command of same as per my commission, which I did.

After some uneventful days, we were transported down the Black Warrior to Sumterville, Ala.; from thence we were led out three or four miles by a staff officer to a place which he had selected for a camp for Brig. Gen. A. W. Campbell, and here we were located and remained for several weeks. Here we received information of the surrender of our department by Lieut. Gen. Dick Taylor. This made us all prisoners of war. Here also we were informed of the appointment of two commissioners, one by each of the two hitherto belligerent governments, to settle all matters occasioned by the surrender of our department, including paroles for all of us who were Confederate soldiers, and that the commissioner to represent the United States government was E. S. Dennis, brigadier general United States Volunteers, and that the commissioner to represent the Confederate States government was W. H. Jackson, brigadier general Confederate States Volunteers, and that the joint office of these commissioners for this business was located at Gainesville, Ala., about twelve miles from our camp.

Soon we were ordered to disarm and surrender all implements of war and properties of the Confederate States in our possession. Following this was an order to make a roster of our regiment by companies preparatory to receiving paroles. When these orders had been executed, I took two officers of my staff and went down to the commissioners at Gainesville; and after attending to all official requirements and receiving my own parole and that for the officers with me from the hands of the commissioners, we returned to camp, and soon every officer and soldier in the 7th Tennessee Cavalry had his parole and we were all citizens of the United States government again. Only one more order came from General Campbell's headquarters, and that was to appoint the day when we were to break camp and set out for our homes, the routes we were to travel, and the order in which we were to march and disband.

My commission as colonel of the 7th Tennessee Cavalry, C. S. A., which is before me, bears the date of November 10, 1863. It was sent to me from Richmond. I never sought it; neither was I expecting it. I held five commission offices during the Civil War, and was never a candidate for one of them.

My parole is also before me. It bears the date of May 12, 1865. It is first marked "approved" by General Jackson, then signed by both commissioners. This statement of facts and figures settles the question as to who was colonel and who "commanded the 7th Tennessee Cavalry to the end of the war."

The foregoing paper being in reply to some controverted question, it was submitted to Judge J. P. Young and to R. J. Black, so that each statement might appear for our reading.

JUDGE YOUNG'S RESPONSE TO COLONEL DUCKWORTH.

The article of Col. W. L. Duckworth, of Brownsville, entitled "Seventh Tennessee Cavalry," inasmuch as it refers to the book so entitled in terms of protest, requires some notice. The book was written by me eighteen years ago and before the war records containing the reports of that period of the war were published. A year or two since Colonel Duckworth, formerly commander of my regiment, called to see me and stated that I was in error in saying in the book that Col. W. F. Taylor was in command of the 7th Tennessee at the surrender, as he had reassumed command under an order issued by Gen. W. H. Jackson before the surrender and actually commanded the regiment at the time. The writer told Colonel Duckworth that he had nothing to do with the subject-matter of the book; but, his company having been at that time on detached service, he relied upon the statements of his comrades for information as to those occurrences. The statements referred to were in the elaborate sketch of the 7th Tennessee Cavalry, prepared by a committee of the regiment for Lindsley's "Confederate Military Annals of Tennessee." That sketch on page 644 of said volume asserted that Colonel Duckworth had been sent to Mobile. The writer promised Colonel Duckworth that if furnished the orders reassigning him to command by General Jackson he would be glad to correct the error in a letter to the VETERAN. This, however, was never furnished by Colonel Duckworth.

It is to be deplored that controversies arise among old com-

rades, and no one is more desirous of doing justice to them than the writer. The war records are silent about these transactions except as to one letter, written by General Chalmers, which will be quoted herewith, and Colonel Duckworth's name is not otherwise mentioned in the whole series except with credit to himself outside of this letter so far as the writer knows. The letter referred to is as follows:

"Headquarters Chalmers's Division, Forrest's Cavalry,
West Point, Miss., Sept. 12, 1864.

"Col. F. M. Stewart, 15th Tennessee Cavalry; Col. J. U. Green, 12th Tennessee Cavalry; Col. W. L. Duckworth, 7th Tennessee Cavalry; Col. J. J. Neely, 14th Tennessee Cavalry; Maj. P. T. Allin, 26th (Tennessee) Battalion.

"*Gentlemen:* I am directed by Brigadier General Chalmers to say to you in reply to your note of this morning that by paragraph 1 of General Orders No. 73, from headquarters Forrest's Cavalry, dated Grenada, August 30, 1864, the regiments under your respective commands were organized into a brigade 'to be designated as Rucker's Brigade,' and by paragraph 2 of the same order Col. E. W. Rucker was assigned permanently to the command of that brigade. Colonel Rucker having reported for duty, you will obey promptly all orders issued by or coming through him.

"A copy of the letter referred to above was sent some days since from these headquarters to Colonel Neely, who was then commanding your brigade, and it was his duty to have issued copies of it promptly to the different regiments under his command; but the General learns with regret that this duty was neglected and the order permitted to lie unpublished in his office, a neglect of duty which deserves censure. As, however, Colonel Neely had regular official information of the existence of that order, which was indeed in his own hands, and as some others of you had verbal information of the existence of such an order, the General thinks that the fact that you have not received official copies of it affords scarcely a decent pretext for hesitating to obey orders issued by or coming through Colonel Rucker.

"I am, gentlemen, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
W. A. Goodman, *Assistant Adjutant General.*"

As to the whereabouts of Colonel Duckworth after his suspension from the command of the 7th Tennessee Cavalry immediately following the foregoing letter of General Chalmers or when he returned to the regiment, the writer has no personal knowledge. But upon application to Col. W. F. Taylor, the former lieutenant colonel of the regiment, he has been furnished the following statement which may throw some light upon these disputed historical facts.

Colonel Taylor's statement:

"Memphis, Tenn., October 10, 1908.

"*J. P. Young, Esq.—Dear Comrade:* In response to your inquiry will say that when our colonel was suspended from the command of the 7th Tennessee Cavalry at West Point, Miss., about September 15, 1864, I was ordered by General Forrest to take command of the regiment, and I continued to command it for the remainder of the war, and surrendered it at Gainesville, Ala., May 12, 1865. I received orders from no one except our brigadier general during that time.

"Sincerely yours, W. F. Taylor."

It was upon information derived from living sources that the history of the 7th Tennessee Cavalry was based, the writer using occasionally for reference the article in Lindsley's "Military Annals," above referred to, and there was no purpose to depreciate Colonel Duckworth's career in any way. Indeed, an inspection of the little book will show that its pages are highly complimentary to him all through; and if the writer made an error in saying that he had been sent to Mobile, as stated in the "Annals," he very much regrets it.

Mr. R. J. Black's Reply to Colonel Duckworth.

In the article written by me in the June Veteran, page 268, is mentioned Col. W. L. Duckworth, of the 7th Tennessee Cavalry Regiment, as having been relieved from his post of duty upon the reorganization of the brigade. My statement was that the brigade, and not the regiment, was reorganized. Toward the end of my article I meant to say that Col. W. F. Taylor commanded the regiment to the close of the war from about September, 1864. Colonel Duckworth may have been near by, but I did not observe that he was with his regiment at the time of surrender at Gainesville, Ala., about May 12, 1865.

The Colonel seems to think that I should not have mentioned his name, and I had no idea of making any adverse comments as to him at the time. He is held in high esteem by me, and I merely wished to convey the idea that Lieutenant Colonel Taylor was in command of the 7th Tennessee Cavalry during his temporary absence.

THE CABELLS AND THEIR KIN.

A biography of Gen. William L. Cabell appears in a volume entitled "The Cabells and Their Kin," edited by the Hon. Alexander Brown, now out of print. It contains in detail an elaborate history of the Cabell family. In it is a sketch of Mrs. Sarah Epes Doswell Cabell, who was born April 27, 1802; and died August 5, 1874, at the residence of her son, the Hon. George C. Cabell, in Danville, Va. There were eleven children: Pocahontas Rebecca, John Roy, Virginia J., William Lewis, Powhatan Bolling, an infant that died unnamed, Algernon Sidney, George Craighead, Sarap Epes, Joseph R., and Benjamin Edward Cabell.

William Lewis Cabell was born in Danville, Va., January 1, 1827. He entered the United States Military Academy, West Point, in June, 1846, and graduated in 1850; entered the United States army as second lieutenant of the 7th Infantry, and was promoted first lieutenant in June, 1855, and captain in March, 1858. He served in the Utah expedition, at Fort Kearny, Fort Arbuckle, Fort Cobb, etc. In March, 1861, he resigned from the United States army, and cast his lot with his people. He entered the Confederate States army, was commissioned major, and under orders from President Davis went to Richmond on April 21, 1861, to organize the commissary, quartermaster, and ordnance departments.

On June 1, 1861, he was ordered to Manassas as chief quartermaster of the Army of the Potomac [Northern Virginia.—Editor Veteran] on General Beauregard's staff. After the battles of July 18 and 21, he served on Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's staff until January 15, 1862, when he was transferred to the Trans-Mississippi Department, under General Van Dorn. He was soon promoted brigadier general, and assigned to the command of all the troops along White River. After the battle of Elk Horn, March 6 and 7, 1862, this army was transferred to the east side of the Mississippi River. The removal, being under the especial charge of General Cabell, was performed within a week. He continued in active service in this army, and especially distinguished himself in the battles of Iuka and Saltillo in September, at Corinth October 2 and

3, and at Hatchies Bridge October 4. He was wounded while leading his brigade upon the breastworks at Corinth and again at Hatchies Bridge, which disabled him from command for some time. Owing to his fighting qualities, he was called "Old Tige" by his soldiers.

While recuperating from his wounds he was ordered to inspect the staff department of the Trans-Mississippi Army. When able to report for duty, in February, 1863, he was placed in command of the forces in Northwest Arkansas, and succeeded in organizing one of the largest and finest brigades of cavalry west of the Mississippi. He commanded this noted brigade in 1863-64, leading it into many severe engagements. On the raid into Missouri, under General Price, he was captured on October 24, 1864, taken to Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie, thence to Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor, where he was confined until August 28, 1865.

He was married July 22, 1856, to Harriet A. Rector (eldest daughter of Maj. Ellis Rector and Catherine Duval, his wife) at her father's residence, near Fort Smith, Ark. She was known among the Osage as "Shingo," meaning the "Little Bird." The Rectors were from Fauquier County, Va., and the Duvals from near Parkersville, W. Va., but of Huguenot origin; while the Rectors were of English ancestry. Mrs. Cabell died while upon a visit to her mother April 16, 1887. To them were born seven children—viz.: Benjamin E., Katie Doswell, John J., Lawrence Duval, and Lewis Rector Cabell. The other two died in infancy.

The contributor of the above is Frank D. Brown, of Philipsburg, Mont., who succeeds Paul A. Fusz as Major General in command of the Northwest Division, U. C. V. He mentions General Cabell as the only other than President Davis "tried for treason." He evidently means that charges were preferred against General Cabell; but it is well known that there were none tried.

ONE OF OUR YOUNGEST SOLDIERS.

A report from Louisville, Ky., states that John H. Whallen, of that city, is "the youngest Confederate veteran in the United States." His friends make this claim and Gen. Basil Duke vouches for it.

The war ended forty-three years ago, and Colonel Whallen, now only fifty-seven years old, saw three years' service in the great struggle between the States. There may be men younger than he who fought in the Confederate army, as a man who enlisted at the age of thirteen in the last year of the war, now only fifty-six years old; but there is no man of his age who can point to three years' service as a real soldier.

Colonel Whallen was eleven years old when he enlisted in the Confederate army. He lived in Alexandria, Ky., twelve miles south of Cincinnati; and when some youths of the neighborhood formed a party to cast their fortunes with the South, Whallen, who was well grown for his age and of most adventurous spirit, persuaded them to accept him. On their first start a band of home guards who had learned what they were about undertook to intercept them. There was a sharp brush, and Whallen shot one man, wounding him seriously. He met this man after he returned from the war, and they became good friends.

Whallen and his comrades joined the 4th Kentucky Cavalry. Whallen was assigned to Capt. Bart Jenkins's company, and from that time on he was a soldier and knew real war. His company was chiefly on duty in Southwestern Virginia; and although it participated in few big battles, it was in constant fighting and skirmishes, and the work was harder and more dangerous than that which fell to armies that enjoyed respites between combats, as each man had to rely more on his individual prowess.

Capt. Bart Jenkins says that Whallen was one of his best soldiers, and General Duke, who frequently met him during the war, says the same. Captain Jenkins's most thrilling story is of the time he and Whallen were besieged in a house by bushwhackers. Jenkins was ill and Whallen was hardly large enough to handle a gun, but they beat off the band until aid came.

Whallen served until mustered out in 1865, when he was just fourteen years old. He lives in Louisville, owns the Buckingham Theater, is treasurer of the Empire Circuit, and has business interests that make him one of Louisville's prominent citizens. His most cherished possession is a cross of honor that was bestowed on him by the Daughters of the Confederacy for his services.

THE FIRST SUBMARINE BOAT.

BY ARTHUR P. FORD, AIKEN, S. C.

In the February number of the VETERAN appeared an article by Charles Moran, describing the first submarine boat to engage in actual warfare, which is so inaccurate that I feel impelled to give the facts. In my book, "Life in the Confederate Army," published by the Neale Publishing Company, there is an account of this boat, and I extract what relates to it as follows:

"It was about this time, 1863 (not 1864), that I saw that celebrated torpedo submarine boat, the Hundley (not the David), the first submarine boat ever built. As I was standing on the bank of the Stone River (near Charleston) I saw the boat passing along the river, where her builder, H. L. Hundley, had brought her for practice. I watched her as she disappeared around a bend in the river, and little thought of the fearful tragedy that was immediately to ensue. She made an experimental dive, stuck her nose in the mud, and drowned her entire crew. Her career was such an eventful one that I record what I recollect of it.

"She was built in Mobile by W. L. Hundley and brought to Charleston in 1863. She was of iron, about twenty feet long, four feet wide, and five feet deep—in fact, not far from round, as I have seen it stated—and equipped with two fins, by which she could be raised or lowered in the water. The intention of her builder was that she should dive under an enemy's vessel with a torpedo in tow which would be dragged against the vessel and exploded, while the Hundley, or Fish, as some called her, rose on the other side. She was worked by a hand propeller and equipped with water tanks, which could be filled or emptied at pleasure, and thus regulate her sinking or rising. The first experiment was made with her in Mobile Bay, and she went down all right with her crew of seven men, but did not come up, and every man died, asphyxiated, as no provision had been made for storing a supply of air.

"As soon as raised she was brought to Charleston, and a few days after her acceptance by General Beauregard Lieutenant Payne, of the Confederate navy, volunteered with a crew of six men to man her and attack the Federal fleet off Charleston. While he had her at Fort Johnson, on James Island, and was making preparations for the attack, one night as she was lying at the wharf the swell of a passing steamer filled her, and she went to the bottom, carrying with her and drowning the six men. Lieutenant Payne happened to be near an open manhole at the moment and escaped. Notwithstand-

ing the evidently fatal characteristics of this boat, as soon as she was raised another crew of six men, under Payne, volunteered and took charge of her. But only a week afterwards an exactly similar accident happened while she was alongside the wharf at Sumter, and only Payne and two men escaped.

"H. L. Hundley, her builder in Mobile, now believed that the crews did not understand how to manage the Fish, and came on to Charleston to see if he could not show how it should be done. A Lieutenant Dixon, of Alabama, had made several successful experiments with the boat in Mobile Bay, and he also came on and was put in charge with a volunteer crew, and made several successful dives in Charleston Harbor. But one day, the day upon which I saw the boat, Hundley himself took her into Stone River to practice her crew. She went down all right, but did not come up; and when she was searched for and found and raised to the surface, all of her crew were dead, asphyxiated, as others had been.

"After the boat was brought to Charleston, several successful experiments were made with her, until she attempted to dive under the Confederate receiving ship, Indian Chief, when she became entangled with an anchor chain and went to the bottom, remaining there until raised with every one of her crew dead, as were their predecessors.

"No sooner had she been raised than a number of men begged to be allowed to give her another trial, and Lieutenant Dixon was given permission to use her in an attack on the United States Steamship Housatonic, a new gunboat that lay off Beach Inlet on the bar, on condition that she should not be used as a submarine boat, but only on the surface with a spar torpedo. On February 17, 1864, Lieutenant Dixon, with a crew of six men, made his way with the boat through the creeks behind Sullivan's Island to the inlet. The night was not very dark, and the Housatonic was easily seen lying at anchor, unmindful of danger. The Fish went directly for her, and the torpedo striking the Housatonic tore a tremendous hole in her side. The ship sank to the bottom in about four minutes; but as the water was not very deep, her masts remained above water, and all of her crew except four or five saved themselves by climbing into the rigging. But the Fish was not seen again. From some unknown cause she again sank, and all her crew perished. Several years after the war, when the government was clearing the wrecks and obstructions out of Charleston Harbor, the divers visited the scene of this attack, and on the sandy bottom of the sea found the hulk of the Housatonic and alongside of her the shell of the Fish. Within the latter were skeletons of her devoted crew."

The submarine torpedo boat, the Hundley, or the Fish, has often been confused with surface torpedo boats called Davids. There was only one Hundley, but many Davids. The first David was designed and built at Charleston in the summer of 1863 by Dr. St. Julien Ravenel and Mr. Theodore Stoney, if my memory serves me right. They were cigar-shaped crafts, about thirty feet long, and each carried a torpedo at the end of a spar from the bow. They were propelled by miniature steam engines. The Confederate government built a number of them for use along the coast. It was on one of these crafts that Glassell distinguished himself.

[This article should have had earlier attention, as others had called attention to the seeming erroneousness of the accounts published in the VETERAN for February. In this connection reference is made to the article in the VETERAN for September, Pages 456-459, by Capt. Hunter Davidson.—ED.]

THE CROWN OF LIFE.

BY DR. THOMAS CALVERT, WASHINGTON, D. C.

[The author of this beautiful poem is an honorary member of the Henry Wilson Post, G. A. R.]

O Life! What is it that thou hast to give us
That we should cling tenaciously to thee?
Why should we envy those who may outlive us
And find our strongest wish the wish to be?
Life's mottled floor is evermore alluring,
With its alternate flecks of light and shade;
Nor do we think when pains we are enduring
'Twere better if beyond its pale we strayed.

Our hopes may sadly march in line before us
As ghosts of what had not the life to last,
And griefs that through the bitter waters bore us
Come back to us across the murky past.
Perhaps for roses plucked the thorns have torn us,
Perhaps each sunny ray was lost in shade,
And all the joys that up to heaven have borne us
Perhaps have fallen and in earth are laid.

Although we know that living means more sorrow,
As ever faster dear ones pass away;
Yet though each day we fear a dark to-morrow,
For that to-morrow would we gladly stay.
We may not know what is the wish inspiring
That we may long remain in mortal life,
Endure its grief and share its toil, untiring,
And ever ready for its constant strife.

Yet that ambition permeates our being
And ever rules us from our infant days,
And in the skies above we're ever seeing
Grand palaces the future is to raise.
And what may be the wellspring of this clinging
To search for sprites that evermore elude,
To siren hopes that wrecks for us are bringing,
To smiling fays that strike with hand so rude?

It is the fond hope in our souls implanted
That we, ere from this life we pass away,
May see fulfillment of ambition granted
That we may blaze the path through which we stray;
That we may marks and warnings leave behind us
To help the lives of those who follow on
And see our tracks, while pressing on to find us,
With blessings on our names when we are gone!

This is the crowning of all living—
To leave a name that shall with honor shine,
To win the fame of generously giving
A life for others with a love divine.
All other fruit of life is but a cinder
That falls to ashes at Time's lightest blow;
Wealth, station, power may be but clogs that hinder
The rise to heights of an immortal glow!

The soldier true wards harm and ill from others
And faces death, himself to meet all blows.
He shows he loves his fellow-men as brothers,
And wins the honor even of his foes.
To risk his life for others is his glory—
A glory that shall e'er illume his name,
And when the record tells his noble story
Shall place it high upon the scroll of fame!

BEVERLY YOUNG, OF MISSISSIPPI.

DR. B. F. WARD, IN WINONA TIMES.

Miss Lucile Webb Banks has written a graphic and beautiful description of Waverly, the magnificent ancestral home of the Youngs, situated on the Tombigbee River, near Columbus, Miss. It was occupied at that time by two old bachelor brothers, Capt. William Lowndes Young and Maj. George Valley Young, familiarly known as "Major Val" and "Captain Billy." These two patriotic and hospitable old gentlemen had a brother, Beverly Young, who was a private soldier of Company I, Van Dorn Rifles, 11th Mississippi Regiment. He was one of the first to enlist, and served as a private till he received his fatal wound in a desperate charge at Gettysburg.

Though wealthy, Beverly Young was modest, unassuming, and unpretentious, yet genial and courageous in the face of every danger. He was severely wounded in the leg in the last day's battle; but with a crooked oak limb which he had found and used as a crutch he could hobble around a little, and insisted on my giving attention to others whom he considered were in more urgent need than himself, saying that he could wait. For protection from a July sun I had laid a number of the very badly wounded on the ground in an oak grove through which ran an insignificant little brook. The night after General Lee retired, leaving five or six thousand wounded on the field, an unexpected rain fell in torrents. Quickly the little stream overflowed its banks and flooded the ground where our wounded lay from ankle- to knee-deep. It was very dark. We were apprehensive that some of the brave fellows would drown before we could get them out, but we rescued them all. I waded in water knee-deep to where I knew a man was lying with his head at the root of a large oak. Hearing nothing from him, I thought he was drowned, and, stooping down to feel for him, I touched an uplifted hand wet and cold as the chill of death. I spoke to him. He recognized my voice and faintly answered: "Doctor, I thought I was gone and was holding up my hand in prayer." The water was up to his chest, but he had rested his head against the root of the tree to keep above water. I took him by the arms, raised him into a sitting position, and, kneeling in the water with my back to his chest and making him clasp his arms around my neck, I staggered to my feet and carried him to high land, although his weight was greater than mine.

When daylight came we were confronted with a sad spectacle. The poor fellows were wet and chilled, their wounds were soaked with dirty water, and none of them had a change of clothes. Near by were a farmhouse and a very large brick barn which was filled with straw. I walked up to the house, and was met by a typical Pennsylvania farmer. I saw the hard lines in his face and realized the rigor of the judgment seat before which I stood. How I did wish for the eloquence of Paul that I might have made that old Hessian Felix tremble! I did my pathetic best. I wanted straw worse than the Israelites did in the brickyards of Egypt, but could not get it without the money. I told him I had not a dollar of funds that would be current in his country, and reminded him that on the battlefields of Virginia many Federal wounded had fallen into my hands, and that I had always extended to them the same care and attention given to my own wounded; but he was not in the "reciprocity" business. I then inquired how much he would charge for straw enough to make beds for a certain number of wounded, as I wanted it only for the worst and most helpless cases. He replied that I might have the straw for five dollars.

I walked back with a heavy heart, and I feel till yet the anguish that seized me when I looked on the pale and pinched features of those intrepid and bleeding boys a thousand miles from home dying upon the bare, wet, inhospitable soil of a heartless enemy without even an old Confederate blanket between them and a dying couch. I told them I had not a dollar with which to purchase the straw to make them a bed.

Beverly Young was sitting down by a tree waiting for his clothes to dry on him. He put his hand in his pocket, took out a five-dollar gold piece, the last he had and that he had saved through many months of hunger and want for such an emergency as had now overtaken him, and said: "Here, Doctor, take this and pay the old Shylock for his straw." I replied that he was going to a Yankee prison, that he was badly wounded and would sorely need that money, and that I did not feel that it was right to take it. He said: "Yes, take it and provide for those boys; they are worse off than I am." I went back, dropped the coin in the old man's hand, and his eyes glittered like a basilisk's as he clutched it. I think his greed was the more gratified because it was blood money. We all went to work packing the straw in our arms, stripping the wet clothes from the boys, and covering them naked in the straw while we hung their soiled, bloody garments out to dry.

Brave, great-hearted "Bev" Young, crippled, penniless, suffering the cruelties and inhumanities of a Northern prison! He died of wounds! The people of Columbus ought to build a monument to his memory with a five-dollar gold coin embossed upon its face and an inscription under it something like this: "Beverly Young, wounded and a prisoner, gave his last dollar to his suffering and dying comrades."

Monuments are an important part of history. They are books that never go out of print and require no new editions to bring them up to date. They are the milestones of the centuries, the oracles of the ages. They inspire the youths and young men to emulate the heroism, the manhood, and the patriotism of their ancestors. * * * There was more heroism in Beverly Young's contribution of his last cent to his suffering comrades than in his charge the day before on the blazing line of the enemy's breastworks. * * * To carve the memory of this deed in stone would be an eloquent appeal to the embryonic manhood and womanhood of our children as lasting as the famous oration of Demosthenes over the Athenian dead who had fallen in a losing battle as disastrous to Greece as Gettysburg to the Confederacy.

THE STORY OF SABINE PASS.

W. E. Sawyer, Commandant of Camp Erath, U. C. V., Thurber, Tex., writes an appropriate criticism:

"In the August issue of the VETERAN M. V. Ingram states that the first and only time the Federal gunboats were defeated by the Confederate land forces was at Fort Donelson. The achievement of this great victory by Major Bedwell was one of the greatest during the Civil War, but it was not the only victory of its kind during the four years of struggle.

"On September 6, 1863, General Franklin, with four thousand men, assisted by a fleet, was sent to effect a landing at Sabine Pass and from thence to operate against Galveston and Houston. Four Union gunboats attacked Fort Grigsby, which was defended at the time by forty-two men and two lieutenants with an armament of six cannons. The officers and men were all Irishmen, and the company was called the Davis Guards. The captain, F. H. Odlum, was not present, and the company was commanded by Lieut. R. W. Dowling.

For an hour and a half this gallant little band was subjected to a terrific bombardment. The result of the fight was the repulse of the gunboats, two of which were captured with their armament, eighteen guns, and one hundred and fifty men. So the fleet of twenty vessels sailed away, minus two gunboats, with Franklin's command without making any further attempt. Besides the prisoners, the attacking party lost fifty killed and wounded. Not a man in the garrison was hurt. The victory was as decisive of the attempted invasion of Texas as if it had been a great battle.

"This authority is quoted from pages 282 and 283 in 'Story of the Confederate States,' by Joseph T. Derry. Please see page 228 in same history for other defeat of gunboats by John B. Magruder. This is not written for the purpose of controversy, but for the purpose of historical accuracy."

[It was a slip to let the Ingram paper go uncorrected. The wonderful story of Sabine Pass is doubtless without parallel in the world's wars. Others may challenge the statement of Comrade Ingram. It is not in the spirit of controversy, as stated above, but to get history correct, that such errors are gladly corrected.—Ed. Veteran.]

REUNION OF FORREST'S ESCORT AND STAFF.

Mrs. Ruby Duff Boone Creson writes of the annual Reunion of Forrest's Escort, held at Booneville, Tenn., September 8 and 9, which had a programme of music and recitations on Tuesday evening, with welcome address by N. F. Bonner and response by T. C. Little. She states:

"Fifteen years have elapsed since the escort met here, and many faces were missing and several members who had entertained them then are here no longer, among them being Capt. Nathan Boone, H. L. W. Boone, J. H. C. Duff, B. B. Ingle, and Perry Logan. The feeble state of Dr. J. B. Cowan's health prevented his being present, and George L. Dismukes was reported sick.

"The deaths reported since the last meeting were: Capt. William Forrest, Maj. Charles W. Anderson, Dr. J. N. Taylor, John W. Snell, John P. Hoffman, and Jordan Womack.

"A large crowd welcomed the 'boys who wore the gray' to a lovely grove on Wednesday; and after a speech by Col. E. Shapard, of Shelbyville, a sumptuous dinner was spread.

"Forrest's followers are ever welcome to Booneville.

"The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, W. C. Buchanan; Vice President, R. C. Garrett; Recording Secretary, George L. Cowan; Secretary and Treasurer, N. F. Boone; Chaplain, D. C. Kelley.

"The next meeting will be at Shelbyville."

SAVED BY AN OMISSION IN COURT RECORD.

Omission in the proceedings of a court renders the sentence void. John S. Cantwell, of Wilmington, N. C., sends the following:

"While in winter quarters near Orange C. H., Va., during the winter of 1863-64 Private James R. Phillips, of Moore County, N. C., was brought to camp and confined as a deserter. Charges were preferred against him, and he was tried before a court-martial and condemned to be shot. A petition for his pardon was signed by all the officers of the regiment present for duty excepting Lieut. Col. William M. Parsley, the captain of his company, F, 3d North Carolina Infantry, and Lieut. Cicero Craig, of Company I.

"In regular course the proceedings of the court were read at dress parade, resulting first in a communication to Lieutenant Colonel Parsley, commanding the regiment, requesting his release and return to duty because of the fact that in the proceedings of the court the words 'two-thirds concurring' were omitted. Colonel Parsley forwarded the communication, indorsed 'respectfully approved.' Brigadier General Steuart returned it 'disapproved.' The same communication was addressed to Gen. R. E. Lee, respectfully demanding his release and return to duty. This went forward through the regular channels to President Davis, who pardoned him, and he was put in the ranks of his company for duty the day the campaign of 1864 opened, about the 6th of May, 1864.

"Phillips was captured with his company and the rest of the brigade of Gen. Ed Johnson on May 12 at Spottsylvania, Va., and he was confined at Point Lookout, where he deserted again by taking the oath to the United States government.

"Has any one heard of another case where an omission in the proceedings of a court-martial saved the condemned?"

NIGHT IN THE SOUTH.

[The following was founded on fact told by a G. A. R. man to the writer, Isabella Caldwell Jones, 1221 West Seventh Street, Los Angeles, Cal.]

A grizzled Union soldier sitting nigh
Telling tales of civil battles gone by.
"Just once," he said, "in that four years I cried.
It was for a Rebel company, all died.
We rode, well fed, well mustered out, brass buttons too,
A goodly squad of Union boys wearing Union blue.
It was four o'clock the sundial said when, turning down a lane,
We came upon a scrap of army that roused as onward now we came.
Some were old, and all were sick—a pitiful band,
Ragged, hungry, sorrowful, awaste their land.
They were 'up to arms and right about;' their eyes were bright;
And as the setting sun began to sink, there began another fight.
We were five and more than five to one, when suddenly
A private school of little Rebel boys turned out bravely!
Those little boys! My God! they fought like warriors of old,
The schoolmaster and the little classes, till all of them were cold.
The little plot was strewn with dead, thirty or more.
We mowed them down like waving grass; thank God, 'twas o'er,
And night fell with jealous haste to wrap them in her quiet gloom.
Good heaven! that fence corner was red like a bloody tomb.
Those little boys, all so young, had died so blest;
So bravely for their cause they bled, God give the youthful soldiers rest.
And as we marched off, we Union men, strong in our might,
We left the handful of Rebel soldiers and the boys and the schoolmaster in the night.
But out the past again I sigh when I think upon that sight.
Ah! all is fair in war, they said. Fair? maybe, but right?"

Inclosed with the foregoing was this note by the author: "It is a true story, and has so haunted me that I wrote it in this form and read it before my Chapter, U. D. C. I thought perhaps it would help keep alive the pride of the youngest generation in the glorious deeds of Confederate soldiers."

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.

BY ANNE CHEW DORSEY COQUILLETT, AUTHOR OF "THE OLD GRAY COAT."

Hanging on the wall o'er yonder
  Is a flag of yesterday,
And it represents the story
  Of the boys who wore the gray;
What they fought for long and bravely,
  Freedom for the land they loved
And the sacrifice and glory—
  Was it more than what they owed?

God and country was their motto,
  And the flag meant that and more:
Homes and freedom, wives and daughters.
  So the gray they proudly wore,
Fought with courage grand, and glory
  Crowns that flag of yesterday,
And we hail it with all honor—
  "Furled and useless," did you say?

Furled it may be, but not useless;
  For it points to higher things,
Teaches lessons to your children.
  Priceless memory round it clings—
Memory linked with Lee and Jackson,
  What brave men can do for love
Of the country which has borne them
  And the God who reigns above.

Just the Cause was what they fought for,
  And to-day it lives again;
All the country now resounds with
  "State rights fight for might and main!"
Yes, they did their duty bravely,
  And that flag it bears no stain;
Memories linked with Lee and Jackson,
  Sacred now, will never wane.

Naught on earth can blight the record
  Of the flag that's floating there,
And our hearts are filled with rapture,
  E'en though wells the scalding tear.
For the principles they fought for
  Are to-day alive and strong,
And we hope to see them vanquish
  Ignorance and willful wrong.

Yes, old Flag, you've done your duty;
  Furled you may be, but you'll live
In the hearts of sons and daughters,
  And all honor they will give
To the flag their fathers fought for,
  And the memories with it fraught
Of the noble deeds of daring
  And the lessons which they taught.

[The author of this poem, Anne Chew Dorsey Coquillett, is a granddaughter of James M. Mason, the Confederate Commissioner to England, and a member of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, U. D. C.]

OLDEST TWIN BROTHERS IN THE WORLD.—A Pittsburg paper comes to the VETERAN with a sketch of "the oldest twins in the world." They are Neven and William Kerr, of Worthington, Pa., now in their ninety-fourth year. They were born in Scotland. They came to this country to pick up gold that they expected to find lying loose. Andrew Jackson was President, and they "blamed the Democratic party for failure to find the Eldorado" that they expected. And they boast that they have always been enemies to the Democratic party. The hardier of the two has been married and raised a half dozen children. This matter comes to the VETERAN because of its record of veteran twins.

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

REPORT OF TREASURER SEPTEMBER 30, 1908.

Receipts.

Balance on hand, $5,776.99.

From Pat Cleburne Camp, No. 216, U. C. V., $6.

From Mrs. J. N. Thompson, Alabama Division, U. D. C., Gulfport pledge, $7.

From Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director A. C. M. A., for Virginia, $133.62. The contributors through her from Virginia are: Mildred Lee Chapter, No. 74, U. D. C., $10; Warren Rifles Chapter, No. 934, U. D. C., $2; school children, Martinsville, $5; school children, Richmond and Manchester, $81.62; Shenandoah Chapter, No. 32, U. D. C., $9; Albemarle Chapter, No. 154, U. D. C., $5; Sallie Tompkins Chapter, No. 96, $1; W. H. Terry Chapter, No. 580, U. D. C., $20.

From Omaha Chapter, No. 794, U. D. C., $5.

From Bedford Forrest Chapter, No. 448, U. D. C., $10.

From Asheville Chapter, No. 104, U. D. C., $1.

From Sterling Price Chapter, No. 901, U. D. C., $5.

From R. E. Lee Chapter, No. 1131, U. D. C., $5.

From Camp Benning, No. 511, U. C. V., $50.

From Zebulon Vance Camp, No. 681, U. C. V., $10.25.

Total to be accounted for (no expenses), $6,009.86.

WALLACE STREATER, *Treasurer.*

ABOUT THE TENNESSEE REUNION.

The twenty-second annual Convention of the Tennessee Bivouacs, Confederate Soldiers, met in Nashville on October 14. Judge Z. W. Ewing, of Pulaski, President, presided. The Convention being called to order, Dr. J. H. McNeilly, Chaplain of the Association, delivered an eloquent invocation expressing thanks to God that so many veterans had been spared to be present. At the conclusion of the prayer President Ewing appointed Judge S. F. Wilson, of Nashville, H. E. Cannon, of Memphis, and Sam Claybrook, of Brentwood, a Committee on Credentials to examine the report on the list of delegates as reported by Secretary John P. Hickman. The committee shortly after reported the number of votes each Bivouac was entitled to cast.

Secretary Hickman announced the programme of entertainment provided for the visitors by the Board of Trade and the committees in charge of arrangements. Gen. George W. Gordon, of Memphis, Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department, took the place of former Senator E. W. Carmack on the list of speakers, and he delivered the principal address.

A resolution adopted by the Tennessee Historical Association of Memphis was offered to the Convention by Gen. George W. Gordon indorsing the present Board of Pension Examiners, composed of George B. Guild, of Nashville, Frank A. Moses, of Knoxville, and W. H. Coley, of Milan, and asked their reappointment. The resolution set forth that all three members of the Board had been indorsed by the Bivouacs

and Camps of their respective Divisions of the State. The resolution was adopted unanimously.

President Ewing delivered a short address, which was indorsed by applause. He congratulated the veterans that so many of them had been spared to attend this Reunion. "I hope we will all pass through the coming year without loss," he said; "but I know that this cannot be. This will be the last Reunion some of us will attend. Our heads are gray, our pulse is growing weaker, our bodies are not strong; but let us hope that as we pass from these scenes we will finally meet where there is no parting."

The report of the Board of Pension Examiners was then read by Col. Frank A. Moses, Special Examiner and member of the Board. It showed that the total number of pensioners on the State's pay roll is 6,100. Of this number, 4,659 are veterans and 1,441 widows of veterans. Since the October meeting last year three hundred and seventy-six soldiers and seventy-two widows have crossed over the river, making a total of four hundred and forty-eight deaths for the past year. "The roll is rapidly changing," said Colonel Moses in his report. "The 'thin gray line' grows thinner day by day. What is to be done for them must be done quickly."

Pensions were granted to six hundred and forty-eight veterans during the last year, and three hundred and twelve widows were placed on the rolls, making a total of nine hundred and sixty new names added to the roll during the year.

Colonel Moses made a comparison in his report of the pension appropriations made by Tennessee and the national government, showing that since the first pension law was passed in this State, in 1891, the State has appropriated for soldiers and their widows $2,680,000, or about one dollar *per capita* for the population of the State; while the national government is appropriating over $155,000,000 a year, or nearly two dollars *per capita* for every man, woman, and child in the whole country. It costs the national government $2.94 to pay each of its pensioners, while it costs the State of Tennessee only ninety-one cents, which includes all incidental expenses. The United States Pension Office does not have to pay postage, and all the printing is done in the Government Printing Office; so that if the State Board were on the same basis with regard to these expense items as the national government the cost to the State of Tennessee *per capita* would be about one-fourth what it is to the nation.

It is claimed that Tennessee pays better pensions to the Confederate soldiers than any other Southern State, and statistics were quoted from a number of States showing the difference in the way Tennessee takes care of the veterans as compared to other States. Where Tennessee pays $300, Colonel Moses showed that Virginia pays $150, North Carolina $72, South Carolina $90, Georgia $100 to $150, Florida $150, Mississippi $125, and Louisiana $78.

Colonel Moses made some suggestions, among which was one that the Camps and Bivouacs provide for the selection of a committee of six old soldiers—two from each grand division of the State—to coöperate with the Board in a revision of the laws relating to pensions. This committee could meet with the Board upon call of the President of the Board and invite suggestions from persons interested in the welfare of the old soldier and his widow.

Colonel Moses reported that pension attorneys have been overcharging veterans and quoted the law, which fixes the fee at one dollar and makes it a misdemeanor to contract for or receive, directly or indirectly, more than this fee. The penalty is a fine of $500 and ten days' imprisonment. Colonel Moses reported that in a number of cases in which he had made examinations he had required the attorneys to make restitution to avoid prosecution. He said, however, that the Board has directed that there should be no more compromises, and that future violators of the law will be prosecuted.

President M. S. Cockrill's report showed that there are one hundred and thirty-four veterans living at the Home at the present time. Forty-three were admitted during the past year, fifteen died, while eight were discharged. President Cockrill considers the death rate very small, taking into consideration the advanced age of the inmates—the average age being seventy-two—and most of the inmates are feeble old men when they are admitted. He paid tribute to the U. D. C.: "We are greatly indebted to the Daughters of the Confederacy for the care of our sick. They have a regularly employed matron in the hospital, with several paid nurses. The Tennessee Division of the Daughters have a regular standing committee to look after the Home, with Mrs. W. B. Maney, of Nashville, as chairman. The services of this committee are invaluable."

The Home is in debt by about $750 more than it was a year ago. The indebtedness then was $1,030. "During the last year," Captain Cockrill said, "we have received from the State in *per capita* tax $16,316, while the sales from the Home have been $1,413, making a total of $17,730. We are given only thirty-seven and a half cents a day to feed, clothe, and doctor the inmates, not as much as is given for the care of the criminals of the State. * * * We must have an increased allowance, and we hope this Division will petition the Legislature to make the increase."

The report states that the outside of the Home is badly in need of repairs, and asks that the next Legislature make the necessary appropriation. The last Legislature, it is shown, appropriated $1,500 for this purpose, but it was left out of the engrossed bill.

Captain Cockrill added that the increased cost of maintaining the veterans at the Home was due to the increased price in the cost of necessities and the advancing age of the veterans, which made it necessary to employ more help at the Home than was needed when it first started. "Eighteen years ago," he said, "when the Home was first started, we bought bacon at six and eight cents a pound; to-day we have to pay ten and twelve cents for it. Then the average age of the veterans in the Home was sixty-five years; now it is seventy years. This makes it necessary for us to employ additional help because the veterans are getting so far advanced in age that they can't serve themselves as they could years ago."

John P. Hickman, Secretary and Treasurer, read his report, which showed a total collection of $144 and disbursements amounting to $316, leaving a balance overdue in the treasury of $172. The report was received and adopted.

The report of the Historical Committee was submitted by Col. George C. Porter, the chief feature being a recommendation that the Association indorse the idea to procure, collect, and publish the names and commands of all Confederate soldiers from Tennessee. It was asked that the Association authorize the Historical Committee to appear before the Ways and Means Committee of the next Legislature and urge an appropriation to accomplish the purpose. The report also requested that all Camps and Bivouacs within this jurisdiction be requested to ask Senators and Representatives to vote for such an appropriation.

MORE OF THE BATTLE OF NEW MARKET.

[In a letter to Thomas H. Neilson, of New York, Col. George H. Smith, of Los Angeles, Cal., who commanded the 62d Virginia Regiment in the fight, says:]

I take the VETERAN, and before receiving your letter had read your article and also the letter of Captain Bruce in the December number. I have also read many other communications about the battle of New Market, published from time to time, and among these the article, or an extract from the article, of Mr. Lewis Wise, who was a member of the Cadet Corps at the time of the battle. The latter speaks of the steadiness of the corps at a certain juncture in the fight when the veterans to the right and left of them were faltering and falling back; and Captain Bruce, as he says (evidently referring to the same juncture), observed "Imboden's men falling back." The place and time referred to are explained in the inclosed "Memoranda" of the fight.

The place was the northern fence of Bushong's house yard and its extensions easterly and westerly; the time, the brief interval between the halting of the 51st Regiment at the fence and the withdrawal of the 62d from the position to which it had advanced after the 51st had halted. During this interval the Cadet Corps had come up on the right of the 51st. Captain Bruce's observation refers to the 62d Regiment, which was the only part of Imboden's men in the infantry line. Mr. Wise's observation as to the faltering of the veterans on his right and left refers, therefore, to the 62d and the 51st. As to the latter, he is in a measure correct. The 51st had halted at the fence, and were apparently for a brief space in some disorder, as appears from Captain Bruce's statement. Mr. Wise's reference to the veterans on his right has also some semblance of truth, for the 62d had just then been drawn back from an advanced position where it had stood alone under the concentrated fire of the Federal line; and it needs no explanation to soldiers to know that when men are brought back from such a position no attempt is made to preserve their ranks. The men, however, came back under my orders and promptly formed as soon as we had gotten under the protection of the elevation we had crossed; and all this with a steadiness that would have provoked the admiration of a more experienced soldier than Mr. Wise or of a more accurate observer than Captain Bruce or his informant. It may be added that within a quarter of an hour afterwards the whole matter was reported by myself to General Breckinridge on the field precisely as I have stated it above and in the inclosed memoranda, and he entirely approved of the withdrawal of the regiment, and then, as on all occasions when he spoke of the regiment, most highly commended its conduct.

From the halt of the 51st at Bushong's fence resulted the failure of the first line to carry the position of the enemy; and there also resulted on the right flank a loss to the 62d Regiment over two hundred men, and on the left the loss of the opportunity of capturing the detached battery near the river, of which Edgar's Battalion so promptly availed itself.

The halt of the Cadets when they came up on the right of the 51st was inevitable; nor if, as Captain Bruce says, they participated somewhat in the disorder occurring at that juncture, are they to be blamed; though for myself I am not prepared to say that this was the case. The time referred to by Captain Bruce was probably that of the coming back of the 52d from its advanced position, which must naturally have contributed to that effect; but my recollection is that they and the right of the 51st stood steadily in their position. At least we left the 51st in their position and found them with the Cadets still in the position when the regiment moved back; nor have my subsequent investigations led me to doubt the accuracy of my memory on this point. They did not, however, form on the left of the 62d when that regiment advanced with the 22d; and the result was that the two regiments named led the advance in this part of the field, and continued in advance until the enemy was routed and we had passed the line of their position. I have no doubt, however, that, as Captain Bruce says, the 51st with the Cadets promptly followed our advance and that of Edgar's Battalion, and thus participated in the final and victorious onset and doubtless largely contributed to the result. They are, therefore, entitled to their full share of the credit of the victory. Their case was one that often occurs in battle and with the best troops. It was that of troops brought to a temporary stand, and yet quickly recovering themselves and pressing to the front. It may be added that in their advance the right of the 51st and the Cadets must have passed over the ground immediately on the right of the 34th Massachusetts and the position of Kleisor's Battery, and in this way they may be said to have captured the guns left by that battery on the field; but this must have been after the enemy had been driven from their position and the position of the enemy had been passed by the 62d and the 22d Regiments.

You may observe that Captain Bruce is mistaken in other matters which demand correction. As to the position of the troops he says: "Next to the 51st on the right was the Cadet Corps, then Imboden's Brigade, and on the left of the 51st Edgar's, Clark's, and Derrick's Battalions." The Cadet Corps was not in the line until the time alluded to, when it had reached Bushong's fence; nor was Imboden's Brigade on the right of the Cadets at that or any other time, but only the 62d Regiment; and on the left of the 51st was Edgar's Battalion only, Derrick's Battalion and probably Clark's being in Echols's Brigade, to their and our right.

The distance at this time between our line and the enemy's (at least to the east of the ridge) was much over one hundred yards—the distance given by him—and could not have been less than three hundred. Of this I may speak with confidence, as the 62d had advanced, I should say, probably a hundred yards to the front of the position of the 51st.

Captain Bruce must also be mistaken in saying with reference to the position of the 51st along Bushong's fence and its extensions that they stayed in that position for an hour and fifteen minutes. The time of the whole affair from the commencement of the advance of Breckinridge's line may be estimated from the fact that, except as above explained with reference to Wharton's Brigade, there was a continuous advance, most of the time under fire, from our first position until the enemy was routed; and estimating the distance at one and a half miles, the battle could hardly have lasted much over an hour. Certainly the interval between the time of our arrival at Bushong's fence and the final onset could not have been over a quarter of an hour.

ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF NEW MARKET.

The battle took place mainly on the eastern slope of a ridge running between the valley turnpike on the east and the Shenandoah River on the west, though partly on the west slope, which was steep and rugged. The eastern slope is very gentle, and forms what may be called, disregarding inequalities, an inclined plane, sloping toward the turnpike. This is inter-

sected at New Market by a valley running from New Market down to the river, which is bounded on the north and south by tolerably steep hills. This I will call the New Market valley. Beyond the crest of the hill, north of this valley, the ground, which is slightly rolling, continues unchanged to Bushong's house, a distance of about half a mile. Beyond this is a valley, or rather two valleys, running from the saddle joining them; the one eastward toward the turnpike and Smith's Creek, the other westward to the river. This saddle was some distance to the left of Bushong's house. The west valley was rough and precipitous; the east valley was shallow and soon widened out into the plain. To the north of these valleys was a hill or ridge rising from a bluff on the river to the summit opposite the saddle joining the two valleys, and from there gradually descending into the plain toward the turnpike. Northward from the highest point of the hill extended a ridge corresponding to the ridge to the south, but owing to the approach of the river and the turnpike much narrower.

Breckinridge's army was formed, say, a half mile south of New Market, back of the hill forming the south side of the New Market Valley. Wharton's Brigade formed the first line, its left resting on the summit of the ridge and its right extending down toward the turnpike. It consisted of the 62d Virginia Regiment on the right flank and the 51st on the left. Echols's Brigade formed the second line, which was in echelon about two hundred paces to our rear, the left of Echols's line being just behind the right of Wharton's. This brigade consisted of Patton's Regiment (the 22d), which formed the left of the line, and of Derrick's Battalion, and probably of Clark's temporarily assigned to it, Derrick being on the right. In reserve and to the rear of the center of the two lines were the Cadets and Edgar's Battalion; but soon afterwards the latter was moved to the left of the 51st Virginia Regiment as it advanced. McLaughlin's Artillery with two guns of the Cadet Corps and two sections of McLanahan's Battery were to the east of the turnpike; as were also the cavalry, consisting of the 18th and 23d Virginia Regiments.

Sigel's army was unaccountably divided into two lines. The first of these consisted of the 18th Connecticut and the 123d Ohio Regiments, with four guns of Snow's and two of Ewing's Battery, and was posted to the north of the hill on the north side of the New Market Valley—the artillery on the left and the 18th Regiment well up on the ridge to the right of the line. About one-half or three-quarters of a mile farther on, on the hill to the north of the valley at Bushong's house, the main line of the enemy was posted—his artillery, with the exception of one battery (Dupont's), occupying the ground from the bluff on the river to and beyond the summit of the hill in front of Bushong's house, his infantry extending to and across the turnpike. Dupont's Battery was on the turnpike to the rear of the left flank of the enemy. The infantry line consisted of the 34th Massachusetts, the 1st West Virginia, and the 54th Pennsylvania (in the order named from right to left), and of the 12th West Virginia. Of the last regiment, some companies supported the artillery on the right; the others were formed in the rear of the right of the 34th Massachusetts; from which regiment a company had been detached to the right as skirmishers. The fire of the batteries on the right of the enemy's artillery line and of the supporting infantry commanded the slopes to the west of the ridge; those toward the left the eastern slope.

Breckinridge's army advanced in the order I have explained. The 62d, on the right of Wharton's Brigade, was about opposite the 123d Ohio on the left of Moore's line. As we passed over the hill bounding the New Market Valley on the south we came under artillery fire. The guns, however, had not gotten our range, and halfway down the hill we were protected by the hill opposite, and were thus enabled to march across the ravine without disturbance. We halted at the foot of the hill on the north side for a few minutes to rest. At that time I did not observe Echols's Brigade, perhaps on account of intervening obstacles; but we could see the Cadets crossing the hill on the south side of the ravine following our march, and nothing could have been handsomer than the perfect order in which they moved; though by this time the enemy's guns had got their range, and I understand a considerable loss occurred. Mounting the hill, we met with no serious opposition from Moore's line; though to our left there was some resistance. From this point until we arrived at Bushong's house we were exposed to the fire of the artillery of the enemy, and in the latter part of our march to their musketry fire.

My regiment, being on the right of the line, naturally marched toward the part of the enemy's line in sight, which was the position of the 134th Massachusetts Regiment, on the right of the enemy's infantry line. This was an error for which, however, I do not regard myself as accountable. Had my regiment been directed toward the left or center of the enemy's line, it would have left space to the right of the ridge for the whole of Wharton's Brigade, and the whole of this brigade would have struck the enemy's main line. Owing, however, to the direction of our march, Edgar's Battalion and the greater part of the 51st were thrown to the left of the ridge, leaving only the right companies of the 51st Regiment and my regiment in front of the enemy's main line, Echols's Brigade being still in echelon to the rear.

When we reached the line of the fence beyond Bushong's house, the right of the 51st Regiment became exposed to a heavy fire from the enemy's line, and the regiment halted and commenced firing. The 62d continued to advance, and on passing the slight elevation in front of it and reaching the depression beyond came under the close concentrated artillery and infantry fire of the Federal line, losing in a very few minutes over two hundred of the men. The whole loss of the regiment in the fight was two hundred and forty-one out of an aggregate of about five hundred, including seven of the captains. These, it should be mentioned, were eleven in all, including Captain Bronson, commanding a company of Missourians, which had been temporarily assigned to us, which did good service and suffered severely. Seeing it impossible to effect anything with the remaining two hundred and fifty or two hundred and sixty men, I ordered the regiment to fall back, which it did, halting after passing the elevation referred to and immediately re-forming, and upon the 22d Regiment coming up forming on its left, and advancing with it. This was the final onset, and was followed by the retreat of the Federal line. Whether Clark's Battalion was with the 22d on the right, I cannot from the information I have determine.

There is some confusion with reference to the position of Clark's Battalion in the fight. It belonged to Wharton's Brigade; but, as I have understood, was transferred to Echols in exchange for Edgar's Battalion, which, as I have said, was assigned to the left of Wharton's Brigade. Captain Hoffman, of Clark's Battalion, however, says that it was deployed as skirmishers in front of the 51st Regiment, and upon reaching the hill north of the New Market Valley it was reassembled

of the Confederacy to coöperate with the committee in buying the lands. The most desirable place in the list is that of Dr. Woosley, whose house would be at once a fitting home for worthy widows of Confederates who may be in need.

TENNESSEE CONFEDERATES FAVOR THE MOVEMENT.

The following resolutions were adopted at Nashville:

"The Tennessee Division of United Confederate Veterans commends the movement which has been inaugurated to pro-



THE WOOSLEY HOME, FAIRVIEW, KY.

cure for a perpetual memorial the birthplace of our beloved President, Jefferson Davis, at Fairview, Ky., and commends to our comrades and all friends of the Confederate cause in Tennessee active coöperation for the success of the movement.

"The Vice President of the Association, who has the active arrangements in hand, is our comrade, S. A. Cunningham, editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

"Options upon the property desired have been secured at actual values, and the Association is extremely anxious to secure this realty before the options expire. Engraved cer-



VIEW OF GROUNDS FROM YANCEY'S CORNER.

tificates of membership are ready for delivery, and may be had from Capt. John H. Leathers, banker, Louisville, Ky., or S. A. Cunningham, Nashville, for $1—or more."

All sections are concerned. While members of the committee predominate from Kentucky, it is no more a Kentucky than a Virginia or Texas enterprise. The inspiration of every Southern man and woman should be to take this up and accomplish its purposes during the remainder of this year, 1908. Next year there will be a widespread effort on behalf of the



VIEW OF THE WOOSLEY GROUNDS FROM NEAR MAIN STREET.

memorial to President Lincoln at the place of his birth, near Louisville, and surely the pride of Southern people will induce a procurement of the birthplace of President Davis if its adornment should be left to coming generations.

Dr. C. C. Brown, of Bowling Green, Ky., who conceived the plan, was appointed to solicit subscriptions, and by his enthusiasm good results are being accomplished.

Veterans, Daughters, and Sons of Veterans who are inclined to coöperate in this work will help the cause very much by letting the South know through the VETERAN their purpose and the progress they make. This is a fitting opportunity to show that spirit of coöperation which the Southern people should possess above any others of the earth.

The most isolated Camps, Chapters, or individuals can help in this undertaking. The matter of memorials may be cared for in the future. It seems so fitting in this centennial year of the birth of our Confederate President that we would do well to honor his memory by securing such an admirable area that our children's children may have the inspiration of this year's work to build worthy memorials. Next year vast sums will be spent on the birthplace of President Lincoln.

Send subscriptions to Capt. John H. Leathers, Louisville, or to S. A. Cunningham, Nashville. Report to the VETERAN.



DR. E. S. STUART AND WIFE AT HOME.

(Dr. Stuart estimates that the faithful horse in the picture has carried him 25,000 miles. The animal is of "voting" age.)

of the left of the line on the turnpike. The remaining twenty guns were, I suppose, on the right of the infantry line. The cavalry, two brigades, were on the left of the line. They numbered over one thousand men. General Sigel, as reported by Pond, says: "The battle was fought on our side by 5,500 in all." Assuming this total to be correct and that it includes the two regiments that were with the trains and the cavalry, it should be distributed somewhat as follows: Infantry, 4,000; artillery, say, 360; cavalry, 1,140; total, 5,500, as against a Confederate total of about 4,100.

My information as to the Federal strength is, however, very scanty, being based principally on the data given by Mr. Pond in his work cited above. I leave it, therefore, to be determined more accurately by our friends on the other side. I see no occasion, however, for their being troubled about the disparity of the forces. For in view of the way the troops on the Federal side were handled by Sigel it can hardly be doubted that the result would have been the same, even had there been a greater disparity against us.

The above account is based largely upon information derived from others, much of which is confused and conflicting. I have also been much embarrassed by not having a map of the ground, which I have not seen since the battle. As to what is stated from my own observation with inferences therefrom, I feel assured of its correctness; as to other matters, it stands subject to correction.

Colonel Smith Revisits the Battlefield.

Since writing the above I have visited the battlefield of New Market and talked over the fight with old comrades who participated in the battle, and from information received from them and from other sources and from my examination of the field I find that I have to correct my account of the battle in several particulars.

The hill to the south of the New Market Valley is now known as Shirley's Hill, and Shirley's house (built since the war) marks about the place where the 62d was halted to reform before its advance on the enemy's first line.

I find also that at a point south of Boshong's house the ridge is bounded on the west by a valley called "Indian Hollow," between which and the river intervenes another ridge. North of the point referred to the ridge is bounded on the west by the river, and from about opposite Boshong's house its western face is concave to the river and very steep and precipitous. I find also that from that point the ridge, instead of continuing northward, as I supposed, bends to the left and runs to the river, its river face being a steep precipice. At the point of junction the summit of the ridge is the highest point on the enemy's line, which extended along a gentle slope northeasterly and obliquely to the turnpike.

With regard to the formation of our line, I am now satisfied that Clark's Battalion, with the exception of the skirmishers referred to by Captain Hoffman, was on the right of the 51st Regiment and between it and the 62d. Wherever, therefore, I speak of the right of the 51st, the reference should be understood as being to Clark's Battalion.

With regard to the enemy's artillery, from a statement of General Sigel (of which a copy has been sent me by Colonel Edgar), it appears that there were two batteries on the right and two in front of the left of his line. The latter were put out of action by our artillery, or at least were moved to the rear. Their place was supplied by Du Pont's Battery, which came up toward the close of the fight and took position in the rear of the left of the line.

To the troops enumerated as constituting the enemy's second line we must, I think, add the 18th Connecticut, which retreated from its first position along the ridge and must have been re-formed to the rear of the artillery on the right and along with the 12th West Virginia.

The distance from the north fence of Boshong's yard to the enemy's line I find to have been a little in excess of four hundred yards and the distance of the advanced position of the 62d from the fence (now marked by a forked locust tree) two hundred yards, which brought the regiment within two hundred and thirty yards of the enemy's line.

There is some confusion as to the movements of Imboden's Cavalry Regiments, and I find upon inquiry that Pond's account of the matter is somewhat inaccurate. Colonel Johnston, of Breckinridge's staff, in his account of the battle says that Imboden's Cavalry was ordered to move down on the right bank of Smith's Creek to Mount Jackson with a view of burning the bridge at that point; and I am informed by one of the officers of the 18th that this was true of his regiment and of at least part of the 23d. But a part of the latter regiment was probably brought over to the west of the creek, where certainly all of his artillery was. The attempt to burn the bridge was defeated by the high water. The greater part, if not the whole, of the two regiments, therefore, did not participate in the battle, though a considerable part of the enemy's cavalry followed their movements. Whether General Imboden went with the bulk of the cavalry or remained on the left bank of the creek does not clearly appear, but the latter supposition is the most probable. I find from information furnished me by Mr. Dwyer, who participated in the fight, and from a written account left by Lieutenant Berkeley, who commanded Imboden's Artillery, that one or both sections secured a very effective position within a half mile of the left of the enemy's infantry line, which renders probable what is said by Mr. Pond as to the effectiveness of its fire.

I also find that my estimate of the time consumed in the fight was insufficient. I would now estimate the time consumed from the beginning of our march to the rout of the enemy's second line to have been over an hour and a half.

REV. DR. HUMPHREYS REPLIES TO CRITICISM.

Rejoinder to Capt. D. H. Bruce on the Battle of New Market, December Veteran.

[This unique battle, in which Gen. John C. Breckinridge with thirty-five thousand men defeated General Sigel with ten thousand, May 15, 1864, has given rise to much discussion, growing out the fact that no report of it was made either by the commanding general or his brigade commanders. About two years ago a brief history of the battle by the Rev. Dr. Humphreys appeared in the Richmond Times-Dispatch, in which he stated substantially that the 26th Virginia Battalion, under Lieut. Col. George M. Edgar, which entered the fight behind the 51st Virginia Regiment, pushed through that regiment when it fell back in disorder at the beginning of the action and, pressing forward, drove the enemy from the key to his position, capturing several guns, thereby weakening his hold on the ground occupied by the rest of his line, which soon gave way under the hard blows of our brave troops in front of the center and left. The denial of this statement by Captain Bruce has led to the following rejoinder.]

Stillmore, Ga., Dec. 24, 1907.

Dear Confederate Veteran: As Captain Bruce has mentioned and contradicted a statement I made in the Times-

Dispatch, I beg to be heard by your readers. Captain Bruce is extremely inaccurate in many of his statements. First, he puts Derrick's Battalion on the extreme left of our line of battle. It was on the extreme right. This is error number one. Second, he says Clark's Battalion was also on the left of the 51st Regiment, to which he belonged. On the contrary, counting from right to left, it was either third or fifth. All agree that it was third except General Wharton, who said it was fifth. In either case it was to the right of Captain Bruce. Third, he recalls that there were "others," but does not say whether he means troops or battalions or regiments. In short, there were no others. Our line from right to left was made up as follows: Derrick's Battalion, the 22d Regiment, Clark's Battalion, the Cadets, the 62d Regiment, the 51st Regiment, and Edgar's Battalion. If General Wharton was correct, Clark's Battalion was not third, but fifth. There is universal agreement as to the others. As there were no "others" of any sort, this is his third error. When he says he saw Derrick's Battalion going toward the retreating enemy on the left, he makes a fourth error. *Sed ea satis.*

Captain Bruce himself sustains substantially my contention. He admits that the right half of his regiment, including his company, broke back to shelter behind a fence, and fought for a while there until the enemy were seen retreating. Where were the left half, and what were they doing all that time? Why were they not driving the enemy?

When our line approached close to the enemy, Edgar's Battalion, owing to an obstacle, dropped in close behind the 51st Regiment, and this regiment was for the time the extreme left of our line, and they should have driven and pursued the enemy. They failed; yes, they failed. Thank you, Corporal Wampler and Captain Bruce, for your testimony to that fact. I knew it before, but am thankful for your testimony notwithstanding. Colonel Edgar's official report tells the whole truth of the matter, and here it is: "A heavy fire was opened upon the regiment in our front, and it gave way. I at once ordered my battalion forward to its support; and though my line was a good deal broken in passing through that of the regiment, it advanced steadily until the enemy gave way."

The troops whom Captain Bruce saw pursuing the enemy were not of the 51st Regiment, were not Derrick's Battalion, but were Edgar's Battalion; and having started behind the 51st, they had to pass through it or over it to get at the enemy, and did pass over it.

Col. George D. Wells, of the enemy, says their artillery on the hill was withdrawn before his men were driven. You are right, Captain Bruce, in saying substantially that your men came from their shelter after we had the enemy on the run.

PRISONERS "CHARGED" A KENTUCKY ORCHARD.

W. L. Ditto, Ocala, Fla., writes to Capt. T. O. Stuart:

"*Dear Comrade:* In the latter part of July, 1862, Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner was in command of the Confederate forces in East Tennessee, with his headquarters at Knoxville. Our regiment, the 1st Louisiana Cavalry, commanded by Col. John S. Scott and Lieut. Col. J. O. Nixon, was of the command. The General took two regiments from General Pegram's brigade, with seven pieces of artillery, and gave the same to Colonel Scott's command, forming a brigade.

"General Buckner, greatly desiring to relieve Gen. John Morgan if possible, who was over the Ohio River in the enemy's country, ordered Colonel Scott with his brigade to immediately proceed to Kentucky and 'kick up Jack,' in order if possible to call off the enemy, who were after him with, it is said, thirty thousand troops under General Burnside. Our artillery impeded somewhat our journey, and at Richmond, Ky., we fought General Saunders, of Kentucky, with a brigade of the enemy. We fired our artillery and charged them, when they fled in disorder. We captured some fifteen or twenty prisoners, mostly young men of Kentucky. My Company (K) was the rear guard. Colonel Nixon turned the prisoners over to our company with orders to turn them loose when we got a goodly distance from town.

"We moved quite slowly on the pike, and made considerable halts; our company had controversies with the prisoners, and our boys were severe until I restrained them. One of the prisoners said: 'Captain, would you blame us for following out our honest convictions and going out to war instead of one who shirked and cowardly stayed at home?' We halted in front of a stately Kentucky mansion with a magnificent apple orchard full of the 'Golden Pippin and the great Pryor Red.' I asked the prisoners if they liked apples, and of course they said they did. Well, I ordered them to charge that orchard. They looked doubtfully at me, but I repeated the command, when they leaped down the hill, over the stone fence, and went into the orchard. We moved on and left them.

"How often have I thought of those stout, healthy Kentucky boys, and how they must have felt relieved being turned loose in a great apple orchard instead of being shut up and confined for months in a dingy prison! When we arrived in Kentucky, General Morgan had been captured and General Burnside with his thirty thousand troops had returned to Kentucky, and they gave us 'fits' on all sides, waltzing us right and left. A few were captured; among them were this scribe and his little company. Colonel Scott marched his brigade away with flying colors. He had four hundred captured mules on hand."

VALUABLE MEMORIAL VOLUME.

A Roster of Officers and Enlisted Men of the Union and Confederate Armies.

In a "last appeal to Missouri Confederates for the sake of history" James W. Allen, Missouri Trust Building, St. Louis, addresses all Camps of the United Confederate Veterans in Missouri, the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, the Sons of Veterans and Chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and all surviving Confederate soldiers in Missouri, also the relatives and friends of deceased Confederate soldiers, and states:

"In 1903 Congress directed the Secretary of War to compile from the records of his office a roster of the officers and enlisted men of the Union and Confederate armies. The records of the Union soldiers being complete and the records of the Confederate soldiers being very incomplete (not exceeding twenty-five per cent of enlistment), the Secretary of War rquested the Governors of the several Southern States to coöperate with the department in making the Confederate part of the roster as complete as possible, in order that the Confederate soldier might receive that recognition of which he is justly entitled. Many of these States, with the exception of Missouri, took up the work, and have about completed same, under legislative authority, with appropriations ranging from $8,000 to $20,000. When I learned these facts at the Reunion in Richmond, and knowing that our Legislature would not meet until 1909 and realizing that the few surviving soldiers are rapidly passing away, I determined to inaugurate the work for Missouri, hoping and believing that

our Legislature at its next session would cause it to be completed and also to have it made a matter of record in the Adjutant General's office at Jefferson City.

"The work undertaken by me has been more successful than I anticipated, owing to the fact that the press of the State, regardless of politics, appreciating the importance of collecting this historical data, gave the subject much publicity. Since the 5th of August last I have received over five hundred letters, collected about three thousand original Confederate documents, consisting of muster rolls, historic rolls, and other miscellaneous papers relating to the service of Missourians who served in the Confederate army. These documents have been forwarded to the War Department for record and return after they have served the purpose for which they were loaned. This work has the approval of the Missouri Division of the United Confederate Veterans in Convention assembled at Fulton last fall. * * *

"For the sake of history, for the sake of the memory of our deceased comrades who fell upon the field of battle and now lie buried in graves unmarked ('unknown') and those who since that eventful period have answered the 'last roll call,' it becomes our sacred duty to see that their names are correctly enrolled upon the pages of this official roster, which will be published by the government."

In a letter from Maj. Gen. F. C. Ainsworth, U. S. A., to Capt. James W. Allen he states: "I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 12th inst. relative to the Missouri troops in the Confederate service. I am gratified at this evidence of your willingness to aid the department in its efforts to make the Confederate part of the roster as complete as possible. Because of the impossibility of paying for documents furnished or services rendered, the Department has been compelled to rely upon the voluntary and unpaid assistance of those who, like yourself, share the solicitude of the Department to complete the roster, and thereby to give to the Confederate soldier the recognition he is justly entitled to receive in this great memorial volume. The documents sent by you contain much valuable information not heretofore in the possession of the Department, and will be carefully preserved and returned to you after they have served the purpose for which they were loaned."

TEXANS IN THE BATTLE AT MURFREESBORO.

BY LIEUT. J. T. TUNNELL, PROCTOR, TEX.

The "Reminiscences of Murfreesboro," by Col. W. D. Pickett, in the September VETERAN induce me to write my experiences in that memorable battle. I was first lieutenant of Company B, 14th Texas, Ector's Brigade, McCowan's Division. My brigade was on the extreme left of the Confederate infantry. When we struck their skirmish line in the open field, we drove them back on their main line so rapidly that we got to within easy gunshot of their main line before they knew it. My regiment confronted a battery of six guns, I think, but they fired only two or three shots with artillery until we were among them. Many of the Yanks were either killed or retreated in their nightclothes. We pursued them with the Rebel yell. In advancing we found a caisson with the horses attached lodged against a tree and other evidences of their confusion. The Yanks tried to make a stand whenever they could find shelter of any kind. All along our route we captured prisoners, who would take refuge behind houses, fences, logs, cedar bushes, and in ravines. We drove them helter-skelter for, Colonel Pickett says, about three miles, when we halted to re-form our lines and rest a few minutes.

My captain, F. A. Godley, was severely wounded early in the morning and placed me in command of the company. Our line was re-formed at the south side of a small open field beyond which was a heavy grove of timber, mostly red cedar, into which the enemy had retreated. They had concentrated a very strong force of fresh troops and planted, it was said, six batteries of artillery near the Nashville Pike.

After resting a few minutes we sent forward a line of skirmishers and then followed in line of battle. We encountered the enemy at the edge of the cedar brake. The ground was level, but overspread with large lime rocks with many lime sinks from a foot to two or three feet deep. The timber was principally cedar, interspersed with large white oaks and other trees. For some distance we drove them, as we had been doing; but about this time the artillery opened on us and cut the timber off over our heads, and it seemed that the heavens and the earth were coming together. Our men sheltered themselves as best they could behind trees, ledges of rocks, etc. Their front line of battle (for they had several lines) seemed to take fresh courage and began to advance upon us, walking a few steps, then firing and falling down to load.

In this critical situation, we having only one line and the men badly scattered, I began to look around for a superior officer to advise with; but there was not one in sight. Very soon, however, I saw Colonel Andrews, of the 32d Texas of our brigade, coming down the line from the right, running from one large tree to another waving his hand to the rear, which I knew meant retreat, which command was passed down the line. A retreat just then was as dangerous as an advance, but was our only salvation from death or capture; so we retreated out of the cedars and across the open field, where we again re-formed our lines. We left several officers and many good men in that cedar brake, many of them killed and wounded and some captured. Other troops took our place in front of the cedar brake, and my brigade moved some distance to the right.

As it was now night, we bivouacked in line of battle after sending forward a strong skirmish line. The dead and wounded were thick all around us. It happened that there was a large lime sink four or five feet deep where my company was stationed. This afforded protection from the wind, which was very cold, and we built little fires in there, as they could not be seen by the enemy. Among the wounded we put in our resort was a Yank quite young and intelligent, shot centrally through the breast with a Minie ball. We divided water and rations with him, and next morning our young Yank, with assistance to rise, could sit up awhile. We moved from that position, and our skirmishers were constantly engaged; but we were not in any other general engagement till General Bragg retreated, my division going to Shelbyville.

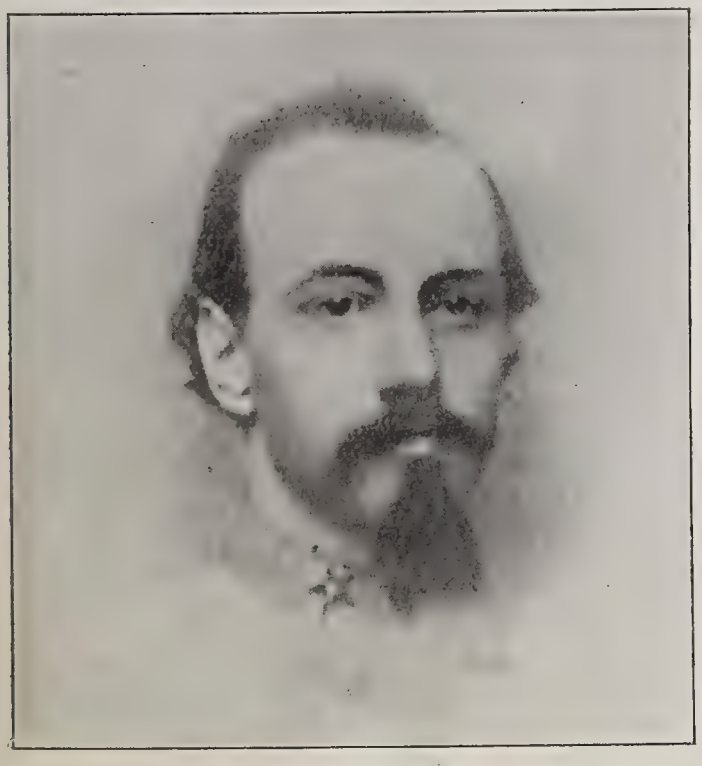
IN MEMORIAM—MAJ. JAMES BREATHED.

BY HIS BROTHER, FRANK BREATHED, PETERSBURG, W. VA.

So little is known of the early life of Maj. James Breathed, the fearless, dashing artillery officer who commanded the celebrated battery which has always been known as Breathed's Battery since the death of the immortal Pelham on March 17, 1863, at Kelly's Ford, Va., that I thought his comrades and friends would perhaps be gratified by a recital of his early life up to and after the Civil War.

Maj. James Breathed, of the Stuart Horse Artillery, Army

of Northern Virginia, was the son of John W. Breathed and Ann MacGill Williams, of Hagerstown, Md. He was born on February 13, 1838, at Fruit Hill, Morgan County, Va. (now W. Va.). At an early age his father and mother moved near Hagerstown, Md. Young Jim Breathed was sent to St. James College, near his home. Later he studied medicine in the office of Dr. Charles MacGill at Hagerstown, Md.



MAJ. JAMES BREATHED.

In 1855, after being with Dr. MacGill for two years, he went to Baltimore and took a course of surgery under the celebrated Dr. Nathan Smith. There he received a diploma, and was graduated an M.D. at the age of twenty-one years. He went to St. Joseph, Mo., shortly afterwards and began the practice of medicine, and remained there until Virginia seceded, on April 17, 1861. Being a strong Southerner and in the fire of youth, he determined to go into the service of the South. So he returned to Maryland, and while *en route* he sat in the same car seat with Col. J. E. B. Stuart, who was returning to his native Virginia to offer his services to the Governor. Breathed two days after reaching home crossed the Potomac River at Williamsport, Md., went to Martinsburg (now W. Va.), and joined a company of cavalry that was being organized there by Capt. John Blair Hoge, and that became Company B, 1st Virginia Cavalry. While in this command he again came in contact with Col. J. E. B. Stuart, who was then colonel of the 1st Virginia Cavalry. When they met, Stuart recognized Breathed as his traveling companion of a few weeks previous.

Colonel Stuart was struck with Breathed's manly bearing; and when Pelham organized the celebrated battery of "Stuart's Horse Artillery" at Centerville, Va., in the fall of 1861, he was transferred from Company B, 1st Virginia Cavalry, as a private to the battery. Later, at General Stuart's suggestion, Breathed was elected first lieutenant of the battery, and started on his unparalleled record as "the hardest artillery fighter the world produced," so said Gen. R. E. Lee. The names of the incomparable Pelham and the intrepid, dashing Breathed will be handed down to generations yet to come as true types of Southern valor and manhood. Breathed at that time was only twenty-two years of age, being Major Pelham's senior by one year.

After the war Major Breathed returned to Hancock, Md., and again practiced medicine for several years, loved by all and his old battery to a man. He passed away at Hancock, Md., on February 14, 1870. He sleeps well and fitly on the outer edge of the South's area at Hancock, Md., on the north bank of the Potomac and on a high hill overlooking the beloved State of his birth. His remains were deposited by a few of his surviving comrades and in the midst of a large concourse of friends and relatives.

"We laid him to rest in his cold, narrow bed,
And graved on the marble we placed o'er his head
As the proudest of tributes our hearts could pay:
'He never disgraced the dear jacket of gray.'"

AT JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

BY ANNAH ROBINSON WATSON, MEMPHIS, TENN.

The Big Black River, flowing southward through Mississippi, enters the great "Father of Waters" near Vicksburg. On the 17th of May, 1863, the 12th Battalion, Arkansas Sharpshooters, with a number of other troops belonging to the Confederate army, was ordered to guard the railroad bridge over this river where a plank roadway had been laid for the passage of wagons loaded with supplies for the troops in Vicksburg. Just as the train of wagons was crossing the Federals made a sudden attack, captured the bridge, and cut off the only possible means of escape for the Confederates. The latter were under a heavy fire; and must surrender or swim the river with the poor chance of reaching the city. Some undertook this arduous task; but many were drowned, others shot, and some captured before time was allowed even for this effort.

Company B, 12th Battalion Arkansas Sharpshooters, was reduced to seven men and one officer, Lieut. (later Captain) W. L. McLean. He was only a boy of nineteen years, but had already proved his devotion to the Southern cause and his fearlessness in battle. While collecting the small remnant of his company a squad of Federals dashed up, one of them exclaiming: "There's an officer! We'll take his sword!" Lieutenant McLean heard the remark, and, stepping behind a giant magnolia which stood just at his side, hastily unbuckled his sword and threw it, point foremost, into the Big Black River, which was flowing below the bluff where they stood.

The Federals did not see the act, and their commander called out: "Your sword, sir!"

"It has just reached the bottom of the river," calmly answered Captain McLean.

He was then captured, with the remaining members of his company; and, together with a large number of other prisoners, they were taken to the transport, which carried them up the Mississippi River to Northern prisons.

At Cairo, when transferred from the boat, a friend, Ben Fraun, the mate, gave Captain McLean a Federal overcoat and trousers. "You will find it cold on Johnson's Island if you stay long enough," said the friend, "and these may be useful."

At last the end of the journey and Johnson's Island was reached. It is, as every one knows, a small body of land in Lake Erie, near Sandusky, Ohio. Here for the use of the prisoners were thirteen buildings called "blocks;" one of these was a hospital. There were other structures used as kitchen, guardhouse, sutler's store, and one devoted to the use of refractory prisoners. These were situated in grounds of three

acres, which were surrounded by a parapet or stockade of heavy timbers about sixteen feet high. Outside was a broad walk where numerous sentinels paced their beats and watched for any effort on the part of the prisoners to escape. Near the large gate of this inclosure was posted the artillery, and a short distance off were the quarters for Federal officers and men. Outside, on the lake, lay a gunboat with which a ferry kept up constant communication.

A large number of prisoners were confined here, probably thirty-five hundred when the maximum was reached, and among them were preachers, lawyers, physicians, poets, and farmers—in fact, representatives from all the avocations of life. These were divided into "messes," with from four to eight men in each.

Captain McLean and the prisoners with him reached Johnson's Island on June 5, 1863. With a circle of personal friends he selected Room 18, Block 3, and took possession with the earnest hope that the sojourn would be of short duration and that through an exchange they might soon be sent South again and to active service.

The room occupied by Captain McLean was fourteen feet square, was without closet, crevice, or panel where even a small article might be secreted. He gave the matter careful consideration, and asked permission to cover the walls with newspapers. The request was granted, and he went to work. When the task was finished, the walls looked clean and neat, and successfully passed the inspection of the guard, who did not observe a little roughness in the ceiling where an opening had been cut and then pasted over. But within the hole so made were hidden the suit of Federal clothes and other valuables which the young captain had taken this method of concealing. This work completed, he entered upon the trying experience of prison life. The days lengthened into weeks, the weeks into months, and the dreary monotony became almost unendurable. Among his comrades were strong men who wasted and died broken-hearted, and others who became dejected and embittered as they thought of loved ones at home whose tears and prayers as yet had availed nothing.

It is impossible accurately to estimate the influence of heredity in its power over the emotional nature of the individual under such circumstances. In young McLean's nature were cogent forces at work which made this imprisonment maddening. The family historian relates that his great-grandfather, Donald McLean, was a Scottish chieftain, whose son, Lachland, was appointed surgeon in a British regiment stationed on the island of Mull, in the British Channel. From this point he is said to have visited the coast of France, and there met and later married Sarah Gabourelle, daughter of a Huguenot nobleman. Some years later the young surgeon sold his commission in the British army and emigrated with his wife to Albemarle County, Va. Their son Charles came as a pioneer to West Tennessee, married Miss Jane Elizabeth Love, and was a man of prominence in the early newspaper ventures of the State. And now their son, Capt. W. L. McLean, was an inmate of a Northern prison. Though only a boy, he bore himself bravely; but his mind was ever filled with the thought of escape, for he felt that death in the attempt would be greatly preferable to supine submission to what seemed inevitable. He looked at the gunboat on the lake and at the large force of Federals guarding the prison, and recognized the desperate risk of such an effort; but determined that sooner or later it must be made.

Prisoners continued to pour into the island, and at last the dining halls were taken for their use and new halls substituted. It was decided that the floors of these should be [illegible] of rocks, and soon wagons loaded with rock from Lake Erie began to come constantly to the building site. With each wagon there were four Federal soldiers.

One day Captain McLean, who had watched them closely, observed that when the wagons unloaded and left the number of soldiers with them was irregular—sometimes two, sometimes six—and this suggested a chance. He went to his room, opened the hole in the ceiling, and donned his Federal suit. One of his comrades entered unexpectedly and exclaimed: "Why, Mack, what are you doing?"

There was a stern look on the young captain's face as he answered: "Don't ask questions; don't watch me; this is a leap for life."

He went out and reached the place for unloading just as a large wagon halted, and with shovel in hand he went to work. When the wagon bed was empty, he jumped in and was carried outside the great gate. The team paused a moment, and he got out, went to the edge of the lake, and, kneeling down, pretended to drink. He was really looking about and deciding what to do. The wagon drove off, and, rising, he walked leisurely across the Federal campus to a point somewhat removed, where the grass and weeds were high and an old elm tree stretched its great branches low to the ground. Here he was completely screened, and lay down with the intention of waiting until nightfall before attempting to leave the island.

He had been here only a short time when one comrade, then another, both in Federal uniform and both having followed the same course as himself, joined him. Then the three waited together, discussing the possibilities and deciding what had best be done, if they should escape detection until dark.

"We will make a raft," said Captain McLean, "and float to Sandusky, then off to Canada and freedom. But if there should be trouble, if any of the Federals should come along, Newman must do the talking. He looks and speaks more like a Yankee than we do."

Suddenly Newman exclaimed: "Hush, hush, boys! there are some of the troops now. Perhaps they are looking for us!"

And sure enough, a party of a dozen passed near by and hailed them. "Hello! what are you fellows doing over there?" they called.

"O, just resting," answered Newman in a sleepy voice. "Been helping with the wagons; off duty now."

And the party passed on. Only a few moments later another squad approached. "Are you Yanks or Johnnies?" called out the old Irishman commanding the company.

"Yanks," replied Newman; "belong to the 178th Ohio. Off duty and resting." His two companions seemed to be asleep and unconscious of what was transpiring about them, and this second party of Federals passed.

"Boys, this is becoming exciting," said Captain McLean. "I wonder if anything unusual has happened and whether they have missed us."

He did not know that a fourth Confederate, attempting to escape in the same manner, had been detected by the gate sergeant and captured; that the commandant, Colonel Hill, had ordered "roll call" at once, and that this, showing three men unaccounted for, had resulted in an order under which several squads of soldiers were sent out to make a thorough search of the island.

Captain McLean, with his two companions, again seemed to be sleeping; but their hearts were beating wildly, and they were thinking that the sun stood still in the heavens and that darkness would never come. Soon they heard again the regular tramp of soldiers. Would the party pass them or would they be seen and hailed?

"What are you doing over there?" suddenly called a firm young voice. "I believe you are the Confederates we are looking for!"

"You insult us, sir," answered Newman, half rising; "we belong to the 178th Ohio. Come on boys," turning to his comrades, "let's go to our command."

"Hold on!" exclaimed the young Federal, cocking his gun. "If you are what you claim to be, identification at Colonel Hill's headquarters will be easy; fall into line."

Captain McLean knew only too well that resistance was useless, that identification at headquarters meant immediate detection, and, admiring the manly bearing of the young fellow, he walked up to him and said courteously: "May I ask your name, sir?"

"Andrew Jackson Taylor, of the 178th Ohio Volunteers," was the response.

"I am not surprised, sir, that the owner of that name should have detected us, though others failed. You are right; we are Confederates."

"I'm sorry for you," answered the young soldier kindly; and the two boys (for the Federal was very young and McLean only twenty) walked side by side to headquarters. Here they found quite a crowd gathered—men, women, children, and negroes. A guard with bayoneted guns opened the way to the gray-haired commander, Colonel Hill, who was an officer of the regular United States army. His bearing was courteous in the extreme, and there were lines of sympathy on his kindly face as he looked at the three prisoners before him.

"Confederates, notwithstanding your blue uniforms," he said slowly, "where did you get them?"

"It was our privilege to get them, Colonel Hill, if we could," answered Newman coolly.

"And my privilege to deprive you of them," was the prompt reply.

There was a pause in which the Colonel looked at them gravely, and the Confederates wondered what would be their fate. Would they be shot, would they be put into the cell reserved for the worst offenders—what would be done? Home and freedom seemed farther away than ever before.

"Gentlemen," the old commandant continued, "your effort was worthy a more successful termination; but stern duty demands that I return you to prison."

Then the Confederates were given in charge of a lieutenant, who was ordered to take from them the Federal uniforms. But, to their astonishment, no punishment was inflicted. They were merely returned to their places and to the dull routine of prison life. To this there was now no interruption, and twenty long months from the date of their incarceration dragged away. Then came the "surrender" and the cessation of hostilities, and the war was over.

The prisoners were taken from the island and exchanged; and after a long and tedious journey, Captain McLean reached his home, in Tennessee, where he still resides.

When the Confederates vacated the prison at Johnson's Island, these lines were found penciled on the wall in one of the apartments:

"Farewell to Johnson's Island.

"Hoarse-sounding billows of the white-capped lake
That 'gainst the barriers of our hated prison break,
Farewell! farewell! thou giant inland sea;
Thou, too, subservest the modes of tyranny—
Girding this isle, washing its lonely shore
With moaning echoes of thy melancholy roar.
Farewell, thou lake! Farewell, thou inhospitable land!
Thou hast the curses of this patriot band—
All, save the spot, the holy sacred bed,
Where rest in peace our Southern warriors dead."

Major McLean is the last surviving member of the famous Southern Cross Drill, composed in 1864 by Lieut. Charles Dugan while a prisoner of war on Johnson's Island and taught to thirty-two young Confederates as a stag drill to beguile the weary hours of captivity.

REMINISCENCE OF SHILOH.

BY DR. JOHN CUNNINGHAM, RAVENNA, TEX.

I was the first lieutenant of Company G, 4th Kentucky Infantry, during the great battle of Shiloh and put in two full days. Many people of to-day have the wrong conceptions of the soldiers' enjoyment in a great battle. They had their fun. In the regiment were several wags, amongst whom were "Devil Dick," "Wild Bill," and "Stauff Williams." On one occasion the regiment was behind a low embankment at rest. Our friends (?) the Federals were speeding many stray messengers of death immediately over us. Wild Bill proposed to bet Devil Dick a dollar that he could not lie flat on his stomach and elevate his heels above the embankment for one minute. The bet was accepted and money staked. So up went Dick's heels. At the expiration of the time Dick's heels came down minus a heel tap. A hearty laugh went up at Devil Dick's recklessness and loss of a heel tap. Had the ball been one inch lower, the imp would have lost a foot.

At our first engagement with an Illinois regiment we fired a couple of volleys at about one hundred yards distant, then charged with a double-distilled Rebel yell. The Federals vacated. The 4th Texas was halted immediately on the position recently occupied by the Federals and where sixty-five of their dead and wounded were left. One fresh Dutchman, with a big toe shot off, was yelling: "A surjohn, a surjohn!" Stauff Williams, of our company, would yell out at the top of his shrill voice: "You d— Dutch son-of-a-gun, if you don't stop that racket, I'll shoot a trace chain through your breadbasket!" Dutchie hushed quickly. All present were amused at the ridiculousness of both men.

A wild, weird scene was witnessed on Sunday evening. Maj. Gen. John C. Breckinridge and his entire staff had halted immediately in our rear, beneath the great, spreading branches of a majestic oak. The Federal gunboats were shelling the battlefield. A large shell struck the giant oak just beneath the branch and, bursting inside, tore the tree into splinters. General Breckinridge and staff, scenting danger, dashed out. Gen. George B. Hodge, a staff member and hard of hearing, did not instantly comprehend the situation; but, casting his eye upward, he caught on. Seeing the falling wreck, he electrified his charger with both spurs and dashed from the jaws of death. Then the old 4th cheered and yelled at the escape of their favorite general. I could write of many amusing incidents, but must not ask too much space now.

TIGE ANDERSON'S BRIGADE AT SHARPSBURG.

BY W. H. ANDREWS, SUGAR VALLEY, GA.

After the battle of Crampton's Gap, Md., September 14, 1862, General Lee withdrew his forces to Sharpsburg, a small town between Antietam Creek and the Potomac River. He formed his line of battle in front of the town on the ridge facing the creek, with Longstreet on the right and D. H. Hill on the left. Gen. Tige Anderson's Brigade was on the right of the road and Toombs's and Drayton's Brigades to the right of his. The regiments in Lee's army were nothing but skeletons. It was claimed at the time that Lee had thirty thousand men in the battle of Sharpsburg and thirty thousand lost in the march from Manassas. A large number were without shoes, and were not required to keep up or go into battle. Company M of the 1st Georgia Regulars, to which I belonged, was represented by five men—myself, Corporal W. G. Humphreys, Privates Zack Ables, David, Gann, and Jordan J. McMullen. The regiment had about fifty men and Tige Anderson's Brigade not over five hundred. While our numbers were few, I am satisfied that Lee had the flower of his army with him at Sharpsburg.

During the 15th the Federal army, under Gen. G. B. McClellan, arrived and formed in line of battle on the opposite side of the creek. The day passed quietly with the exception of the usual picket firing. We noticed on the morning of the 16th on top of the Blue Ridge, opposite the Federal left, a signal flag waving in the breeze. It was not long before the Federal artillery on the left opened on Drayton's Brigade. They were in full view of our position, and it was heart-rending to watch the boys under that terrible fire of shell. Longstreet's Artillery on the right was posted along the ridge in front of Anderson's position, while the horses and caissons were in the rear with the infantry, some thirty yards distant. The guns in our front opened on the Federal artillery, drawing the fire on our position, relieving Drayton on our right. The cannonading was terrific and lasted for several hours.

During the fight General Longstreet was seen riding from our left along the line in rear of the guns with his field glasses to his eyes and his bridle reins on his horse's neck. His horse moved slowly, as though looking for grass, as they passed on down the slope, seemingly reluctant to leave the field. Sometime afterwards General Pendleton, chief of artillery, rode along the line in the same way, both riders and horses seeming indifferent to the bursting shells.

In the meantime General Anderson walked up and down the line with his hands folded behind him, as unconcerned as if he had been strolling in his front yard at home. Every eye was on him, and at intervals one of his boys would clap his hands and say: "Did you see that shell brush his coat tail?" Bursting shells did not cause him to "bat his eyes." Brave Old Tige, how his boys loved him! With such officers as we had in the Army of Northern Virginia, how could the boys help fighting as they did?

While our officers were performing their daring feats of bravery we boys were at our old occupation of hugging mother earth. How near and dear the old lady seemed as we spread ourselves so flat a flounder would have looked round by the side of one of us! During the firing we had an exhibition of cowardice. The assistant surgeon of the regulars thought the bursting shells were a little too familiar, and, becoming frightened, made a break for the rear, when one of the boys called to him, "Here is a safe place, doctor," and he made for him; then some one yelled up the line, "Run here, doctor; this is a good place;" and he made back up the line with the shells nearly lifting him off his feet. Then some one down the line would yell to him, until he could stand it no longer, and made a break for a small branch to our right, while the boys stood on their heads and rolled over, yelling themselves hoarse. Before I would have made such an exhibition of myself before those dare-devil, fun-loving Georgians I would have been shot into mince-meat.

The artillery horses were standing near, and I was interested in watching them under fire. They looked tired, hungry, and sleepy, with their heads down, ears drooped, and eyes closed. I could not but pity them, knowing that they, like myself, were suffering from the pangs of hunger. Through the neck of one a cannon ball had passed, but he was still walking about. Horses soon learn the commands as well as the men. The Federal artillery was more than ours could stand, and a retreat was sounded. When the first command, "Riders, prepare to mount!" was given, every horse's head went up with ears erect; at the second command, "Mount!" they were wild; and when the third was given, "Limber to the rear!" the guns were carried to a place of safety behind flying hoofs. Then the firing ceased.

About noon I saw General Lee mounted on Traveler in the road, when General Jackson rode up and saluted him. A smile played over the dirty faces of Longstreet's men at sight of Stonewall, for they knew that his foot cavalry was not far in his rear. We felt like Gen. D. H. Hill's corporal: we needed "a leetle more reënforcements."

Jackson captured Harper's Ferry, with eleven thousand five hundred prisoners, fifteen thousand stand of small arms, seventy cannon, and a large amount of supplies. His command was placed on the left of D. H. Hill, with the exception of A. P. Hill's Division, which was left at Harper's Ferry to parole the prisoners. Late in the evening the Federals, having crossed Antietam Creek above, attacked Jackson's forces, and a battle of several hours ensued, Jackson holding his own. About sundown a cow was feeding in front of Anderson's Brigade, and the General ordered her killed and divided among his men. I received about one-fourth of a pound, and after heating it over some coals ate it without salt or bread. It only whetted my appetite, as I had not eaten anything in forty-eight hours; but a Rebel soldier never complained.

On the morning of the 17th, as soon as the pickets could see each other, firing commenced, and by sunrise a general engagement was on our left and center. Sometime after sunrise Anderson's Brigade was ordered to Jackson's support, and we moved out by the left flank to the northeast corner of the town, then obliqued to the left, and passed between the town and a cornfield on our right, where the Federal artillery was making noise enough shooting through the green corn to have been firing trace chains instead of canister.

We passed through a bottom where there were a number of Confederate wounded who asked, "What command?" then cheered us on our way. We then passed over a ridge into a large stubble field, turned by the right flank, and advanced in line of battle on a large piece of woods; and when within two hundred yards of the rail fence, the Federal sharpshooters opened fire on our line, and our sharpshooters were ordered to the front. I saw a Federal officer shot down as our men entered the woods. On reaching the fence we were ordered to pull it down, pile it up, and lie down behind it to protect ourselves from the sharpshooters, who were concealed behind the trees.

While peeping over the rails in search of the enemy a ball struck the rail in front of my nose; and thinking some one was on the lookout for me, I lowered my head. It was a heavily timbered piece of woods, with not enough undergrowth to obstruct our view. The Federal line of battle was beyond the ridge and not visible from our position. A regiment on the right of our brigade entered the woods by the right flank, and as their heads showed over the ridge the Federals fired on them. The order was given to change front, forward on the first company right in front, which change was executed on the double-quick, and the fight opened in earnest.

In the meantime General Kershaw's South Carolina Brigade marched within twenty feet of our line and halted a few moments. Again the command, "Forward!" was given, and they marched over our line. As they stepped over us General Kershaw asked, "What command?" and when told called for three cheers for the Georgians, which the Palmetto boys gave with a vim. Sherman said, "War is hell;" but there are scenes enacted on the field of strife worth a man's life to witness. We watched and admired the Palmetto boys as they moved into action without a bobble or a tremor in the line, and as their heads showed over the ridge the Federals opened fire; but the boys moved steadily on until they reached the top of the ridge, when every man fired at the same time. If I had not been a Georgian, I should have wanted to be one of the Palmetto boys. There is nothing on this green earth half so grand as the sight of soldiers moving into action. A cavalry charge is superb; artillery dashing on the field carries you away; while the deadly infantry moving into the jaws of death causes you to hold your breath in admiration.

As there always was something for idle hands to do, General Anderson ordered his brigade by the left flank double-quick, and with arms at the right shoulder shift we moved rapidly down the fence; and when the head of the column passed Kershaw's left, the Federal line opened fire, and the brigade caught it until we made our distance to the left. It has been nearly forty-six years since that eventful day; but in memory I can still see the sturdy forms of my gallant comrades as they moved under that deadly fire from the enemy's guns. Gallant Georgians! braver troops the world never produced.

The command was given by the right flank, and the boys scaled the fence. I was never able to decide whether I landed on my head or my feet; but I made better time over that fence than I ever did over one before or since. As the boys struck the ground a sheet of flame belched forth, and the sharp report of the rifles seemed to say: "Yankee, you have had your way long enough; we will now have ours." When I looked in front, I saw about sixty yards distant a solid line of blue, and every man working his gun for all it was worth. Directly in front of me I saw the stars and stripes waving to the breeze. How defiant it appeared as it slowly unfolded, then dropped back again around the staff! I thought as I looked that it would be honor enough for one day if I could cause it to strike the ground; and placing my rifle to my shoulder, I took deliberate aim at the color bearer's breast; but as I pressed the trigger my gun snapped. I had to pick the tube, put in powder and cap, and when I looked up the line was a little in advance of me.

I saw Lieut. G. B. Lamar, commanding Company F, in front of the line waving his sword and calling on the men to follow him. Thinking my being in the rear might cause the Lieutenant to suspect I was showing some white feathers, under the impulse of the moment I ran through the line to the front. Looking to the left, I saw Capt. R. A. Wayne and one or two other officers holding up the almost lifeless form of Captain Montgomery, who had been shot in the head. I had but a moment to take in the situation, as an order passed along the line to "Charge, boys, and give them the bayonet!" and with the wild Rebel yell ringing in my ears and a wall of bayonets in my rear, I had to move in a hurry.

There is something in a desperate charge, a feeling that cannot be defined or expressed, in the onward rush to victory or defeat. In the wild charge many thoughts passed through my mind, but one question was uppermost: "Should the Federals stand the charge, what would become of me?"

When we were within thirty feet of the Federal line, it wavered, then broke and dashed to the rear. The yell that went up from my throat started from the bottom of my heart. Where the line had stood the earth was covered in blue. I believe I could have walked on them without putting my feet on the ground. General Anderson remarked afterwards that he believed every man in his command killed a Federal the first shot. The Federals and Georgians took to the trees, and then followed some of the prettiest fighting I saw during the war—a tree-to-tree combat. I saw numbers throw down their guns and hold up their hands, and the boys would tell them to run through our line.

The Federals were driven out of the woods between three hundred and four hundred yards, when an officer dashed in front of the line ordering the brigade to fall back, as the Federals in Kershaw's front were holding their own and we were liable to be cut off. I did not fall back with the line, but kept on until the enemy disappeared over the ridge in a field; and the last shot I fired was at a squad of three, as they were pretty badly scattered. It had seemed like a run through the woods, but I fired forty-five cartridges during the fight. My next move was to replenish my cartridge box, which I soon accomplished from boxes thrown away.

While thus occupied the Federals planted a battery at the edge of the field and shelled the woods. I saw a wounded Federal seated at the root of a large oak, and I decided to approach him. When within fifteen feet of him a shell burst between us, and as I dodged he laughed. Dropping on my knees in front of him, we had an interesting conversation while the shells were exploding around us, one burying itself in the tree at his back. This, however, did not seem to disturb him, though he was already shot through the leg below the knee. He belonged to Sumner's Corps, Sedgwick's Division, Gorman's brigade, composed of the 1st Minnesota, 15th Massachusetts, and the 34th and 82d New York Regiments. He told me he was the color bearer of the 1st Minnesota; that he carried the flag at the first battle of Bull Run, and had been carrying it ever since, and concluded: "Some of you boys were too sharp for me this morning." I learned in 1901 through the Atlanta Journal that the name of my Yankee friend was Samuel Bloomer, and that he was still living and stumping about on a cork leg at Stillwater, Minn. On the thirty-ninth anniversary of the battle I wrote him a long and friendly letter, to which he replied, sending me his photograph, as he said, to put in my Yankee picture gallery.

Anderson's Brigade was ordered back to the right, and had a warm engagement with the enemy in an apple orchard, where Col. William J. Magill, of the Regulars, lost his left arm and was left in the hands of the enemy when the army recrossed the Potomac. The brigade again moved to the right,

where they were when night put an end to the conflict. Sometime in the afternoon General Burnside stormed and carried the bridge below Sharpsburg and forced back Longstreet's right. At 4:30 P.M. Longstreet had been forced back to the center of the town, and times were looking blue for the Confederate arms, when A. P. Hill's Division arrived on the field and turned the tide of battle in Lee's favor, driving the enemy from the field. Night put an end to the bloody conflict, and thus ended the most desperate battle of the Civil War.

The loss amounted to twenty-five thousand men, about equally divided, the Confederates losing twelve thousand five hundred in killed and wounded, eight thousand dead and wounded lying on that gory field. According to report, McClellan had eighty-seven thousand men—sixty thousand actively engaged on the field and twenty-seven thousand in reserve. General Lee held his position during the 18th, and at night crossed the Potomac, continuing the march on the 19th and until daybreak on the 20th, when we reached our wagon trains and secured something to eat. Longstreet's Corps and D. H. Hill's Division never drew an ounce in five days, and the battle of Sharpsburg was fought on apples, green corn, and empty stomachs.

KIND WORDS FROM "THE OTHER SIDE."

An address was delivered at Knoxville on the last Memorial Day which contained pleasing expressions from a Union veteran, Dr. John F. Spence, who was a soldier in the Federal army and came to Tennessee in the fall of 1865 to begin some educational work. He participated in the founding of Grant University at Athens and Chattanooga, and was its president for nearly twenty years, and much praise is given him for his zealous services in behalf of education in Tennessee.



DR. J. F. SPENCE.

Dr. Spence evidently sees in his maturer years with clearer vision the true situation of the sections, for in his Memorial Day address at Knoxville May 30, 1908, he paid fitting tribute to the Southern people in what they did in the sixties.

Dr. Spence was chosen National Chaplain of the G. A. R. at its recent meeting in Toledo, Ohio. He was educated in the Ohio Wesleyan University, and in 1862 came South with an Ohio regiment, with which he served until the end of the war. He remained in Knoxville, and in the same year founded the East Tennessee Female Institution. In 1867, with others, he founded the Grant University at Chattanooga, and in 1893 he founded the American Temperance University in Harriman, Tenn., and served as Chancellor for ten years.

ADDRESS BY DR. JOHN F. SPENCE ON MEMORIAL DAY.

Comrades and Fellow-Citizens: In memoriam honore: To honor the memory of the nation's dead heroes is the supreme business, the beautiful and lofty mission of every truly loyal citizen. To-day in memoriam we look into the face of the nation's peril and the hour of its redemption.

My comrades, while the frost may be in our hair and the lead in our joints and the rheumatism in our muscles, we are ever ready to fight our battles over and renew the memory of the times and deeds long past.

Some forty years ago Gen. John A. Logan, the first National Commander of the G. A. R., issued the first Decoration Day proclamation. He said: "We should guard their graves with sacred vigilance, and all that the consecrated wealth and taste of the nation can add to their adornment and security is but a fitting tribute to the memory of her sainted defenders. Now that sectional strife and feeling has given way to one of brotherly kindness, it is meet and right to call up the fact that the nation really owes its Memorial Day to the women of the South. Immediately following the close of the war the women of Columbus, Ga., went out and scattered flowers over the graves of their Confederate dead, and some of them also scattered flowers impartially over the unknown and unmarked resting places of the Union soldiers."

I well remember as the news of this touching tribute flashed over the North it roused as nothing else could have done national amity and love and allayed much sectional strife and passion. It thrilled every household where there was a vacant chair or aching heart for the lost hero whose remains had never been found, and in a mingled tempest of grief and joy many a family (over the North) cried out: "Maybe it was our darling."

Thus out of the deepest sorrow, common alike to North and South, came this beautiful custom—"scattering flowers over the graves of our dead."

During the same year came the inspired lines from the sore heart of the poet, "The Blue and the Gray:"

"From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and foe
Under the sod and dew
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses the Blue,
Under the lilies the Gray."

Three years later Commander in Chief Logan issued the first "flower proclamation." Since then the strewing of flowers is recognized as a holy sacrament, North and South alike.

There are in the United States some eighty national cemeteries, and most of them in the South. In these graveyards of the government lie more than 300,000 of the nation's dead; of these 300,000 guarded sepulchers, 145,000, nearly one-half, are marked with the saddest of all sad epitaphs: "Unknown."

My fellow-countrymen, I will speak to you briefly to-day of the results of our great national conflict. The war settled the question of State rights. Through the ages every international dispute about rights, about principles that could not be adjusted by diplomacy has been settled by war. For years the doctrine of "State rights" caused the chief contention in the nation. It could not be settled on the hustings, in Congress, or by the press, and finally the adjustment was submitted to the arbitrament of the sword. And the doctrine

whether a State has the right to secede has been forever settled. It does not lie in the mouth of any one who believed in the right of a State in 1861 to secede to deny it now. That question was settled by the war, and no formal treaty was necessary as evidence of what the world could see.

The people in the South as sovereign States had the right to submit to the arbitrament of war. It was done, and, like those who have gone to war, all must abide the issue. So that now if a State should attempt to secede those who would cast their fortunes with it would be rebels. But not so in 1861. Then the right of a State to withdraw from the Union was an open question.

A few persons still hold to the unfortunate doctrine, and talk at times in their wrath about withdrawing from the Union. It is a shame they have not been permitted to read history. Nothing better illustrates the situation than this incident in the life of Gen. R. E. Lee. When the great conflict had ended and defeat had come to the armies Lee had led, he was visiting the house of a friend in Richmond, Va. With that love of children that always characterized him the old hero took upon his knee a fair-haired boy. The proud mother, to please the guest, asked the child: "Who is General Lee?" Parrotlike the expected answer came: "The great Virginian who was a patriot true to his native State." And then came the question: "Who was General Scott?" "A Virginian who was a traitor to his country."

Putting down the child and turning to the mother, the General said: "Madam, you should not teach your child such lessons. I will not listen to such talk. General Scott is not a traitor. He was true to his convictions of duty as I was to mine."

This was spoken by the great chieftain when the fires of the late war were still smoldering. He would have the mothers of the South teach their children that he and General Scott were both right, because each believed himself to be right, and State rights before the war gave them protection. And that is precisely what that noble son of New England, Charles Francis Adams, himself a gallant Union soldier, has more recently said in a public address—that the North and the South were both right because each believed itself right. And such is to be the ultimate verdict of history.

We were all patriots, Federal and Confederate, North and South; and we settled on the field of battle a constitutional question that could be settled in no other way. Public opinion is already moving, and moving rapidly, to the mark of that final verdict. No other nation commands such profound respect. Already, like the sun of nature, our nation is a mighty fountain of commerce, of intelligence, of scientific knowledge, and of religious light, supplying and feeding more or less every known people on the face of the earth. The future of this marvelous, this amazing empire possesses greatness and magnificence that the mind of man can neither measure nor comprehend. The trend of the times is with our nation. * * *

The Civil War freed the negro and conferred on him the right of suffrage and turned him loose on the South. No race of people was ever hurried with such swiftness through freedom into power. In a little more than twelve months from the day he walked down the furrow a slave the negro was a voter, dictated in legislative halls, holding office and trying to make laws. This race problem has been and is now upon the South; the South must face it. She merits the sympathy of all humankind. It is a race issue. The races and tribes of earth are of divine origin. Behind the laws of man and the decrees of war stands the law of God. We in the South intend to respect his command: "That God hath separated, let no man join together."

This is not a sectional issue between the North and the South; it speaks in Ohio and Georgia, in Massachusetts and Tennessee alike. It speaks wherever the Anglo-Saxon touches an alien race. It has recently spoken in universally approved legislation in excluding the Chinaman from our gates not alone for his ignorance and vices, but for the inferiority of his race.

Yes, my countrymen, the Anglo-Saxon blood has dominated, controlled always, everywhere. It fed Alfred when he wrote the charter of English liberty; it gathered about Hampton as he stood beneath the oak; it thundered in Cromwell's veins as he fought his king; it humbled and destroyed Napoleon at Waterloo; it carried the drumbeat of England around the world, and spread on every continent the gospel of liberty and of God.

And I may strongly say that Anglo-Saxon blood established this republic, carved it from the wilderness, conquered it from the Indians, wrested it from England, and last but not least, after a four years' struggle, stilled its own tumult, consecrating this republic forever as the home of the Anglo-Saxon and the theater of his transcending achievements. Never may one foot of it be surrendered to any inferior race while that blood flows in American veins.

My countrymen, I want to say that my political and social horoscope is pregnant with good things. I have traversed along scholastic, political, and social lines nearly every portion of our Southland in the last forty years, I have mingled and conferred with both races, and I am free to announce to you to-day I have no fear of a race conflict.

Already nearly one-half a century has passed since the negro received his freedom and suffrage, and at no time since 1865 has the South been more hopeful and quiet and has the colored race been better satisfied. The storm centers, North and South, are dissolving. My vision is already being filled by the presence of a wise, brave statesman, a born leader, who shall move a challenge at the gates of the North to all foreigners, "Who comes there?" admitting every one who seeks a home or honors our institutions and whose habits and blood will run with native current, but excluding all who seek to plant anarchy or establish alien men or measures on our soil, and will demand that the standard of our citizenship in the South be lifted and the right of acquiring suffrage be abridged. When that day comes and that statesman takes his place, the position of the South will be fully understood and everywhere approved.

CONFEDERATE BREECH-LOADING CANNON.

BY CAPT. THEODORE F. ALLEN, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

In the VETERAN for October, 1908, referring to the Kentucky troops in the Confederate army, you mentioned that there were few batteries of artillery from Kentucky. You also state that R. S. Williams is reported as having had a battery of Kentucky artillery in the Confederate army, but there is no roll of the members on file or on record.

You are probably not expecting a Federal officer to post you on this subject of Williams's Confederate Battery; but as I happened to be in front of that villainous battery on one occasion, I am in a position to speak on the subject, and I want to tell you that Williams's (or, as it was most generally known, Schoolfield's) Battery comprised breech-loading cannon, and I fancy these were the only breech-loading can-

non in the Confederate army, and I am sure the history of this battery, comprised of breech-loading artillery, should be recorded in the annals of the Confederacy.

My regiment, the 7th Ohio Cavalry, was in front of this battery in the battle of Blue Springs, East Tennessee, October 10, 1863. In this engagement we presumed we had Giltner's Cavalry Brigade in front of us, and we were expecting to have a lively tussle; but when the engagement opened, we were greatly surprised to find a battery of artillery in our front, and the way they did let go at us was a caution. We were dismounted; and throwing ourselves flat on our bellies, we let the fire of this battery go over our heads. They did not hurt us. We had never run up against a battery of this kind before. It was Schoolfield's Breech-Loading Confederate Battery. These guns, one-pounders, were mounted on light wheels, and they could be put in action by one horse in shafts. We had heard artillery many times before, but we had never heard anything that made such a horrible noise as the shot from these breechloaders. We thought they were firing railroad spikes at us from the awful noise as the shot went over. In that engagement there was a large portion of Burnside's 9th Army Corps of Infantry, and these little breech-loading cannon sent a thrill of fear through every man over whom the shot passed.

Having been so badly scared by this battery, I took pains in later years to learn the history of these breechloaders.

Capt. R. S. Williams, of Covington, Ky., went to Richmond, Va., early in the war and induced the Confederate government to cast a battery of six breech-loading cannon of which he was the patentee. This was perhaps the only battery of breech-loading cannon in the Confederate army. During its period of service it was attached to Giltner's Cavalry Brigade, and the twenty-five young men who worked the guns were detailed or volunteered from Maj. Bart Jenkins's battalion of Kentuckians, the battery being much in service with the 4th Kentucky Cavalry. The twenty-five young men detailed from Maj. Bart Jenkins's Battalion were commanded by Capt. J. J. Schoolfield, of Jenkins's Battalion, and the battery, as stated above, was generally known as "Schoolfield's Battery," although it was "Williams's Battery" originally.

Captain Williams died a few years ago at Covington, Ky., but Capt. J. J. Schoolfield is still living. He is an attorney at law, and resides at Iuka, Ill. Captain Schoolfield tells me that so far as he knows this was the first battery of breech-loading artillery ever used on any battlefield; that it required three men to handle a gun when in action: one to place the cartridge in the breech, one to cap it, and a third to sight it. This man (who sighted it) turned a crank that threw the breech out and in with one revolution. These guns, as stated, carried a one-pound solid ball and had a range of about one mile. Captain Schoolfield regarded it as a very effective gun for those times, although "it was too light in metal, and sometimes when being very rapidly worked in action the breech would expand with the heat of firing until it would not return to its place in the gun." The guns were about six feet in length. One of them is in possession of the War Department at Washington, and has been placed on exhibition as a curiosity "used by the Confederates during the Civil War." It has also been shown at expositions in different parts of the country. There is one other gun, which, I may mention, was stolen during the Civil War. Col. Tom Johnson, a Confederate officer, when on a scouting expedition in Eastern Kentucky with a small body of cavalry, took one of these guns along with a working squad. While in camp one night a Federal partisan named Captain Patrick made a quiet raid on Johnson's camp, got inside his camp without being discovered, and actually stole the gun and carried it away and is still in possession of it. This feat of the Federal partisan excited a good deal of fun in both armies, and resulted finally in the story on Col. Tom Johnson that a Union woman visited his camp one afternoon, hid the little gun under her apron, and carried it off.

Captain Schoolfield a few years ago had occasion to write a letter of inquiry to another attorney in East Kentucky in regard to the title to some real estate that a client of his was interested in, and Schoolfield wrote to him to make the examination and charge the cost to him. This attorney made the examination desired very promptly and reported to Captain Schoolfield what he had done, and told Schoolfield that there was no bill for expenses for the reason that he had the little Schoolfield gun that Captain Patrick stole from Col. Tom Johnson, and that sometimes when they had a Republican victory in their county they used the Schoolfield gun to celebrate it, and they felt they were well repaid for any little favor they might do for him. Captain Schoolfield tells me that, while he infers that his correspondent and himself do not agree politically, he is disposed to call it even.

It is now about forty-five years to a day since I stood in front of Schoolfield's Battery in the battle at Blue Springs, East Tennessee; but I am pleased to be able to state that there are others living besides myself who survived the awful noise of this battery, and I may also state that on the Confederate side, among others I recall, still living are Capt. J. J. Schoolfield, of Iuka, Ill., Maj. Bart Jenkins (commander Jenkins's Battalion), of Umatilla, Fla., Rev. Capt. E. O. Guerrant, D.D., of Wilmore, Ky., and Capt. T. M. Freeman, of Houston, Tex.

Captain Guerrant was the adjutant general of Giltner's Brigade and knew this battery well, and I am sure the editor of the VETERAN will agree with me that these survivors ought to contribute their recollection of this breech-loading battery in the Confederate army and that the same may go on record; and if it proves correct, as Captain Schoolfield thinks, that this was the first breech-loading artillery used on any battlefield, then I am sure the records ought to be made now while the men familiar with the circumstances are still living.

ABOUT TITLES IN THE U. C. V.

Comrade Frank D. Brown, recently chosen as Major General of the Northwest Division, comments upon the article from "a prominent veteran of Maryland," in which dignified objection is made to the wearing of the insigia of the officers engaged in the Civil War by present and past officers of the United Confederate Veterans. He says:

"I most heartily agree with him, and I shall cordially support any effort made to change the present marks of distinction worn upon the coats of our Division, Brigade, Regimental, and Company Officers.

"While I value my own position most highly, I feel embarrassed in wearing a general's stars when seated beside a man in our General Reunions who won his own in actual service. The wearing of a uniform distinctively our own invites no such unfavorable comment. Let our old living officers be properly decorated. I know that many brave and gallant gentlemen command various Divisions of the U. C. V., and this criticism certainly does not apply to such.

"And there should be a Department order that no veteran who has not actually joined his regiment and seen service or been in actual service not less than one year can be elected to command our Divisions and Brigades. The credentials of an aspirant should be that he had at least one year of actual service either in the field or prison. He should present unquestioned written evidence of such service. By doing so the humiliation of unjust suspicion is avoided and adverse criticism defied. It is very easy for an aspirant possessing a hazy record, yet wealthy, to secure the coveted honor. He simply pays his way in by giving liberally to the association, wearing gorgeous uniforms, and displaying himself at our Reunions. These he contributes to make the show a success. Our Reunions are simply social gatherings of men who have done their best, and meet each other in the fond hope of again seeing upon earth comrades they knew in the war. Down deep in their hearts they revere their Commanders, Gordon, Lee, Evans, Cabell, and their other generals. Let them continue to wear the stars they earned. Let our colonels and captains, lieutenants and naval officers wear the insignia conferred upon them by the War Department at Richmond, and let us wear what we have a right to put on—a uniform of our own made of gray and decorated with an insignia in no way in conflict with that of our commanders of the dark and bloody days. At the Memphis Reunion of 1909 I will use every endeavor to make the change suggested by the comrade from Maryland."



MISS LOUISE DOUGHERTY, GAINESVILLE, TEX.

Miss Louise Dougherty unveiled the beautiful Confederate monument in Gainesville, Tex., assisted by her maids of honor, as reported on page 377 of VETERAN for July, 1908.

[The monument was erected by the Lou Dougherty Chapter, U. D. C., and the engraving was ready for use in that issue, but it happened to be confused with some engravings of sponsors and maids to the Reunion.]

FLAG OF THIRTEENTH ALABAMA REGIMENT.

Lucius D. Alden, who served in the 33d Missouri Infantry, U. S. A., and is now Deputy Auditor in the War Department at Washington, talked with Mr. John Hamel, Assistant Secretary of the Tennessee Board of Health (who attended the Tuberculosis Congress there), in regard to an experience in battles at Tupelo, Miss., July 15-17, 1864. He said:

"After a charge by the Confederates (the 2d, I believe) was repulsed by Gen. Joseph A. Mower's Division of the 16th Corps, a number of skirmishers and sharpshooters (among them the writer) were thrown out and advanced farther down the slope. We climbed over a rail fence at the foot of the slope, crossing a road to the rising ground beyond and on the right, entering and passing through a field of very tall corn. Later, the enemy's line having reached cover of their position, their artillery opened up on us, and General Mower, who had just then ridden up, ordered us back, and we returned to our position on the opposite slope from the enemy. At that time the skirmish line advanced, and just as I had climbed over the rail fence I heard a voice calling for my assistance, and, turning, saw a fine-looking and well-dressed Confederate soldier sitting on the ground with his back to the fence just to my left, who entreated me to pull off his boots. I dropped my gun and instantly responded, pulling off both boots, and discovered that he had been shot through both legs below the knees and that his limbs were badly swollen. The last look into his face as he thanked me showed his great relief. I think he was in the same position when, a little later, we fell back.

"A color bearer went down with his flag as the enemy fell back, and I requested permission of General Mower to advance up the slope and secure it; but the General would not let me risk it in open view to the artillery fire as well as that of sharpshooters. I understand from one of our regiment that another member of it has the flag. It is that of the 13th Alabama. I have written to learn about it more fully and to assist in securing its return if possible. This might be a clue to the information desired—the Confederate who was shot in the legs."

CARELESS USE OF CROSS OF HONOR CRITICISED.

Some little time ago the Recording Secretary of the Virginia Division, U. D. C., called attention to the inexcusable carelessness with which many applications for crosses of honor are filled out, in reference to which she states:

"At the recent Convention of the Virginia Division, U. D. C., a committee was appointed who will petition the Legislature to enact some laws to protect the crosses from being worn by any but the rightful owners; but what good will that do when such a state of things exists as was brought to light in that Convention? Instances were reported where applications were signed by veterans vouching for applicants who they later declared to the Daughters, they knew to be deserters! I have in my possession now an application for a cross—with company, dates, etc., signed by Adjutant and Commandant and by veterans—and no name of the applicant! I also know an Adjutant who took from the post office without a written order a cross which had been sent by registered mail to an applicant and gave it to a friend of his to wear to the Richmond Reunion, who was not in the army at all!

"It is the aim of the U. D. C. to see that true history is written and taught; but with such records as the above put away in our archives what will it be? It is 'up to' the veterans themselves. The little bit of bronze is intrinsically

worthless; but does it 'represent nothing on God's earth now?' Is it only a bit of bronze to you?"

In giving the above criticism the VETERAN hopes to put all organizations having to do with the cross of honor to more diligent care in their distribution. However, it is impelled to give general praise for the unceasing care of Daughters in giving it only where merited. It may be accepted as a rule that the man who wears a cross of honor has established a record worthy of highest praise. Let all guard this sacred bit of bronze, so that its possessors will leave a treasured heritage to posterity.

BLACK EAGLE COMPANY OF VIRGINIANS.

BY H. E. WOOD, BREMO BLUFF, FLUVANNA COUNTY, VA.

As it has been requested that a roster of the different organizations of the Confederate army be given, I give as complete a record of the Black Eagle Company of Cumberland County, Va., as I can now remember. This company was mustered into the service at Richmond, Va., April 23, 1861, and was known afterwards as Company E, 18th Regiment Virginia Infantry. The following is a list of noncommissioned officers and privates:

Harrison, Carter H., first captain; promoted major 11th Virginia Regiment; killed at Bull Run, Va., July 18, 1861.

Harrison, Randolph, second captain; promoted colonel in Wise's Legion; lost his leg near Petersburg, Va., in April, 1865; dead.

Shields, Thomas P., third captain; wounded at Gaines's Mill, Va., June 27, 1862; promoted surgeon.

Lutch, Thomas M., second lieutenant; exempted from service in 1862; dead.

Cocke, Edmund R., fourth captain; wounded at Gettysburg.

Weymouth, John E., first lieut.; wounded at Gettysburg.

Austin, Cornelius, second lieutenant; killed at Gettysburg, Pa., in 1863.

Cocke, William F., third lieutenant; killed at Gettysburg, Pa., in 1863.

Dobbs, Henry J., color sergeant; promoted lieutenant; wounded at Frayser's Farm, Va., July 1, 1862.

NONCOMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

Bagby Bates; killed near Petersburg, Va., in April, 1865.

Barker, Charles; exempted from service in 1861; dead.

Barker, Jesse, color sergeant; killed at Sharpsburg in 1862.

Barker, Joe; exempted from service in 1862; dead.

Barker, John; killed at Gettysburg, Pa., in 1863.

Boatwright, James; killed on picket post near Richmond, Va., in 1862.

Boston, Solon A., color sergeant; killed at Williamsburg, Va., May 1, 1862.

Bragg, Walker; exempted from service in 1862; dead.

Bryant, Richard A.; died in service in 1862.

Carroll, John D.; lost his life capturing a Federal gunboat in winter of 1864.

Clift, M. B.; died since the war; wounded at Seven Pines, Va., June 1, 1862.

Clopton, Walter; wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., in 1863.

Cosby, Charles; exempted from service in 1861.

Cosby, George, corporal; wounded at Gaines's Mill, Va., June 27, 1862; dead.

Cosby, Richard; killed at Gaines's Mill, Va., June 27, 1862.

Daingerfield, John; exempted from service in 1861; dead.

Daniel, John C.; transferred to cavalry in 1862; dead.

Dawson, Judson; wounded at Gaines's Mill June 27, 1862.

Dowkey, James; killed at Gettysburg, Pa., in 1863.

Duncan, James; on detached service during the war; dead.

Fleming, A. J., orderly sergt,; exempted from service 1862.

Flippen, E. A.; wounded at Gaines's Mill, Va., June 27, 1862; orderly sergeant at surrender.

Frayser, James; exempted from service in 1862.

Frayser, Robert, color sergeant; wounded in second battle of Manassas, Va., in 1862.

Frayser, William; wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., in 1863.

French, Hugh H.; wounded at Gettysburg; dead.

Gilliam, Carter, orderly sergeant; killed at Gettysburg.

Goodman, E. M.; exempted from service in 1861.

Goodman, Robert T.; wounded July 20, 1861, near Manassas.

Goodman, W. D.; transferred to cavalry in 1862.

Gray, Thomas A.; substituted in 1862; dead.

Harrison, Dr. E. J.; promoted surgeon in 1861; dead.

Harris, Henry J.; transferred to cavalry in 1862.

Hudgins, E. G.; substituted in 1861; dead.

Hudgins, Frank; wounded at Sharpsburg in 1862; dead.

Hudgins, T. W.; on detail service in 1862.

Hughes, Thomas Anderson; transferred from 29th Virginia Infantry Regiment in 1861; died in service in 1862.

Irving, Charles, lawyer, editor, and "duelist;" killed on the retreat from Petersburg, Va., in April, 1865.

Isbell, James T.; exempted from service in 1862; dead.

Jackson, B. F., commissary sergeant; exempted from service in 1862; dead.

Jackson, P. H.; exempted from service in 1862; dead.

Johnson, Columbus; on detail service; dead.

Johnson, E. A.; killed at Seven Pines, Va., June 1, 1862.

Johnson, E. S.; transferred to cavalry in 1862.

Johnson, Howard; came as a substitute in the winter of 1861; deserted near Williamsburg in 1862; evidently a spy.

Johnson, Lyttleton T.; wounded at Frayser's Farm, Va., 1862.

Martin, Rustin; killed at Manassas, Va., July 21, 1861.

Mayo, Joseph H.; transferred to cavalry in 1862.

Mayo, William H.; transferred to artillery in 1862; dead.

Morton, James; killed at Gettysburg, Pa., in 1863.

Page, William Nelson; killed at Manassas, Va., July 1, 1861.

Pendleton, E. H.; on detail service during the war; dead.

Pettit, Lucius H.; killed near Petersburg, Va., in 1864.

Ryals, James D.; served as courier to General Pickett.

Sclater, Richard O., corporal; wounded at Gaines's Mill, Va., June 27, 1862.

Spencer, John M. (volunteer); wounded at Gaines's Mill, Va., June 27, 1862.

Steger, A. C., corporal; wounded at Gaines's Mill, Va., 1862.

Steger, Robert H.; killed at Sharpsburg, Md., in 1862.

Toler, Samuel A.; killed at Gaines's Mill, Va., June 27, 1862.

Toler, William; exempted from service in 1861; dead.

Walton, Dr. Richard P.; promoted surgeon of the regiment in 1861; dead.

Weymouth, William; died from the result of wounds received at Gaines's Mill, Va., June 27, 1862.

Wilkinson, George; exempted from service in 1861.

Wilkinson, Richard; exempted from service in 1862; dead.

Wood, H. E., color sergeant; wounded at Gaines's Mill, Va., June 27, 1862.

Wood, J. H., sergeant; wounded five times, losing at one time a pound and a half of flesh from his thigh and hip from a cannon shot; is now living near Eaton, Weld County, Colo., and an active business person.

THE VETERANS' CROSS OF HONOR.

BY H. H. STEVENS.

(To the air of "The Old Oaken Bucket.")

How dear to the heart of each gray-headed soldier
Are the thoughts of the days when all wore the gray!
While memory recalls every trial and danger,
And scenes of the past live in battle array,
Though long since discarding our arms and equipments!
There's one thing a veteran most surely will note:
The first thing he sees on the form of a comrade
Is the little bronze cross he wears on his coat.

Chorus.

The little bronze cross, the sacred bronze cross,
The U. D. C. Cross that he wore on his coat.

"How much did it cost," said a man to a soldier,
"The little flat cross you wear on your coat?"
"A fortune in money," he answered the stranger,
"And four years of marching and fighting to boot.
The wealth of the world cannot purchase this emblem,
Except the buyer wore the gray too;
For it shows to mankind the marks of a hero—
A man who to honor and country was true."

Then let us be proud of this emblem of honor,
And wear it with spirit both loyal and bold;
Fraternally welcome each one who supports it,
With love in our hearts for the comrade of old.
Each day musters out whole battalions of wearers,
And soon will be missed this token so dear;
But ages to come will remember with honor
The man who'd the right this bronze emblem to wear.

MAJ. JOHN C. THOMPSON, OF MISSISSIPPI.

BY W. H. LEE, COLUMBUS, MISS.

The article in your August issue, "Ages of Oldest Confederates," impels me to tell the story of a unique couple. In April, 1861, there came to our regiment as enlisted privates in a North Mississippi company the father ("Judge," by courtesy), John C. Thompson, aged seventy, and his son, Flem, aged thirteen. Their disparity of years soon made them conspicuous and favorites in the regiment. Many a helping hand was extended to the pair as they trudged along both from the ranks and from the officers' quarters, though they claimed no exemption from duty. The old gentleman was a lawyer by profession, a man of education and intelligence. When asked why he enlisted at his age, he replied that he had talked and voted for secession and felt he ought to fight for the cause.

In August, 1861, he marched with us from Union City to Tiptonville, Tenn., helped us occupy and guard New Madrid, Mo., went with us to Columbus, Ky., and took part in the battle of Belmont. In April, 1862, we moved to Shiloh's bloody field, where on the morning of the first day's fight our assistant surgeon found the old Judge stretched out with an ugly scalp wound which at first sight appeared mortal. The stricken veteran asked to be taken to the hospital to escape burial in the trenches, so Surgeon Lipscomb hurried off for an ambulance. On his return the Judge was in the ranks, head tied up and rifle on shoulder. Later in the day he received a second wound, and was subsequently sent home for repairs. Our Colonel Blythe and Lieutenant Colonel Herron were both killed in the fight, and during the Judge's absence an election was held to fill vacancies. By unanimous vote the gallant old Judge was elected major, which rank he held to the end. He shared with us the Kentucky campaign, going through the battle of Mumfordsville, fought at Murfreesboro, and in September, 1863, came to Chickamauga, where he was killed while gallantly leading one of the last charges on Snodgrass Hill. That night a squad of his devoted comrades, of which I was one, carried the brave old body to the rear, made a rude coffin of boards torn from Lee & Gordon's Mill, and reverently committed it to rest with a few words from our chaplain. Peace to his ashes! He has surely gone to Valhalla. All honor to the brave old Arkansans and Georgians of whom you wrote; but I think my old major excelled them in that he equaled them in age, surpassed them in service, and in the end made the supreme sacrifice for the Southland of his birth and love. The boy Flem served through the war, retiring as sergeant major.

An extract from Gen. Patton Anderson's report of Chickamauga from Mississippi Register Department Archives and History is as follows: "Among the killed was Maj. John C. Thompson, of the 44th (Blythe's) Mississippi Regiment, fearless among the fearless. A man of education and position at home, of an age far beyond that prescribed by the laws of the land for involuntary service, at the first tocsin of war he enlisted in the ranks, and fought as a private at Belmont and Shiloh, having been severely wounded at the latter. His gallantry and services marked him before the men of his State for promotion, which he soon received, and he commanded his regiment with his usual gallantry at the battle of Murfreesboro. On the memorable field of Chickamauga his devotion to the cause of country has been sealed with his blood."

THE LAST SHOTS BY GEN. JOHNSTON'S ARMY

BY A. WOOD, RIO GRANDE CITY, TEX.

I notice in the July (1908) VETERAN a letter from Comrade J. B. Whitsit. I suppose he means from small arms or muskets; he does not say, but says they were sheltered by some trees. I do not doubt but what he says is true. I have always thought Hart's Battery, of South Carolina, fired the last cannon that was fired by General Johnston's army. This battery was commanded by Gen. S. D. Lee at the beginning of the war. The battery had been ordered from Virginia to Gen Wade Hampton's South Carolina command, arriving just at the close of the battle of Averysboro. We followed on after General Sherman, and fought the battle of Bentonville some three days later. We then with cavalry followed on after General Sherman to within ten or twelve miles of Goldsboro, pressing and fighting his rear guard as opportunity offered.

When General Sherman advanced on Raleigh, we contested every inch of ground until we got to Raleigh. There we heard through some prisoners that General Lee had surrendered. We camped in the edge of the capital of the Old North State that night, the 12th of April, 1865. Next morning we marched through the town, and out on the Hillsboro Road some half a mile from the depot General Hampton rode up and ordered Lieutenant Bamburg, commanding the rear section, to stop one of his guns and burn the depot, as it contained some Confederate supplies. The fourth gun was unlimbered in the road and some half dozen shells fired into the depot, when smoke was seen coming from it. Sergeant File commanded the gun with Sojourner as gunner.

We remained in the rear of General Johnston's army and did reserve picket duty while General Johnston and General Sherman were agreeing on terms of surrender, and then marched back to Greensboro and turned in our guns. Gen. S. D. Lee came to see the boys there.



So rapidly are comrades passing away, and so heavy is the demand for space in the "Last Roll" columns, that request is made of all who send such tributes to make the notices as brief as possible and have them written clearly. Ancestry and other data save as Confederate soldiers, if used at all, should be very brief. Clippings are nearly always too long. No charge is made for publishing these tributes except where a picture is used, when two dollars is charged for making the engraving. Every one who has an engraving in the VETERAN should pay for it or some one else should do so.

PIPES.—Maj. E. S. Pipes, for many years Commander of the Camp at Kaufman, Tex., died on February 16, 1908. He belonged to Company G, 32d Louisiana Regiment, and his service was about Vicksburg, Miss., and elsewhere.

PHILLIPS.—Another comrade of Kaufman has also passed over the great divide. R. A. Phillips, a member of Company D, 12th Alabama Battery, under Wheeler, died on June 27. Both of them—Pipes and Phillips—were good and true soldiers of the Confederacy.

LINDSEY.—T. J. Lindsey died in Palo Pinto County, Tex., on August 2. He was among the first to volunteer for the Confederacy, serving in Company H, 1st Texas Cavalry, for four years. He was a good soldier. As a citizen also he could be relied upon implicitly.

KYLE.—J. R. Kyle, of Seffner, Fla., died on the 5th of August, aged sixty-seven years. He was born in Pontotoc County, Miss., and served in Company E, 2d Mississippi Regiment, making a good and faithful soldier.

LAMKIN.—M. A. Lamkin died at his home, in Huntsville, Tex., on August 18. He was born in Missouri in 1841. Comrade Lamkin served the Confederacy as a member of Company D, 5th Regiment, Hood's Texas Brigade, doing valiant service in Virginia. He was wounded several times. He was a member of John C. Upton Camp, U. C. V., of Huntsville.

BROOKS.—On January 11, 1908, S. D. Brooks died at his home, near Brooks Station, Tenn., in his eighty-first year. He was first lieutenant of Company D, 1st Kentucky Cavalry, and was a prominent member of the "Orphan Brigade." He never missed a meeting when able to attend. He was highly esteemed by all his comrades and neighbors.

LOFTICE.—Warren Loftice was born April 2, 1828, in North Carolina; and died near Malissa Station, Tex., July 22, 1908. He enlisted in the Confederate service in 1861 and remained till 1865. No truer, braver, or more loyal soldier ever shouldered his musket in the cause of his country.

COLEMAN.—L. D. Coleman was born and lived all his life in Laurens County, Ga. Death came to him on July 28, in his seventy-fifth year. He entered the Confederate army in May, 1862, as a member of Company H, 14th Georgia Regiment, and participated in all the battles of his regiment, coming out unscathed with the exception of a slight wound received at Gettysburg.

MRS. BRAXTON BRAGG.

Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, President General U. D. C., to the United Daughters of the Confederacy:

"Again death, the insatiable, has entered our ranks and taken from us one of our Honorary Presidents, Mrs. Eliza



MRS. BRAXTON BRAGG.

B. Bragg, the widow of Gen. Braxton Bragg, a distinguished commander of the Confederate States army, who died in New Orleans September 25, 1908. This announcement is received by the United Daughters of the Confederacy with profound sorrow and sympathy, for we mourn not only the widow of one of the great leaders of the Confederate army, but a woman of the sweetest and highest Southern type. Dignified in manner and speech, refined and cultured, patriotic and unselfish, she combined all of the gentle graces with the force and grandeur of a great mind and heart.

"In the beautiful language of Mrs. Clay-Clopton, she has passed away like the petals of the fallen summer rose, but to bloom, we hope, in the garden celestial."

The VETERAN is gratified to have the foregoing from the highest earthly source among women. It is a vivid portrayal of a character whose imperfections could hardly be detected. The editor had the honor of knowing from Mrs. Bragg some of the hardships through which she passed during the war.

Although her husband commanded the second largest and strongest army of the Confederacy and might have had his wife with a retinue of servants and of course the best we all had, she stayed at the home on a plantation in Louisiana, taking the best care of it that she could, until the Federal

forces went and destroyed all. They even cut the beds to pieces and scattered the feathers over the yard. Noble Christian woman, she did what she could.

Garey and Watson, of Dick Dowling Camp.

The Adjutant of Dick Dowling Camp at Houston, Tex., reports the loss of two comrades from their connection:

Maj. John E. Garey died on July 14 at the age of eighty-four years. He was a veteran of three years, in all of which he gained renown as a brave and gallant soldier. He was chief quartermaster of the Trans-Mississippi Department at the close of the War between the States, and his service had been marked by that rugged honesty which was one of his characteristics. He was a genial companion and devoted friend, and his passing has left a mourning family and friends.

W. V. R. Watson died at the age of seventy, having lived the allotted span of human life, in which he set an example worthy to be followed. He served through the war in Company K, 17th Alabama Regiment, and was wounded at Shiloh. His familiar form is missed in every walk of life.

Maj. Peter Fontaine.

The Bar Association of Charleston, W. Va., took action with respect to the death of Maj. Peter Fontaine, one of its members. President J. M. Payne appointed a committee to submit resolutions, which were adopted by the meeting.

Maj. Peter Fontaine was a member of that association from its organization, and had been a member of the bar since 1873. He was born in Hanover County, Va., in 1840. He was a son of James Fontaine, of that county. After taking a course of study at the University of Virginia, he, upon the breaking out of the War between the States in 1861, promptly volunteered in the Hanover Troop, C. S. A., and by his merit, good judgment, sagacity, and courage he rose from the ranks to be a major, and served upon the staff of General Wickham and then the staff of General Rosser until the end of the war. He was severely wounded in the battle of Kelley's Ford.

Soon after the war Major Fontaine went to Charleston and taught school for a time. Then returning to his *Alma Mater*, the University of Virginia, he took a course in law, and commenced the practice of his profession about 1873. For many years he was a commissioner in chancery of the circuit court of the county, also of the United States court sitting in Charleston.

Major Fontaine was zealous in the formation of the Bar Association of Charleston, taking an active part in its organization, and was its first secretary. Much is due to his good judgment and industry in starting this association on its career of usefulness to the profession and Charleston. He was beloved and useful as a member of the Kanawha bar and a most worthy, scholarly, and learned citizen. The association tendered its earnest sympathy to his family in their great bereavement.

[From data by Thomas L. Broun, of Charleston, W. Va.]

Brock.—Drew Brock was born in Henderson County, Tenn., in February, 1842; and died at Trezevant in August, 1908, having gone to Dyer County just after the war. He served in Company L, 6th Tennessee Infantry, going through many hard-fought battles, such as Chickamauga and from Rocky Face Ridge to Atlanta. He was captured at Chickamauga, but made his escape and returned to his command. He was not sick a day during his service. He is survived by his wife and family.

John Forsyth Smith.

"John F. Smith has answered his last roll call," remarked a comrade as he stood beside the casket containing the body of John F. Smith on June 6, 1908. He was courageous in battle during the four years of strife that overshadowed our sunny land, and he was equally brave during the years which followed in the upbuilding of his home and country and equally so in later life under the increasing weight of years and infirmities. His health had not been good for some months, and his life passed away as gently as a child falls asleep.

At the beginning of the war, in 1861, Comrade Smith enlisted in the first company that left Lauderdale County, Miss. (the Pettus Guards), commanded by Capt. W. F. Brown. It was ordered to Virginia, and afterwards was mustered in as Company F, 13th Mississippi Volunteers, under command of that gallant soldier, Col. William Barksdale.

Comrade Smith was in active service during the entire war, from 1861 to 1865, with the exception of eight months spent as a prisoner at Point Lookout, Md. He was captured in the battle of the Wilderness, in May, 1864.

Comrade Smith was born in Bibb County, Ala., on July 29, 1834. During his early childhood his father moved to Mississippi and settled near Enterprise, in Clark County. His father died when he was a small boy. In 1866 he married Miss Martha E. Hall, who survives him, together with two sons and four daughters. He was an honored member of Walthall Camp, U. C. V., and was buried with their honors.

The Late S. G. Eleazer.

[By a mishap in the make-up of "Last Roll" forms for the September Veteran the following was omitted from the tribute to Comrade S. G. Eleazer by James H. McNeilly, Chaplain 49th Tennessee Infantry. See page 417.]

I conducted the funeral service, which was attended by a host of friends from miles around, and among them a number of his comrades of the 49th Regiment, gray and bent and scarred with wounds. They all loved him.

He had attended every Reunion of the U. C. V., and as our comrades were gathering for the Reunion in Birmingham he joined the larger company who have passed over the river to rest in the shade of the trees of life.

Personally I feel deeply the loss of a friend of all my life, tried and true, who never failed me.

[James H. McNeilly, Chaplain 49th Tennessee Infantry.]

Wife of Robert Jamison.

Mrs. Camilla Patterson Jamison, wife of Prof. Robert D. Jamison, of Murfreesboro, died July 11, 1908, at the home of her son, H. D. Jamison, 2111 White Avenue, Nashville, of a protracted illness of several months. She was an earnest Christian worker from childhood to her death. She was also an ardent defender of the cause of the Confederacy, and in 1861 as a young bride gave her husband to the service of our beloved Southland. He was true and faithful to the cause to the end, and survives her. He served in Brown's Brigade, of which no member has ever been ashamed.

Bragg.—At the same place where he was born on December 10, 1845, in Ouachita County, Ark., Arthur V. Bragg passed away in April, 1908. He enlisted in the Confederate service early in 1864, and made a true and faithful soldier to the end, as became his lineage of Southern and patriotic blood. His

father dying when Arthur was but nine years old, the care of his widowed mother, sisters, and younger brothers fell upon him, and was faithfully met. He was interested in all movements tending to honor the memory of the Confederate soldier, and attended many Reunions with his comrades.

John M. Raysor.

The sudden death of Comrade John M. Raysor at his home, in Atlanta, Ga., was an inexpressible shock to his friends and comrades of Stonewall Jackson Camp. From the resolutions passed in his honor the following sketch of his life was secured:

John Michael Raysor was a native of South Carolina; but his father having removed to Florida before the war, it was from that State that he entered the Confederate service. His father was colonel of the Florida State Troops, and all his brothers were in the Confederate service, one of them being a captain. John Raysor served in the 5th Florida Regiment, of which John C. Hately was colonel. He was with the Virginia Army until wounded, his right arm being shattered; but it finally healed and became fairly serviceable. He was then detailed with the enrolling department of the State of Florida until the close of the war.

He participated in many battles, being twice awarded medals for distinguished gallantry in action: at Chancellorsville, because he was the first to cross a hastily improvised bridge in a successful charge against the enemy's intrenchments, and at Gettysburg, because he faced almost certain death in drawing off in the dark the Confederate pickets, whose orders were to fire without challenging. It is said that when his brigadier general called upon him to perform that glorious deed at Gettysburg his captain said: "John, if I were you, I would not go; it is almost certain death." He replied: "Some one must go, and I might as well be the one."

Comrade Raysor removed to Atlanta shortly after the war, and for sixteen years past had been connected with Judge Orr's court. His life was that of the consecrated Christian, ever looking onward to something better. His love for little children was a fine trait of his character. For years he was superintendent of the Trinity Home Mission Sunday School, and was also long a member of the Board of Stewards of Trinity Church. Death came to him in his sixty-sixth year. His daughter, Mrs. Robert T. Clayton, of Birmingham, and three sisters and a brother, Capt. George D. Raysor, of Quitman, Ga., are the survivors of his family. He was also proud of having been a Confederate soldier, yet no one ever heard him give an account of his personal bravery.

Capt. J. P. Bayly.

Capt. James P. Bayly died at Hennessey, Okla, on September 18, 1908. In the spring of 1861 he enlisted in Company H, 6th Virginia Cavalry. He was afterwards elected lieutenant, and promoted to captain of Company D, 5th Virginia Cavalry. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's official report of December, 1862, says: "Lieut. James P. Bayly succeeded Captain Bullock (who was killed) in command of the dismounted sharpshooters, and, gallantly charging across the creek, drove the enemy's infantry skirmishers from the ground, capturing eleven of them, and maintained his position until dark, when in obedience to orders the detachment was withdrawn."

Captain Bayly was a member of William Richardson Camp, U. C. V., of Front Royal, Va.

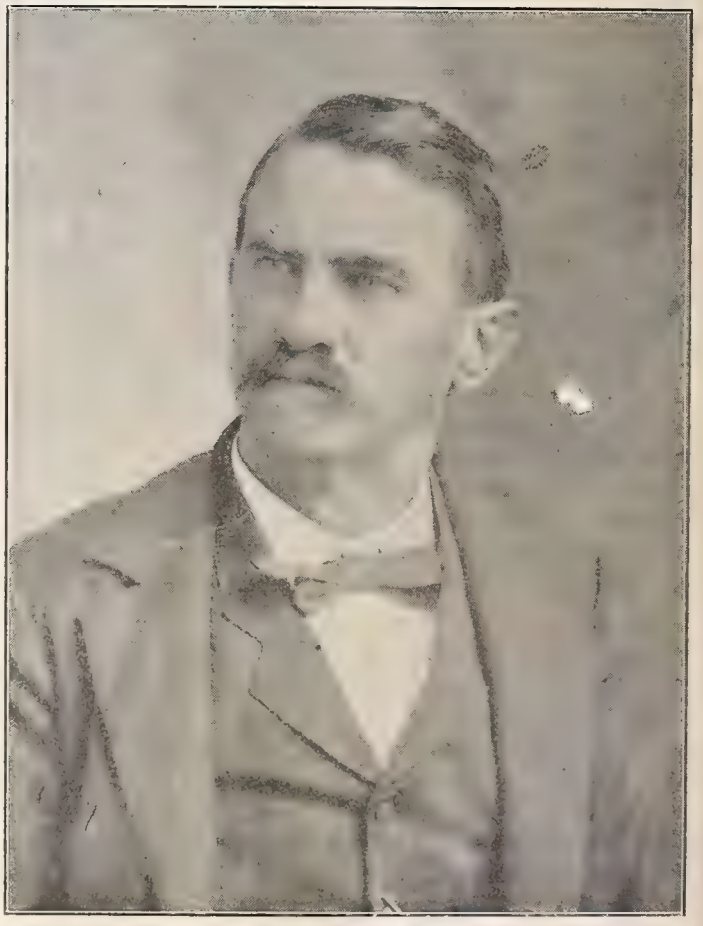
[From W. E. Grayson, Commander of Camp Richardson.]

William Alexander Polk.

William A. Polk was born in Lawrence County, Mo., on February 14, 1844, where he lived his first six years. He was with his uncle, Maj. D. D. Berry, in Springfield, Mo., in the early fifties, and from then to 1861 lived alternately between Walnut Bend, Ark., and New Castle, Tenn. At the opening of the War between the States he joined the first company organized in Hardeman County, Tenn., by Dr. W. B. Morrow, Captain; John Marsh, First Lieutenant; and Polk, Second Lieutenant. He afterwards joined the 4th Tennessee Infantry, remaining with that regiment and participating in building the fortifications at Forts Pillow and Randolph. He was also in a campaign from New Madrid, Mo., to Cape Girardeau, returning to New Madrid and thence to Columbus, Ky. He was then transferred to Capt. Jack Neely's scouts, which was afterwards a part of the 7th Tennessee Cavalry. He performed staff duty with General Villipigue and Col. A. P. Thompson, also served with this regiment until after the Hood expedition to Nashville. He was captured soon after in Mississippi while on a scout, and spent the remaining period of the war in prison at Camp Douglas, near Chicago.

Among the many comrades who have given testimony as to the fidelity and bravery of Mr. Polk, Col. W. F. Taylor, who was lieutenant colonel of the 7th Tennessee Cavalry, wrote on April 4, 1908: "It gives me pleasure to testify to the good character of one of our old regiment, such as you proved to be—a gentleman, a brave soldier, one who was ever prompt to obey orders and one who did his duty nobly and well."

After the war, when Comrade Polk returned to his home July 4, 1865, he found that his father had been driven from home by the Federal troops and that his stepmother was in a destitute condition. In 1866 he moved with his father's family to Navarro County, Tex., settling near Dresden. Late



WILLIAM A. POLK.

that year he was married to Miss Mattie Mosley, of Hernando, Miss., who survives him with six of their eight children. He had been a resident of Corsicana, Tex., continuously since 1883. He stood high in the estimation of his fellow-citizens, who had honored him with public office at various times. He was a consistent Church member and prominent as a Mason, having been Master of the Dresden and Corsicana Lodges.

He died on June 22, 1908, and the memory of his unselfish patriotism, valor, and Christian spirit inspires admiration.

"Than his no hand would sooner turn
To drop his alms in pity's urn;
Than he none higher worth e'er won
As husband, father, brother, son;
On none can higher praise descend
As soldier, citizen, and friend.
In each respect, well tried and proved,
Honored he lived and died beloved."

Gen. Eppa Hunton.

Brig. Gen. Eppa Hunton, of the Confederate army, died recently at the home of his son, Eppa Hunton, Jr., Richmond, Va., aged eighty-six years. General Hunton, although a vigorous old man, had been blind and deaf for several months. He had been very low for several weeks, but his death was unexpected at this time. He was buried with military honors in historic Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond.

General Hunton was known as the hero of Ball's Bluff. He was a member of the Virginia Secession Committee. He was also on the military committee to prepare Virginia for defense. He resigned as a brigadier general in the State service to enter the regular Confederate army. He was promoted to be a brigadier general after the battle of Gettysburg, where he was wounded in the charge up Cemetery Heights. He was captured at Sailor's Creek on "Lee's last retreat."

General Hunton was elected to Congress in 1872, and was reëlected thereafter four times. He was appointed United States Senator in 1892 to fill the unexpired term of John S. Barbour, and was the colleague of Senator John W. Daniel.



GEN. EPPA HUNTON.

Dr. B. S. Medlock.

Dr. Ben S. Medlock, of Benton, Ark., died on September 22, 1908. He was a member of Company E, 1st Arkansas Regiment of Infantry, and served in Virginia the first year of the war, including the battle of Bull Run. In 1862 the regiment was transferred to the Army of Mississippi (later Army of Tennessee), to Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston's army, just in time to take part in the battle of Shiloh. He served until the close of the war, and was in all the engagements participated in by the regiment. In 1863 he was promoted to second lieutenant. He was a brave and gallant soldier.

He was a Mason, and was buried by them at Collegeville, eight miles from Benton, his former home. It was his special request to have his Masonic burial service conducted by James H. Shoppach, of Little Rock, an old comrade of his.

[Data from Dr. Fred W. Bush, Benton, Ark.]

Capt. R. M. Williams.

Roger Mackerness Williams was born April 8, 1834, near Gadsden, Ala.; and died at the home of his son-in-law, E. M. Turner, in Dallas, Tex., March 22, 1908. When his education was finished he settled at Ashville, Ala., where he met and married Miss Cordelia Dill on November 8, 1855. This union was blessed with one son, James A. Williams, who became a leading physician and died several years ago in Arkansas.

When the call for troops was made in 1861, Roger Williams enlisted promptly, and was elected first lieutenant of Company A, 10th Alabama Regiment. He was a brave officer, and was soon promoted to captain. He always said, "Come on, boys," leading the way for them. He was kind to his men, and they loved and trusted him. He was in many battles, among others the First Manassas, Frazier's Farm, Fredericksburg, Seven Days' Fight around Richmond, Second Manassas, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania C. H., etc. The 10th Alabama was in Wilcox's Brigade, Mahone's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps.

In July, 1865, he was married to his second wife, Miss Sarah R. Phillips, and soon thereafter removed to Tupelo, Miss., from which place he went to Hillsboro, Tex., in 1885. In June of 1907 he made his home in Dallas, Tex., where he died. He was a true man, a brave soldier, and an honored Church member, leaving an honorable life to bless the wife and children surviving—three daughters and two sons.

John L. Showalter.

John Lineweaver Showalter died on May 28, 1908, at his home, at Volcano, W. Va., of vulvular heart trouble after several weeks' illness. The deceased was a gallant Confederate soldier, who at an early age enlisted in McNeill's Partisan Rangers, and participated in many of the noted exploits of that famous organization. He was born near Harrisonburg, Rockingham County, Va., December 8, 1845. A widow and six children, together with a host of admiring friends, mourn their loss.

T. W. Westlake.

Thomas W. Westlake, of Columbia, Mo., has been laid to rest near his old home, at Locust Grove Church. He joined the Confederate army in 1861 at Lexington, Mo., under Capt. J. B. Watson, and went South from there under Gen. Sterling Price, and was in the army until it ceased to be. He then went to Mexico with Gen. Joe Shelby, and was in service there a year and two days.

FRATERNAL SPIRIT AMONG ALL TRUE VETERANS.

BY A. I. MATHER, ROCKLAND, MAINE.

Since the publication of my little article in the July VETERAN I have been the recipient of many fraternal letters from old comrades who wore the gray demonstrating that the old vets who were on the firing line are full of fraternity. I feel confident that the boys of '65, the real heroes, came to the conclusion that the war ended at Appomattox.

I have often wished that there might be a reunion of the remnant of the veterans of the two great armies. The memory of that fraternal scene at Appomattox will never be effaced from my memory. How fraught with interest would such a reunion now be! No one but those who participated in the stirring events of '61 to '65 can understand the undercurrent that lies dormant in the hearts of the men on both sides who would be amalgamated and welded into a chain of universal brotherhood by a gathering of the old warriors of nearly half a century ago. It is a subject well worthy of earnest consideration. Let us think it over, comrades, and work for its accomplishment.

As the years are passing, and as we are getting into the "sear and yellow" stage of life, who is there among the fast-dwindling crowd who wishes to lose the golden memories of the sixties? Notwithstanding all the sacrifices, sufferings, and trials, who would exchange these memories for a monarch's diadem?

Sweeter and dearer to all of us in coming years will be the remembrance of the olden camp fires, the bivouacs, the long march, and the thrill of the charge! Let us have them in common. They are ours! Meanwhile foster the comradely feeling that prevails and work for a reunion that will annually embrace all the old vets on both sides of the sixties.

"God bless the men that wore the blue,
The men that wore the gray,
For both to principles were true,
And both true in the fray."

In giving the foregoing the VETERAN responds for Confederates, subject to their approval.

There has ever been and will remain a sentiment of esteem for men of our common country in offering their lives for principle. Veterans of the Union army know this. They know that when captured or on occasions when brought into social contact with Confederates who were manly men at the front they were treated as well as they could have expected to be; but there are mountains and mountains of infamies that can never be atoned, and at the last Confederates, men and women, can do no more than pray: "May the Lord have mercy on their souls!"

The editor of the VETERAN has been in journalism nearly forty years, and all along as a Democratic editor in discussing these sectional matters took the position that the Southern people would cheerfully have submitted to such decision and adjustment as the true Union soldiers would have given. Moreover, he expressed the belief that if the Union soldiers, happy in their return to home and comfort, had realized the infamy of reconstruction they would have returned to the South in defense of the people they had overpowered. The camp followers (carpetbaggers) maintained a reign in our devastated land that cannot be compared to anything short of the torment described with four letters, the first of which is "h."

Confederates are magnanimous, but time-healing doesn't apply in this connection. The spirit of Christianity had its proper place in the camp of the soldier and on the scout as well as in the battle.

Some years ago there was a disposition to compel the use of "old glory" on the schoolhouses of the South. That was unwise. We all respect the flag and what it stands for, and we hope it will grow in favor with coming generations; but the term "old glory" is not pleasing. The "stars and stripes" is a term solemnly and reverently observed, and we all desire its complete affectional restoration; but to accomplish that all action must be considerate.

INQUIRIES FOR AND ABOUT VETERANS.

William Jasper Holladay, a veteran of Fredericktown, Mo., inquires about his old comrade, William H. Thompson, who was reared in Helena, Ark., and enlisted in the Confederate army at Fredericktown, Mo., in 1861. He was first lieutenant in Company I, 3d Regiment Missouri Infantry, Gen. Jeff Thompson's Brigade. Later he served in the 6th Missouri Regiment as first lieutenant. In 1862 that regiment was transferred east of the Mississippi River, and in 1863 he was transferred to the medical department. He survived the war and lived in Meridian, Miss., in 1866. When last heard from he was in Galveston, Tex.

F. J. Mims, of Henderson, Tex., seeks the post office addresses of any members of the 21st Alabama Regiment, Company G, commanded by Ed Spaulding, of Montgomery, which information will be thankfully received.

W. A. Campbell, Columbus, Miss.: "In the article by W. H. Mason in the August VETERAN, 'Attack on a Federal Wagon Train,' among those he mentions as being with him is the name of Walter Parks. I would be glad to know if he was from Cincinnati, Ark., near Fayetteville, and a brother of John Hamilton Parks. The latter was a friend and schoolmate of mine, and his sister Lizzie married Judge Jacoway at Dardanelle, Ark.

Mrs. Susan T. Munford, of Auxvasse, Mo., R. R. No. 2, desires to hear from her sister, Mrs. M. J. Allmon, who was Miss Matilda J. Moxley and married James Allmon, a member of the 2d Missouri Cavalry, near Senatobia, Miss., in 1863. Mrs. Munford also says that any friends or relatives of Abner Nash, a member of the 2d Missouri Cavalry, will be informed as to where he lies buried upon inquiry of her.

Richard W. Munford, of Auxvasse, Mo., was one of those who soldiered under General Price in Missouri, but was transferred to the Army of Tennessee in 1862. He was captured in May, 1863, on the Big Black River, near Vicksburg, and taken to Camp Morton, Ind., then to Fort Delaware, and later to Point Lookout, Md., where he was guarded with negroes. After being here a year he was sent to Elmira, N. Y., and was there twenty-one months. He had just gotten out on parole when General Lee surrendered. He wishes to hear from any of the boys who were in prison with him. He is now a member of Camp Jackson, of Calloway County, Mo.

Henry Dillard, of Meridian, Tex., writes that among the papers of his grandmother, deceased, was found a letter written in response to some inquiry for Mrs. Dillard, who, with other ladies, had the care of a Confederate hospital at Somerville, Tenn., before the Federals got possession of Memphis. The first page of this letter is missing, hence the name and address of the inquirer could not be ascertained; but he can now write to Mr. Dillard, as above.

"DIXIE" PLAYED WITH A NEW AIR.

Mr. Al G. Field sends a notice of the "South's Sweetest Air," theme of a baritone solo, which states:

"'Dixie,' the song of the South, has a peculiar fascination that makes the melody popular everywhere, even to those who are not familiar with the significance of the song. Dan Emmett, the author of 'Dixie,' composed many more meritorious songs, yet most of them are forgotten, while this song seems to be immortal.

"Kinsell Pearce, a composer of note, has written a baritone solo for brass, entitled 'Dixie with Variations,' that has become popular wherever heard. It is a medley of songs. Southland's sweetest airs blend in the variations. 'Old Folks at Home,' 'Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground,' 'Old Kentucky Home,' and 'Maryland, My Maryland' are introduced in the harmony carried through the solo by the band. The effect is more than pleasing. The author is a talented performer with the baritone and executes the solo exquisitely.

"'Dixie' has been used in many ways musically, but Mr. Pearce has seemingly outdone all others in this arrangement of Dan Emmett's popular song. The composition is dedicated to Mr. S. A. Cunningham, editor CONFEDERATE VETERAN."

The dedication of this music was suggested by Mr. Field. On the occasion of his recent visit to Nashville the Banner in notice of the parade stated: "The band is bigger and better than ever, and the musicians are artists without exception. Mr. Field serenaded the CONFEDERATE VETERAN office, a custom he never overlooks. He is a warm personal friend of the editor, Mr. S. A. Cunningham, and has dedicated a beautiful arrangement of Southern airs to him. The band plays this medley in an irresistible manner, and applause is as certain to follow as the night the day."

"A Woman about Town" in the Tennessean wrote of Mr. Field and his visit: "Al G. Field, the well-known minstrel man and the thorough gentleman, whom many Nashville people have the honor to know, loves Nashville, and says that he finds a sort of getting-back-home feeling stealing over him when he gets within the city's gates. Al Field is big-hearted and broad-minded and affectionate, and he loves his friends and is loved by them heartily and in a way that bespeaks his true and sympathetic nature. One of his nearest friends here is S. A. Cunningham, editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and one of the best-known and most cordially liked men in all the South. Probably the affinity is because the men are both warm-natured, both sympathetic, both loyal in their nature, and both constant in friendship. For many years they have been good friends; and whenever the popular minstrel man comes to Nashville, the first thing he does is to look up Mr. Cunningham. He also never forgets to have his band serenade Mr. Cunningham's office, and the courtesy and the thoughtfulness are thoroughly appreciated by him."

This same "Woman about Town" writes of Mr. Field's address in the VETERAN for September: "The address is well worthy a careful perusal, and is quite characteristic of the splendid mental attainments and the sympathetic nature of the author."

PICTURE OF BOHOOF IN THE COUNTRY BY AL G. FIELD.

There is a small club in Louisville with unpretentious quarters. Its atmosphere is surcharged with good fellowship and a hospitality that captivates those who are fortunate enough to be honored as its guests. Marse Henry Watterson is President; John Macauley is the only other officer. He has no title—just host. One guest at each meeting of the little Bohemian gathering is the rule.

Al G. Field, who lately became the proud possessor of a farm, was the guest of the club recently, and in response to the toast, "The Farmer," spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen, to respond to this toast honors me. To be a farmer has been the dream of my life. Beginning on the farm. I ask no more pleasant ending than so to pass my last days—on the farm. The facetious remarks of the toastmaster do not explain my reasons for going back on the farm. It is true financial considerations did not govern me in this matter, although I hope to make the farm self-supporting. If I do not, however, I shall not feel that I made a bad investment.

"In seeking the quietude of the farm I was actuated by that yearning that comes to all men who have led a busy life—to turn back the years and try to live again the days of patches, freckles, stone bruises, and laughter; to live those days again when there was only one care in the world—not to be late for meals. I want to go away back yonder in my life to a house half hid from view by the locusts and maples, where the bees hummed and swarmed; I want a scent of the honeysuckle as the maples and locusts budded forth in springtime, the morning of the world; I want to follow the path down by the big spring, through the hazle bushes, where the cottontail jumped up just ahead of me and the redbird sang his sweetest song. I can follow the path in my mind as the hunting dog does the scent down to the old rock hole, where the clear, cool waters of the creek formed an eddy in which the chub and yellow perch lurked and jumped at the bait as they never did anywhere else.

"I want to feel that ecstasy that only comes to a boy when the bottle cork he uses for a bobber goes under water, when something is pulling on the line like a scared mule, bending double the pole he cut in the thicket on his way to the creek; I want to feel that supreme joy that only comes to a boy when he lands a two-pound fish for the first time in his life; I want to throw the pole away, roll up the tangled line, hide it in the corncrib, and sneak back to the house the opposite direction from the creek, that the folks wouldn't suspect I had been fishing on Sunday.

"I want to go back yonder in my life where the hills meet the sky in a purple haze and feel myself growing with the trees, where the smell of new earth calls to the woods, where the dogwood is budding and the May apple peeps up through last year's leaves at the new leaves budding out on the grand old maples above.

"I want to go so far back from the worries of city life that the crowing of the cock and the cackle of the hen will tell me it is morning instead of the clanging of bells and blowing of whistles. I want to go back yonder where the setting sun instead of the city lights will tell me it is night. I want to live in the happiness of an autumn when the frost was on the pumpkin and the fodder in the shock, when the hickory nuts falling on the ground called the squirrels, when the stars gleamed bright enough to afford light to bring a possum out of a tree with the flintlock musket (how I cherished that old gun!), and when the snow hid the roads and paths like the white coverlet on the big bed in the spare room and the big back log cracked and burned on the hearth and the red apples glistened in the firelight and the popcorn imitation of a snowstorm was more realistic than any artificial one I have since witnessed. How I shivered as I undressed in the room

above going to bed, but how soundly I slept after getting warm!

"I want to go back to one of those hallowed Sunday mornings in summer when the hush of heaven seemed to fall on the earth, when the quiet that spread over hill and vale seemed to announce the Spirit of God in some unusual sense, when the peace of heaven seemed very near.

"While living the old days over—the days away back yonder—I want to live in the love and esteem of my friends of to-day. Whilst I cherish only a memory of the friends of the old days, I hold, after my family, the love and esteem of my friends of to-day above all things in this life.

"Gentlemen, come down to the farm. Visit with me and endeavor to live the life of a boy again if only for a day."

Prized Honor to Al G. Field.

An always interested friend of our Confederate organizations is much pleased with the following official notification:

"*Dear Sir:* It is a pleasure to inform you of your election to an honorary membership in the Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., and I well know our action will be received by you with the same good feeling that prompted it.

"With our best wishes, I am, cordially,

Mrs. Thomas D. Reilly, *Columbus, Ohio.*"

An amusing circumstance occurred with Mr. Al Field while on his last visit to Nashville. He had entertained at dinner Mr. W. A. Sheetz, Manager of the Vendome, and the editor of the Veteran in his car, and was sitting with the latter on a back seat in the theater explaining the devotion of one of the end men, who had just rendered a good song, but didn't like it. Mr. Field was considerate of conditions; but he was approached by a policeman, who didn't know him, with the remark: "You are disturbing the performance." Mr. Field replied "All right" as demurely as if a polite countryman who was made to feel that he had been guilty of trespassing against the propriety.

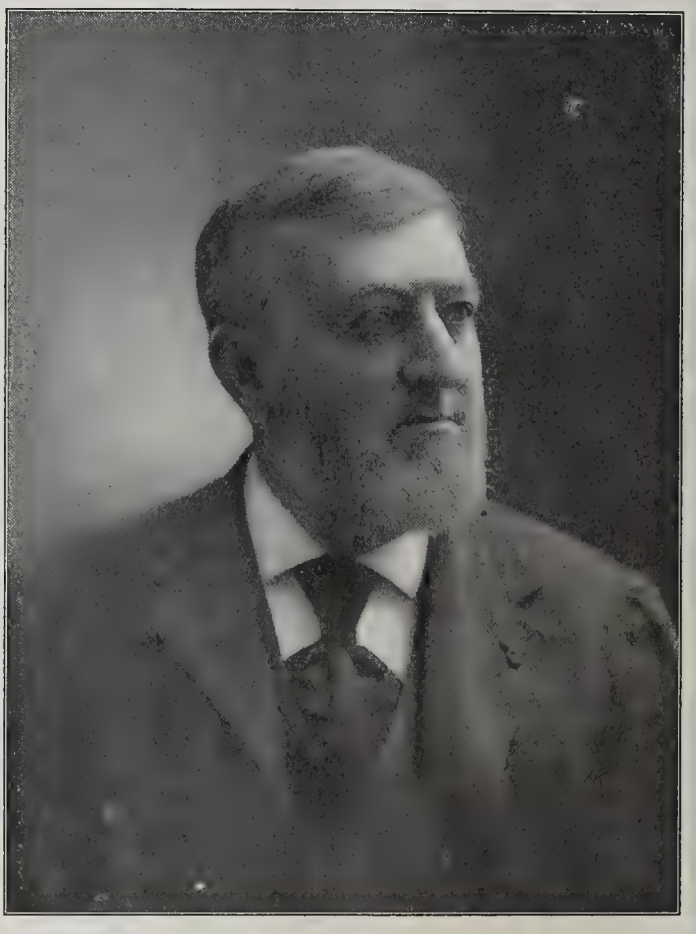
KALAMAZOO, MICH.

A visit to Kalamazoo, Mich., in September is recalled with much pleasure. Dr. C. T. Wilbur, who fought in the war for the Union, which ended with him with Lee's surrender, was royal host, meeting the train with Burr Bannister, a New Yorker, who had been living in Tennessee a few years when the war began and who enlisted promptly in the Confederate service and is still loyal to Dixie, although he has lived North since the war. Boyhood associations were delightfully renewed with the editor of the Veteran, although they had not met since the surrender of Fort Donelson. Dr. Wilbur made us both happy in his elegant home.

Kalamazoo is noted as being one of the most beautiful cities in the United States. Its wide streets, cement sidewalks, and remarkably clean streets amaze its visitors. It has fine old trees, oaks and elms, and is noted also for its fine residences.

Kalamazoo College, a Baptist educational institution, and an elegant new normal school belonging to and supported by the State of Michigan are located in the city; and its public school buildings are unsurpassed for their capacity and adaptability to the purpose of the education of the children of the town. It has a very large high school, and the standard of education is so high that graduates are admitted to Michigan University without other examination. It also has a very large State Insane Hospital, with eighteen hundred inmates, and the Wilbur Home and School for Feeble-Minded Children. It has many lucrative industries. Four very extensive paper mills, a large carriage factory and several smaller ones, a large corset factory, a large playing card manufactory, a large skirt and pant factory, and a very large manufactory for secret society regalia and military uniforms are of its leading business enterprises.

Kalamazoo celery is noted the world over. It is raised in the rich river bottom by Hollanders, who are quite a large population in the suburbs of the city. It is said that from



DR. C. T. WILBUR.

seventy-five to one hundred tons of celery per day are shipped out of Kalamazoo in the busy celery season. It is sold at the station and on the streets at "ten cents for a large bunch."

The city is level, but is surrounded by fine elevations. The Kalamazoo River runs through it, and that stream gave the city its name. It was an old Indian settlement, and was the scene of J. Fenimore Cooper's famous novel entitled "Oak Openings." It has about forty thousand inhabitants, is halfway between Chicago and Detroit on the Michigan Central Railroad, and is a very desirable residence city.

Some interesting reminiscences are expected from Comrade Bannister.

TEXAS LANDS.

I have lived in Texas forty years and know the country herein considered. I have for sale 20,480 acres of land in Valvera County, Tex., from sixty to seventy per cent valley land, good for agriculture. Price, $3.50 per acre. Easy terms. Twelve miles from Samuels on G. H. and S. A. Railroad. 150,000 acres in Pan Handle of Texas. I will sell in blocks of 30,000 acres or more at $4.50. I can loan money on first class mortgages to net investor eight per cent. If I can't furnish as good bank reference as is in Texas, I will not ask your business.

R. C. McPhail.

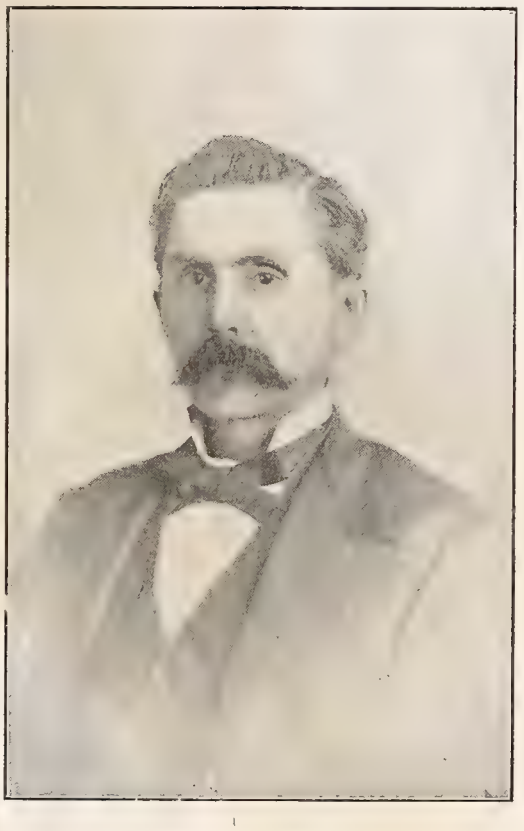
GEN. STEPHEN D. LEE AND PRESIDENT DAVIS.

BY COL. J. L. WOFFORD, WASHINGTON, D. C.

You request me to write in regard to the character of Gen. S. D. Lee as viewed by me. I cheerfully comply with your request, and I feel that my relationship to and intimacy with General Lee for years during our Civil War and afterwards enables me to give a proper estimate of him as a man, soldier, and Christian gentleman.

I knew him well while he was a brigadier general at Vicksburg. He slept in my tent the night before the battle of Chickasaw Bayou. He told me that night that he intended to have me open the fight when Sherman commenced to land his troops and the real battle commenced. He would give me the post of honor, which of course meant the post of danger. This he did, as his reports show, of which I am credibly informed, though I have never read them. General Lee and I, so President Davis told me, were the first exchanged of the Vicksburg prisoners. Being made lieutenant general, he was placed in command of the department composed of the States of Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, and that part of Louisiana east of the Mississippi River within our lines; while I was major of artillery and assigned at Richmond to be his chief of artillery.

General Lee upon being exchanged preceded me a few days to assume command of the department. On my way from parole camp at Demopolis, Ala., to join General Lee somewhere in North Alabama I had to take boat at Demopolis and travel on the boat some twenty-five or more miles—I now forget the distance—until we came to the terminus of the railroad running from Meridian, Miss. Shortly after getting on the boat I was surprised to see on board Mr. Davis,



COL. J. L. WOFFORD.

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, General Hardee, and other high officers of the army. I noticed they were closely engaged in the ladies' cabin, talking earnestly, I presumed, on important business; hence I remained in front. When perhaps midway of our boat trip, President Davis came to me in front of the boat, and after greeting me most cordially said: "Well, I suppose you are on your way to join Stephen D." I replied that I was. He then added: "You will find him between Decatur and Huntsville, Ala. He may be at Huntsville by the time you can join him." He then added: "I confidently expect to hear most encouraging reports from you and him." He said that he looked upon Stephen D. as one of the most promising and capable young officers of the army; that he had tried him in Virginia, in Mississippi, at Chickasaw Bayou, Baker's Creek, and Vicksburg, and he always came up to the full measure of his expectations. He added, extending his hand to bid me good-by: "I saw you in front and came forward to greet you and to send a cheerful message to Stephen D. I have no fears but what my reports from your department will be all I could expect." He then returned to the generals above named in the ladies' cabin, and that was the last time I saw Mr. Davis until I met him at Corinth, Miss., on the train upon his return home from prison at Fortress Monroe.

Mr. Davis had been my guest for days at a time before the war, and I entertained and dined him at my camp at Chickasaw Bayou during his last visit to Vicksburg during the war. I was the first Mississippian to meet and welcome him in the northern part of the State upon his return from prison. I had him as my guest after the war, and met him frequently from that time until a very few years before his death; hence my opportunity of knowing him.

I know Mr. Davis to have been conservative in his views about secession, and really did not favor secession unless all the Southern States or slave States seceded in a body. He was a refined Christian gentleman, above reproach, and as conscientious as a man well could be—in a word, he embodied those traits which made him true and steadfast, a patriot of the highest order with the courage of his convictions.

Excuse me for digressing apparently from the subject-matter of my letter. I am the only living member, so far as I know, of General Lee's staff; was his chief of artillery and messed with him during his command of the department; was with him at Atlanta, and met him often after the war; so that I knew him thoroughly.

He was brave, yet cautious; he was firm in his discipline, yet just and merciful to a marked degree. I recall an instance of his mercifulness. He went with a division or more to the aid of General Forrest in North Mississippi, and joined that gallant officer at Baldwyn. The next day Mr. Elliott, his adjutant general, and I were walking along the railroad, when we found a guard at the door of a box car. We learned that there were two prisoners in the car sentenced by General Forrest to be shot the next morning. We conversed with the condemned men, and saw that one of them was in his teens, while the other was a man thirty or thirty-five, and that their homes were not far from Baldwyn. They had gone home to get some fresh horses, theirs being broken down, and were arrested near home, brought to camp, tried for desertion, and sentenced by General Forrest to be shot. These facts were told General Lee. He only said, "The boy must not be shot," and the next morning before the hour of execution a pardon was granted the boy. General Lee told me several times that he would have pardoned the man, but did not because General Forrest might think he was injuring his discipline.

General Lee possessed to a great degree those virtues we all love to honor and admire in our fellow-men.

MONUMENT TO GEN. S. D. LEE AT VICKSBURG.

Comrade S. P. Allen, of Palestine, Tex., contributes $25, half of a month's salary, to the Stephen D. Lee monument at Vicksburg.

Gen. G. M. Dodge, one of the two surviving army commanders U. S. A. (Gen. O. Howard being the other), contributes $50 to this monument, and in doing so writes: "It gives me great pleasure to join in paying this proper tribute to General Lee. He was a very brave soldier during the war, and after the war was one of the most genial and companionable gentlemen I ever met, and did fully his part in bringing the two sections together, and he won the friendship of the Army of the Tennessee, who met him at Vicksburg."

The Georgia Division in its annual Reunion recently resolved to contribute $500 for this monument fund.

Let it be known that Colonel Rigby, who is so zealous for the success of this monument, served in the Union army. His "labor of love" comes from an intimate knowledge of the character of Gen. Stephen D. Lee. Let us all help him.

MOORMAN MONUMENT FUND.

The following list of subscriptions to the Moorman monument in New Orleans is reported:

Fifty-dollar contributors: Dr. George H. Tichenor, J. A. Harrall, W. H. Howcott.

Twenty-five-dollar contributors: Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Gen. Bennett H. Young, Gen. Julian S. Carr, Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught (per Pierce), I. L. Lyon, F. T. Howard, W. B. Thompson.

Fifteen-dollar contributors: Gen. B. F. Eshleman, O. L. Putnam, collections by Col. B. T. Walshe at Birmingham (plus 75 cents), J. B. Sinnott.

Ten-dollar contributors: Gen. W. E. Mickle, Gen. J. B. Levert, Army of Tennessee (Camp No. 2), U. D. C., W. G. Coyle, Gen. W. G. Vincent, Gen. Clement A. Evans, Chapter No. 72 U. D. C., Chapter No. 1135 U. D. C., Ferdinand Gumbel, Sun Insurance Company, Gen. Virgil Y. Cook, Gen. George W. Gordon, F. B. Hayne, L. Godchaux Company, Dr. C. H. Tebault, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. O'Donel, Edgar H. Farrar, Peter F. Pescud, T. Hausman & Sons, Philip Werlein, Capt. S. H. Bell, Orloff Lake, Charles W. Ziegler.

Five-dollar contributors: J. R. Thornton, M. L. Costley, Capt. George A. Williams, Hon. Joseph A. Breaux, Col. N. G. Pearsoll, Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association, Gen. J. A. Prudhomme, Mayer Israel, Simeon Weis, Lamar C. Quintero, Henry G. Hester, S. D. Thomas, Henry Ginder, Prof. W. C. Stubbs, Everett Lane (Rockland, Mass.), Col. Columbus H. Allen, A. S. Cowand, J. L. Pickerell, Col. W. T. Rigby (Federal), W. A. Kernaghan, Gen. T. W. Castleman.

Mrs. C. S. Childress and Maj. J. C. Andrews $1 each.

Send subscriptions to Col. J. A. Harrall, New Orleans.

In this connection an extract is made from a letter by Capt. H. Moorman, of Owensboro, Ky., in which he sends subscriptions: "My son, Dr. Moorman, was graduated from Georgetown College, and then took his course in medicine at Cornell University and New York City. He was president of his class, and for the highest mark was awarded first place in the hospital. He entered the universities an entire stranger. He is of fine moral character. I feel grateful that he is an honor to the name. He has my father's full name (Maj. S. M. Moorman, commissary of the Orphans' Brigade, who was fifty years old when he enlisted in 1861 as a private). Dr. Moorman is a nephew of Gen. George Moorman."

MISSOURI REUNION AT NEVADA.

The twelfth annual State Reunion of Missouri Confeder Veterans was held at Nevada, Mo., on October 1 and 2, 19 with a large attendance. There were over four hundred v erans in line during the parade, while the sponsors and mai of honor and veterans too infirm to march in line were carriages and automobiles, making an inspiring appearan The ball given the sponsors and maids was well attended, a many of the veterans, forgetting for the time their ag joined in the dance and merrymaking. The smoker given t veterans was also much enjoyed. John W. Halliburton, Carthage, Mo., was elected Major General to command t Division, O. P. H. Catron, of West Plains, was elected Co mander of the Eastern Brigade, and George M. Jones, Springfield, Commander of the Western Brigade.

The Reunion was a success in every respect, and the v erans returned to their homes praising the citizens of Neva and the members of Camp 662 for the courtesies and hos tality extended them.

Maj. Gen. Frank D. Brown, of Philipsburg, Mont., co manding the Northwest Division, U. C. V., wishes informati in regard to the men and officers of the Mississippi Light A tillery. Any of the survivors are asked to communicate wi him.

TRIBUTES TO GEN. A. P. STEWART.

[The Army of Tennessee veterans through a committ composed of Aristide Hopkins (Chairman), Y. R. LeMo nier, M.D., and J. Adolph Chalaron say of him:]

Lieut. Gen. Alex P. Stewart was born October 2, 1821, Rogersville, Hawkins County, Tenn. He was sent to t United States Military Academy at West Point as a cad and entered a class of one hundred and thirty, which, wh he graduated in 1841, had dwindled down to fifty-six. Ge W. S. Rosecrans, John Pope, G. W. Smith, John Newto Earl Van Dorn, James Longstreet, Lafayette McLaws, Richa A. Anderson, all known to us through their deeds, we among his classmates. After graduating he was assigned the 3d Artillery as second lieutenant and served one year. 1843 we find him again at West Point as assistant profess of mathematics. In 1845 he resigned on account of ill heal and returned to Tennessee, where, until the breaking out the war, he instructed in the Universities of Lebanon a Nashville the rising generation of the day in mathemati national philosophy, and astronomy. Is it to be wondered that with such professors Tennesseeans should have prov themselves the magnificent bulwarks of their firesides?

At the secession of Tennessee we find him major of an a tillery corps of twenty batteries which was transferred the Confederacy. Soon after this, in November, 1861, Maj Stewart was placed in command of the heavy artillery at C lumbus, Ky., where on the banks of the Mississippi he h charge of the big gun, "Lady Polk," which, so admirab aimed under his command, did such havoc as to compel Ge eral Grant, who had landed on the opposite side of the riv with a superior force, to take refuge on his gunboats a steam up the river in all haste, leaving behind his dead a wounded. The conduct of the Major at this, the battle Belmont, showed of what metal he was made, and it is n astonishing that we find him at the end of the war a lieutena general, the second highest rank of the army.

A few days after this battle, on the recommendation of Ge

lbert Sidney Johnston, he was made a brigadier general and rdered to Corinth, from whence, at the head of a brigade in lajor General Cheatham's Division, he participated in the vo days' fight at Shiloh. After this Brigadier General Stew-t showed himself most favorably in the Kentucky campaign nder General Bragg and also at Murfreesboro. In 1863 he eld Hoover's Gap on the retreat to Chattanooga. He was nt to London, Ky., to reënforce General Buckner, and with m fell back to Chickamauga.

In the early part of 1863 he was made a major general, and n the 19th of September of that year, in the first day's fight the memorable battle of Chickamauga, he pierced the nemy's center, which army was commanded by his old West oint cadetmate, General Rosecrans.

Major General Stewart was again conspicuous in that re-arkable and most successful retreat of a hundred days under en. Joseph E. Johnston from Dalton to Atlanta, Ga.

When on June 14, 1864, Lieut. Gen. Leonidas (Bishop) olk was killed on Pine Mountain, Major General Stewart as placed in command of his corps and afterwards made a eutenant general as successor of the lamented Bishop, and mained as such until the end of the war.

During the war he took an active part in all the campaigns the Army of the West (Tennessee) and participated in its ttles, commencing with Belmont, November 11, 1861, to entonville, N. C., and the surrender at Greensboro, in this tate, on May 1, 1865.

In the battle of Mount Ezra Church, before Atlanta, on ly 28, 1864, he was wounded in the head and had to be rried off the battlefield by Comrade Aristide Hopkins, a ember of his staff. As soon as he recovered he resumed mmand of his corps, at the head of which after that unfortu-te removal of General Johnston by President Davis, he went rough the Tennessee campaign under General Hood, par-ipating in the battles of Franklin and Nashville.

Since the death of our regretted comrade an incident about e Tennessee campaign at Spring Hill, Tenn., has come to ght which we, the active participants on that memorable oc-sion, cannot allow to pass by in silence. The assertion by ig. Gen. E. P. Alexander, chief of artillery Longstreet's rps, author of "Military Memoirs of a Confederate: A itical Narrative," that Lieutenant General Stewart and ajor General Cheatham, as rumored, had both that evening sented themselves from their divisions is, we assert most sitively, false. We, as staff officers and courier to General ewart on that eventful evening, declare that the General as most actively moving about enforcing General Hood's ders; that we never were within sight of the pike; that the st sight we had of it was the next morning, when one of us evented the Yanks from killing their mules with axes and m destroying the bridge. See General Stewart's reply to above in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for September, 1908, ges 462 and 463. As says the General: "Of what value is critical narrative made from rumor? It is worse than a ste of time to read such a book."

The war over, our comrade, covered with glory, returned me not as a major of artillery, but as a lieutenant general, d, putting aside his high military insignia and reëntering modest professorship, again began to instruct our youths those high principles of learning which make of men the ndard bearers of a nation in times of war as in times of ce. From 1874 to 1886 he was Chancellor of the University Mississippi, at Oxford.

The Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Military Park completed, General Stewart was appointed one of its Commissioners, and here again showed the great weight of his knowledge. In his conscientious endeavor to do his duty he would go over those forty miles or more of road in that beautiful park on foot or on horseback, and it was in one of these surveys that he met with an accident (injury to his hip) from which he never completely recovered.

The loss of his wife, that comfort of life, a true specimen of the charming Southern lady, her address so amiable and sweet, was a terrible blow to one of his advanced age; but it was borne with that beautiful resignation characteristic of the true Christian.

General Stewart, like all great men, was of a modest and retired nature and opposed to notoriety. He had the conscientious knowledge of having done his duty in this world to the best of his abilities. His sins were certainly those of omission.

Over fourscore years of age pressed heavily upon our comrade, who in the last year or two of his life retired to Biloxi, on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, and there in his quiet retreat waited for the last roll call; and when it did beat, his soul, crowned with a wreath of amaranth, took its heavenly flight.

His conduct during the war was such that his old soldiers, who were devoted to him, nicknamed him "Old Straight." An instance of his strict uprightness was seen in his last days. In this quiet retreat, though still mentally working for the United States government, as seen by papers on his desk ready to be mailed to the Chickamauga Park, General Stewart returned monthly the check mailed to him by the government, considering that his work did not return value received. What an emulating example to the rising generation! O that we could call our public officials "Old Straight!"

"But his days are over and he is no more,
And the green grass will grow on his grave evermore."

The Louisiana Division of the Association of the Army of Tennessee shall ever be proud that it had as one of its honorary members Lieut. Gen. Alex P. Stewart. The old age of a great leader gathers reverence as an oak gathers moss. And now, comrades, that this great man of our cause is no more, may we, one and all, ever venerate his memory! To his three sons, who ever will be cherished by this Association, we tender our heartfelt sympathy in this the hour of their tribulation. Therefore be it

Resolved, That a page in our record book dedicated to our honored dead be set apart, that this eulogy be therein inscribed, and that a copy be transmitted to his sons.

An interesting account of General Stewart is promised. Those who expected it this month will not be disappointed in the December issue. It will refer specially to the General's religious belief in which there is much interest by those who knew him.

Mr. Charles Swett, of Vicksburg, Miss., who organized Swett's Battery, wants the names of about one hundred and ninety-five of the members of that organization that he has been unable so far to ascertain. He was promoted during the war, and does not know the men who were recruited after the time he had charge of the battery. He states that there were about fifty Tennesseeans in the battery during the war. As he wishes to send all the surviving members a memorial he has had printed, he would appreciate hearing from them.

WAR RECORDS DEPARTMENT OVERWORKED.

BY GEN. MARCUS J. WRIGHT, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Editor Confederate Veteran—My Dear Sir: The suggestions contained in the issues of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for the months of August and October that every ex-Confederate should write to the War Department and get a transcript of his war record have resulted, so I have been advised, in such a flood of applications that the War Department, owing to the limited clerical force allowed by law and the pressure of public business, has been compelled to decline to comply with such requests unless some special purpose, other than the applicant's own gratification, of sufficient importance to justify the time and labor involved is to be subserved. Well knowing the interest that ex-soldiers take in such matters, the Department has always heretofore cheerfully complied with requests of ex-Confederates for their war records by furnishing a brief statement thereof from the Confederates Archives in the office of the Adjutant General of the army; but the considerable time and labor involved in complying with the comparatively few requests heretofore presented has been so materially increased by the numerous applications recently received as to embarrass the Department in the disposition of its current business. The Department will continue to furnish to the chief officers of the various Confederate associations, Soldiers' Homes, and Pension Boards such information from the Confederate Archives as may be necessary to enable them to pass upon applications and claims that may be actually pending; but, for the reason stated, the Department cannot hereafter entertain requests for war records unless the purpose for which they are desired is of sufficient importance to warrant the furnishing of the information, and this rule will be impartially applied to cases of ex-Union as well as to ex-Confederate soldiers.

In order that the historical data contained in the records of the Civil War may be made accessible to all who are interested, all the available force of the War Department that can be spared from the transaction of the important current business is now engaged in compiling a complete roster of the officers and enlisted men of the Union and Confederate armies as authorized by the act of Congress approved February 25, 1903. In addition to the reasons already stated, you will readily see that it would be inadvisable to divert any portion of the clerical force from this important work to the work of furnishing individual war records, especially in view of the fact that those records will be published in the roster now in course of compilation, and thus be accessible to all who are interested.

The publication of the articles referred to will doubtless result in spreading the impression that the War Department is still furnishing the war records of ex-Confederates; so I have taken this means of advising you concerning the matter in order that you may take proper steps to notify your readers of the position of the Department, and thus avoid the disappointment and chagrin that might result to them from the fact that the practice of furnishing war records, except in the limited class of cases above referred to, has been discontinued.

The foregoing is most significant as showing the influence of the VETERAN. Think of two issues overtaxing the capacity of the United States government to supply information about the records of Confederate soldiers! Advertisers might act upon this indication to their profit. The sparse amount of advertising deters many from using its pages even at the very low price. Those who desire to help the VETERAN could in no way be as helpful as in commending it to advertisers.

MEMORIAL TO "BILL ARP" IN CARTERSVILLE.

Recently in the Presbyterian church of Cartersville, Ga there occurred a fitting ceremony to Maj. Charles H. Smit through the generosity of the late Judge John W. Akin, wh gave a bronze tablet. Judge Akin was an ardent admirer o Major Smith, and, knowing his virtues and usefulness, did th loving act to help perpetuate his noble work among his fellow men. On the tablet is this inscription:

"Chas. H. Smith
1826 'Bill Arp' 190
Author, Philosopher, Royal Arch Mason, Confederate So dier, Christian. His Pen, So Like Himself, Softened and Sweetened Life to Unnumbered Thousands. God Rest His Loved and Loving Heart."

Major Smith was not only a zealous, consistent member o the Presbyterian Church, but was a ruling elder in the Churc holding that position when he died.

Major Smith was a man who did not like ostentation. H was as modest as he was learned and great. He urged b fore his death that his funeral should be characterized by sim plicity in every particular. Yet the people knew of his grea ness, and he was a contradiction to that saying that "a proph is not without honor." They praise the thoughtfulness o Judge Akin in placing this tablet to his memory in the b loved church of his membership.



MONUMENT AT BILL ARP'S GRAVE.

In connection with the foregoing the VETERAN takes prid in reproducing the picture of the monument erected throug an appeal in its pages. It was on the way to the burial tha the editor suggested the monument to Hon. Joseph M. Brow Governor elect of Georgia, and their contributions started i The money was raised by contributions through the VETERAN

KENTUCKIANS DEFEND THEIR STATE.

Col. Keller Anderson, Memphis, Tenn., also replies:

"In the list of Kentucky organizations which Mr. R. L. hompson, of St. Louis, Mo., furnished you as serving in the onfederate army he seems to have overlooked the 1st Regi- ent of Kentucky Infantry, which was assembled at Louis- lle, Ky., by Col. Blanton Duncan in April, 1861. It passed rough Nashville, Tenn., and remained there several days; is was before the officers of the 1st Tennessee had com- eted its organization. It proceeded to Lynchburg, Va., mained there a short time, was sent to Harper's Ferry, and as mustered into the regular Confederate service on the d of April, 1861. For some time after our arrival at the erry Gen. T. J. Jackson was colonel commanding the post. fter a few weeks Colonel Jackson was relieved by Gen. oseph E. Johnston. When Virginia voted on the ordinance f secession, I did duty at the polls in Harper's in a Confed- rate uniform, fully equipped, armed with Minie rifle and saber ayonet. My orders were to protect 'Union men' or any one oting against the ordinance from insult or injury. * * *

"With Bartow's Brigade we made the heavy march from Winchester to reënforce Beauregard at Manassas. The organ- ation immortalized itself in that battle as Bartow's Brigade; at the 1st Kentucky didn't share the glory, they being dumped y a railroad wreck during the passage of the last part of the oute. It took part in all the maneuverings from the position ve miles in front of Washington, D. C., to the trenches at orktown, where it was under fire night and day for three eeks, and faced the enemy at Dam No. 1, where two as- aults were made and repulsed. It was heavily engaged at ranesville, Va., in December, 1861, and suffered quite a loss n men. The enlistment was for twelve months, and expired hile the regiment was facing McClellan's army at Yorktown. fter the army left the Peninsula, the 1st Kentucky Regiment f Infantry was taken to 'Winder Camp,' Richmond, Va., and onorably discharged. Blanton Duncan, Thomas Taylor, and William Preston Johnston each at times commanded the 1st Kentucky Regiment. Most of the men entered the mounted ervice. I went to Hanson's Kentucky Brigade of Infantry."

J. A. Duncan, Bonham, Tex., who was second lieutenant of ompany K, 8th Kentucky Regiment, C. S. A., writes:

"I read with some surprise in the September VETERAN an rticle by R. L. Thompson, of St. Louis, on 'Kentucky Troops n Confederate Army.' His recollection is very bad, his in- ormation very limited, and his statement very incorrect when e says: 'H. B. Lyon and Ed Crossland commanded troops nd each ranked as colonel, but the regiments failed to ma- erialize.' Now the latter part of this statement is incorrect.

"Of the six missing Kentucky regiments, I can account tor hree—to wit, the 3d, 7th, and 8th—and testify that they were ot 'myths,' as he pleases to term them. They were full regi- ients, of ten companies each, and served through to the end.

"Col. Ed Crossland commanded the 7th. The 3d was or- anized by Lloyd Tilghman, who was made brigadier general nd killed at Baker's Creek, Miss., and afterwards commanded y A. P. Thompson. The 8th was organized by Hon. H. C. Burnett, who soon resigned, and was succeeded by Col. H. . Lyon. He was promoted to brigadier general, and was ucceeded by Col. A. R. Shacklett.

"After the exchange of prisoners at Vicksburg, these three egiments were in Buford's Brigade, Loring's Division, and ere in the campaigns from Holly Springs, Coffeeville, Gren- ada, Canton, Big Black, and Baker's Creek, from which place General Loring took his division to Jackson instead of going into Vicksburg with General Pemberton. After the Vicksburg and Jackson campaign, these three regiments of Buford's Bri- gade were mounted and served under General Forrest the remainder of the war."

Col. N. S. Hale writes of the Thompson article on "Ken- tucky Soldiers in Confederate Army:"

"R. L. Thompson attempts to edify the minds of your readers on the subject of 'Kentucky Troops in Confederate Army.' In this article great injustice is done to four regi- ments of as brave and as noble men as ever bore arms for the cause of the South, who enlisted early in the action and served to the close of the war. I refer to the 3d, 7th, and 8th Kentucky Regiments of Infantry and the 12th Kentucky Cavalry.

"The 3d was organized by Col. Lloyd Tilghman, afterwards General Tilghman, killed in the battle of Baker's Creek, Miss., May 16, 1863. After Tilghman's promotion the 3d was com- manded by Col. A. P. Thompson, who commanded the Ken- tucky brigade in the battle of Paducah, Ky., and who was killed there while leading a charge on the enemy's fortifica- tions. The 7th was organized by Col. Charles Wickliffe, who was killed while in command of his regiment in the battle of Shiloh, and who was succeeded in office by the gallant but now deceased Col. Ed Crossland. The 8th was organized by Col. H. B. Lyon, who was soon promoted to the rank of brigadier general, leaving the regiment in command of the intrepid Col. A. R. Shacklett to the close of the war. The 12th Cavalry was organized and commanded by Colonel Faulk- ner.

"The three infantry regiments above named were mounted and transferred to Forrest's Cavalry the last year of the war, where, with the 12th, they composed Forrest's noted Ken- tucky Brigade, and I feel fully competent to testify to the fact that they were in no sense 'a myth,' as represented by your historian. I served with these troops through the war, and feel that I owe it to the living and to the dead to say this much in correction of the history offered in the article re- ferred to."

L. Donaldson writes from Tiptonville, Tenn.:

"Mr. Thompson states that Kentucky had only fourteen regiments altogether in the war, giving the highest number of infantry regiment as the 9th and the highest number of cavalry as the 11th. He is in error, as I was a member of the 12th Kentucky Cavalry. Our colonel was W. W. Faulkner. This 12th Kentucky Cavalry was brigaded with the 3d, 7th, and 8th Kentucky Infantry Regiments about the 1st of April, 1864, and these regiments were mounted and served as cavalry or 'mounted infantry' until the close of the war, surrendering at Selma, Ala., in 1865.

"After these four Kentucky regiments were placed together in Lyon's Brigade, with Abe Buford as division commander, they were in the following battles: Attack on Paducah, Ky., Union City, Tenn., Brice's Crossroads, Harrisburg, Oxford, Athens, Sulphur Trestle, Pulaski, Johnsonville, Hood's raid, etc. This famous Kentucky brigade, which served with great honor, has gone down into history, and its name will live as long as the war shall be remembered.

"If the writer of that article will read the 'Life of Nathan Bedford Forrest,' by Dr. John Allen Wyeth, he will see glorious mention of these Kentucky organizations."

THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

BY LIEUT. I. M. OLIVER, ARMY OF TENNESSEE.

'Twas on the Harpeth's bloody marge
Our comrades made the gory charge;
With steady tramp and deafening yell
They braved the hissing ball and shell
That thickly through the darkness fell,
With front as firm as o'er the shore
The tumbling billows laid before,
Through thunders rolling everywhere
And lightnings leaping through the air
That made the rattling ridges glare!
Still bravely onward did they press,
Like heroes who but seemed to guess
Of passing death's defile or die
To make a path for Liberty.
Two lines of works our comrades won,
And now the foeman had but one;
Along this line still thickly lying,
They boldly sent their death shots flying,
While nobly rushed our gallant braves—
Some won the works, some found their graves.

Here you might see where patriots fell
For native land they loved so well—
Brave comrades lying 'long the ground
Where glory's hands had laid them down,
And you might mark here in your mind
The waving, rallying, charging line—
Like attitude in every form,
Behold, in all who braved the storm:
Most fell still pointing to the foe,
While bravely daring first to go,
Their guns still clinched in lifeless hands,
As if about to do command,
As if in all the single thought
Of common action just had wrought,
And you might see in like twilight sky
A light subdued in every eye,
As though each heart the bloody while
Was cheered by honor's sweetest smile
To know they'd found—what next they'd crave
To victory—a soldier's grave.

The field was bloody, but the most
Of carnage that dark line can boast,
Where the locust grove still thickly stands
And lifts on high its leafless hands—
There stricken limb and ball-scarred form
Proclaim the climax of the storm.
Along this grove did many a brave
Find—what all must find—a grave;
Here Cleburne fell—while his big heart,
Revenge and valor strove to part;
Ambition's royal light did shine
Bright from his eyes as 'gainst the line
He led his brave and gallant men,
Who never knew a fear, and then—
Prince of Southern braves—he fell,
Where and where the world shall tell.
Here Carter fell and Gist and Strahl,
And John Adams, valorous as them all,
Like some old hero grand in song
On battle steed the thunders 'mong.
He swept the fiery marge along
Far to the front of his command,
Recheered the charge and waved his hand—
Then 'gainst the breastworks' reeking side
Plunged like a thunderbolt and died.
There many fell, but above the rest
Who in the stormy grove did press
One sleeps for whom the softest line
Should flow and fairest garland twine,
For he fell in the dear family yard
Of his native home on the sloping sward,
Where, it is said, three years before
(A soldier passed from his mother's door)
He paused to take a long, last look
On forms which in his heart he took,
With throbbing breast and changing cheek,
To his mother one last farewell speak.
Brave soldier, rest. The world around
Could not afford thee sweeter ground.
Here first thine eyes did drink the light
Of thy native clime, so fair and bright;
Here was thy heart, thy mother's home,
And here the quiet little room
Where first she clasped your infant hands
And taught you what our God commands,
Or with a kiss of anxious care
She heard you lisp your little prayer.
Brave soldier, rest! Beside you lies
Your comrades, altars, all you prize;
Yonder old grove, though sear,
Still lifts its branches 'bove you all,
And winds as soft as the voice of hope
Shall sweetly woo the gentle slope
Till nature from her dewy wing
Fair daisies o'er your beds shall fling.
Brave soldier, rest! 'Neath the locust rest;
'Twas not in vain you bared your breast.
Ambition, honor, virtue, love,
Like sentinels, surround the grove,
And guard with never-ceasing care
The quiet sleep of heroes there.

A REVERIE.

BY MARY BLACKBURN WIGSTRAND.

You ask why I'm sitting alone
Here in the gathering gloom,
The firelight casting strange shadows
On the walls of my quiet room.
I'm wondering what is the meaning
Of words I so often hear!
They seem to cast a reflection
On all I hold most dear.

What do they mean by "Lost Cause?"
Are they spiritually blind? Can't th
see
The glorious, undying heritage
They have left for you and for me?

It can never be lost; 'tis immortal,
And written in letters of light
How men gave their all gladly, freely
For a cause they felt to be right.

"New South" I hear lightly spoken
From lips I deemed loyal and true,
And I note with pain and amazement
An accent of pride on the "New."

Are they trying to cast in oblivion
The land where our cradles stood—
The land of those who wore the gray
And true, brave womanhood?

Have they forgotten the conquered ba
ner,
Soiled, ragged, and old,
Furled with deepest reverence
With honor in every fold?

Their meaning, perhaps, I've misunde
stood;
If so, a pardon, I crave.
The only excuse I can offer
Is my love for a soldier's grave.

The New South may have wealth, a
power
That reaches o'er land and o'er sea;
But the true, brave South of our fathe
Is the only South for me.



MRS. FRED WIGSTRAND.

Mrs. Fred Wigstrand, author of t
foregoing "Reverie," is the daughter
Capt. Breckinridge Blackburn, of Ke
tucky, who was a prominent lawy
of Memphis, Tenn. She is promine
in literary and musical circles, and h
"added to Arkansas and the West
their highest type of womanhood."

MISFORTUNE IN USING TITLES.

W. F. Jackson, of Yorkville, S. C., who was a member of ompany G, 6th South Carolina Infantry, Longstreet's Corps, is a word to say about titles in the U. C. V.: "I fully agree ith the Maryland Confederate in your July number as to the . C. V. making so many major and brigadier generals, colo- ls, etc. A great mistake is made in the use of these titles. ven now an old Confed would need to be well up on the S. A. register to tell who were the real officers of the ar. I have been asked what division or brigade a certain eneral' commanded, and often had to reply that it was only regiment or company; but they had surely won by merit eir real war rank. These empty titles add nothing but con- sion that will be worse and worse hereafter to those who sh to know the real officers of the Confederate States army." Some comrades have suggested the placing of U. C. V. ter or before general, colonel, or major to whom the title s been given by his comrades, and in most instances where e preferment is worthy; but it does not relieve the con- sion, which will be worse and worse to future generations.

"MEMORY DAYS."

This is a book by Alexander Paxton, "in which the Shenan- ah Valley is seen in retrospection, with glimpses of school ys and the life of Virginia people of fifty years ago."

Few there be who have not their days of retrospection. en the little child dwells on what "used to be down to an'pa's," while we who have more years to look back upon ke keen delight in retracing the winding steps of time until are lost in their mazes.

Alexander Paxton was born and reared in the Shenandoah alley, that beautiful and fertile section of Virginia; and ough his later life has been spent largely in other surround- gs, his heart still turns to those early happier years, the collections of which are embodied in his "Memory Days," simple narrative of the old-time customs and happenings of neighborhood some fifty years ago, extending from his rliest school days to the time the tocsin of war called him the sterner duties of a patriot. He was then a senior at ashington College, Lexington, Va.; and when the guns of mter had sounded through the land, the college was aglow th the spirit of secession. One exception there was in the ulty in one Dr. Junkin, a Northerner by birth and educa- n, who bitterly resented the placing of a "secession" flag on dome of the building by the statue of Washington, threat- ng to take it down if he "had to tear the building down." made the janitor take it down and burn it, and prayed that might all perish who raised a hand against the Union. The dents were determined, however, and the next morning a ger flag was floating beautifully over the building, and the ulty had been informed that the flag should not come down. on learning that it was still on the building, Dr. Junkin d his resignation in class, closing with the words: "I'll er teach under a Rebel flag!" Recitations closed that day, l the boys were drilled and otherwise prepared to join kson at Harper's Ferry.

o ended for Comrade Paxton the days of most delight to recalled. Since the war he has been an educator of note l connected with many schools, one of which was the "Aca- nic School" of East Nashville, Tenn., some few years since. he book is published by the Neale Company, Washington. th-bound, $1.50, postpaid.

Legal and Historical Status of the Dred Scott Decision.

By W. R. EWING, LL.B., Attorney and Counselor of the Supreme Court of the United States; Author of "Northern Rebellion and Southern Secession," Etc.

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NORTHERN NULLIFICATION,

more rebellious and more extensive than ever known in the South, and *which became one great cause of secession.* So to save the North and incriminate the South the opinion was misrepresented, the court maligned, and vital error thrust into our history; and there it has long remained.

The decision "gave conspirators new confidence," said Sumner.

Taney covered "the most glorious pages of his country with infamy and insulted the intelligence and virtue of the civilized world," it was said in the *Atlantic Monthly.*

SUCH CHARGES ARE LEGION: LIKE ERROR IS YET TAUGHT

both to the children of the South and the North. Professor Pomeroy, for instance, says the decision is "a by-word and a hissing;" while Carson says "the infamy of that fatal blunder" and "the blood-stain on his ermine" must be carried by the Chief Justice to eternity.

Eminent authors, such as Brice of England, Von Holst of Germany, and nearly all American writers, admitting the great importance of the case, have perhaps unwittingly fallen into the errors of the past and tell us that the decision is based upon

OBITER DICTA,

and that the decision as to the Missouri Compromise was extra judicial, etc.

That there are no *obiter dicta,* that the decision of the Missouri Compromise question was not only proper but a judicial duty, that the North, especially the States that made most objection, had furnished statutory, political, and judicial precedents, are some of the important facts shown by the author.

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J. A. Jones, of Bridgeport, Tex., wishes to secure the names of the soldiers who were killed by the falling tree at Dalton, Ga., while a religious service was being conducted. Some comrade should be able to supply them. They were of the 41st Tennessee Regiment.

Judge Henry A. Melvin, of Oakland, Cal., desires information and the address if living of his uncle, William Melvin, who served as a captain in the Army of Northern Virginia during the War between the States, and who lost an arm during his service. He settled somewhere in Tennessee after the war as a minister of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

DIXIE LAND.

BY ANNE CHEW DORSEY COQUILLETT.

In all the world no land so fair
As Dixie, old Dixie,
The women nowhere quite so dear
As Dixie's, old Dixie;
There manhood never failed to dare
To do the right in spite of fear,
And business there is on the square
In Dixie, old Dixie.

The sun shines bright and hearts a
light
In Dixie, old Dixie,
And darkness never shuts down quit
On Dixie, old Dixie.
With song and jest, and wit the best,
And worth and mirth, and all the re
Compared, she nobly stands the test,
Does Dixie, old Dixie.

Just let the sons and daughters too
Of Dixie, old Dixie,
To the ideals be always true
Of Dixie, old Dixie;
Then come what may, she'll never r
The wind and storm, spondulix few,
Or trials which may yet accrue—
That's Dixie, old Dixie.

We judge the future by the past
Of Dixie, old
Yes, with the right her lot was cas
Was Dixie's, old Dixie.
Though sto n might rage and wi
blast,
And shot and shell fall thick and fa
Her courage failed not to the last
That's Dixie, old Dixie.

To do the right with main and migh
Will Dixie, old Dixie;
A quitter she was never quite,
Not Dixie, old Dixie.
Her men are brave, her wome pu
And every test they will endure,
And onward, upward just as sure
As heaven's above goes Dixie.

N. B. Watts, of Fredericktown, M is interested in hearing from any m ber of Company D, 7th Louisiana R ment, who can testify as to the ser of A. A. Butts, who enlisted at N Orleans in January, 1862, in the c mand mentioned, under Colonel P Comrade Butts now lives at Freder town, is an invalid, and has no relat living there, and he wishes to enter Confederate Home at Higginsville. do this he will have to establish his ord through surviving comrades.

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Do not delay to send us your name and address, referring to this advertisement, and we will send you by mail a 25c. package free of cost. If you know of any old soldier who is suffering from an old sore, send us his name and we will send him a package free of cost. We give it free in this way because we know that when the family tries it they will recommend it to other families, and thus introduce it.

THE CRATER.

BY MRS. S. F. WATSON.

Dun gray sky, with its gloomy light,
Glisten of falling rain;
Rows of wheat in the gath'ring night;
Once there were rows of slain.

Plowman, stepping with quickened pace
(Thicker the rainfall now),
Whispers, gloom on his dusky face,
"Plowed up a skull jest now."

Green are the trees on the chasm's brink,
Grown in the years since then;
Day when the depths of that hellish sink
Crushed bodies and limbs of men.

Smooth are the sides of the pit and fair,
Little white daisies over the sod;
Green the wild strawberries gathered there;
Once 'twas the red of blood.

Voices of women, laugh of a child,
Chime of bells in the air;
Once from the depths 'twas the death cry wild,
The rattle, the groan of despair.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Leave it there under the dun gray night,
Under the falling rain;
Let us go back to the city's light,
To peace and the world again.

But oft in the glisten of mist and rain,
Under a gloomy sky,
Hid in our hearts we shall see it again;
Comrades, 'tis not good-by.

Charles Willard Myers, Winne Building, Wichita, Kans., wishes to secure information of the service for the Confederacy of Abram C. Myers, quartermaster general C. S. A., Julian Myers, lieutenant commander of the Confederate States Steamship Sumter, and S. B. Myers, major 7th Virginia Cavalry. Such information will be appreciated.

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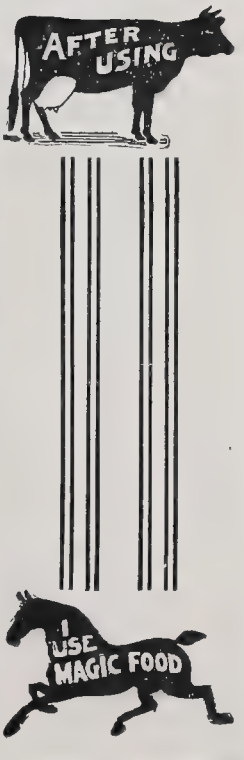
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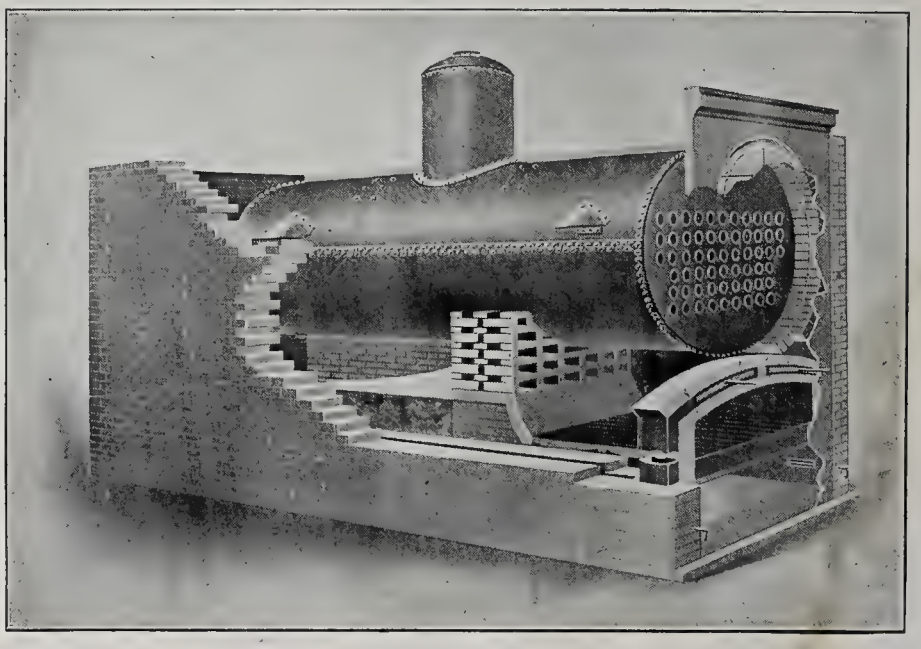
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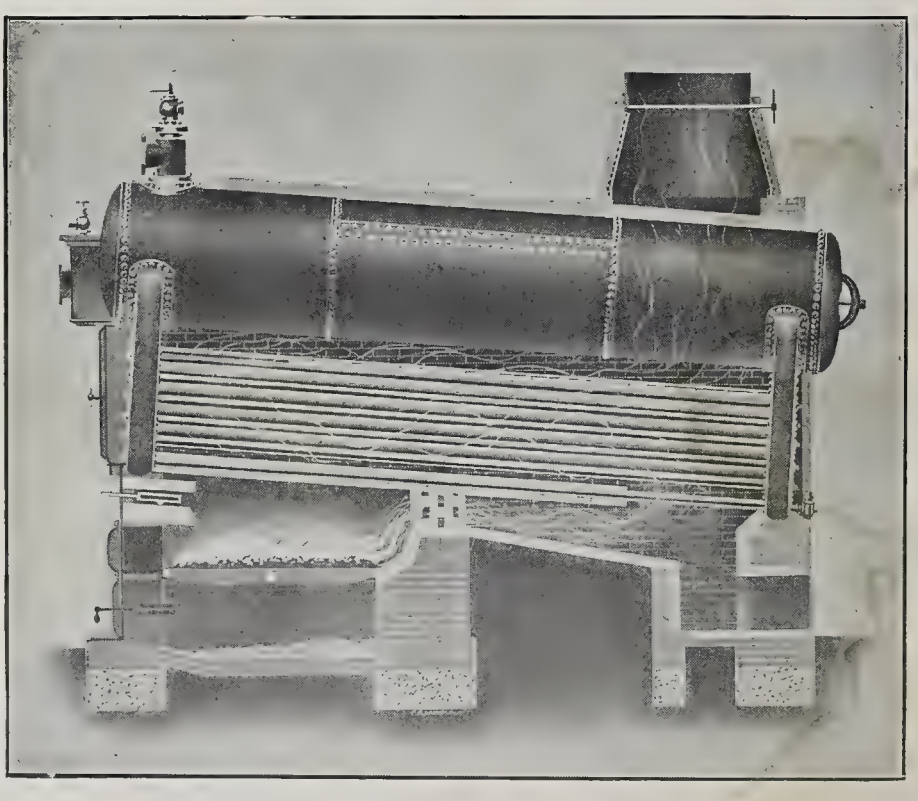
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VOL. XVI. DECEMBER, 1908. No. 12.

SAM DAVIS

TRIBUTE BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

When the Lord calls up earth's heroes
To stand before his face,
O, many a name unknown to fame
Shall ring from that high place!
And out of a grave in the Southland,
At the just God's call and beck,
Shall one man rise with fearless eyes,
And a rope about his neck.

For men have swung from gallows
Whose souls were white as snow.
Not how they die nor where, but why,
Is what God's records show.
And on that mighty ledger
Is writ Sam Davis' name—
For honor's sake he would not make
A compromise with shame.

The great world lay before him,
For he was in his youth;
With love of life young hearts are rife,
But better he loved truth.
He fought for his convictions
And when he stood at bay.
He would not flinch or stir one inch
From honor's narrow way.

They offered life and freedom
If he would speak the word;
In silent pride he gazed aside
As one who had not heard.
They argued, pleaded, threatened—
It was but wasted breath.
"Let come what must, I keep my trust,"
He said, and laughed at death.

He would not sell his manhood
To purchase priceless hope;
Where kings drag down a name and crown,
He dignified a rope.
Ah, grave! where was your triumph?
Ah, death! where was your sting?
He showed you how a man could bow
To doom and stay a thing.

And God, who loves the loyal
Because they are like him,
I doubt not yet that soul shall set
Among his cherubim.
O Southland! bring your laurels;
And add your wreath, O North!
Let glory claim the hero's name,
And tell the world his worth.

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THE NEALE ANNOUNCEMENTS

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TO THE PEOPLE OF THE SOUTH



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"To uncover the head and stand in thrilled awe before this great presentment of these immortal warriors who wore the gray has been the instinctive act of every Southerner as he entered its presence. It fascinates and holds one who gazes upon it with enthralling emotions.

"What a host of memories it must invoke for the veterans who followed those leaders and obeyed their commands! Involuntary is the reflection that there was not one of the twenty-five about him but did not loyally, heartily, and devoutly give the laurel of transcendent greatness to the star of all the darkness of Appomattox. Of all the twenty-six, but one is living—General Simon Bolivar Buckner."

General Marcus J. Wright, the well-known Confederate veteran, has this to say of the painting and lithograph:

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"DEAR SIR: I have had the pleasure of seeing the original picture of 'Lee and His Generals,' painted by your brother, George B. Matthews. I regard it as one of the finest paintings I ever saw. His truthfulness of feature of all these great generals is most remarkable.

"I have also seen the lithographic copy of the great painting, which is a most striking and accurate reproduction of the original. I hope all Confederates will procure copies. [Signed] MARCUS J. WRIGHT."

"The Last of the Wooden Navy" is the only authentic picture of the first day's fight which changed the mode of naval warfare all over the world. It was a Southerner who conceived the idea of an ironclad, who built the first ship, and it was in Southern waters that the fight was fought. There are only 3,000 of these pictures remaining on hand to be sold.

Lieutenant Littlepage, of the C. S. Navy, has this to say of the "Last of the Wooden Navy:"

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"With the hope that the lithographic reproduction of this painting, which is exceedingly fine, may meet with a ready sale, I am, very truly yours, [Signed] H. B. LITTLEPAGE."

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The third lithograph was made from an oil painting made from the last photograph taken of Mr. Davis prior to his death, and is a very fine likeness of the great Confederate—the leader of the "Lost Cause." The original painting hangs in "Beauvoir," Miss. There are only 1,000 of these left. The prices of these pictures are as follows—viz.:

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Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:
UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. XVI. | NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1908. | No. 12. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR

AN INVOCATION—FATHER TIME.

BY MEDORA MARCHANT LITTLE, DALLAS, TEX.

Spare my heart from growing old!
Touch not the Fount of Youth;
Let it become as pure as gold,
And spotless as Eternal Truth,
With human love and human kindness;
For the ones who err in blindness
"Wake the angel sleeping on the wing"
To tune sad souls to heaven's gladness
And of redemption sweetly sing.

Spare my heart from growing old!
Let its pulses throb with love
That's tender, true, and bold,
Reflecting sunshine from above,
Making bright the life of man,
Strewing roses where'er it can;
And with faith in man and God,
Fret not at Life's brief span,
But gently "bend beneath the rod."

From my cheek the roses brush,
Touch with frost my dark brown hair,
As years drift into twilight's hush;
While care upon a brow once fair
Leaves footprints dark and deep,
And sorrow's tears fade eyes that weep,
Pray let my soul reflect the sunset's gold
To gild the darkness of the coming sleep,
And spare my heart from growing old.

SAM DAVIS MONUMENT FUND.

Just thirteen years ago the first appeal was made for contributions toward a monument to Sam Davis, the boy soldier of Tennessee who sacrificed life rather than principle. Some good contributions were received on November 27, 1895, that being the thirty-second anniversary of the execution of the matchless hero. Responses were many and expressed great interest and enthusiasm. It was thought that so many years would elapse before completion of a fund sufficient to build a suitable memorial, yet even now something is lacking of the $6,000 which is necessary to complete the plans adopted by the committee. Several good friends have been duplicating their dollar contributions through a number of years, and the suggestion is made that others will now let us have one other dollar to help make up the deficit. If each one would respond, it would more than suffice. But, alas! many have passed beyond all earthly interests. In looking over this list the sad realization is impressive of the loss of many good friends and true whose kind words and deeds encouraged and supported the VETERAN through many trying years, and to those remaining gratitude is expressed for their many good offices.

Publication of the list of contributors has been deferred to the January number in order that it may be as complete as possible just before the dedication of the monument, which will be during the coming session of the Tennessee Legislature, to convene in January.

Just preceding the presentation of the revision of the U. D. C. Constitution and By-Laws Mrs. Alexander B. White, of Tennessee, a member of the Revision Committee, made a statement before the Convention that many present would remember that at the San Francisco Convention she told of the monument which was planned to commemorate the bravery and martyrdom of the immortal Sam Davis, of Tennessee, and asked their help; that they responded promptly and generously by giving out of the U. D. C. treasury $500 for the monument, and that now she wanted for herself and in behalf of the Sam Davis Monument Committee to again thank the United Daughters of the Confederacy for the gift of $500 and their other contributions. Further, she wanted them to know that the committee had a beautiful and appropriate design for this monument, which they expect to dedicate in the near future on the Capitol grounds at Nashville. She explained that they haven't quite all the money needed to carry out their plan, and she felt that they as individuals and Chapters would be glad if all admirers of lofty honor and devotion to right as portrayed in the death of Sam Davis would help in the work. Mrs. White added that she had copies of an address issued by the committee (this address is in the VETERAN for November), telling of the progress of the work on the monument and their plans for it, furnished by Mr. Cunningham, of the VETERAN, a member of the committee (who was attending the Convention), and that she would ask the pages to distribute these copies to the delegates, which was done at once.

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL PARK.

Subscriptions to the Jefferson Davis Home Association are beginning nicely. The sentiment of approval prevails among all people. Even from some who were on the "other side" in the great struggle come words of approval. They think that, while so much is being given to the Lincoln Memorial, and appropriately, American patriotism should be stirred to secure a memorial park to the most distinguished man in the South's history.

This movement means much to Confederates everywhere, and every one (every Camp of Veterans and Sons, every Chapter of Daughters, and the Ladies' Memorial Association) should collectively or individually take pride in procuring the area that has been designated as a memorial park. If this be done, future generations will see to its proper adornment and preservation.

It is important to secure this realty now—before April 27, 1909. Will not the smallest organizations enlist in this undertaking? If they so determine and inform the VETERAN, descriptive data will be supplied. We *must* succeed in this worthy, sacred undertaking. The committee having it in charge will carry out as faithfully and economically as practicable the plans which have been outlined. Patriotic women should take pride in the procurement of the property as early as practicable; Veterans and Sons of Veterans should send contributions promptly. One dollar will secure the certificate of membership filled out in the name of sender or of any one for whom the sender may request it. With the money in hand the committee anticipates much advantage in some of the purchases.

Of the presentation of this subject in the VETERAN for November much approval is expressed. Capt. John H. Leathers (Banker), Louisville, Treasurer, writes: "We should make this matter succeed, and I believe we can do it." Our gallant Bennett H. Young, Commander of the Kentucky Division, U. C. V., in making a subscription of $100, writes: "We have been getting in a little money, but not much. The Kentucky Legislature will undoubtedly help this enterprise to the extent of $2,500 or $5,000. They gave $2,500 to the Lincoln Memorial Farm, and I am sure they will do as much for the Jefferson Davis Memorial Home."

That gallant, faithful Confederate, Col. V. Y. Cook, of Arkansas, who has done so much for the cause, sends in his modest way $100.

The list of contributors will not be published for a month or so. In the meantime every person as an individual or member of some organization is appealed to in behalf of raising the necessary sum. Send at least one dollar and procure a membership certificate and frame it as evidence of loyalty to the Confederate sentiment. While hundreds of thousands are contributing to the Lincoln Memorial Farm in Kentucky, the birthplace of Jefferson Davis should be secured, so that hereafter generations yet unborn will feel called upon to memorialize his birthplace in Kentucky, where the South's marvelous soldier, statesman, and citizen was born less than a year before President Lincoln—on June 3, 1808. Let us pay this tribute as a centenary offering during the year 1908. Send money to Capt. John H. Leathers, Louisville, Ky., and keep the VETERAN advised of all progress.

Mr. Jerome Twichell, Company E, 3d Arkansas Regiment, President Twichell Iron Company, Kansas City, writes Capt. John H. Leathers, Louisville, Ky.:

"*My Dear Captain:* I have read in the VETERAN with very much interest the plan for securing the birthplace of the late lamented President of our beloved Southern Confederacy as a Southern Mecca to perpetuate the memory of his life and services to his country. Inclosed please find check for $5, for which kindly send me certificates to the following persons: Jerome Twichell, Mrs. Jerome Twichell, Jerome Twichell, Jr., Norman Dean Twichell, and Miss Orian Atwater.

"This is certainly a most praiseworthy undertaking, and cannot but be successful. There are surely enough of us left among the veterans, together with the sons and daughters, to contribute a fund sufficient to make this spot a pride to every Southern heart."

CONFEDERATED MEMORIAL ASSOCIATIONS.

A fitting and worthy criticism comes to the VETERAN from Mrs. W. J. Behan, of New Orleans, President of the Confederated Memorial Association, in which she states: "After all the work that has been done by the noble women of the Confederacy and is still being done by the Memorial Associations of the South, you ignore us completely in your appeal to cooperate in buying the land required at Fairview, Ky., for the Jefferson Davis Memorial Park. (October VETERAN, page 409.) It is true we are not a very large body, and our ranks are growing thinner every day like those of the veterans, yet we are well organized, and it seems to me that in recognition of past services the Memorial Association should not be overlooked. We should be invited to assist in accomplishing the great work undertaken by your committee. How can the veterans ever forget the work done by the women of the sixties?"

The VETERAN is not disturbed by this complaint from dear Mrs. Behan, whose career at the head of this first organization, first in service and first and last in the hearts of all Confederates, has been thoroughly efficient.

This criticism is made the occasion to speak of Mrs. Behan personally. Since the consolidation of these venerable Memorial Associations, for which special tribute is paid to noble women in Arkansas, the labors of Mrs. Behan have been observed year after year in sincere admiration and gratitude. In maintaining place for the noble women who have kept her at the head she has been as astute, as wise, and as patriotic as the best of our general officers. Many a time has the enthusiasm of young women in the U. D. C. and the Veterans and the Sons seemed to ignore the worthy organization of these noble women; yet Mrs. Behan, always well balanced and always present at every important convention, at the right time and in the best way has so directed events for the Ladies' Memorial Association as to present them in the most admirable relation to all that is elevating and sacred for the organization deserving the first place in existence. As a record to stand while the thousands of volumes of the VETERAN are preserved in libraries and in the homes of rich and poor, let it be remembered that from the beginning gratitude has been and is unstinted to this remarkable woman's achievements for the cause that is dearer than life to the most devoted of all the people in the South in their most sacred ideals. The VETERAN could not exaggerate the esteem for the Ladies' Memorial Associations, singly and collectively, and the editor is gratified in this opportunity to confess its oversight at times, yet to express its unstinted admiration for the wisdom and faithfulness of the President through so many years in maintaining this motherhood, which is next door to Paradise.

Briefly, as to the Confederated Southern Memorial Association and the Jefferson Davis Memorial Home Associa-

tion: It would seem the most fitting thing imaginable for them to take a leading part in that undertaking and to have special charge of the property when it is procured. Mrs. Behan has been constantly zealous and most successful at the U. C. V. Reunions in having suitable memorial services to President Davis, and no doubt all Confederates would be gratified for the C. S. M. A. to have the special care of this Jefferson Davis Memorial enterprise.

All deference and all honor are ascribed to the women who held memorial services soon after the war and achieved the erection of our first monuments to Confederates. Aye, back of that, all honor to those women who gave assistance to the volunteers in their earlier years, who later nursed the sick in their own homes and in the hospitals, who buried the dead, who held the first memorial services to honor patriot dead.

In a sense, the VETERAN has been very derelict in not presenting persistently the fact that these noble women have published a history of the work done by them in earlier days. It is a large octavo volume of over three hundred pages, with fine engravings of many monuments. This book is offered at the surprisingly low price of $1.25, postage twenty cents additional. Every man and woman who would like to possess this beautiful and valuable history would do well to send the price to Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, 1816 St. Charles Avenue, New Orleans, or it will be supplied by the VETERAN. It is more than worth the price, and the purchase of the remnant of the edition would supply funds for other worthy deeds.

MOORMAN MONUMENT, NEW ORLEANS.

With highly commendable zeal the committee engaged upon a memorial to Gen. George Moorman, who was Adjutant General to the United Confederate Veterans until his death, are nearing completion of their work. A little less than five hundred dollars is necessary to finish the payment. If any comrades have neglected to make contribution, they should do so soon, or they can have no part in the comfort of having paid tribute to the memory of that faithful and beloved officer. Such persons may address Col. J. A. Harrell, President, or W. T. Blakemore, Treasurer of the Moorman Memorial Association, New Orleans.

ALABAMA STATE REUNION, U. C. V.

Mobile has again entertained the Alabama State Division, United Confederate Veterans. This was done only a few years ago; but as Birmingham had so royally entertained the General Federation, it seemed well for Mobile to open the doors for this convention.

The Alabama Division of Sons held its annual meeting, invitations having been extended by the George E. Dixon Camp of Sons in Mobile. The invitations included not only the Alabama Division of Sons of Veterans, of which Albert C. Sexton is Commander, but that of the Army of Tennessee Department, U. C. V., under command of Clarence Julian Owens, of Abbeville.

The city of Mobile has never perhaps appeared to better advantage. Its new life, after being dormant in a way for so many years, with its new hotels, the restored Battle House (estimated to cost a million dollars), the Cawthon, the Bienville, and others, supplied ample and delightful comfort to the guests, while the people generally responded to the Confederate sentiment. A marked feature was the abundant supply of music in the parks and hotels. It was fine "all the day" and until day again. Decorations were elaborate in private homes as well as about public buildings. The residence of Col. E. L. Russell was the most conspicuously decorated perhaps in the city. It is located on Government Street, near the great white school building which has ever been a credit to the city. The convention was received in a commodious theater on the first day, while the business meetings and receptions were in Temperance Hall.

The next issue of the VETERAN will have a report of the proceedings, one notable feature being that of the Army of Tennessee Department of U. S. V., under the splendid direction of Commander Clarence J. Owens.

REMEMBERS SOUTHERN WOMEN'S KINDNESS.

(The Oswego Daily Times.)

Andrew J. Hirschbolz went out to the Riverside Cemetery to-day and placed American flags and flowers on the graves of nine Confederate soldiers who are buried there. This is the forty-second time that he has gone out the day before Memorial Day and paid such honor.

When the Civil War broke out, Mr. Hirschbolz went out with an Iowa regiment. When his first enlistment had expired, he went to Chicago; and after working for a time he reënlisted in the 88th Regiment of Illinois. While in Kentucky he was shot and was taken to an old building in Bardstown. There were no accommodations for taking care of the wounded, and he nearly died. While lying there, partly conscious, a lady and a young girl came along and found him. He was unable to speak. They brought him water, and he was soon able to speak. They took him home with them and nursed him back to health. The woman was in charge of a girls' seminary. The son of the family was a Confederate soldier.

When Hirschbolz was sent North, the mother and daughter asked him to keep a lookout for the son and brother in case he should find him wounded or a prisoner. He resolved that he would repay the kindness of this Confederate family. When he came to Oswego, he found several Confederate prisoners confined at the fort, and immediately did everything in his power for them. Two of the men died, and later seven more were buried with them in Riverside.

When Mr. Hirschbolz returned here after the war, in 1865, his first thought was of the lonely and unhonored graves up the river. On the day before the Memorial Day of 1866 he took flowers and flags to the cemetery and decorated nine graves. At that time the feeling ran high, and he was roundly criticised for his kindly act. The veteran organization to which he belonged started proceedings to court-martial him and expel him. The highest officer in the State, to whose attention the case had been called, quashed the proceedings and wrote a strong letter in which he commended Mr. Hirschbolz for his act and stated that if a little more of this spirit could be shown the breach in the nation would soon be healed. Since that time Mr. Hirschbolz has made his pilgrimage every year, and he intends to continue it as long as he lives.

NEW OFFICERS TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. C. V.

At a meeting of the Tennessee Division, U. C. V., held in Nashville on October 14, 1908, these officers were elected:

John H. McDowell, Union City, Division Major General.
John M. Brooks, Knoxville, Brig. Gen., First Brigade.
Baxter Smith, Nashville, Brig. Gen., Second Brigade.
C. B. Simonton, Covington, Brig. Gen., Third Brigade.
John P. Hickman, Nashville, Adjutant General.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

In presenting the prize paper from Columbia College on "Robert E. Lee: A Present Estimate," by Miss Christine H. Boyson, of Minnesota, it is explained that with the emphatic protest against many expressions therein contained there is no criticism of the girl author nor of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, as the paper was not submitted to them, and the VETERAN generously assumes that the distinguished gentlemen who comprise the committee must have judged it specially upon its literary merit. Promise was made to publish it without question as to its fitness, hence the appearance and the criticism. (See page 667.)

WHERE THE VETERAN CIRCULATES.

Interested friends of and advertisers in the VETERAN may see where it circulates by the following percentages: Alabama, 5.50; Arkansas, 5; California, 1.50; Florida, 2; Georgia, 4; Illinois, Indiana, and Kansas collectively, 1; Kentucky, 4; Louisiana, 3; Maryland, 1; Minnesota, Massachusetts, and Michigan, 1; Mississippi, 7; Missouri, 5; New York, 1; Montana, Nebraska, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, 1; Oklahoma, 3; Tennessee, 13; Texas, 22; Virginia, 8; West Virginia, 2; Washington, D. C., and Washington State, 1. The remaining nine per cent is miscellaneous, as it goes to nearly every State in the Union and to many foreign countries. Comrades and friends in the South upon seeing the relative circulation in their States with others may have aspiration to increase it. In such event local lists will be supplied and a commission to worthy agents granted. Sample copies will be supplied free.

The very interesting article on Maj. James Breathed which appeared in the VETERAN for November was incorrectly credited to his brother, Frank Breathed, as the author. It was written by H. H. Matthews, of Pikesville, Md., who was a member of Breathed's Battery, and has before been published in newspapers. The error was evidently made by crediting the sender of the clipping with the authorship.

After a recent visit to Tennessee, in which he became acquainted with the story of Sam Davis's heroism, Mr. Jack Akers, of Cleveland, Ohio, sent a contribution of ten dollars to the monument fund in his own name and subsequently the same amount in the name of his two sons, Jack Akers, Jr., and Gardner F. Akers. In sending these contributions he wrote: "I told them the story, and both boys said: 'Dad, chip in five dollars for each of us.'"

The venerable Theodore G. Carter writes from St. Peter, Minn.: "I notice that my tag says 'November, 1908.' Now as I have every number you have ever issued, I do not feel like dropping an old friend while I live, and therefore inclose one dollar in currency to renew for the ensuing year. When you cease to receive my renewals, you may conclude that I have 'passed over the range.' As I am now about seven-score-and-seven, it cannot be long, but in the meantime I wish to continue to hear from the 'other side.' I wish you continued prosperity."

VIRGINIA GRAND CAMP OF VETERANS.

Hon. Tipton D. Jennings, of Lynchburg, Va., writes enthusiastically of the late meeting of Virginia veterans, in which he says: "Charlottesville, Va., gave a truly glorious reception to the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans and to the Virginia Division, U. C. V., on October 20, 21, and 22. The attendance was large, the proceedings interesting, the decorations lovely, and the music by the Confederate Choir both inspiring and affecting; the sponsors and maids of honor were sweet and charming, the citizens hospitable to the utmost degree, and the weather ideal. Altogether the veterans have never enjoyed themselves more. Charlottesville! Long may she wave!"

COMPANY A, THIRTIETH TENNESSEE, IN BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.—From H. H. Hockersmith, Hermitage, Tenn.: "Company A, 30th Tennessee Infantry, Captain Bidwell's company, from Robertson County, went into the battle of Chickamauga with twenty-two men, only four being left to stack arms upon Snodgrass Hill, nine being killed and nine left wounded upon the field after hostilities had ceased and a complete victory had been won. Three of the four are still alive, John Martin, W. H. Farmer, and H. H. Hockersmith, while the fourth, Eugene Burr, died in the Texas Soldiers' Home last year. With equal numbers, can any company show a larger percentage of casualties?"

GEN. J. E. B. STUART NOT AT CARLISLE.—L. R. Edwards, of Franklin, Va., a member of the 13th Virginia Cavalry, writes promptly after the publication of an article against Gen "Jeb" Stuart: "Without discussing the shelling of Carlisle, Pa., by General Stuart, allow me to correct the statement in the July VETERAN that 'General Stuart was not at Carlisle.' It was there about midnight that I conveyed a message just received from General Lee to General Stuart that six thousand prisoners had been captured. We left the vicinity of Carlisle—*i. e.*, the rear guard, which I commanded—about daybreak Thursday morning. The command reached Gettysburg that evening and fought Meade's right next day."

In a letter from Comrade W. L. Ditto to Capt. T. O. Stuart, page 573 November VETERAN, a mistake occurs in the beginning, wherein the author states that General Buckner was in command of the Confederate forces in East Tennessee in July, 1862, when it should have been 1863.

"MY OLD CONFEDERATE"—AN ADDRESS.

A memorable feature of hospitality to the U. D. C. Convention, Atlanta, is treasured by delegates as a present from the Atlanta Chapter, U. D. C. It is a beautifully printed pamphlet entitled "My Old Confederate." On the cover page there is an exquisite half-tone design of a Confederate battle flag floating in the clouds. It is an address delivered before the Atlanta Camp sometime ago by Dr. John E. White and dedicated to his father, Rev. James M. White, a gallant soldier of North Carolina Cavalry in Hampton's Legion.

It is a story as told by his father, who is of the "unreconstructed." In addition to the beautiful frontispiece, there are four full-page engravings, it would seem, "gotten up regardless of expense." This is an unusual enterprise for a Camp, and the address must possess merit by the expense incurred in its production. This booklet may be had of Capt. V. H. Harrison, State Capitol, for twenty-five cents.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The meeting of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Atlanta November 11-14 was well attended and much work was accomplished. It will not be practicable in this issue to give a résumé of the proceedings. A large part of the time was occupied in changing the constitution and by-laws. This was a prodigious work, and caused a great deal of animated discussion. The features discussed at great length and by many delegates most ably were the crosses of honor to descendants and the admission of women of Northern birth and of grandnieces to membership. It was decided to give the cross of honor to descendants and to limit the bestowal of crosses to the year 1910 instead of 1915, as was the law formerly. The conditions of bestowal to descendants may appear later.

It was decided to admit to membership women of Northern birth after most earnest pleadings, in which Mrs. Parker, President of the great New York Chapter, took a leading part. A forceful argument was that many men came from the North before the war, and that their wives were ardently devoted to the Confederate cause, in which their husbands were offering their lives. The admission of grandnieces and their descendants seemed well, for nieces and grandnieces will have died, it is hoped, before the great organization shall have ceased to vindicate "the story of the glory" of the Confederate cause and to maintain in history the justice of the South in going to war.

Report of Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, President General.

The report of Mrs. Stone in a pamphlet of fifteen pages was read by her to the Convention, introduced as follows: "One year ago you placed in my keeping the highest honor at your disposal—a sacred trust—which was received in good faith, with deep and tender appreciation, and a determination to give you the best service at my command. If my report brings you 'nothing but leaves,' you will know that the storms of life have beaten too fiercely and the fair flowers of promise came not to fruition, and know too that in the darkest hour of trial my heart turned to you and to the cause you represent."

Her first official visit was to Washington City, where she addressed all the Confederate organizations in behalf of the Arlington Confederate monument, in which much interest was manifested. A practical organization was promptly effected, and it is making amazing progress in the procurement of a fund worthy of the cause—the erection of a Confederate monument in the Confederate circle at Arlington Cemetery. The monthly reports in the Veteran of the Treasurer, Mr. Wallace Streater, will show the beautiful progress.

The President General next attended the dedication of a memorial window to Mrs. Jefferson Davis in the Episcopal church, "the Westminster of the South," at Biloxi, Miss., an account of which was published in the current issue of the Veteran. The report gives Miss Decca Lamar West special credit for her efficient work in the success of that memorial undertaking.

Her report is complimentary to the harmonious union of the Indian Territory Division with that of Oklahoma, the blending of the two becoming necessary when the territories by law became the new State of Oklahoma.

A report is given of the dedication of the Jefferson Davis monument in Richmond, the greatest work yet achieved by the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The proceedings of the Norfolk Convention are reviewed in the report, and a condensed record of most important proceedings is made.

A feature that did not seem to amuse the Convention was impressive in the report of the effort to procure the right to make crosses of honor—at the time limited to 1915 and is now 1910—from a Mr. Crenshaw that he would give an instrument in writing which would release the organization from procuring crosses through his estate after his death. There was no reference to his being very aged or infirm.

Theus Brothers, makers of the U. D. C. badge, had been interviewed in regard to their rights of the patent, and Mrs. A. B. Hull, chairman of a committee, reported that "Mr. Theus declines to sell the patent, but promises that if at his death his son declines to continue the jewelry business he will make a bequest of the patent to the association."

An interesting account is given of the Woman's Congress at Monteagle, in which on U. D. C. Day the President General presided. The programme, prepared by Mrs. Pilcher, was broad and far-reaching, while the keynote and central thought was fittingly Jefferson Davis. After referring to the publication of proceedings in the Veteran, the President General states: "It is my duty to call your attention to the generous aid given our organization by the Confederate Veteran, the pages of which have been ever open to us during the year for the reception of material of interest and importance to the U. D. C. This valuable periodical should be in the home of every Daughter of the Confederacy, as its contents each month give much historical data not previously written."

She also makes acknowledgment to the editor for "many courtesies in behalf of the promotion of our work," and to the Keystone, published in Charleston, S. C., "which has been equally courteous and generous in service, and deserves our grateful appreciation."

Reference is made to the unhappy condition of the finances of the organization. It has been so generous in making worthy appropriations as to be unable to meet fully certain promises; therefore more diligent care and economy has become imperative.

She urges the importance of supplying portraits of President Davis and Gen. R. E. Lee to the schools in the South. She approves the protest of certain influential Camps who are opposed to the wearing of Confederate uniforms by Southern women and the assumption of military titles, and commends "that uniforms be white, emblematic of the purity and truth of Southern womanhood." She states: "It is not in line with the objects of the United Daughters of the Confederacy for Chapters to take active part in political contests."

The President General pays tribute to the memory of noble women who are already on the Last Roll record of the Veteran: Mrs. Sheldon Stringer, President of the Florida Division, died soon after the Norfolk Convention; Mrs. Edwin G. Weed, who was also President of the Florida Division and later President General of the organization. This is the first death among those who have been President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Mrs. Bragg, Honorary President General, is also mentioned in the report as of those for whom the U. D. C. deeply mourn, concluding: "All these have performed duty faithfully."

She pays fitting tributes to Lieut. Gens. Stephen D. Lee and Alexander P. Stewart, of the veteran heroes who had died during the year. Concluding the memorial, she said: "Let us

gird on our armor and pledge ourselves anew, forgetting self in our service and sacrifice, to preserve the memories of their great deeds, the record of which is pure and stainless."

From Report of President Tennessee Division.

In her report of the General Convention of the U. D. C. Mrs. Pilcher, President of the Tennessee Division, states:

"Mrs. Stone, the President General, is immensely popular both on and off the platform, and I feel sure that the genuine love and consideration of her Daughters helped her through the arduous work of those strenuous days. The most trying experience for us all was the consideration of the amendments to the constitution and by-laws. It was very tedious, and took a long time; but it was very necessary to finish up this dreaded work, postponed from last year. It is devoutly to be hoped that at least a decade will pass before it has to be done again.

"Tennessee paid more money than any other Division except Virginia, and was only second to Georgia in the vote. We had a large delegation of representative women. There were some pretty innovations. Among others, each State had been requested to furnish a miniature State flag to leave with the hostess Chapter as a souvenir. When the roll was called, the President of the State called went forward and presented her flag to the Custodian General of Flags, Mrs. Anthony Walker, of Virginia, who conducted this pretty ceremony. Tennessee's offering was a banner made of Lyons' banner silk and handsomely trimmed with bullion fringe, cords, etc., and supported by a gilt staff. It was much admired.

"We also took a pretty sugar maple to be planted in the Confederate grove at Atlanta. Mrs. Voorhies, of San Francisco, inaugurated this in her city. It was done again at Norfolk, and each year request is made of the State Presidents, who gladly respond.

"Tennessee's President introduced a resolution that met with prompt and hearty approval—that the 10th of September be made one of our annual and perpetual 'days of observance' to be known as 'Founder's Day,' in honor of the founder of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. This organization had its beginning in Tennessee's capital city on September 10, 1903. It is needless to add that this distinguished woman who founded the U. D. C. is Caroline Meriwether Goodlett. The Convention set the seal of its approval by a unanimous vote.

"Mrs. Stone's Cabinet is most acceptable to the body. This was plainly to be seen in the election of officers, as most of these were returned, though the time limit—an unwritten law—had expired.

"The social features of the Convention were brilliant in the extreme. Atlanta always reaches high-water mark in what she undertakes.

"The Convention goes to Houston, Tex., next year, and from the indications we believe there will be a large attendance. I think I am correct in reporting, as heard in the Convention, fifty-seven thousand Daughters of the Confederacy, and they plan and accomplish an immense amount of work each year. We hope to push with all possible vigor at our State Convention at Jackson next May the movement to erect a monument to Gen. A. P. Stewart at Chickamauga Park. The Gen. A. P. Stewart Chapter at Chattanooga and others are most enthusiastic for this."

Reports from other State Presidents are solicited.

A YOUNG SOUTHERN BOY AS AUTHOR.

The Veteran is proud of the achievements of the fourteen-year-old son of Dr. John A. Wyeth, an ex-Confederate soldier, author of the "Life of Lieut. Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest" and President of the New York Southern Society.

John Allan Wyeth, Jr., first came into public notice in his thirteenth year as the author of a poetic drama entitled "The Weaker Man," which was written for and accepted and is to be produced upon the stage by the distinguished actor, Mr. E. H. Sothern, who declared it to be "remarkable as literature and of great dramatic merit."



JOHN A. WYETH, JR.

The writing of the play came about in this way: Its author, having witnessed a performance of "The Sunken Bell," a symbolic play rich in poetic suggestion as rendered by Mr. Sothern and Miss Julia Marlowe, ventured to write a criticism upon the play and the performance. This criticism attracted Mr. Sothern's attention to such an extent that it resulted in his requesting Master John to try his hand at a play. A contract was made, and within two months' time the child forwarded to Mr. Sothern the poetic drama entitled "The Weaker Man," which was promptly approved and accepted by the great artist.

Among a number of minor poems written by this young author is the one printed herewith. It was written under the excitement of a letter received from a playmate whose father had bought and rehabilitated a famous and for several centuries deserted castle on the Rhine. The letter gave a graphic description of the castle, its secret passages and haunted towers, with its history, which dated back to mediæval times, and also told of the beauties of the river Rhine and the surrounding picturesque country.

The poem was written within an hour of the receipt of this letter and is printed *verbatim et literatim* as then written.

TO SCHONBERG.

BY JOHN ALLAN WYETH, JR.

Hail to thee, noblest castle on the Rhine.
Far famed in ancient history for strength!
The Rhine beneath thee curves about thy base
And lays before thy feet her sinuous length.

Apollo sinks behind the distant hills
And hurls his feeble rays about the sky,
While softly glowing is the evening star,
And night falls, placing all her lights on high.

The river ripples and the grasses sway;
The moonlit leaves turn from the gentle wind.
About thee in the woods a boar is heard,
Or else a leaping deer or startled hind.

Pale Dian slips between the angry clouds
Which seek to thwart her in her chariot white,

Till, closing round her with a rumbling sound,
They hide her gracious form and welcome light.

The storm clouds sweep along the ruffled Rhine,
A deadly silence fills the startled air;
The breathless land awaits the tempest's force
With fearful expectation everywhere.

Amidst the storm thy turret-crowned head
Is lifted as in scorn. Against the gale
Thy stony strength thou wagest till at last
The storm retreats and dies into a wail.

Then smiles the morn upon the fruitful fields;
The birds sing, twittering their merry lays;
While thou, serene, majestic, stand'st aloft
Within thy dream of mediæval days.

AT AN OLD KENTUCKY HOME—FAIRVIEW.

The VETERAN would like to present scenes all about Fairview, Ky., now that such widespread interest should be exercised. One of the active citizens in behalf of securing the birthplace of the South's beloved President, Jefferson Davis, is Comrade R. F. Vaughan, who visited Nashville with Mr.



AT RESIDENCE OF R. F. VAUGHAN, FAIRVIEW, KY.

W. B. Brewer. Accidently the picture above was procured. Mrs. Vaughan, in light skirt, sits on the right of her guests; next to her is Mrs. Sudie B. Jessup, of Elkton; the next sitting is Mrs. Sue Pennick, of Wellington, Kans.; while Mrs. Annie Wilkins, of Elkton, is standing in the rear.

SUGGESTIONS FOR BENEFIT OF THE VETERAN.

BY MRS. D. A. S. VAUGHT, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

You asked me once to report the plan I have adopted when desiring to contribute to any bazaar or fair for Confederate purposes. I suggest to the ladies to get up voting contests for the most popular old veteran, the winner to receive from me a year's subscription to the VETERAN. My little dollar outlay thus is multiplied, for at five cents a vote one hundred votes is a very short score. Some one old gentleman is gratified by being pronounced the most popular, and the pleasure and advantage of reading the VETERAN is gained.

Wherever I learn of libraries in the State established or run by the U. D. C., I donate a year's subscription to the VETERAN, and at present I am waiting to learn the name and officers of a Chapter U. D. C. organized last week at Gonzales, La., to offer a year of the VETERAN.

In a personal note Mrs. Vaught states: "I believe that among the prisoners of Fort Warren shown in the October VETERAN is the figure of my mother's brother, Capt. Richard Hayneworth Gayle, third figure from the right in the lower picture—the gentleman with beard and soft hat."

LETTER FROM MAJ. FRED C. LOW.

NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOME, TOGUS, ME., Nov. 14, 1908.

I had no idea when I asked for a sample copy of your magazine, not knowing it was now published, that I would receive more than one copy. Since received they have been circulated about the Home, and much interest has been expressed in some of the articles. I have tried to get information as to what Confederate troops we faced on that afternoon of June 18, 1864, and I now think it was Wise's Brigade, Johnston's Division, Beauregard commander. As many of your readers were in the ranks of the Confederate troops, I would like to hear from them. The poetry at the end of the article was written by Rev. Edgar F. Davis, a Congregationalist clergyman, then of Hamilton, Mass. Sergeant William K. Nason is now living in Kenduskeag, Maine. Inclosed $1.

We have gone carefully over the roll of the regiment name by name and find we lost in killed and died of wounds 441 men. There were exactly 2,200 men enrolled. Fox gives our loss at 423 officers and men. He says the 26th North Carolina had the heaviest loss of any Confederate regiment.

At the close of the war there were living, or supposed to be, 1,568 men of the 1st Maine Heavy Artillery. Years ago I made a roster of their names, and we accounted for all but 220 men. These were probably deserters, bounty jumpers, and men who enlisted under fictitious names in order to obtain the big bounties offered by cities and towns in order to obtain men to fill their quotas. Some cities and towns offered as much as $800 for such men to enlist. Then the United States offered $300 more bounty to be paid in installments of $50 each every six months. I am anxious to find some smart man who can instruct me how to find these 220 missing men.

For years I was Secretary of the Regimental Association of the 1st Maine Heavy Artillery. [See page 646.]

James E. Porter, Wilkinsburg Station, Pa.: "I am inclosing two dollars, which renews my subscription to the VETERAN. I renew for two years, for fear I might overlook it. Your subscription list ought to grow. I hardly know how a Confederate soldier can get along without it. Then you make so good a journal, both typographically and intellectually, that I don't understand how you can do it. Quite a number of us 'Yanks' have an enjoyable time reading the VETERAN and talking over the matters in which we think you are dead wrong; but that will not cause us to let our subscriptions lapse. I think a movement will be put on foot soon to have the National Encampment of the Grand Army meet in Atlanta within the next few years. It cannot come too soon."

W. M. Watkins, Superintendent Confederate Soldiers' Home of Arkansas: "In the October VETERAN inquiry is made by Dan W. Ward, of Juno, Ark., of the whereabouts of J. A. Kelly, of Company E, 3d Arkansas Regiment. While in New Orleans in February last I saw the name 'J. A. Kelly, Company A, 3d Arkansas,' engraved upon a tablet in the tomb of the Army of Northern Virginia."

THE REUNION BRIGADE AT SPARTA, TENN.

The Reunion Brigade, composed of the 8th Tennessee Cavalry, Shaw's Battalion, a part of the 4th Tennessee Cavalry, and fragments of other cavalry regiments, and of the 16th, 25th, and 26th Tennessee Regiments, and fragments of other infantry commands, met at Crossville, Tenn., on October 15, 1908, in annual Reunion. Col. W. L. Dibrell, the senior officer, took command of the brigade and formed them in line at 10 A.M. with the Harriman band in front. Next to the band was the Confederate infantry, then the Federal infantry, and then the cavalry. The infantry was commanded by Col. William Lowery, of White County, and the cavalry by Maj. J. L. Quarles, of Sparta. The command moved eastward, then remarched westward, passing in review at Key. It was halted in front of the Cumberland Hotel.

In the election Col. W. L. Dibrell was elected Brigadier General to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Gen. W. G. Smith. Jackson Davis, of Putnam County, was elected Colonel of Cavalry, John Hickey, of White, Lieutenant Colonel of Cavalry, with A. A. Reagan, of Putnam County, Major of Cavalry, and Joe A. Dibrell Adjutant of Cavalry. William Lowery, of White County, was elected Colonel of Infantry, J. W. Mathews, of Cumberland County, Lieutenant Colonel of Infantry, W. M. Parsons, of Cumberland County, Major of Infantry, and W. A. Hamby, of Crossville, Adjutant.

Gen. W. L. Dibrell announced that he would reappoint all of General Smith's staff with the same rank.

The Brigade selected Sparta for its next annual Reunion.

After the election of officers, the cavalry dismounted and the veterans, accompanied by the band and crowd, marched to Rink Park, where seats and a stand had been erected.

J. W. Cooper, marshal of the day, presented Rev. H. E. Partridge, who led in a short prayer. Short addresses were then delivered by Judge C. E. Snodgrass, Rev. Partridge, and Capt. James W. Lowe, and all of them were well delivered. After the speaking, dinner was announced, the old soldiers occupying a table especially prepared for them. Three large beeves were cooked for the occasion.

After dinner General Dibrell named a committee to draft resolutions on the death of Gen. W. G. Smith—to wit: Maj. J. L. Quarles, Cols. John Mitchell, S. V. McManus, W. A. Hamby, and J. W. Cooper. Said committee reported the resolutions in which they paid fitting tribute to Gen. Smith.

There were from fifty to sixty old Confederate soldiers and some twelve or fifteen hundred citizens in attendance.

The VETERAN has been such a valuable medium in its inquiry notices for locating long-separated comrades that it now hopes to be equally successful in locating a fortune for Mrs. M. C. Frost, of Memphis, Tenn. It seems that her father, H. H. Carr, was a partner in an Alaskan gold mine with one Edward Bamy, who had stayed there to work it and who sold it at a good profit when the rush to that region began, about 1898. Bamy then started out to locate his partner, and upon ascertaining that he was dead he began a search for the daughter, who had married in Cincinnati, Ohio, and moved to Cleveland. Her husband's attention was called to the story of Bamy's search as it appeared in Cincinnati papers, and he then began a search for Bamy, who seems to have disappeared. Mr. Frost had expected to try to find him at the Birmingham Reunion, as Bamy was a Confederate veteran, but was prevented by illness from attending. He and his wife are now in Memphis (Station G). Information of Mr. Bamy is desired.

THE WORK OF KENNESAW CHAPTER.

REVIEW OF ITS REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENT.

The struggles of Marietta L. M. A. and the Kennesaw Chapter, U. D. C., Marietta, in gathering dollar by dollar the money for the lovely monument erected in the Confederate Cemetery at that place should encourage all others with like responsibility.

In the Marietta Cemetery sleep three thousand Confederate soldiers, representing every State from Maryland to Missouri and through the South that took part on the Southern side during the desperate conflict of '61-'65.

In the campaign approaching Marietta, as Sherman advanced and Johnston was forced back, the sick and the wounded Confederates were sent to Marietta until the town became one vast hospital. Churches, public buildings, private houses—all were occupied and all the comfort possible was supplied to the pitiful sufferers.

The hospital records show the death lists of young men scarce entering manhood, of gray-haired sires, of soldiers from every Southern State who lost their lives fighting on Georgia soil far away from home and friends, and it was fitting that Georgia women should go in and out amid these scenes of suffering and do what they could to cheer and nurse and comfort the sick and wounded and help bury the dead. In the "hospital section" of this cemetery rests the dust of many a brave man borne to his last narrow home from these hospitals. Later Sherman's army swept through the town. Many of the people fled before the oncoming horrors of fire, sword, and ruthless destruction. * * *

In April, 1866, a party of friends gathered at the cemetery, cleared away the rubbish, and laid flowers on each mute little mound, a custom that has never been allowed to lapse. On each successive 26th of April, no matter what the hindrances, memorial services have always been observed. For several



MRS. R. L. NESBITT.

years the Ladies' Memorial Association was able to keep the cemetery in creditable order; but in 1869 two earnest, faithful women, Mrs. Charles Williams, of Columbus, Ga., gone to her reward, and Miss M. J. Greene, now living in Atlanta, undertook the removal of the Confederate dead scattered on the battlefields of Chickamauga, Kennesaw, Kolb's Farm, New Hope, and all along the line of the Western and Atlanta railroad. State aid was obtained, additional land was donated, and by the heroic efforts of these two women the bodies of over two thousand Confederate soldiers were rescued from neglect and reinterred in the Marietta Cemetery.

The proper care of so large a cemetery was beyond the resources of the fast-depleting Memorial Association, and State aid, which had been most certainly expected, failed in those fearful days of reconstruction; so gradually the cemetery fell into decay. In the early nineties the Memorial Association was reorganized with the avowed purpose of rescuing the cemetery from ruin. Mrs. R. L. Nesbitt was elected President, and has been reëlected each year since. She has ever been ardently devoted to the work. The treasury was empty and the Society was reduced in strength and numbers. To overcome this condition seemed again a hopeless undertaking.



MRS. ADELAIDE M'CLATCHY.

However, the women who had lived through the four years of war and of carnage and had survived the horrors of reconstruction had learned great lessons in patience, endurance, and perseverance. After many struggles and with some discouragements, their faithfulness was rewarded.

Many devices were resorted to to make money. The first sum realized was from a county agricultural exhibit at an Atlanta exposition. Every article displayed was collected, packed, shipped, and put in place by women, and from the premiums won over two hundred dollars, the first money, was gained. Gradually this was increased until there was enough to clear away the rubbish, open the driveways, and put in seventeen hundred of the needed three thousand marble headstones.

About this time the Kennesaw Chapter, U. D. C., came into existence, and right nobly did these younger women go to work. By this help sewers were put in at heavy cost, because in some places it was impossible to stop the washes which were beginning to expose the bones; the speaker's stand of brick and marble was completed, and the remaining thirteen hundred headstones were put in place; shrubbery was planted, and the whole place, between six and seven acres, was sodded in Bermuda grass. It will thus be seen that before Kennesaw Chapter could begin work on a monument she must aid in rescuing the cemetery from ruin.

Mrs. Adelaide McClatchy, a most devoted member of both organizations and a zealous worker, suggested that the Chapter build a monument to the men who gave their lives for the principles that Southern women hold dear. Three hundred dollars of the necessary amount had been accumulated, when Mrs. McClatchy was called away from the sacred work, and for a while it seemed as if utter stagnation had settled upon it. The effort to aid in keeping up the repairs on the cemetery, in cutting the grass, and in meeting all the various appeals which come to every Chapter exhausted the slender resources at command; and then it was that a generous member, Miss Hattie Cleveland, by the gift of one hundred dollars revived the fainting energies of all the members, and a determined, steadfast effort was put forth. No work was considered too insignificant if it would add a few dollars to the fund. Fairs, rummage sales, lawn parties, parlor entertainments, lunches served on many different occasions, baseball games, spinsters' conventions, a beautiful flower show, hundreds of letters of appeal, silver teas—in fact, every suggested means was patiently, faithfully followed up, and finally a special edition of the Atlanta Journal was secured, netting over five hundred dollars, which brought the goal into view!

The Varina Davis Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, made by their own work $150 for the monument fund.

Let no Chapter despair. If with the extra care of the cemetery and meeting all U. D. C. claims Kennesaw Chapter could struggle on to success, to so great a success, surely other Chapters can do much. The lovely monument stands guard over the three thousand graves, and the disappointments and discouragements of eight years are forgotten.

The cemetery now belongs to the State of Georgia, and an appropriation of five thousand dollars has been made by the Legislature to begin the work of beautifying and improving this city of our dead. The site is beautiful, and the green slopes are in full view of historic Kennesaw Mountain, where many of these soldiers lost their lives. When the work of adornment has been completed and this cemetery equals in beauty the handsome National Cemetery, just across the town, where all that money and taste and skill could do has been done by the national government to honor the over ten thousand Federal soldiers who sleep there, then indeed will Kennesaw Chapter feel that her work has not been in vain and that her reward is enduring.

Mrs. R. L. Nesbitt, President Kennesaw Chapter, Marietta, Ga., has full directions for conducting the "Spinsters' Convention" which she will be glad to furnish any Chapter on application free of charge. It has always been found attractive and secures good audiences.

The extraordinary, prolonged labor in zeal and persistence of these noble women in Marietta is of concern to all who were in the Army of Tennessee especially. It will be hard to find a place where so much has been accomplished by so few women.

REV. MOSES STRONG ROYCE.

BY SALLIE ROYCE WEIR, HOT SPRINGS, N. C.

[So widespread is the interest in the story about "Three Hundred Miles in a Wagon," page 505 October issue, that other data have been procured from the author, Mrs. Weir.]

Moses Strong Royce was born in Rutland, Vermont, July 13, 1825. His great-grandfather, Stephen Royce, removed to Vermont sometime in 1774, and soon became prominent in the early history of the State. He was a member of the convention which met at Cephas Kents, in Dorset, July 24, 1774, to declare the New Hampshire Grants a free and independent State. His uncle, Stephen Royce, the third of that name, was judge of the Supreme Court of Vermont for twenty-five years and chief justice for five. At the end of that time he was elected Governor by a majority of eleven thousand, being the first Republican Governor elected in the United States. At the end of the first term he was reëlected by the same large majority. His father, Rodney Royce, had a career most promising in the legal profession, but he died in his thirty-sixth year.

Moses Royce completed his education at the University of Vermont, in Burlington, graduating at eighteen. While at the university he was brought under the influence of Bishop Hopkins, and decided to study for the ministry of the Episcopal Church. He came South a few years later to Greeneville, Tenn., and supported himself by teaching while completing his studies for the ministry. He married Martha A. Broyles, a daughter of Dr. James F. Broyles, a prominent physician of Greeneville, and they went to Nashville, Tenn., traveling by stagecoach. Here he was ordained priest by Bishop Otey, the first Bishop of Tennessee, only one year after he had been ordained deacon. Later they moved to Franklin, Mr. Royce taking charge of St. Paul's Church.



REV. M. S. ROYCE.

Like Moses of old, Mr. Royce was slow of speech and temperate in action; and when the crisis of the great Civil War came, he considered carefully the facts in the case, and decided that the South was in the right and her claims just. He espoused her cause and served her faithfully to the end, although by so doing he lost the favor of his uncle, Gov. Stephen Royce, and a share of his property, the entire estate passing at his death to his more favored nephew, Judge Homer Royce. He raised a company of men, Mr. Carey Harris, of Franklin, being one of his lieutenants. He was often detailed on scouting expeditions to cut off forage trains, watch gunboats on the Cumberland River, and other dangerous work of that nature.

On one of his expeditions he encountered a superior force, and was made prisoner. He was confined in the military prison at Nashville—the penitentiary. Here he was tried on the charge of being a guerrilla and sentenced to be shot. The trial was such an unjust farce that the man whom he was accused of murdering was in court to testify that he had been killed. After his sentence he visited a photograph gallery under guard and had photos made for his mother and his wife.

His family at the North made every effort to save his life without success; but his wife made an appeal to President Davis, which was more successful. Traveling to Richmond from Greeneville, Tenn., in the most inclement January weather, often going afoot in the mud and crawling over the fallen timbers of burned bridges or crossing swollen streams, she at last reached Richmond and saw President Davis, who secured a stay of sentence, holding hostages for his life.

A letter written by Mr. Royce to his mother at that trying time is characteristic of the man. He stated that his imprisonment was not such a misfortune after all, for he had a fellow-prisoner who was a Spaniard with whom he was studying, and that if his execution were delayed for three months he thought he could learn the language in that time. He at last made his escape from prison with three companions one dark, stormy night, February 29, 1864, by cutting a hole in the floor of the cell with a saw made from a case knife. They were hotly pursued; but after many adventures finally reached the Tennessee River in safety, and as soon as possible rejoined their commands.

At the close of the war Mr. Royce brought his family from Alabama to Tennessee, "three hundred miles in a two-horse wagon," only to find when they reached Franklin that their once beautiful home had been utterly destroyed. Their worldly goods consisted of the wagon and horses and a dollar and a half in money. Many doors were opened and kindness shown to them.

Hard years followed, filled with work and privation; but later Mr. Royce took charge of Holy Trinity Church, in South Nashville, his family remaining on the farm. Here he labored beyond his strength in fulfilling the duties of his Church. He taught a day school to increase his earnings and a night school to help boys who could not pay. He established the St. Paul Building Association to enable poor people to obtain a home, and started a small Church in a disreputable suburb of the city. He was very much interested in this work, and the bell was hung in the church the morning he died.

In 1873 Nashville was visited by a serious epidemic of Asiatic cholera, and Mr. Royce was one of the first victims. He went out to see his family Friday, returning Saturday morning, and was entreated by them not to go back on account of the cholera, as he was feeble and worn out; but he refused, saying that he could not desert his people who would need him. He also requested his wife not to come to him in case he was stricken, as she could not reach him in time, would only endanger her own life, and would leave their two young daughters alone and helpless.

Saturday night he sat up with Mrs. Cabler, who died of the dread disease, and Sunday morning he was stricken in the chancel at the time of a morning service. He was taken across the street to the house of Mrs. Fisher, and died there before daylight Monday, June 9. His family never saw him again, as he was buried from his church the same day. His remains rest in beautiful Mount Olivet and his memory in the hearts of his people, for whom he gave his life. In his church they have placed a marble tablet with his name inscribed in gilt letters and below the words: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

He was incapable of accumulating wealth; but he has left the imperishable memory of a good name, which is far better.

On the following page there is an account of Mrs. Royce's trip to Richmond.

TRIP TO RICHMOND IN 1863.

BY SALLY ROYCE WEIR.

[The following narrative is the personal experience of Mrs. Martha A. Royce, the widow of Rev. Moses S. Royce. She is still "unreconstructed." It was written by her daughter. Mrs. Weir was the author of "Three Hundred Miles in a Wagon," although she wrote in her mother's name.]

I was in the home of my father, Dr. Broyles, near Greeneville, Tenn., when I received a letter from my husband telling me that he had been captured by the Federals and was sentenced to be shot. I had been sent away from my home, in Franklin, Tenn., seven months before by Gen. Gordon Granger, who made a public example of me by giving me three days' notice to leave their lines. Another family was also sent out with me, and we were marched between ranks of soldiers, who stood with drawn bayonets to let us pass. It was proposed in this way to strike terror to the hearts of the Rebels who remained.

I pondered long over the letter, and could think of but one thing which might possibly help my husband. If I could only reach Richmond and see President Davis, he might hold a hostage for his life or procure a stay of sentence. I started the next day, taking a soldier cousin and one of my sisters with me. The weather was bitter cold and the roads very bad. We used my father's horses till we reached Mr. De Vault's house, on the Watauga River; but here they had to be sent back, as there was no way to cross them over. We stayed there that night, and it was so cold the next morning that when I wet my hair to brush it the water froze on my head. After breakfast Mr. De Vault said he thought by using great care we could cross the river, as the ice had broken up and was floating in large blocks; but he said he would not allow me to risk it if my errand was not so urgent. He took a negro man and helped me over. I thanked him heartily; and wrapping up well, we tramped across the wide field. They would allow only one of us to cross at a time, and three men were put in the boat with poles to ward off the ice; for if it struck us, it would surely upset our craft. The river was very swift, and we ran with the current, landing far below our starting point. The water tossed the boat like a leaf, and the drifting blocks of ice threatened instant destruction. The men warded it off as well as they could, but sometimes our escape was so narrow that I almost felt the icy waters would close over my head.



MRS. MOSES STRONG ROYCE.

When we reached the Holston, it presented another problem in the way of crossing. The bridge had been burned by the soldiers, and the only way left was to climb over the blackened timbers which had fallen and lay helter-skelter in the water. The train was somewhere on the other side; and if we could only cross, most of our troubles would be over. There were plenty of soldiers about and a dozen or more men besides who were searching for the body of a man that had lately been drowned in crossing. His poor father had just arrived to press the search, and he looked so heart-broken that we felt great sympathy for him.

We stood for a while watching some soldiers who were making their perilous way across the timber, and then decided to make the venture. I started on alone, but a soldier came to my side and said: "Allow me to go with you. I will give you what help I can; it is too dangerous for soldiers, let alone women." I gratefully accepted his help, for I was afraid I couldn't get over unaided. We went on slowly together, sometimes climbing over, sometimes under the great, blackened, jagged timbers through which the rushing water boiled and tumbled, covering them in places with an icy spray. Once or twice I slipped, and would have gone under but for the soldier's helping hand. Near the center where the current was the strongest some of the beams had been washed away, and a plank had been thrown across, while below it the water ran as swift as at a mill race. As I went slowly over, holding his hand, he said: "I expect that poor fellow they are hunting is right under us now." It was not a cheering remark at such a critical time.

[When I reached this same place on my return home, I found the broken timbers had been removed and another railroad bridge was in process of construction. It was forty feet high where it spanned the river, and was only partially timbered, with a single foot plank running through the center for the use of the workmen. A number of soldiers and others wanted to cross at the same time as ourselves; so while we were passing over the workmen steadied the frail structure with ropes from each side, about twenty men on a side pulling against each other. We went at a snail's pace, and I dared not look at the dashing water so far below. Just as we were starting one poor soldier who had tried to pass came crawling back along the plank and said: "Don't go on there, ladies; you can't stand it." When we heard a gust of wind coming, we would stop and brace ourselves for the shock, as our frail support rocked back and forth.]

After crossing we held to the course indicated and pushed ahead. The frozen ground had completely thawed, and I have never seen such mud as we had to tramp through. My sister and I had no overshoes and wore congress gaiters with thin soles. Heavy shoes were not made for women in those days.

When we at last reached the top of the hill, we soon arrived at a train waiting. We got rid of as much mud as we could and then climbed aboard. Such a train! Such grimy dirty, ill-kept cars as these were! They had been overloaded

so often that they were bent through the center like an old-fashioned farm wagon bed. But we were not at all fastidious. I had now been a week on the road, and had gone forty miles! We traveled at a very moderate rate of speed until we reached Bristol. Then we were obliged to wait till one o'clock in the night for a train to Richmond.

When we at last arrived in Richmond, the goal of all my hopes, we had to walk to a hotel, as there were no conveyances. We soon learned that Gen. John Morgan was expected the next day, and there was much anxiety to see him. It was after his escape from Camp Chase Prison.

The city was so crowded that I feared we could not find room anywhere, but at last secured accommodations at the Spottswood Hotel. There were no elevators then, and I dreaded to climb so high as the fifth story; but we had no choice. We were made very comfortable, and as soon as possible I made my wishes known to the President and asked when I could see him.

Very soon I had a number of calls from some of the leading officers, who told me that it would be impossible to see the President until after General Morgan's reception the next day. They complimented me on the courage I had shown, and promised to do anything they possibly could to assist me. In fact, I had so many callers and had to go down the many flights of stairs so often that by night I was almost dead with fatigue and felt that I would not go down again even to see the President!

The next day, as we could do nothing else, we went with the crowd to the City Hall to see Morgan and hear him speak. The streets were covered with a wet, dirty snow which soon turned to slush under the feet of the throng of people who were pouring into the hall. The ladies were shown into a large room. I should say a large proportion of the feminine population of Richmond was present.

After a while a man appeared at the door and said: "Have patience, ladies; the General will be here directly." We had grown restless, when the same smiling man came to the door and said: "Just be quiet, ladies; General Morgan is coming right away." Soon we heard that General Morgan was gone. He had spoken in another place. We determined to go to the hotel and see him. Through slush and snow we waded, with our voluminous crinoline tilting up before and behind us as we crowded together, giving fleeting glimpses of muddy congress gaiters and white stockings. When we reached Morgan's hotel, we took it by storm, and the astonished men who were gathered in the lobby were brushed to one side. We asked no questions; we could trust no man again. One unfortunate was caught ascending the stairs as he went up. He flattened himself against the wall and looked as humble and apologetic as possible!

When we reached the upper corridor, we began to cry: "General Morgan! General Morgan! Where is Morgan? Morgan! Morgan!" At the first call a door opened a little way down and a man's head appeared. It was instantly withdrawn, but too late to save him. We were upon him with the quickness of a cat after a mouse, and the room was filled instantly. Five or six big, fat men were in there who had been refreshing themselves after the fatigue of Morgan's reception, and their dismay at our sudden invasion was laughable. "I assure you, ladies, that General Morgan is not here. His room is farther down the corridor. He will be happy to see you," said one as they huddled together against the wall, pushed there by the stern, unsmiling crowd of offended women. We got out of their room, and then another door opened farther on, and General Morgan appeared with his wife by his side, and both stood smiling and pleased to receive us. The angry buzzing of the crowd changed instantly to a satisfied hum, and we began to pass in line before them, each one receiving a handclasp and a word of greeting from them both.

How well I remember the erect, soldierly figure in his handsome gray uniform, looking every inch a gentleman as well as a soldier, with his clear, piercing eye, his pleasant smile, the warm grasp of his hand, and a resolute look of courage, dash, and determination which I find it hard to put into words. He gave me the impression of one to whom fear was unknown and who could be trusted to act with promptness and wisdom in any emergency. He had just passed through the terrible ordeal of a Yankee prison, and the graceful wife by his side looked very happy. How little I thought as I took his hand that in less than nine months he was to be murdered within a few miles of my father's home, my birthplace! As long as a son or a daughter of the South remains his memory will be loved and honored, and his brave deeds will live forever in the pages of history. God's peace be with him, for he was a noble gentleman!

The next day we went by appointment to see President Davis, for I was tormented with the urgency of my errand, and grudged every moment that I was compelled to lose. It was bitterly cold again and the ground white. At the Capitol we found everything under strict military guard, and the most zealous scrutiny was made of all strangers who came; for every one was under suspicion, as the President's life was always in great danger. We were admitted into a large anteroom in which were his military staff, and they seemed very cold and formal. I saw President Davis for only a few moments; but I obtained the promise of help for which I had traveled so far and suffered so much, and he assured me that everything possible would be done at once.

The President was dressed in a gray suit, and was tall and thin, with the grave ascetic face which his pictures always gave him. He looked pale, careworn, and not very strong. I presume he must have had at that time some presentiment of the coming end of the struggle which we could not have, for at that time we never doubted that we would win.

I had now done all it was possible for a woman to accomplish, and my husband's fate must be left in the hands of high officials; so after trying to shop in stores which were almost empty and filling as well as I could the many commissions with which I had been charged, we turned our faces homeward, to brave the trials and hardships of the journey.

J. J. Bolton writes from Demopolis, Ala., of his collection of war relics, among which are several that he would like to return to their original owners if they can be found. A sword that was left with a young lady near Demopolis by a Missouri captain can be obtained by the owner by giving his name and address and name of the young lady. The letters "C. S. A." are engraved on the blade and hand guard. He would also like to return a set of draughtsman's instruments, a candlestick, and an account book belonging to Theophilus Williams, Lafayette County, Mo., which was left by R. O. Blakey, a Missouri soldier, who died at ——, as did also G. W. Bratton. Mr. Bolton has too a time book belonging to General Green's brigade, and some of the names in it are G. W. Bolton, J. W. Roby, George Parker, Ed Watts, W. Willing, R. T. Hudson, R. Stewart, W. Odell, J. W. Walker, J. W. Martin.

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR 1908.

Receipts.

Amount on hand at last report, $6,009.86.

From Mrs. Olivia M. Champion, Director A. C. M. A., for Mississippi, $142.09.

From Westmoreland Camp, No. 980, U. C. V., $10.

From Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director A. C. M. A., for South Carolina, $12.50. Contributed by Michael Brice Chapter, No. 1029, U. D. C., $2; Chester Chapter, No. 232, U. D. C., $5; St. George Chapter, No. 1035, U. D. C., $2; R. A. Waller Chapter, No. 687, U. D. C., $3.50.

From Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, President General U. D. C., $5.

From Arlington Memorial Day Committee of 1908, $23.15.

From Mrs. Robert Bradley, Director A. C. M. A., for New Mexico, $20. Contributed by Joe Wheeler Chapter, No. 966, U. D. C.

From Magruder Camp, No. 1209, U. C. V., $4.

From Urquhart-Gillette Camp, No. 1611, U. C. V., $22.90.

From Georgia Division, U. D. C., $100.

From Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director A. C. M. A., for Virginia, $140. Contributed by Amelia Chapter, No. 504, U. D. C., $104; Appomattox Chapter, No. 11, U. D. C., $6; W. R. Terry Chapter, No. 580, U. D. C., $30.

From United Daughters of the Confederacy, $300.

From Mrs. Clementine Boles, Director A. C. M. A., for Arkansas, $23. Contributed by Mildred Lee Chapter, No. 98, U. D. C., $15; F. C. Hindman Chapter, No. 408, U. D. C., $5; John B. Gordon Chapter, No. 964, U. D. C., $1; F. P. Batson Chapter, No. 221, U. D. C., $1; W. S. Sloan Chapter, No. 871, U. D. C., $1.

From Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director A. C. M. A., for South Carolina, $31.60. Contributed by Cheraw Chapter, No. 84, U. D. C., $5; Mary Ann Bull Chapter, No. 61, U. D. C., $5; Williamsburg Chapter, No. 1065, U. D. C., $10; William Wallace Chapter, No. 660, U. D. C., $6.60; Winnie Davis Chapter, No. 286, U. D. C., $5.

From Indian River Camp, No. 47, U. C. V., $10.

From Philadelphia Chapter, No. 972, U. D. C., $100.

From Barnesville Chapter, No. 49, U. D. C., $1.

From Mrs. Clementine Boles, Director A. C. M. A., for Arkansas, $6. Contributed by J. M. Keller Chapter, No. 574, U. D. C., $5; Cordelia Moore Chapter, No. 977, U. D. C., $1.

From Georgia Division, U. D. C. (Savannah Chapter, No. 2), $6.

From Mrs. Florence D. Johnston, Director A. C. M. A., for California, $28.75. Contributed by James Longstreet Chapter, No. 915, U. D. C., $5; members of Joseph L. Brent Chapter, No. 1087, U. D. C., $23.75.

From Mrs. John W. Tench, Director A. C. M. A., for Florida, $67.57.

From Mrs. Georgia C. Young, Director A. C. M. A., for Montana, $11. Contributed by George L. Ramsay, $5; Massena Bullard, $3; Mrs. Herman Gans, $1; name not given, $2.

From Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director A. C. M. A., for South Carolina, $75. Contributed by John C. Calhoun Chapter, No. 445, U. D. C., $50; Moffatt-Grier Chapter, No. 610, U. D. C., $5; Stephen D. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., $5; John Hames Chapter, No. 493, U. D. C., $3; Edward Croft Chapter, No. 144, U. D. C., $2.

From Margaret Davis Hayes Chapter, U. D. C., $6.

From Mildred Lee Chapter, No. 967, U. D. C., $10.

From General Loring Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, No. 4, Florida Division, $3.

From Arlington Memorial Day Committee of 1908, $102.80.

Total on hand, $7,261.22. None expended.

WALLACE STREATER, *Treasurer.*

MORE ABOUT C. S. A. BREECH-LOADING CANNON.

In a letter to Capt. Theo F. Allen, Cincinnati, J. W. Minnich, Grand Isle, La., writes: "I saw one gun (I cannot state just where it was) which was a breechloader all right. It was a small affair on wheels which a strong man could 'tote.' The barrel was not more than four feet in length. The bore was about three-quarters of an inch, possibly one inch. The cartridges were dumped or placed in a boxlike receptacle attached to the breech and in which was an arrangement operated by a crank whereby the cartridges were fed into the gun with an automatic shell ejector. The parties having it in charge stated that it would throw three hundred shots a minute. The man operating the crank also sighted the gun through a quarter-inch slit in a shield about eighteen inches square fitted to the gun to protect the manipulator. Owing to some part of the running gear being out of commission, the gun was awaiting transportation to the gun hospital. Its effective range was stated to be twelve hundred yards. I have never seen any other like it, and was told that it was the only one of its kind in existence, then simply a sample."

Captain Allen (439 Race Street, Cincinnati) writes in regard to it: "If other ex-Confederates know anything regarding breech-loading cannon used during the Civil War, I would be pleased to hear from them."

SITE OF FORT PILLOW IN MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

[The Bolivar (Tenn.) Bulletin.]

Thirty acres of land in one huge mass caved into the Mississippi River at the site of old Fort Pillow, about fifty miles north of Memphis. Without the slightest warning of the impending catastrophe the big section of earth toppled into the sluggish current. The rending and groaning as the landslide took place was heard for miles, and caused consternation among the negroes of the vicinity.

The bluff where the slide took place is nearly two hundred feet high. The river has been extremely low, and the current, taking a new direction, had evidently cut far back under the bank, and the slide resulted. By the time the enormous mass of earth had reached the surface of the river in its fall it was moving with considerable velocity. The result was to send a great tidal wave sweeping across the river.

On the opposite shore is Butler, Ark., and along the banks were moored a number of house boats. The towering wall of water picked these up as if they were feathers and tossed them topsy-turvy into the willows that lined the bank. The willows were of a dense growth, and largely broke the force of the big wave. The water, however, spread over the lowlands, inundating acres of cotton fields.

As the water receded the house boats were left high and dry on the bank. Some are still in the willows, their owners finding it impossible to get them back into the river until a way is chopped. On the land that disappeared into the river were a number of old cannon that have remained at Fort Pillow, and no trace of them has yet been discovered.

THE LEES-M'RAE INSTITUTE, PLUMTREE, N. C.

BY THE DAUGHTER OF A C. S. A. CAPTAIN.

The Lees-McRae Institute, a Christian industrial school for the boys of our Southern mountains, was started as a primary school in 1903 without capital and with one lady and one student teacher. By it a veritable wilderness has been converted into a clean, thrifty, and Christian neighborhood.

The first year a dormitory was erected, the money having been given by three friends, two of whom live at Plumtree and the other residing elsewhere, who gave one thousand dollars toward it. The next year an academy building, which includes an auditorium, an excellently fitted laboratory, and three class rooms, was added, and the year following still another building at Plumtree and two primary school buildings in the adjacent country. Last May a farm containing four hundred acres was purchased, and there twelve boys have lived, helping to supply the school table and at the same time plodding along nobly with their education.

In September a large number came into the school, and worked that month with such earnestness and zest that this bade fair to be the brightest year of the five. And although the dormitory, which housed about forty people, burned to the ground at the end of that first month, the academic department has not suffered, and the students are still doing splendid work. These boys accepted the great loss of the dormitory building in a calm and beautiful manner, and instead of discouragement each is enthusiastic and is doing his part in the way of rebuilding.

This peculiar little mountain school was at first made up of small children, then of larger-sized girls and boys, and now entirely of boys. There is a sister school at Banner Elk for girls in domestic training and general culture.

The boys at Plumtree are under military discipline at all times. In the afternoons, instead of athletics, all are engaged in industrial work. The standard of academic instruction is perhaps higher than can be found in remote regions.

The outcome of this test of the native capacity of the people who live in our mountains is beginning to be seen in some of the students who are found in government positions, in electrical work, as lumber inspectors, and gospel workers. The moral training goes along side by side with the mental and physical, and no boy without the right material in him cares to remain in this school. This training has truly meant the redemption of the village. To it the people owe their inspiration and happiness.

The present plan is to have a much larger school for older boys only, those who will reach out to the needy people of the mountains and teach them the lessons they have learned, and to this end every effort is being made to rebuild and enlarge the capacity. There is no lack of students; they are anxiously waiting to come. There is a lack of facilities. A boy's education for one year is possible with fifty-six dollars, while $2,000 will build and furnish a home for forty boys.

Plumtree is in Mitchell County and Banner Elk in Watauga, both adjoining Carter County, Tenn., noted as the northeastern county; hence the saying, "From Carter to Shelby."

THE COLUMBIA POST, G. A. R., ISSUES "IN MEMORIAM" TO GEN. S. D. LEE.—The G. A. R. Post, Chicago, in an extended tribute to the memory of Gen. S. D. Lee, states: "W little warning our Southern sister commonwealth, Mississippi, recently sustained the loss of her highly appreciated son the courageous, courtly, cultured Gen. Stephen D. Lee. On several occasions General Lee complimented this Post by paying us a visit as a representative of Confederate Veterans, and what a sweet fraternizing spirit he exhibited! Tributes to him have come to us through a quondam comrade who served with him on the Vicksburg Commission flattering in the extreme. Most harmoniously he worked with the Northern Commissioners. With deepest regret we abide by the decree that removed him. To-night we officially, as a Grand Army organization, tender his comfortless family—a member of which lives here—a generous measure of our sorrow over his loss to dear ones left behind."

CONVENTION KENTUCKY DIVISION, U. D. C.

On October 13 delegates from all parts of the State assembled in historic Bardstown for the twelfth annual State Convention. Reports from the many Chapters evidenced the increasing interest and desire to perpetuate the memories of our Southern heroes.

The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, of Louisville, sent the largest delegation. It represented five hundred and fifty members. The Richard Hawes Chapter, of Paris, had the honor of furnishing the State President, Mrs. W. G. Talbot, a daughter of the famous old county of Bourbon. Her address was replete with just and beautiful tributes to the Southland and its heroes. She ruled with becoming grace, and was highly complimented upon the fairness of her decisions.

Bardstown is a beautiful though small place and the third oldest in the State. Its educational advantages are superior and its historical record is cherished by every patriotic Kentuckian. The people are hospitable and generous, and were unstinted in their efforts to make the visit of the Daughters most enjoyable. The hand of welcome was extended many miles from this town by a committee of ladies who met the incoming Daughters and assigned each to a home.

Bardstown was the home of some of Kentucky's most famous lawyers, jurists, and statesmen, among whom might be mentioned Hon. Benjamin Hardin, Judge John Rowan, Hon. Felix Grundy, Charles A. Wickliff, Col. William N. Beckham, Gov. Charles R. Morehead, Gov. William Johnson, Gov. William P. Duvall, Col. G. W. Connor, and is the birthplace of Gov. T. C. W. Beckham. It was also the home of the inventor of steamboats, John Fitch, who lived and died in Bardstown. His remains now repose in the "Old Cemetery." Louis Philippe, the exiled king of France, resided in Bardstown for more than a year, and afterwards made several valuable presents to the St. Joseph Church, which is the most historical as well as the most beautiful Catholic church in the State. Nazareth, the Catholic school taught by the Catholic sisters, and considered to afford the greatest facilities for the education of young ladies of any school of its kind in the world, is located within two miles of Bardstown.

The Convention closed after two days' sessions, and then the hostesses ordered carriages and conveyed their visiting delegates to the important points of interest. Two beautiful receptions were given, adding the old-time Southern hospitality here so cordially dispensed.

The officers for the current year are: Mrs. William G. Talbot, President; Mrs. M. B. Reynolds, Mrs. Polk Prince, and Mrs. M. D. Bond, Vice Presidents; Miss Mayme Geary, Recording Secretary; Miss Lucy Colville, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. W. H. Escott, Treasurer; Mrs. A. M. Sea, Historian; Mrs. Jennie Catherwood, Chaplain; Mrs. J. M. Arnold, Recorder of Crosses.

MONUMENT AT THOMASTON, GA.

Mrs. Julia Davis Yates, Recording Secretary of the Shannon of Upson Chapter, U. D. C., writes that the Chapter was organized in 1905 and that it has seventy-five members, the majority of whom are enthusiastic, earnest workers.

The Chapter unveiled their handsome monument April 26. It is dedicated to the Confederate soldiers of Upson County.



AT DEDICATION OF THE MONUMENT.

Mrs. Yates writes: "We have labored patiently but untiringly to this end, and without a dollar of debt we dedicated our monument. Memorial Day is always held sacred in the hearts of our members. The birthdays of Lee and Davis were fittingly observed. Crosses of honor were presented on both occasions. While our work for the past two years has been for a monument, we have contributed to various calls. We expect to use our fund on hand now for an educational purpose. We are ready at all times to do all in our power for the comfort and pleasure of the 'dear old boys in gray.'"

INQUIRY BY AND ABOUT VETERANS.

H. M. Zorn, Walnut Ridge, Ark.: "In looking over a diary I kept during the war I find that on the 29th of November, 1864, I was in the fort at Columbia, Tenn., with some Georgians. Amongst them were J. P. Thornton and Capt. A. J. West, from Stovall's Brigade. The next day we were on the march together with Hood's army to Franklin, Tenn., where the bloodiest battle of the war was fought. As we rode upon the field approaching Franklin, about 3 P.M. on November 30, the Yankee bombshells were flying thick and fast. One of them exploded over us, killing Thornton's horse, wounding me in the foot, and Captain West in the head and hand. My recollection is that Thornton was a courier and Captain West was serving on Gen. Carter L. Stevenson's staff. I would like to know if these comrades are still living; and as the CONFEDERATE VETERAN goes everywhere in the South, I know of no better way of finding out than asking through it."

RESPONSE BY COMRADE WEST.

The advanced copy of a letter you received from Comrade Zorn, of Arkansas, stirs most sacred recollections of the past.

I remember as clearly as if it had happened yesterday the events that occurred at Columbia and Franklin, Tenn., mentioned in Comrade Zorn's letter. I remember in that connection, in addition to those mentioned, that there were Lieut. Henry B. Tompkins and Maj. John P. C. Whitehead. Major Whitehead was adjutant general of Stovall's Brigade.

The J. P. Thornton mentioned was my boyhood friend in Troup County. He survived the war and lived the life of a useful citizen in LaGrange, Ga., where he died a few years ago. His daughter married Judge E. C. Kontz, of Atlanta, one of our most successful and prominent attorneys. Lieut. Henry B. Tompkins became United States Judge of the Savannah District, and afterwards moved to Atlanta and became my neighbor on Peachtree Street, where he died a few years since. Maj. John P. C. Whitehead is still living near Augusta, Ga.

Mr. Zorn's letter furnishes another evidence of the great usefulness of the VETERAN in furnishing avenues for information from one Confederate to another that cannot be obtained in any other way.

I am writing to Mr. Zorn, but cannot forego the pleasure of telling you how highly I appreciate his letter.

If Comrade Zorn were living east of the Mississippi, he would already have known of "Lieutenant West," for he has been most prominent in Confederate matters. He has served as Commander of the North Georgia Brigade and as Major General of the Georgia Division, United Confederate Veterans, and as quartermaster general and United States disbursing officer for the State of Georgia.

MOSES EZEKIEL ON A STATUE OF JACKSON.

An interesting letter comes from H. C. Ezekiel, of Cincinnati, Ohio, in reference to the work of his brother, Sir Moses Ezekiel, so well known as a sculptor of great genius. He is now at work on a statue of Gen. T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson, to be erected at Charleston, W. Va., and desires to get good photographs or other portraits of General Jackson, with data as to his uniform, accouterments, etc., that will be useful to him. Any response to this should be sent to Mr. Ezekiel at 334 Main Street, Cincinnati.

Mr. Ezekiel writes: "I was quite a boy at the time of the war, and served only in the Home Guards; but my brother Moses was a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, and graduated from there. He was in the army from the time the institute was burned by Hunter, and was in the battle of New Market, where the cadets distinguished themselves. You may possibly know of him as an American sculptor of some renown. My brother, E. M. Ezekiel, was a member of the Richmond Light Infantry Blues, one of the oldest military organizations in the United States, and served during the entire period of the war."

The author of the above illustrates a fact that should be impressed upon the readers of the VETERAN who believe in it by the statement: "I regret very much indeed that I did not know of the publication before this time, as I should have been interested in it. I should like to have sent copies to relatives. I herewith send check for $3 as subscriptions to ——."

EASTERN SHORE OF VIRGINIA CONFEDERATES.

BY T. C. KELLEY, ADJUTANT OF CAMP 651, U. C. V., HALLWOOD, VA.

[Accomac and Northampton Counties compose the Eastern Shore of Virginia. The Chesapeake Bay separates these two counties from the rest of the State. This bay is thirty miles wide and one hundred and fifty miles long. The eastern shore is a peninsula eighty miles long and ten to fifteen miles wide. During the war the Federal government had blockading vessels in all our creeks and rivers, and our only chance to reach Dixie's land was to run by these blockade boats in little canoes and skiffs; so the chances were very hazardous. Nevertheless about five hundred crossed and took part in the hard struggle. Please look on the Virginia map and see our peninsula lying between Chesapeake Bay on the west and the Atlantic Ocean on the east.]

I am a Confederate veteran who served through the war, from April, 1861, to April, 1865, ending service at Appomattox. My company surrendered fourteen men under the second sergeant, J. W. Ryland, all commissioned officers having been killed, wounded, or captured. I walked from Appomattox to Richmond and then to Mathews County. There I took passage in a yawl sixteen feet long and crossed the Chesapeake Bay to my father's, in Accomac, the extreme eastern county of Virginia, eight miles from the Maryland line. I arrived at home on May 8, 1865, having been absent four years and sixteen days. I had received two wounds. One bullet entered my breast just above the heart and was taken out from under the shoulder blade. Three months after that I received the second bullet. It struck just under the heart and passed out through the lower part of the shoulder blade, which paralyzed the left shoulder and arm down to the elbow, and it has ever remained so.

In 1885 the veterans of the Eastern Shore of Virginia organized the Harmanson-West Camp No. 651, U. C. V. The membership was three hundred and twenty-seven. They and friends went to work to raise money and erect a monument to the memory of their fallen comrades. After eight years of hard work and much discouragement, on November 1, 1896, the Camp assembled at the town of Parksley, on the New York, Philadelphia, and Norfolk Railroad, and in the presence of thousands of people Miss West, a sister of Lieut. Otho K. West, one for whom the Camp is named, unveiled a beautiful monument of Vermont gray granite thirty feet from base to top of Confederate soldier at parade rest.

Dr. Frank Fletcher was elected Commander in 1885 (he has been reëlected at every election since), John H. Wise, J. W. Broughton, and A. J. Lilliston Lieutenant Commanders, and G. G. Savage Adjutant.

After the completion of the monument, the Camp declined in interest and ceased to meet for business.

In 1903 Commander Fletcher appointed the writer Adjutant of the Camp. Since that time I have worked hard to revive it and get it into working order again. The Camp had never joined the U. C. V. nor the Grand Camp of Virginia. I could not get any meeting of the Camp; but I paid dues in the Grand Camp of Virginia and a charter fee; also secured a charter for the Camp in the State Division, U. C. V., and a charter in the U. C. V. from Adjutant General W. E. Mickle. I have continued to pay dues and represent the Camp at Division Reunions and national Reunions. I have had a good time all to myself representing the Camp at the various Reunions. Birmingham capped the climax of all the Reunions I have ever attended. I had the good fortune to [illegible] car with Mrs. J. Griff Edwards and her Confederate Choir. They gave us a delightful entertainment all the way to Birmingham and back to Portsmouth, Va. God bless them!

On March 28, 1907, I called a meeting of the Camp at Onley, and invited all the sons of veterans and daughters of veterans to meet with us. Many did so, and we organized a Camp of U. S. C. V. and a Chapter of U. D. C. Mrs. George W. Nelms, of Newport News, came over and organized the Accomac Camp, U. S. C. V., and the Jefferson Davis Chapter, U. D. C. This Chapter is progressing finely, and I am proud of it. The Accomac Camp is not making much progress. On April 8, 1908, I called a meeting of the Camp of Veterans at Cape Charles, where thirty-seven veterans answered the roll, and we transacted much business. We organized by reëlecting Dr. Frank Fletcher Commander, Teackle T. Wescott, H. H. Wilkins, and P. O. Twyford Lieutenant Commanders, and T. C. Kelley Adjutant.

The Camp decided to hold annual Reunions, the first Reunion to be at Parksley on October 1, 1908. Dr. Frank Fletcher's wife called for all eligible daughters of Confederate veterans to meet at Jenkins Bridge, in Upper Accomac, on May 25, 1908, to organize a U. D. C. Chapter. Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, of Norfolk, Va., came over, organized it, and named it the Dixie Chapter. This is a live organization. In August we advertised and talked up the proposed Reunion, and the Commander and his comrades were gratified and delighted to see so large an assemblage. From three thousand to five thousand people had assembled about the Confederate monument. At 11:30 o'clock the Portsmouth express train arrived with Mrs. J. Griff Edwards and her Confederate Choir on board. The Convention was called to order by Dr. Fletcher, and the invocation was delivered by the Chaplain, Rev. John W. Hundley. Then there was music by the Confederate Choir, led by Mrs. Edwards, and by the Firemen's Band. The address of welcome on behalf of the town of Parksley was by Rev. Mr. Clayton. Rev. Mr. Taylor, an old veteran, delivered an address in reply to the address of welcome, followed by "Dixie," led by Mrs. Edwards.

Judge Mann, of Nottoway, Va., delivered the oration of the day. He told how his comrades fought, suffered, and died for Dixie's land. After this there was music by the Confederate Choir, and Mrs. Edwards and her Choir sang "Dixie" with their souls in it, and as they finished the Rebel yell broke out.

Mrs. C. R. Waters recited very beautifully a poem "Faithful unto Death," written especially for this Reunion by Rev. Dr. Bowen and dedicated to those slain in battle from the Eastern Shore of Virginia. Capt. A. S. Marye, a veteran of Richmond, Va., delivered a short address on "The War as It Was," in which he received the close attention of the audience. At 8 P.M. there was a musical "Extravaganza" in Hopkins Hall given by the Confederate Choir. I could not describe this grand entertainment. Those glorious old songs of Dixie's land carried the old veterans off their base, as those daughters of Dixie put their souls into those old war songs.

This Reunion has awakened anew the old boys who wore the gray. One hundred and five old veterans belong to the Camp. We have lost by death two hundred and twenty-one. Most of those living were at the Reunion. A few were too feeble to attend. Of these, I mention Col. Winchester Hall, who commanded the 26th Louisiana Regiment, and is ninety years old.

The VETERAN is my Confederate Bible, and I wish your subscription list may grow to hundreds of thousands.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT PARKSLEY, VA.

Inscriptions on monument are as follows:

North side: "1861-1865. They died for the principles upon which all true republics are founded."

South side: "At the call of patriotism and duty they encountered the perils of the field, and were faithful even unto death."

On the east side, under a copper plate showing the Virginia coat of arms, is the following: "Erected by Harmanson-West Camp, Confederate Veterans, in memory of their dead comrades from Accomac and Northampton Counties, Va."



THE PARKSLEY CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

On the west side is a copper plate showing the Confederate battle flag and the inscription under it: "They fought for conscience' sake and died for right."

HOW GEN. A. S. JOHNSTON DIED.

[John P. Broome, in Arkansas Gazette.]

I am the only living man who saw Albert Sidney Johnston die. On Saturday, the day preceding the battle, I was detached from my company of the Georgia Hussars and made courier to General Johnston. About noon on Sunday, the day of the battle, I was riding with General Johnston, Dr. Yandell, and Governor Harris, of Tennessee, when we came upon a group of wounded Federal prisoners. General Johnston ordered Dr. Yandell to look after them; but Dr. Yandell objected, stating that he should stay with the General, when General Johnston replied: "These men are suffering. I command you to stay here and attend to them." So the Doctor stayed with the wounded prisoners.

About two hours after that, when we had been fighting all the time and the bullets were thick, General Johnston turned to Governor Harris and said: "General Hurlburt is mighty stubborn." Then he rode around in front of the brigade, and when only about one hundred and fifty steps from the Illinois men under Hurlburt he took off his hat—a soft black hat with the sweeping plume in it. He was the handsomest man that ever wore uniform. While the bullets flew thick about him he smiled quietly and spoke to his men. "Boys," he said, "General Hurlburt seems to be mighty stubborn. We'll have to see what we can do with the bayonet. I don't tell you to go, but I ask you to come with me." And he went thirty or forty paces ahead of his men.

Nothing could have withstood that charge. Hurlburt's Brigade was broken into tatters. But those Illinois troops were good soldiers, and they gathered in little groups as they ran and loaded and fired while running. It was a shot from one of these groups that hit General Johnston. The first I knew that he was hit was when Governor Harris remarked that General Johnston was wounded, and General Johnston replied: "Yes, fatally, I believe."

Under Governor Harris's directions I lifted General Johnston from his horse and laid him upon the ground. But he never said another word, dying two minutes afterwards. When Dr. Yandell came, he broke down and cried. If the Doctor had been where he should, instead of with those Federal prisoners, General Johnston would never have died. Dr. Yandell said the wound was not necessarily fatal.

I stayed with the body until Governor Harris sent me to the rear with a message to General Beauregard, who succeeded to the command.

THE TRUE STORY OF A SOUTHERN BOY.

BY WILLIE HAYWODE JENNINGS—THIRTEEN YEARS OLD.

My uncle, Clarence Malone, was attending the University of Mississippi when war was declared between the States. He wrote home that he was going to war with the "University Grays," but grandfather told him to come home and go with the "Columbus Riflemen." He did this, and I expect there were many sad hearts when he left. As he was a private, he could not take his servant, Matt; so he arranged with the captain that Matt should go and wait on them both.

The company was ordered to Bowling Green, Ky., where, in throwing up breastworks, he found after digging sixteen feet down some seashells and sharks' teeth. He filled a bag with these things and sent them home to his mother. I have them now. In his first battle he was captured and sent to Camp Douglas, near Chicago. To amuse himself, he cut the buttons from his coat and carved them into rings and crosses. One of the rings has a rose on it; another a heart and star made out of a silver dime. He carved them with a penknife.

After staying at Camp Douglas a year, these Southern boys were exchanged for some Northern prisoners. They were put on a flatboat and sent down the Mississippi River in the hot sun. When grandfather met them in Memphis, the skin was peeling off of their hands, necks, and faces.

After resting a while at home, Clarence joined Company C, of the 10th Tennessee Regiment. They were such good fighters that they were called the "Bloody Tenth." They did not have to fight all of the time, however, for in his letters he would tell of the girls he met and of the parties he went to.

In the battle of Chickamauga he was kneeling by his captain's side when a shell came by and took the captain's head off of his shoulders. Now there was no one to lead them; Clarence waved his sword and cried: "Follow me!" As he was first lieutenant, he was made captain, and he certainly

did lead his men bravely. He went in with a full company and came out with six men. Judging from his picture, he was very handsome, and caused many heartaches among the ladies.

But this is enough, as we know the South was overpowered with numbers; so let us say with Father Ryan in his poem, "The Conquered Banner:"

"Furl that Banner, softly, slowly!
Treat it gently—it is holy,
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not—unfold it never;
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are fled!"

ARKANSAS DIVISION, U. C. V.

Capt. J. F. Smith, of Little Rock, is the new Major General commanding the Arkansas Division, U. C. V. He was elected at the annual State Convention in Little Rock to succeed Ex-Senator James H. Berry, who commanded the Division for two years. Captain Smith is just sixty-five years of age. He enlisted in the Arkansas State troops in June, 1861, and was in the battle of Oak Hill. Soon thereafter the State troops were disbanded, and he reënlisted at Fayetteville in October, 1861. After the battle of Elkhorn, in March, 1862, he went with his command east of the Mississippi River under General Price. He was in the battle of Corinth and other severe battles, such as Iuka, Grand Gulf, and Baker's Creek, and was under fire many times in smaller skirmishes. He was in the siege of Vicksburg and surrendered July 4, 1863. He came back across the Mississippi River, and in September, 1863, organized a company in Washington and Madison Counties and became its captain, and served in that capacity until the troops finally surrendered.

The new Division Commander has been twice married, the second marriage being with Mrs. C. A. Forney, an active worker in the Confederate cause. She was the first President of the Arkansas Division, U. D. C.

The Convention was called to order by General Berry. The opening prayer was by Rt. Rev. J. M. Lucey, of Pine Bluff, Chaplain of the Division. The address of welcome was delivered by Chief Justice J. M. Hill and the response was by General Berry. The memorial address was delivered by Rev. T. E. Sharp, D.D., pastor of the First Methodist Church, South.

The memorial address of Dr. Sharp was not only cheered to the echo, but the veterans passed a resolution requesting the minister to prepare the address for publication. He recounted the many hardships of the Confederate soldier and paid him a high eulogy as a soldier of honor and heroism. Dr. Sharp discoursed upon the immortality of the soul, and said the man who gave his life for principle would be rewarded in the hereafter if he should not be rewarded here.

The Convention adopted a resolution providing for the appointment of a general committee to help in raising funds for the memorial to the women of the Confederacy. The resolution favored that Arkansas should promptly and generously act to secure this memorial to the women who were "an inspiration to the brave, a spur to the laggard, and a whip of scorn to the unfaithful. The committee to be appointed by General Smith is authorized to represent the Confederate veterans before the Arkansas Legislature and ask for such assistance as may show the State's appreciation of the "godlike heroism of the women of Arkansas."

Brigade Commanders were chosen as follows: J. R. Johnson, Hickory Plains, First; Dr. W. A. Brown, Monticello, Second; Col. W. W. Folsom, Arkadelphia, Third; W. P. George, Berryville, Fourth.

CAPT. THOMAS L. MASSENBURG.

BY CAPT. R. E. PARK (STATE TREASURER), FORMERLY OF MACON, GA.

Thomas Lowry Massenburg was the eldest son of William Massenburg and his wife, Ann Wythe Lowry, and was born in Elizabeth City County, Va., February 9, 1836. He was educated at Carey's Academy, Hampton, Va., and soon after finishing there entered the Pharmaceutical College in Philadelphia, where he graduated with distinction in 1857. Immediately upon his graduation he went to Savannah, Ga., to accept a position as pharmacist in probably the largest drug store in the South. He was married in St. John's Episcopal Church, Savannah, to Miss Rosalie E. Stiles, on April 17, 1860. Eleven children were born of this union, five of whom survive—namely, Mrs. Capt. E. V. White, of Portsmouth, Va., Charles Rebel, Miss Rosa, Lloyd, and Frank Johnson, of Massenburg.

Captain Massenburg moved in 1861 to Macon, Ga., where he joined his father, who moved to Macon from Hampton, Va., about the same time, and engaged in the wholesale and retail drug business. Scarcely had he become established in his new home when he gave up everything to enter the Confederate service.



CAPT. T. L. MASSENBURG.

The career of this splendid gentleman in the Confederate army was highly creditable to him, and will always be the subject of pride to his children and grandchildren. He entered the artillery service; and after many engagements where he conspicuously exhibited his superb gallantry and devotion to duty, he became the captain of his battery, and the Jackson Artillery was changed in name to "Massenburg Battery." The care and protection which he gave to his splendid command of artillerists is explained fully by the following anecdote showing his love of justice and his unwillingness to inflict disgraceful punishment upon one of his command, though a violator of one of the regulations of the army.

Beyond the members of the Massenburg Battery, it was not known that the late Captain Massenburg was once reprimanded, and that by the colonel of his regiment, during the war. The incident can now be told, and it illustrates the kind feelings the old soldier entertained for his "boys," as he called the members of his company.

While in camp in Tennessee a member of his company was found guilty of violating one of the regulations of the army. The sentence of the court-martial, which followed, was that the man should be strung up by the thumbs for a considerable length of time. This was the punishment sometimes inflicted,

and it had been seen by the captain, who received his orders from headquarters to have this sentence on one of his men carried out. Several days passed and the sentence was not carried out as ordered. The failure becoming known to his superior officers, an orderly was sent to the battery directing Captain Massenburg to "report at the big tent." Dressed in his full suit of gray, the tall and straight captain reported and stood erect before the commanding officer.

"Captain, did you receive orders to punish Private Blank, of your company?"

"I did, sir," with the proper salute.

"Then, sir, you must do your duty."

Without a word, but with the proper salute, the captain about-faced and returned to his battery.

One, two, three days passed and the sentence was still not carried out, and again came the orderly for the captain to report at regimental headquarters. Again the captain donned his uniform and stood before the colonel as erect as before.

"Have my orders been carried out, Captain Massenburg, to have Private Blank punished according to the sentence of the court-martial?" asked the commander.

"They have not, sir," with the salute.

"Why not, sir?" thundered the officer in tones that boded no good to the captain, but did not frighten him.

"Because I shall not submit for one of my men to be punished in that cruel manner," and again the respectful salute.

Instantly the captain was ordered to give up his sword and consider himself under arrest. He was given a tent near headquarters. Late in the afternoon an aid was sent to Captain Massenburg to ask if he was ready to obey orders.

"Not that order," said the captain. His release soon followed, the commanding officer being convinced that Captain Massenburg would not string one of his men up by the thumbs.

The captain and his commanding officer did not speak until after the battle that occurred sometime afterwards. It was the colonel who spoke first, and it was to congratulate the captain upon his splendid display of courage. Before the close of the war they were fast friends.

This incident will be remembered by the few of the old battery who are here to bow their heads over the grave of that glorious old soldier, their old captain.

Publication of the death of Captain Massenburg, while not wholly unexpected by his anxious friends and admirers at home, caused a shock in Macon and throughout Georgia and to friends elsewhere. There was an expression of genuine, unfeigned sorrow from all classes of people. It had been known for some time that this gallant soldier and courteous gentleman was in declining health; but when, after long absence, he appeared at his office in the City Hall (having been for years Clerk of the City Council of Macon, Ga.) and his cheerful salutation was heard by his numerous friends who called to greet him, the hope came that he would be himself again; but a few days thereafter he remained at home, believing that the inevitable was near, and finally the stroke of paralysis which resulted in his death came.



AT CAPTAIN MASSENBURG'S GRAVE

Few men in Macon or in Georgia commanded the love and respect of his fellow-men to a greater degree than did Capt. T. L. Massenburg. He was my long personal, devoted friend, and I loved him as a brother. During the thirty-five years of my residence in Macon I knew him intimately, and it was our delight to meet and talk over the heroic days of the Confederate war and the dreadful days of reconstruction. Through it all he was the patriot, the soldier, and the officer *sans peur et sans reproche*. His manly bearing and gallant conduct on all occasions were consistent with his heroism as a soldier. In Chickamauga Park there is a graven stone which marks his name and the spot where Massenburg's Battery of Artillery stayed the fearful onslaught of the enemy during the great battle at that place.

The living members of his command bear eloquent testimony to the fact that no braver man, no truer hero, no more loving or devoted commander ever drew a sword in defense of his country.

After the war, when he became a private citizen, those qualities that made him a prince among soldiers made him a prince among men. He was the soul of honor; he was a thorough gentleman in its fullest, truest sense.

In 1900 he was elected Clerk of the City Council of Macon, which position he continually held with satisfaction.

Sacred be the memory of my beloved friend.

In the "War Records" there is frequent mention of Captain Massenburg. In a report by Brig. Gen. R. L. Gibson while operating on the eastern shore of Mobile Bay mention is made of Captain Massenburg with other commanders "for skill and courage, rendering valuable service not only on land but against the fleet."

AT MURFREESBORO JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE.

[The following reminiscence was written some years ago for a Nashville paper by Charles E. Robert, now deceased.]

I wish I were able to faithfully picture the scenes I witnessed at Murfreesboro on that most eventful Christmas day, 1862, just preceding the bloody battle of Stone's River.

The armies of the Union and the armies of the ill-starred Confederacy lay like crouching tigers, expectant of a battle—the one intrenched at Nashville, the other camped on the open plains of Rutherford.

The Federal general, Rosecrans, ordered a forward movement, and with drums beating and bands playing and the bugles sounding the inspiring call "to saddle" under the starry banner of our now united and happy country seventy thousand soldiers of the Federal Union took up the line of march along the turnpike that led out south from Nashville. This was the pageant that those on the "successful side" saw that day. Let us look at the other.

On Christmas eve the officers of the 1st Louisiana Confederate Regulars and the officers of Hanson's famous 2d Ken-

tucky Confederate Regiment gave a ball at the courthouse in Murfreesboro, which proved a magnificent affair. The beauty and the fashion of Middle Tennessee and many distinguished Confederate officers were present. The decorations were handsome. How well I remember them, although but a tiny lad, doing service in General Bragg's escort, under Col. Hypolite Oladowski, the chief of ordnance! Among the decorations on the walls I noticed four large "B's" constructed of cedar and evergreens—Beauregard, Bragg, Buckner, and Breckinridge. Over the windows were the names Pensacola, Donelson, Shiloh, Santa Rosa, and Hartsville, all enwreathed in cedar, these names representing victories the 1st Louisiana and 2d Kentucky had gained. Conspicuous in the hall were numerous captured United States flags, with the union down, the starry field reversed—trophies belonging to Gen. John H. Morgan, and furnished for the occasion by his newly made bride, the beautiful Miss Mattie Ready. General Morgan's wedding had occurred the month previous, and even during his honeymoon he had fought and won the battle of Hartsville, and brought back as trophies the regimental banners of the 104th Illinois and the 106th and 108th Ohio Infantry. It was therefore a most joyous occasion, and the grim soldiers laid aside their bloody occupations for the smiles and favors of the fairest of the Southern beauties. Chivalry was there, and the sounds of revelry by night seemed to reproduce the dawn of the fateful day that hung over "Belgium's capital."

In what strong contrast there comes the announcement of five military executions the next day—one by hanging and the rest by shooting! The first was a spy, a traitor, and a thief named Gray. The crime charged to the other four was desertion. Never will I forget the horrible execution of a young Kentucky soldier, a member of Captain Page's company, of the 2d Kentucky Regiment, whose officers the night before had given the ball in the Murfreesboro courthouse. His home was in Barren County, Ky., near Glasgow, and his family were noted for their wealth, culture, and high social standing. His mother, a widow in affluent circumstances, doted on this boy with all the inexpressible love and tenderness that fills a true mother's heart, and he was the idol of her life. During the famous raid made by General Bragg's army into Kentucky the young man, on furlough, went to his home and remained with his mother several weeks. When Bragg returned from that section, he rejoined his command, and was accounted by all his comrades a brave and dutiful soldier. Shortly after the Confederate army reached Murfreesboro he received intelligence that the enraged Federals had set fire to his mother's house, destroyed her beautiful homestead, and turned her out upon the cold charities of a pitiless world. He at once went to the colonel of his regiment and requested leave of absence to go to his mother and have her comfortably placed, promising to return in thirty days and rejoin his comrades. It being on the eve of battle, his colonel refused to recommend his application. Next he went to the brigade commander, then to the division general, and finally to General Bragg himself. His efforts were fruitless. Turning from General Bragg with flushed face and hot rebellion in his heart, he exclaimed through clinched teeth: "I will go, General Bragg, if you have me hanged for it."

This act of mutiny and insubordination greatly enraged the sternest disciplinarian of the Confederacy; and turning the guard, General Bragg at once ordered the young man's arrest and had him sent to the guardhouse, manacled with ball and chain. Two nights after the prisoner made his escape, and set out on foot for his Kentucky home. A squad of cavalry was sent in pursuit, and overtook him just as he had crossed the Tennessee boundary line near Scottsville. He was brought back, tried by court-martial, and condemned to be shot. Christmas day at twelve o'clock the order was carried into effect. The Kentucky brigade was marched to an open field and drawn up in line forming three sides of the hollow square. The day was dismal, and the very elements seemed to share in gloomy sympathy the sad hearts of the whole army of Confederates. As noon approached the clouds grew dark and heavy. The troops stood there in one of the heaviest rainstorms I ever remember until the prisoner was brought out into the center of the square, riding in a wagon seated on his coffin and followed by a hearse.

After bidding a few friends farewell, without kneeling or being blindfolded, the brave young fellow with firm step advanced and faced the executioners.

At twelve o'clock precisely the lieutenant's voice rang out clear and sharp with the awful command: "Ready, aim, fire!" The volley was deafening. The prisoner fell back dead, pierced by eleven balls. He had paid the penalty of military insubordination. His debt of love to his mother was washed away in the heart's blood of a hero. * * *

General Breckinridge protested against the execution, and the whole army was in a mutinous state, the Tennesseeans swearing vengeance if one of the 24th Tennessee was executed, and the Alabamians claimed exemption for one of their number. Bragg in despair, unable to quell the storm he had raised, applied to President Davis. By what means Mr. Davis did this is not known; but the Kentuckian and the Alabamian were executed, the Tennessee soldier was pardoned. General Bragg afterwards most rigidly enforced the death penalty against deserters; but never in the history of the Army of Tennessee was there a sadder scene than the death of young Lewis at Murfreesboro on Christmas day in 1862.

Military Carnival at Louisville, Ky.—Mrs. Thomas J. Morrison, Chairman, 20 Rossmore, Louisville, Ky.: "As a large advertising medium of anything you carry in stock and also to assist materially a most worthy cause, we earnestly solicit donations for our 'Country Store,' of which Mrs. Basil Duke and I have charge, at the 'Military Carnival' to be given at the Armory November 30 to December 6, 1908. All packages are to be sent to Mrs. Duke's address, 212 East Broadway, Louisville, Ky., express charges prepaid. We distribute anything from a 'paper of pins' to an 'automobile' at ten cents per chance, with no blanks. In case you have nothing to advertise, a contribution of money is always acceptable. We give you the privilege of displaying your advertisement on any article sent."

Alex VanWinkle, of Franklin, Ill., makes correction of the date of the fight at Hatchie's Bridge, saying that it was on Sunday, October 5, 1862, instead of the 4th, as given in article on page 563 of November Veteran. "I was there," he writes. "Some one has termed it 'Hell on the Hatchie.' I think it was Colonel Pugh, of the 41st Illinois, acting as rear guard to our division under Hurlbut. We were the only troops engaged on our side. Colonel Pugh, chafing under the noise of battle and not being an actual participant, it is said, exclaimed: 'They are having h— down there and the 41st can't get a smell.'"

A STUDY IN GRAY—MISS M. A. H. GAY.

BY HOWARD MERIWETHER LOVETT, ATLANTA.

A visitor to up-to-date, sky-scraper Atlanta, Ga., may search in vain for a historic atmosphere. The civic spirit holds no allegiance to a past buried beneath the embers that smoldered from Sherman's firebrands. Freshly cut stone and new paint with flaunting modernity conceal all hall marks of the typically Southern which calls for a touch of age and romance. Even a church beginning to show upon its walls the mellowing signs of time is promptly replaced by a glittering granite pile. A city with no cherishing affection for old churches seems singularly devoid of the historic instinct, and a city that goes on renewing itself in this way invites perpetual youth and crass commonplaces.

Yet there is a remnant of her historic past clinging as it were to the outspread garments of Atlanta. There may be found in a suburb of this bustling city a bit of almost unbelievable local color of ante-bellum times preserved by some strange alchemy of fate amid the rank growth of the (new) South. To gain a proper spirit and understanding for a pilgrimage to this veritable heirloom of the fallen Confederacy read "Life in Dixie During the War," by Miss Mary A. H. Gay. This modest gray-bound volume may be found at Atlanta's public Carnegie-endowed library; and read in the crisp atmosphere of this institution, the effect is like the enchantment of crystal gazing—the phraseology, the rhetoric, every manner of thought of this book belong to the days that are not. Yield to its literary influence, and the present and materiality fade, and through a mist loom the outlines of the life of another age: pictures of its people, manners, and customs are formed, delicate, quaint, and unmistakable. We behold again that land of halo and incense whose traditions are as imperishable as is the loyalty of a race. Go, while the spell is on you, to one spot of the historic old South, tarnished by no coarser touch than that of gentle Time: this is the home of Miss Mary Gay, author of "Life in Dixie During the War."

Decatur is the oldest suburban town of Atlanta. Indeed, Decatur was a town long before Atlanta was a city. During the trolley ride we pass the site of the Federal battery of war times, marked by a signboard reminding us that we traverse historic soil. Many bullets have been gathered as relics from the ground about here and extracted from oak trees. They are relics of the last struggle of the Confederacy, for in the battles around Atlanta Despair conquered Hope. When Johnston, the wary and skillful, was removed from command and Hood, the reckless fighter, put in his place, the enemy had but to accept an advantage unwittingly offered them. Only such fatalities as this and "General Starvation" combined could ever have overcome the unconquerable soldiers who wore the gray. Invincible before all but Fate, it was here the Confederacy fell.

Decatur, a town of ante-bellum prestige, has long been the home of Southern gentle folk. The imposing new courthouse, the beautiful grounds of Agnes Scott Institute, and many signs of modern improvements enhance the attractions of the old place, but do not destroy ante-bellum distinction. Old fashions and new seem amiably disposed to each other. On the day of my pilgrimage gray skies bent over the old town and a gray mist enveloped its quiet streets. My mind already attuned to the minor key of a gray and shadowy past, I felt that the scene was tinged with a fitting melancholy. Crossing the courthouse grounds, a large object shrouded in funereal canvas loomed on the sight; this is the fallen Confederate monument recently erected by the local Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, which, like the doomed cause they sought to commemorate, had only a fleeting existence; it lies in the dust, a symbolical pile of broken marble.

Not many hundred yards away is the old homestead where lives Miss Mary Gay, the author and heroine mentioned. The grayish-white old-fashioned dwelling, with its broken fences and neglected grounds, appears on the landscape like a faded etching of a once living scene, hardly real in its antique lineaments. There is something about the place that brings to mind the word "surrendered" with all its historic force. The lawn is covered with unmown grass, brown from November frosts. The few gaunt old oaks which forty years ago sheltered the camp of Garrard's Cavalry stand like tired sentinels of a fallen host. The scattered and forlorn-looking shrubbery of the nearly extinct flower garden, the ancient scuppernong arbor of "deserter's" memory, the time-blackened and untenanted servant house, the primitive well, despoiled of the "old oaken bucket"—all denote the desolation of disuse. No new hopes sprang into life on this soil trampled beneath the feet of an invading army. Reconstruction entered not these gates.

Standing on the small portico before the glass door that opens into the parlor, I gladly turn my back to the dreary outdoors; a glimpse of the interior is cheering. The open fireplace, the walls covered by pictures and bookshelves, the low-cushioned chairs, the book-strewn reading table have the attraction of the used and suggest a habitation of culture and gentle manners. The door is opened by a little old lady, the very embodiment of ante-bellum tradition. The smooth bands of gray hair, showing age without artifice, the old-time courtesy, the low, unaggressive voice, a bearing of dignity blended with graciousness—all bespeak a gentlewoman of the South. As I hold the soft hand of this old lady, whose form is bowed by the burden of eighty years, and listen to her placid tones of greeting I can hardly realize that this was a young and vigorous heroine of war times, who with great physical courage and fortitude served her people and the cause she loved. No wonder her eyes have grown dim, for she has seen the home of her youth fall into decay around her; her hopes, her loved ones lie buried; only one sister remains to keep vigil with her as she sits by the old hearthstone with memories of the sacred dead. It has been said: "The loneliness of the young is sadder than any other loneliness; it has no memories; its hopes are perilous, impatient, and untried." Hers is the less sad loneliness that has memories and resignation instead of hope. "We never shed so many tears as at the age of hope; but when we have lost hope, we look upon everything with dry eyes, and tranquillity springs from incapacity." When Fortune has done her worst, the mind may rest in tranquillity and muse on memories that return to solace.

As I looked at her who had suffered so much and lost so much and who had bowed before no conqueror save all-compelling Time there stole over me a feeling akin to reverence due heroic old age. My romantic soul delighted in the wonderful preservation of this old type of gentlewoman. Her voice had not a note suggestive of a date later than the sixties; her language, a model of pure English, seemed taken from some old classic. The soft enunciation, the perfect accuracy of expression, the power of making her dear memories live in the imagination of the listener were unique and gave pleasure to mind and ear. She related incidents of the time when Garrard's Cavalry had its headquarters in this house. The old

mahogany library table brought to mind a story. "The most valuable part of our library was destroyed, wantonly destroyed," said she without the slightest intonation of resentment. "We loved books, and it was provoking to have vandal hands desecrate them for no purpose; the leaves were torn out and scattered on the ground or used as waste paper. We picked up handfuls of the 'poets' or 'essayists' around the house. Our self-respect made us ignore as much as possible the rough, coarse soldiers; we held our heads high and appeared not to notice what pained us deeply. There were some young and delicate soldiers unused to camp life and suffering from exposure; such appealed to my mother's sympathy, for her only boy had endured such hardships, and she thought of other mothers far away. One young man seemed really ill, and it was asked that he be allowed to come in and lie by the fire, where he could be quiet. Ma put a mattress for him just there in the corner by the bookshelves, with his head almost under the table where it now stands and his feet to the fire. She made a cough sirup for him and doctored him as she would her own child. He got better and went away. We were sorry afterwards that we had neglected one thing: that was to remove the shoes concealed under the table. Shoes were very hard to get at that time; we had been so fortunate as to procure several pairs, and hid them on the crosspieces under the table top. The sides of the table hid them completely from every point of view except from the floor beneath the table. When the sick soldier disappeared, the shoes did too. He no doubt spied them from his low bed and considered them a trophy of war. Yes, my dear, it did seem ungrateful."

"We had only this room and one other," continued the passionless voice. "Federal officers occupied the rest of the house. They confiscated our larder and servants, and had their meals cooked and served in home style. Some of the officers were gentlemanlike in manner, and offered us food. We could not accept as charity what was ours by right; the food would have choked us. They had taken our bureau drawers as feed troughs for horses. We gathered scattered grains of corn around the camp and picked out the grains from the cracks of the bureau drawers to subsist upon. No other food could be had. We beat up the corn into coarse hominy and cooked it like mush."

In the writer's own family tradition, the grains of corn were parched and eaten dry. This was in the route of Sherman's march to the sea. Succulent Indian corn no doubt saved many from starvation during that dreadful period. One who knows the possibilities of Indian meal in the way of "batter bread," "hoecake," the lusty corn pone, to say nothing of hominy and "big hominy," sees not the worst hardship in such diet. But the ancestral ladies who were reduced to dry parched corn must have been sustained by much patriotism as well.

Miss Gay kindly showed me the historic bureaus, also the wardrobe upon which she stood when she so cleverly stored the overcoats of the Confederate soldiers in the ceiling of one of the rooms. I saw the very spot where the plastering was cut away to make a hiding place.

"We have no servants now," said the gentle lady apologetically. Hospitality, with other joys of life, had fled from these silent rooms. This home, once the scene of festivity and good cheer, now shelters only the quiet gray-haired sisters.

There was a slight tremor in the even voice as we paused before the parlor mantel, and she changed the subject by calling attention to the large engraving of "The Burial of Latané" and related its story.

But we returned in thought to Garrard's encampment. "One day," said she, "we knew that the Federals had heard good news for them. 'Yankee Doodle' was played to the liveliest time, and the camp seemed rejoicing at victory. We were so anxious to learn the cause. Our hearts were filled with apprehension. There was a sick soldier lying on the outskirts of the camp. We had given him some simple home remedies, and for this purpose I sometimes passed near him. Our suspense was so great that I sought to relieve it and asked in a low tone: 'What is the news of war?' He understood and replied: 'Johnston has been recalled and Hood put in command.' It was enough: no wonder our enemies rejoiced. It was here the Confederacy fell."

The tale was told, and I arose to go. Passing around the room, Miss Gay pointed out mementoes and pictures of interest. They were for the most part engravings and photographs of Southern heroes, statesmen, and authors. A section of the modest wall was dedicated to Jefferson Davis and family. On another wall there hung aloft a portrait of Queen Victoria in all her royal regalia; it was no doubt made in the sixties, judging from the style of dress. Miss Gay paused before it and said in that quiet voice: "After Jefferson Davis, I had no President; so in my heart I gave allegiance to Victoria as my sovereign. We Southerners are of pure English blood. Yes," she went on with the note of pride more perceptible as I looked inquiringly at a picture of President Roosevelt hanging beside the Queen, "I acknowledge my President now; he is of Southern blood. He is a man who is not afraid to stand by his convictions." So much for the reconstruction of the Southern woman of this type. I had seen her before; her loyalty to Southern blood is deathless.

"No President since Jefferson Davis until Roosevelt of Southern blood!" said I with a smile in which there was no derision.

"My dear," said she gently, "I try to be just. Here you see I have the portrait of Grover Cleveland (pointing to it hanging apart). Not that I felt he was my President, but he was as honest as Mr. Davis, and I honored him."

Miss Gay had promised me a picture and autograph souvenir, and she left the room a few minutes to get it. I again sat before the fire, and while waiting looked through a little volume of sketches and verses written by Miss Mary Gay years ago. It was as old-fashioned as her unreconstructed patriotism. One tender little love poem attracted my attention, and I wondered if among other buried treasures of the past there was a romance. When my hostess returned, we spoke of the book, long since out of print, and I said: "Won't you read me a selection from this book, as I may never see another copy of it?" I gave it to her opened at the poem mentioned.

"No, no, my dear, not that," said she, turning the leaves. "I will read you something else." The verses she read were so simple and unaffected, so entirely a transcript from her life's disappointments, so perfectly in keeping with her personality that it seemed a message from her very soul. The voice in its passionless, hopeless resignation was indescribably pathetic, without a quiver of emotion, but with the calm of long-spent emotion the lady read to me these lines, of which she gave me a copy:

I Am Dreaming.

I am dreaming, fondly dreaming
Of the happiness of yore,
Of the blissful, peaceful moments
Gone for evermore.
In the vanished sunny hours
I had visions bright and fair,
And I garlanded fresh flowers
For my raven, glossy hair.

I am dreaming, sadly dreaming
Of Elysian moments past,
Of the days that knew no sorrow,
Of the years that fleeted fast.
Then the future seemed before me
Like a rose-begirted path,
Down through which I longed to wander
'Mid the dreams a poet hath.

I am thinking, I am thinking
Of the changes time has wrought,
His cold touch and silent treading
And the desolation wrought.
There's an end to all my dreaming
In the ruins 'round me cast;
There's an end to hope's bright beaming
In the shadows of the past.

Many a cheerless, blighted home
In his path the War God made;
Many a noble hero fell
By the cold, relentless blade.
In my home amid the Southland
The blood-covered banner waves
O'er the greensward of a brother
And his gallant comrade's graves.

O'er hill and dale the angry Mars
With reeking sword has swept;
His darkened garments drenched in brine
By sorrowing ones oft wept.
His blighting touch and withering breath
Naught in his pathway left
But sickness, sorrow, pain, and death,
And hearts of joy bereft.

Though many long and dreary years
Have passed above my head,
My heart, like desert sands, retains
The deep marks of their tread.
There's an end to all my dreaming
In the ruins 'round me cast;
There's an end to hope's bright beaming
In the shadows of the past.

MORE ABOUT THE ANDREWS RAID.

[W. J. Knight, who was engineer for Andrews on that famous raid, has written the Veteran from Stryker, Ohio.]

As to the formation of our party at Shelbyville, in the first place there was a special meeting called by Gen. O. M. Mitchell for the commanding officers of each company (three Ohio regiments, 21st, 33d, and 2d Ohio) to discuss the feasibility of sending a squad of soldiers through the enemy's line for the purpose of destroying the bridges on the Georgia State railroad between Chattanooga, Tenn., and Atlanta, Ga. Those officers considered it practicable, and Captain Brewster, of my company (E, 21st Ohio), reported my name for the expedition.

On the 7th of April we were called out on dress parade, when the colonel asked that if there were any engineers in the regiment capable of running a locomotive they step to the front; so I stepped out, thinking I was going to get a soft snap, but it proved quite different. He told me to report to headquarters immediately after being dismissed. The captain said he would go to headquarters with me, and on the way he told me the first I knew of the expedition. He said it would be optional whether I went or not, as they could not compel me to go. When we got to headquarters, he introduced me to the colonel as being the man he had mentioned and also the one who stepped out under the call for an engineer. The colonel thought it a lucky coincidence. Andrews was there also, and I got my first introduction to him. He had his maps laid out on the colonel's table, and pointed out where we were at the time and where he wanted to go, etc., and it looked much better on paper than I found it on land. He also told me there would be others going besides myself, and that we would meet outside the picket lines south of Shelbyville and wait for further instructions. He said that I would have to take off my uniform and put on citizen's clothes; and should I be caught in the enemy's lines and they discovered who I was and in disguise, I would be treated as a spy, which would be death. He asked if I was willing to go under those conditions and take chances with himself, and I told him I was.

The colonel gave me a pass to go to town and procure my clothing, and I bought it to suit my own taste and liking. As soon as it was dark I started south to our place of meeting outside our picket lines. This is the sum and substance of our starting.

Inquiry about a Lebanon Girl.—Please inquire for me through the Veteran about the heroine of whom I write. I was a member of Company G, 2d Kentucky, Orphan Brigade. In the fall of '62 we were camped at Murfreesboro, Tenn., when General Morgan asked for two regiments of infantry to accompany his cavalry to capture Hartsville, fifty-four miles away on the Cumberland River. The 2d and 9th Kentucky were chosen. We left Murfreesboro December 5 at eleven o'clock in the morning, reaching Lebanon, Tenn., about dusk. As soon as we arrived there the ladies brought us all kinds of nice things to eat. A little girl about fifteen years old filled my haversack; and having nothing to offer her for her kindness, I asked what I might bring her, and she replied: "A live Yankee." We crossed the river and attacked the enemy at daylight Sunday, the 7th. They were altogether surprised, and our victory was complete. We captured a battery and 2,104 prisoners. This we accomplished with sixteen hundred guns. It was a straight Kentucky fight on our side. We started immediately for Murfreesboro, and by chance in Lebanon I halted in front of the home where the little girl lived who had filled my haversack and turned over to her a live Yankee and also a very fine guitar I had captured after the fight. She said she would treasure it as long as she lived. I gave her my name, but did not learn hers, nor have I ever heard anything from her since. I would very much like to hear from her or any one who knows of the circumstances. James A. McDonald, care Kansas City Oil Co., Kansas City, Mo.

REMINISCENCES OF FREDERICKSBURG.

BY DR. SAM R. BURROUGHS, BUFFALO, TEX.

About one-fourth of General Lee's army was shoeless, and had been since prior to the Sharpsburg campaign. While encamped at Culpeper C. H. and before moving into position at Fredericksburg green beef hides were issued, out of which moccasins were made. These came to us in patterns, regardless of the size of the feet they were intended to cover, with instructions to stitch them up with the hairy side in, in order that the hair might serve the function of the absent sock. However, the first few miles' march through the rain and deep mud disposed of this uncanny foot gear. Near the 1st of December, 1862, the ladies of Richmond sent Hood's Texas Brigade a box of shoes, which when prorated gave the company of which I was a member (Company G, 1st Texas Regiment) two pairs. There being eleven men in our company without shoes, the writer included, the orderly sergeant, James Kennedy, prepared as many straws, and the boys lined up and pulled. The result showed that Marshall Hamby and Tom Main were the lucky ones.

General Lee's army of about 50,000 men occupied the heights south of the city, extending from Marye's Hill on his left to the plains below Hamilton's Crossing on the Richmond and Fredericksburg railroad on his right. An old country road which led from Hamilton's Crossing in an irregular course just in the rear of the crest of this chain of hills had been made to conform to the military requirements of the position by new cuts at suggestive intervals. This line was called the military road. General Barksdale's Mississippi Brigade was deployed upon the south bank of the Rappahannock River with orders to oppose the advance of the enemy.

General Burnside's army of 112,000 men occupied Stafford Heights, a commanding position opposite the city, on the north bank of the river. General Burnside, having occupied this position since about the 20th of November, finally decided to attack General Lee in the latter's position, and to this end issued orders for the immediate construction of two bridges over which his army could be transferred to the south bank. To execute these orders, initiatory steps were taken during the night of the 10th by the engineer corps, supported by a heavy line of skirmishers and the artillery on the heights. The material out of which these bridges were to be constructed had to be conveyed to the water's edge by the workmen, and the fire from Barksdale's Mississippi Rifles was so accurate and deadly that it brought forth the assertion from a Northern newspaper correspondent that "each plank carried to the water's edge cost the government one hundred men in killed and wounded." Four distinct and determined efforts to construct the bridge in front of the city having been thwarted by these Mississippi marksmen, General Burnside turned his one hundred and forty-seven pieces of artillery upon the doomed city in order that history might not record the fact that two small Confederate regiments were sufficient opposition to prevent an army of 112,000 men crossing a river at a point of the latter's own selection. This bombardment began about ten o'clock on the morning of the 11th and continued throughout the day, and about the middle of the afternoon General Lee ordered the evacuation of the city, after which the enemy rapidly completed the construction of this bridge, the one at the mouth of Deep Run having already been completed.

About 5:30 on the morning of the 11th General Lee's signal guns gave the intelligence that the enemy was in motion [illegible], thus demonstrating that acute surveillance which ever characterized the great Southern chieftain. In the cold stillness of the hour the reports of these guns reverberated ominously over the heights bordering the valley of the historic Rappahannock, and seemed to dwell menacingly in the distance.

The writer was on guard duty when these memorable signals proclaimed the approaching bloody conflict, and in obedience to orders given when posted reported at once to his quarters to awaken his slumbering comrades. In less than thirty minutes from the last echo of the signal shots General Lee's army was in line of battle, the first formation being in the military road. Many of the men rushed half clad into line, so much so that the first line was a white instead of a gray one, the men completing their toilet in the frigid December atmosphere. In this line those treasured letters from father, mother, sister, wife, and sweetheart were slowly drawn from inside pockets, read once again, torn into small bits, and scattered upon the ground, as it were, to consecrate with home thought and heart-to-heart expression the soil which would soon drink of the noblest and most chivalrous blood of our Southland. So profuse and uniform were these tiny pieces of paper when the army advanced there was still a white line left to mark its first position.

Just before the order came to forward Maj. John R. Woodward, our former captain, called the writer to his side and drew from his military saddle pockets a pair of embossed patent leather slippers and requested that I leash them to my feet, which I did; but a few moments later, when we plunged into the dense fog and the deep wintry mud at the foot of the hill, these parlor shoes were left about six inches below the surface to await the resurrection morn, while the feet went forward with the line over an old field through which several narrow but deep ditches had been cut. These ditches could not be seen for the dense fog, and many of our comrades fell into them and had to be assisted out. At the distal side of this field the line was halted and skirmishers sent forward through the fog to a distance of one hundred yards in advance. This position was about the center of General Lee's line, and we remained here all day without firing a gun, and at night returned to our old quarters, to be called into line again at early dawn on the morning of the 12th, in which position we remained the day and night.

About ten o'clock on the morning of the 13th this fleecy covering pulled up its borders and rolled into ethereal transparency and revealed for the first time the long blue lines of General Franklin, double-columned and interspersed at strategical points with fifty-one well-supplied and manned pieces of artillery, covering General Lee's right. General Franklin at once made an assault upon our right, commanded by General Jackson, but was repulsed by the dexterous handling and accurate fire of the latter's artillery before a single infantryman had the opportunity of emptying his gun. However, about 1 or 2 P.M. General Franklin made a second attack, which, after a most persistent and bloody engagement, resulted as his first. It was during the first attack that the gallant Major Pelham covered himself with immortal glory and military distinction. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart had ordered Major Pelham to place one or two of his guns on a little elevated spot far in advance and to the left and rear of General Franklin's left; and when the latter's heavy assaulting columns moved forward, Major Pelham's fire was so rapid and destructive that it drew the concentrated fire of five batteries, which compelled him to retire. It is stated upon good authority that one of

Pelham's shells penetrated the Phillips house, General Burnside's headquarters, across the river several miles.

During all this time, beginning at 10 A.M. and closing with the darkness of night, a most desperate, ghastly, and bloody struggle was raging in front of and at the foot of Marye's Heights, resulting in the defeat of General Burnside's troops, who displayed a military obedience and intrepid gallantry worthy of a more competent commander.

Throughout the engagement Hood's Brigade occupied its original position in readiness to reënforce either right or left as might be required. About three o'clock in the afternoon we were ordered to the support of the right, but we had scarcely made a movement before the order was countermanded. Late in the evening, when the last attack was made on our left, we were quietly moved to the rear of Marye's Hill, and there held in reserve until the battle was over, when we were ordered to our original position, where we remained during the 14th and 15th awaiting another movement on the part of General Burnside, who during a rain storm on the night of the 15th retreated to the north side of the Rappahannock.

About dusky darkness on the 15th Hood's Brigade was moved to the front and ordered to advance through the darkness and keep in touch with the enemy. This we did until we reached the south bank of the river near the old Bernard house about one hour before day. As it was important that a decision be reached before daylight as to whether picket-fighting would be indulged in, our officer of the day, Capt. E. S. Jemison, hailed his corresponding opponent and informed him of the fact that it would not be the policy of General Lee unless his pickets were fired upon, and received the happy response that our pickets would not be molested.

During the 16th I spent a good part of the day walking over the grounds and inspecting the Bernard house. It was built on the style of the old English mansion, with large, roomy apartments and most handsomely furnished in all its appointments. Its library was its most beautiful and attractive feature, filled with the most artistic cases, plethoric with the costliest and most interesting volumes. At the center of the west end was suspended upon the wall a life-size portrait of Cleopatra, exhibiting the deadly asp nestling in her bosom—the work of a master's brush. This lovely specimen of art had not escaped the ruthless hand of the vandal soldier, but had received the thrust of his bayonet, which penetrated its entire framework. The cases containing the rare and costly books, which to behold would make any book lover's heart ache, had received a like treatment with the picture. Neither Cleopatra nor her companion library could fight the battles of the South, but became the victims of the "evil consequences of war." Not wishing to behold this wanton destruction longer, I passed directly into the large dining hall. This had served as a military hospital during the battle; it was a surgery, wherein the mutilated limbs and bodies had been subjected to such repair as science and art could then offer. The hands, arms, feet, and legs which required amputation had been cast out of one of the windows and constituted a conical heap whose apex found a level with the window basement. A line of white-washed negro cabins stretched from this building to a considerable distance down the river; these furnished quarters for our pickets. In one of these cabins were found several bombshells, and by some carelessness on the part of the inmates two or more of these projectiles rolled into the fire and exploded between midnight and day one morning, and by their reports both armies were brought to attention.

It was my day to cook, and I gathered up all the canteens and walked down the steep bluff to the river to fill them with water. I found my "partner in blue" engaged in the same duty on the opposite bank. He at once inquired if I had any "old Virginia twist," to which inquiry I responded in the affirmative, propounding a counter inquiry relative to his supply of parched, ground, and sweetened coffee, a compound which at that date commanded a high premium in the Southern army. My "partner" announced that he had an abundant supply of that commodity in store, and would be glad to enter into foreign negotiations for a mutual exchange. This I very readily agreed to, and he informed me that if I would meet him alone the next morning at eight o'clock he would ship me a full cargo, accompanied with proper clearance papers. As it was contraband to have any communication between the opposite pickets, each agreed to secure the services of one of his comrades who would stand watch on the upper banks for the coming of the two "officers of the day." The Southern watch would whistle "Dixie," while the Northern watch would whistle "Yankee Doodle."

Each party to the contract appeared promptly on time the next morning and, having posted his watch, descended to the water's edge. My "partner" had his boat all ready, bringing it under cover of his overcoat. This craft consisted of a piece of plank twelve inches wide, one inch thick, and about four feet in length drawn skillfully into a bow at one extremity, while the other was rounded into a beautifully shaped stern to which was securely adjusted a proportionate rudder. About midway between stern and bow stood a mast, rising to a perpendicular of about thirty inches. A strong cord was drawn tightly from the center of the stern over the top of this mast and secured to the bow. The sail when leaving a Northern port was made of a copy of the last issue of the New York Tribune; when leaving a Southern port it consisted of a copy of the last issue of the Richmond Dispatch. This vessel made several trial trips empty before we could properly adjust the rudder for the force of the current. However, the required angle was soon discovered, and our heavy-laden vessel was safely landed in port. The coffee was stitched up in little quarter-pound sacks, six of which were a load for our one-masted boat. When the boat was ready for a voyage, a bill of lading, together with clearance papers, was securely fastened to the mast. When arriving at a Southern port, the cargo of coffee was promptly checked out and a cargo of tobacco was checked aboard, and the vessel cleared for a Northern port. I have one of these bills of lading now; and as near as I can decipher the signature, which was made with a lead pencil, it was prepared and signed by J. J. Jacobs, 124th New York Volunteers. If I am correct in the name given and Mr. Jacobs is still living and these lines should reach his eye, I desire to say a letter from him would be much appreciated.

In sending a good list of subscribers secured at the Confederate Reunion at Mangum, Okla., September 25-26, Dr. A. C. Bennett, of Vinson, praises the hospitality of the people of Mangum, who were so royal in their treatment of the visitors, and adds: "If we would all work at our meetings a few hours, we would soon have the whole South reading the VETERAN. * * * I wish every one of the old Confederates could have it. I am the man who tried to get you to subscribe for the VETERAN at Richmond last year. My best wishes for you and the best journal in the world."

BATTLE AT NIGHT BY LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

An article in the Banner, Dwight, Ill., by a Federal states:

"The forces of Hooker and Longstreet had been opposed to each other since the beginning of the war in Virginia. Now both generals had been sent west to try their strength against each other on a new field. The valley between Lookout and Raccoon Mountains was held by Longstreet. It was through the northern edge of this valley, skirting the Tennessee, that Hooker was obliged to pass.

"Hooker and the 11th Corps went into camp a mile below Brown's Ferry in the evening of October 27. Three miles in his rear, at Wauhatchie, was camped Brig. Gen. John W. Geary, of Pennsylvania, with a division of the 12th Corps. The soldiers slept in line of battle, ready for an attack. It was not likely that they would be permitted to raise the siege of Chattanooga unmolested. They were not disappointed in their expectations of a fight. Hooker's march along the river road to Brown's Ferry was made in plain view of the Confederate troops occupying Lookout Valley and the mountain slope.

"Midnight came with the moon shining brightly over both armies. The first hour of October 28 struck. With it came a burst of artillery and musketry that sounded in the ears of the sleeping soldiery like an earthquake. All sprang to their feet instantly. Geary's Division back at the ferry had been attacked on three sides by Longstreet's troops. The attack was a very heavy one. Gen. O. O. Howard was the commander of the 11th Corps. Hooker had general command of the 11th and 12th Corps. Howard was no sooner awakened by the noise of battle than a messenger came to him from Hooker saying: 'Hurry, or you cannot save Geary.' Schurz's and Steinwehr's Divisions were quickly started toward the sound of firing. General Howard himself with two companies of cavalry hastened in advance of the infantry.

"A little after three o'clock Howard reached Geary. He found that Geary had already done his work bravely and well. Longstreet's men had been driven back. Our readers have met with the poem called the 'Charge of the Mule Brigade.' It was during this night battle that the incident which originated the poem occurred. During the noise and the flash of artillery and musketry in the darkness the mules belonging to Geary's Division suddenly became frantic with terror and made a stampede. By the hundreds they broke loose and galloped directly into the midst of the Confederate ranks. In the darkness it was easily mistaken for a charge of cavalry.

"General Geary had won the fight at this end of the line. But it was at a cost which to him could never be made good. For in that night battle his gallant young son, Lieut. Edward R. Geary, was killed. General Howard found Geary thus sore stricken in the very moment of victory. This battle in the darkness lasted three hours. Geary held the Union right. Hooker's army was encamped to face Lookout Mountain.

"While Geary was fighting on the right Longstreet made an attack on the left near Howard's headquarters. He hoped thus to engage the left and prevent assistance from being given to Geary. He sent the attacking column around almost to the rear of Howard's camp and ordered them to capture a hill there. They had ascended the hill and were intrenching themselves as best they might in the dark before they were discovered.

"As soon as their presence was known Col. Orland Smith was ordered to charge the hill with his brigade and carry it. This he did gallantly. His men charged up the steep, rocky hillside and drove the Confederates from the top at the point of the bayonet. Longstreet was thus repulsed on the right and on the left. He fell back from Lookout Valley, which thence on remained clear of Confederates. After the night battle in Lookout Valley, Longstreet was sent against Burnside at Knoxville. This experienced and brave Confederate general thus opened the fighting at Chattanooga, but took no further part in it.

"In the night battle of October 28 the Union army lost four hundred and twenty men and the Confederates still more. After this battle there was no more interruption in the forwarding of supplies to the army at Chattanooga."

[This account is not given with full indorsement, yet it is as fair as may be expected from "the other side." It is natural that each honestly saw the things favorable to his own side in the struggle and that his view strengthens with the years.—Editor Veteran.]

HEROINE ALICE WRIGHT-CLINTON.

BY I. F. PENDLETON, ADJT. COM. A. S. JOHNSTON CAMP, 644.

Another war heroine on page 500 of the October Veteran, giving an account of the flag presentation by Miss Alice Wright, interests me. I had the honor of being one of those present. It took place in front of an old theater building in St. Joseph, Mo. There were two companies present, one commanded by Captain Carson, from Easton, Mo., and one from DeKalb, commanded by Capt. George Buck.



MRS. ALICE WRIGHT-CLINTON.

The lady was a very pretty girl, and I can see her now as she made her address to the two companies.

I would not be without the Veteran for any consideration. You will hear from me again, I hope, with a club. I have reorganized the Camp, and have about thirty members.

Miss Alice Wright presented the first Confederate flag in Missouri. The presentation took place in front of the old theater building. It stood on a high eminence in St. Joseph,

Mo. The staff officers were at her side and the command below playing "Dixie." It was the most glorious moment of her life. She had to flee in a short time disguised, accompanied by her little four-year-old nephew, J. H. Wright, who now lives in Mansfield, Tex., and Charles Slaybock, of St. Louis, a younger brother of Gen. Lon Slaybock.

Being a guest at Mr. Asbury's, near Plattsburg, the Federals passed, entered the house, and searched for Miss Wright. Being hid in an old lumber room, she escaped detection. She followed in the rear of the army, and went to Liberty, Mo., the guest of General Doniphan. Her brother, Dr. Wright, came and escorted her to Jackson County to her sister, Mrs. Jeanes. She was then banished by order of General Stein, commander at Fort Leavenworth, Kans.

We were camped near Agency Ford, Buchanan County, Mo., and had gone to St. Joseph and captured a Federal recruiting officer. We remained some time in St. Joseph, but returned to camp the same evening. It was soon after the Camp Jackson affair. I had forgotten all about the affair until I read the Strother paper.

BRAVE, NOBLE BOB ALLISON—HIS FLAG.

BY E. M. GARDNER, NASHVILLE, TENN.

During the recent U. C. V. Reunion in Nashville I was on a Glendale car when I engaged in conversation with an old veteran who said he belonged to the 20th Tennessee Regiment. I told him I was a soldier too, but from Mississippi.

"O, Mississippi," he said, "the noblest soldiers that ever lived. I remember them well. The 15th Mississippi was captured at Fishing Creek, and while the Yankees held them our colonel said: 'Boys, we can get them back.' He had us charge on his own orders, and we released them. I met a member of the 15th Mississippi at a Reunion not long ago. He was all shaky with the palsy, hobbling along with a stick. When I said to him, 'I was one of the 20th Tennessee,' he became excited and cried out: 'They are the best fighters in the world.' I said: 'No; they are a lot of cowards.' Before I could think he had lammed me over the head with his stick. That unexpected deed showed what the 15th Mississippi thought of the 20th Tennessee that rescued them at Fishing Creek."

He again said: "Do you know any Allisons in Nashville?" I told him I did. "Bob Allison," he said, "was from Nashville. He was in the old 20th Tennessee. A better boy never lived. He never grumbled. If he had enough to eat, it was all right; if he didn't have a bite, it was all right. Whenever he was off duty, he had a book or paper reading. I have seen him carrying three or four guns at a time when some of the other boys were broken down. If I should have said, 'Bob, I am sick,' he would have answered: 'All right, Jim, I will go in your place.' When a squad of the boys were up on the mountain doing picket duty, he'd say: 'I'll make them a pot of coffee and carry it up to them.' That's the kind of a boy Bob Allison was. One time I came home with the measles. I met a small man and he asked me about Bob and said: 'Tell Bob his mother and I miss him badly, but we know he will do his duty. He is our only child.'"

Here the old soldier looked serious. "I wish I could forget about Bob," he said. "I am too old to cry, but I can never tell about Bob without tears coming to my eyes. I often think about it when I wake in the night. I would give a hundred dollars if I could forget it. No, I have no hundred dollars to give; I have no money at all; but I would give anything I could to forget about Bob Allison."

"It was at Jonesboro," he continued. "We were going forward in line of battle and Bob was carrying the flag, when he was shot through the body, and as he went down he took the old flag and pulled it around him, saying: 'Jim, let it be my winding sheet.' I said: 'All right, Bob; you may have it.' Just then Colonel Smith said: 'Bring the flag along, Jim Bennett!' I said, 'Colonel, Bob wants it for his winding sheet;' but the Colonel commanded, 'Bring it along!' and I had to pull it loose from Bob's dying hands. I can never forget how he looked as I left him. I wish I could. I wish I could." And the old fellow cried as if it had happened yesterday. Before I left the car he said: "Next day we came back, and Bob was dead. We buried him. You know how we had to bury them in a trench. The colonel explained afterwards that it wouldn't do to let the flag go down in a fight; but it was mighty hard to refuse Bob Allison's request."

[This Colonel Smith referred to was afterwards Brig. Gen. Thomas Benton Smith, and was captured in the battle of Nashville. After he had surrendered, a vicious, cowardly Federal cut him across the head with a saber. The lick was so severe as to injure his skull, and he has for many years been an inmate of the Middle Tennessee Aslyum for the Insane.]

GENS. KIRBY SMITH AND BUSHROD JOHNSON.

Maj. W. A. Obenchain, of Bowling Green, Ky., kindly criticises a statement in the VETERAN concerning Sam Davis's teachers while at the Tennessee Military Academy, and in response to a request as to the connection of Gens. E. Kirby Smith and Bushrod R. Johnson with the school he writes:

"In answer to yours of the 12th inst., Gen. E. Kirby Smith was a graduate of West Point and an officer in the United States army up to April 6, 1861, when he resigned. In 1868 he established a military school in New Castle, Ky., known as the Western Military Academy, and offered me the position of professor of mathematics and commandant of cadets, which I accepted. In the early part of 1870 the academy buildings at New Castle were destroyed by fire. Afterwards, in 1870, he and Gen. Bushrod Johnson, under agreement with the trustees of the University of Nashville, took charge of that institution, General Smith as Chancellor of the University, and General Johnson as Principal of the College of Liberal Arts and Science, or Academic Department, but an equal partner in the profits of the school. Both of them taught classes.

"I went to Nashville with General Smith, and held in the university the chair of modern languages and the position of commandant of cadets until 1873, when I resigned on account of my health and went to Texas.

"The establishment of Vanderbilt University seriously affected the attendance of the University of Nashville, and in 1875 that institution was turned over to the trustees of the Peabody Normal Institute. General Smith went to the University of the South, at Sewanee, as professor of mathematics, and held that chair until his death, March 28, 1893.

"According to Appleton's 'Universal Cyclopedia and Atlas,' Gen. Bushrod R. Johnson graduated at West Point in 1840 and served as an officer in the United States army until 1847, when he resigned. At the outbreak of the War between the States he was a professor in the Western Military Institute of Kentucky, at Georgetown. What he did after leaving the University of Nashville I do not know; but he died in Brighton, Ill., May 24, 1894.

"I might add that of the original faculty of the University of Nashville under Generals Smith and Johnson Mr. S. M. D. Clark, of the Montgomery Bell Academy, in Nashville, and myself are the only members now living."

LIFE DOWN SOUTH.

Ain't you ever waked up early from a night of blessed sleep
An' watched de light grow in de sky as day begins to peep,
Wid de grass all strung wid diamonds fit to decorate a king,
An' hear de catbird far away his hymn of glory sing?
Den you ain't never lived!

Did you ever go out fishin' when de's work you oughter do
An' lazy up an' down de creek de sleepy hours frough,
Or sit out on a log jest where de trailin' grapevines sway
An' watch de cork bob up an' down while little minnies play?
Den you ain't begun to live!

Did you never heah de mockin' bird a-singin' to hisse'f
Kinder low out in de moonlight, like he's tryin' to hole his bref,
While you sit out on de gallery in de soft an' mellow light
An' de breezes whisper in yo' ear de secrets of de night?
Den—Lord, wha' have yo' been?

—Louise R. Chidester, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

ATLANTA WANTS A GRAND MONUMENT.

"Georgia's Duty to Her Confederates."

[At the August (1908) meeting of Atlanta Camp No. 159, United Confederate Veterans, a committee was appointed to formulate a suggestion looking to a proper recognition of the patriotic services of the Georgians who represented their State in the great war of 1861-65 and to submit the suggestion to the people of Georgia for their consideration, and at the September meeting of the Camp the committee made the following report, which was enthusiastically indorsed:]

Comrades: Monuments and memorials have been erected all over our land, in the South as well as throughout the North, commemorative of the services of the men who answered the call of the North for the subjugation of the South. National parks and cemeteries have been established and are being lavishly cared for at Arlington, Sharpsburg, Vicksburg, Andersonville, Chickamauga, Murfreesboro, and many other places. Nearly all of the Northern States have erected massive monuments to their volunteers, and nearly every Union general of any note has been so honored either by his State or the general government. Many memorials have been built in honor of the men who fought the battles of the North. The ingenuity of the architect and skill of the sculptor have been taxed to furnish designs and models for these tributes to patriotism and valor, and vast sums of money have been expended in erecting these testimonials.

The visitor who rides along the driveways of these national parks finds at every turn, on every side, tall shafts on piles of marble and granite, placed there by the States of the North. The volunteers from Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Ohio, Massachusetts, New York, Wisconsin, Iowa, New Jersey, Delaware, Connecticut, Nebraska, Indiana, New Hampshire, Illinois, Maine, Vermont, Minnesota, California, Michigan, and Kansas have all been remembered and honored in their respective States and wherever these national parks have been established.

In comparison the soldiers of the South who fought her battles and defended their homes and their States seem strangely neglected. Here and there may be found local recognition of the men who served the South. The patriotic women of our State have built many beautiful memorials in honor of those who went out from their home counties. They are local tributes appropriate and beautiful, reflecting great credit upon the devoted ladies who have caused them to be erected. They are the tender tributes of our mothers, our wives, our children.

The State has not aided these good women. With them the work has been a labor of love and in many cases of self-sacrifice. These local monuments do not, however, represent any recognition by the State of her soldiers.

The State did erect a fine monument at Chickamauga and assisted in paying for the magnificent statue of Gen. John B. Gordon, and in a small way contributed to the building of the monument in Marietta Cemetery. The Chickamauga monument cost $25,000. The State gave $15,000 to the Gordon statue and a small amount to the Marietta monument. The first mentioned was erected in honor of the Georgia troops who took part in that battle.

With these exceptions, Georgia has done nothing on this line. True, Georgia has been liberal beyond any other State in granting pensions to the disabled and indigent soldiers within her borders and to the widows of those who have passed away.

Why should not Georgia do something in honor of all those who went forth at the call of the State and represented Georgia on a hundred battlefields?

It would be out of the question to erect appropriate statues or monuments to each of her fifty or more generals who rendered distinguished services, quite a number of whom were killed in battle. It would be impossible to appropriately recognize by separate monuments all who gave their lives for the State or have passed away since the war. Georgia, however, can and ought to follow the patriotic example of the other States and erect one grand, imposing testimonial to all her heroic soldiers and sailors. Let it be a monument in honor of Gens. James Longstreet, William J. Hardee, Lafayette McLaws, John B. Gordon, William H. T. Walker, Joseph Wheeler, Pierce Young, Alex R. Lawton, Howell Cobb, Ambrose R. Wright, Hugh W. Mercer, George T. (Tige) Anderson, Henry L. Benning, Francis S. Bartow, Tom Cobb, George Doles, Ed Willis, Victor J. B. Geraidy, Paul J. Semmes, Robert Toombs, Philip Cook, C. C. Crews, E. P. Alexander, Edward L. Thomas, Bryan M. Thomas, Alfred H. Colquitt, Claudius C. Wilson, Alfred Cumming, Peyton Colquitt, George P. Harrison, W. T. Wofford, Robert Henderson, William M. Phillips, J. P. Simms, Peter McGlashan, J. Gib Wright, Henry R. Jackson, John K. Jackson, C. A. Evans, Marcellus Douglas, L. J. Gartrell, John T. Mercer, Bill DeLoney, Jeff Lamar, Robert Smith, Dudley M. DuBose, Kent McCoy, Josiah Tattnall, J. McIntosh Kell, James D. Bullock, Eneas Armstrong, Dick Armstrong, George Borchart, Wilbur Hall, and the one hundred thousand heroes who fought and served under this long list of illustrious leaders.

Let us take the Davis monument, Richmond, Va., as a design. Erect a towering granite monument on the capitol grounds. Place at the corners bronze figures life-size, representing respectively the infantryman, the artilleryman, the cavalryman, and the sailor. On the top place in pure marble the figure of a Southern woman holding in her outstretched hand a laurel wreath as if crowning the heroes below. Around the base of this main shaft build a massive granite wall, or arcade with heavy columns, with broad panels on each face. Place in the panels bronze tablets in bas-relief, upon which may be inscribed the brigade organization something after this style:

Anderson's Brigade,
Hood's Division, Longstreet's Corps,
Army of Northern Virginia.

Devote one panel for the names of Georgians who were officers in the Confederate navy. On the center column of this arcade inscribe all the names of the corps commanders and the major generals, with the brigade organizations arranged to the right and left on other columns. Appropriate inscriptions should be placed on each side of the main shaft.

Georgia could easily erect this monument by appropriating annually for four years, say, $25,000. It might cost more than this sum. It could be constructed for that amount and made perfectly beautiful. If $100,000 were appropriated, it would be less than $1 for each man who answered the call to defend the honor of the State and who fought in defense of its homes and firesides. Besides being a recognition of their self-sacrificing devotion to duty, it would also in a small degree honor the glorious women of Georgia, who deserve more than the men who fought her battles.

Capt. W. H. Harrison, of the committee, read the appeal to the Convention, and it was adopted with much enthusiasm and in a rising vote.

GORDON'S GA. BRIGADE IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

In my article on the battle of the Wilderness, page 447 of September (1908) VETERAN, I promised to give an account of the brigade on the following day, May 6.

Our division (Early's) held the extreme right of Lee's army that day, and our brigade, except our sharpshooters, was held in reserve to reëstablish the line should the enemy, with his overwhelming numbers, break it. Our sharpshooters were deployed in front of the division, and did wonderful execution all day. Our skirmishers, under command of Captain Kellar, of the 60th Georgia, were deployed in the thick woods behind trees about thirty or forty feet apart; while the enemy had five men on each post about ten or fifteen feet apart, owing to convenient trees. They held their ground until relieved late in the day to assist the brigade in its grand charge on the enemy's works. Far to the right Longstreet and A. P. Hill were having a hot time, while on our part of the line the fighting was confined to heavy demonstrations.

Late in the afternoon our brigade was ordered to the extreme left to support Smith's Virginia Brigade, holding that part of the line. We took position in the rear of the Virginians who were holding the works. To our left the land sloped to a ravine. A few moments after our arrival we saw General Gordon coming toward us from this ravine. The thick woods concealed all our movements, while the land to the enemy's right was open. For some reason they failed to put out pickets to observe our movements in that direction, and were quietly preparing their evening meal behind their excellent breastworks unconscious of the terrible assault which was soon to burst on them.

General Gordon had shown General Early his opportunity and afterwards General Ewell, who commanded the corps. Finally General Lee came and examined the ground with Gordon. As soon as General Lee rode away orders came to move to the left flank as quietly as practicable. When we reached the ravine, we marched up the bottom of it and formed the brigade in line. The skirmishers were formed a few feet in our front and ordered to move up the hill at "double-quick," while the main line was to move forward at "quick time." All orders were given in a whisper. All this took but a few minutes. The skirmish line went up the steep hill on a run, and the sharp report of their unerring rifles apprised the enemy that we were on their flank and rear. Our orders were not to fire until we had passed over our skirmishers; but our men, seeing their great advantage, could not be restrained, and opened with a terrible volley. The skirmishers fell down on their faces to protect themselves from the fire of their own men until they came up and then joined in the charge.

As it happened, the 31st Georgia, which held the right of the brigade, struck the breastworks of the enemy, so that one or two companies on the right were in front of the enemy's works. The other regiments of the brigade swung far around to the left and to the rear of the enemy's breastworks almost without opposition.

As soon as the Yankees recovered somewhat from their fright they began to shoot down their line of works, supposing that the main body of our men were in that direction. Most of my company, finding the fire of the enemy too hot on the right side of the works, crossed over and joined in the advance with the main body of the regiment; but it was even a worse place. It seemed that nothing alive could remain there a minute. Several of my comrades were killed around me by a hurricane of balls. The regiment now bore to the left as they advanced in the dark woods and suffered very little from the fire of the enemy, who lost our direction. I got back on the right of the works, and was reloading my gun when Col. C. A. Evans told me that those were our own men in front, and he ordered me to advance on that side of the works. Being alone, I hardly knew what to do; but, remembering a soldier's duty, I obeyed orders.

I went quite a distance through the thick woods without seeing any one. At length I found a young man on the picket line firing at the works in front. I spoke to him and asked him to what command he belonged. He replied: "Hays's Louisiana Brigade." I told him not to shoot in that direction, as our men were there. He replied with a good deal of emphasis: "They're Yankees." I told him I was going over there, when he said that if I could go he could too, and we went together. Arriving at the breastworks, we found a multitude of men in great confusion, with no order and no one in command. We were soon in the motley crowd, and the balls from our line were making havoc on all sides. We then perceived that we were in the midst of the enemy, who had not observed us. I whispered to my comrade and said: "Let's run out." Inching our way through the crowd to the front, we rushed toward our men, going through the woods parallel with the works. When out of range in the darkness, we soon saw a long line of reserves ready to support our brigade awaiting orders.

It was pleasant to us to be with our own again. Learning that we had just escaped from the enemy, we were told to pass through and go to the rear. We made our way on, and soon saw a number of small fires ahead. When we reached them, we found ourselves in the little field where we first struck the enemy. Here our men had the prisoners. Among them were two generals—General Seymour, of New York, and General Shaler. I found that Lieutenant Compton, of my company, was wounded. When General Seymour got off of his fine horse, he patted him on the hip and said: "He's a fine horse, boys; take good care of him." I went to the little fire where the generals were sitting, surrounded by our men, who were very much interested in what they had to say. General Seymour was very talkative, while Shaler was extremely

moody and sullen. Our men took a great liking to Seymour, and as I approached I heard him say that the war was only a small affair any way, that we would be compelled to come back into the Union, that he was a Democrat himself, and that his uncle was Governor of New York, etc.

About this time Col. C. A. Evans came up and told me to assemble all of our brigade who were about there and take them back to the line of battle. We all rejoined our regiments, which we found facing the enemy and expecting the fight to be renewed at any moment.

How much of Grant's line we captured I cannot say, but we had driven his right wing back on his center as far as his headquarters. The next day I inspected the captured breastworks. They were made of dirt, logs, dead men, blankets, and every object that could be picked up. The dead presented a ghastly appearance with limbs extending out from among the logs and rubbish. Dead and wounded of the night before lay everywhere. In front of one of our batteries I saw two Federal soldiers whose heads were cut off by a cannon ball, and near by were two very intelligent men from New Jersey, both badly wounded. They told me where they were from, and asked me if they would be provided for. I told them that they certainly would be as soon as our litter bearers had gathered up our own wounded. I was very sorry for the poor fellows. They were soon removed.

The next morning the sharpshooters were advanced to find the enemy's position, and engaged their pickets in a sharp skirmish. The position of the brigade was shifted to another point from which we could hear our boys bantering them to come out and fight; but General Grant preferred, after the severe experience of the two days previous, to keep his men behind their works, while he brought up his reserves left on the north bank of the Rapidan.

WANTS TO LOCATE A FEDERAL COLONEL.

C. W. Stone, of Hondo, Tex., makes inquiry of a certain colonel of Federal cavalry who was captured near Cleveland, Tenn., May 9, 1864, by John Haney, of Company F, 8th Texas Cavalry, Terry's Texas Rangers. He writes: "The Rangers charged the infantry skirmish line and captured the most of them before they reached their command, which was behind a rail fence. This colonel came down the lane with his regiment in fours with drawn sabers; and when just past the fence, behind which was their infantry, they made a left turn through a gate, coming square on our left. As soon as Haney saw them he said: 'I'm going to have that colonel.' 'I'll see that you get him,' said I. So we turned and went at them as fast as we could drive. They about-faced, and were going back as fast as they could get through the gate. The colonel wheeled his horse to the side of the column and rode rapidly, Haney gaining on him, however, at every jump of his horse. When he got to the gate, the colonel could not get through because of his men crowding, and just as he had started through Haney was by his side and shot his horse dead. The horse fell just past the gatepost and on the colonel's left leg, so he could not get out. In an instant Haney was over the fence; and when the colonel saw it was a Texas Ranger, you should have heard him begging for his life. Haney would pat him on the face and tell him if he could keep his own men from riding over him he was all right. Then Haney kept shooting at his men as they ran through the gate. I stood with my pistol in my hand and never fired a shot. As soon as the men were all through we pulled the colonel from under his dead horse and lifted him back against the fence, still begging for his life, Haney telling him that he could have killed him more easily than his horse, and that he would have gone to h— in a second for the lies he had told about the Rangers killing prisoners. On that account Haney insisted on Gen. Joe Wheeler's paroling the colonel, so he could refute such stories by telling how he was treated."

Comrade Stone, who was of Company D, 8th Texas Cavalry, explains that he and Haney got far in advance of the others in their determination to capture the colonel.

YOUNG MAN'S ESTIMATE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

From Speech by Lee Meriwether at Birmingham Reunion.

Commander in Chief, Veterans, and Sons of Veterans: Forty-three years ago, almost to the month and day, a boat steamed into Hampton Roads and headed for the grim walls of Fortress Monroe. It was not a passenger boat, yet one passenger there was upon that boat whose name will long be remembered by the American people. As he stood on deck with folded arms, silently gazing at the wide moats and massive walls and steel-barred windows, which in a few moments were to shut him out for two long years from the world in which he had been so conspicuous a figure, this man uttered no word, made no sign to indicate the emotion which must have surged within him at that tragic climax to his career. His body was conquered, but the spirit, the soul of Jefferson Davis was never conquered. On that fateful day in May, 1865, when approaching his dungeon, Jefferson Davis held himself as sternly erect as in the days of his youth when he stormed the heights of Monterey or as later when armies moved at his command and a devoted nation followed his lead.

In the New York Herald of May, 1865, was a letter of a special correspondent who was on that boat in Hampton Roads and who described the scene as one of intense interest. Such a scene was beheld when Napoleon sought refuge on the Bellerophon and was carried captive to St. Helena, and in all the world a parallel to Napoleon's pathetic plight after Waterloo was not seen again until Jefferson Davis was carried that May day in 1865 to prison in Fortress Monroe. * * *

Not unlike the French emperor in this respect is the history of Jefferson Davis. The Herald correspondent who described the voyage of the boat that bore the captive President of the Confederacy to his fortress dungeon paused a moment to mention a little boy and girl—Mr. Davis's children—who were playing on the boat's decks, all unconscious of the dire catastrophe that had overwhelmed their father. "Happy children," wrote the correspondent—"happy because they are too young to know the disgrace, the ignominy that is ever to be their lot simply because their father is the arch traitor—Davis." * * *

O nameless, O obscure, O long-forgotten reporter, if still in the land of the living, you will have read of the unveiling of the Davis monument in Richmond, you will have seen there the half of a great nation rendering homage to his memory, and you will now know that what in 1865 you described as a disgrace has long since become to those children a priceless heritage. On the very day that I read that Herald letter in the Confederate Museum one hundred thousand men and women gathered together to listen, with tears in their eyes, to speeches eulogizing Jefferson Davis, one hundred thousand men and women gathered together to witness the unveiling of a superb monument to Jefferson Davis, and on the speaker's stand in front of that monument, surrounded and honored by Governors of States and Senators of the United States and by a hundred thousand American citizens, sat a daughter

of Jefferson Davis. She is a fair and gracious Southern woman, but the honors heaped upon her last June were not because of her many personal charms. No, Mrs. Hayes was honored as few queens are honored because she is the daughter of Jefferson Davis. How wasted the sympathy for the "disgrace" to those two children playing on the deck of that boat in Hampton Roads! At two o'clock of that day last June, the hour when the Davis statue was uncovered, every train on thousands of miles of railway in the South was stopped wherever the train happened to be, and remained motionless for the space of five minutes as a tribute of respect to the great man whose memory was at that moment being honored at Richmond and was sacred in the minds of millions of people.

My countrymen, a noble spirit, like a nugget of pure gold, may be covered with slander and abuse without impairing the true worth within. In the years following the war many a politician for a brief day was mistaken for a statesman; during their day they were followed by a crowd of cringing courtiers. And during their short day these shallow souls took their fling at Jefferson Davis. Their very names are forgotten, while the name of Davis is honored by ever-increasing millions of his countrymen. In a number of Southern States his birthday is a legal holiday; in all of the Southern States his memory is revered.

It has been said that much of the affection and respect bestowed upon Jefferson Davis is because he was made to suffer for the whole South.

It was my good fortune to know Mr. Davis personally. As a child I played with his children, particularly with Winnie, the "Daughter of the Confederacy," who was about my own age and my neighbor in Memphis. And a year before Mr. Davis's death I had the great pleasure and honor of visiting him for some days at his home, Beauvoir. Never shall I forget the sweetness and gentleness of Mr. Davis, nor the calm philosophy with which he bore his unparalleled misfortunes. As I saw Jefferson Davis at Beauvoir the year before he died he was a man of lofty mind and exalted character. Surrounded by his family and his books, Mr. Davis's last years were spent in dignified retirement, his philosophy a perfect shield against the slings and arrows of the malignant enemies who continued to assail him until death closed his eyes and removed him from the realm of strife and malice. * * *

FORTS PEMBERTON AND LORING.

BY W. A. GILLESPIE.

On General Pemberton's retreat from Coldwater to Greenwood, Miss., in December, 1862, my company (C), 20th Mississippi Regiment, was in that muddy, dismal retreat. At Grenada General Van Dorn gathered his cavalry and placed himself in General Grant's rear at Holly Springs, causing the Federal army to fall back to Memphis, where General Smith was organizing a fleet of transports and gunboats to get in the rear of Vicksburg by way of Yazoo Pass, Coldwater, Tallahatchie, and Yazoo Rivers. The army at Grenada had gone into winter quarters, my regiment being encamped five or six miles above the town on the south side of the Yalobusha River.

My wife was with me on Christmas day. She was a great spirit during those times in preparing materials to keep busy the good women of Greenwood who were sewing for our company. My wife traveled over the country behind runaway mules to tanyards and shoe shops to procure shoes for the boys, and either brought or sent them to us.

Capt. Ben Sturdivant had orders at that time to get up a crew for the steamboat J. M. Sharp to go down the river for supplies for our army. He said I would complete the crew, as he had engineers. Mate Brown, of the old steamboat Dew Drop, and Sid Auter were of the crew. After securing a special detail from General Pemberton, I returned to camp; and when I showed my detail to Capt. Monroe Liddell, he grew wrathy over the detailing of his orderly sergeant. I returned to Grenada and went to work that evening on board the boat Sharp. It had been stripped for burning; but we got off the next day, bound for the Tallahatchie River for a load of corn.

On our trip down the Yalobusha River to Greenwood my wife was the only cook on board, and she managed to cook meal and meat for a very hungry crew on an old box-shaped cooking stove without cooking utensils. Reaching Greenwood, we laid in a supply of necessary comforts and steamed up to Captain Sturdivant's plantation, where the Captain put his negroes and teams to loading the boat. Returning to Greenwood, we left our lady passengers (my wife and Mrs. Auter) and steamed up to Grenada, using corn for fuel when we failed to secure fence rails. After unloading, by orders from headquarters we took on board a party of civil engineers and overseers with two hundred negroes, our purpose being to have the engineers locate and fortify a position to stop General Smith with his fleet of gunboats and transports which was then entering the Yazoo Pass from the Mississippi.

We proceeded to the mouth of the Yazoo Pass, where the overseers and negroes were landed on both sides and a few miles up. The negroes had commenced felling the trees leaning into the Pass to obstruct the same and prevent the fleet from descending, when Capt. W. B. Prince, in command of the cavalry company above us, sent us word to leave at once, or we would be captured. He further suggested that by cutting down the trees we were helping the enemy more than ourselves, as the fleet had a submarine saw boat in advance which sawed the trees up and floated them to one side out of the way.

We lost no time in profiting by Captain Prince's instructions, and steamed down to the mouth of Coldwater River, where the engineers landed and examined the ground for fortifications, and pronounced it unsuitable. We then proceeded down the Tallahatchie River out of what is known as the "Wilderness" to Sharkey Landing, and there tied up for the night. Late that night, when all were asleep but the watchman, pilot, mate, and myself, I was criticised by the trio for playing such a poor game of euchre, and I confessed to them that my mind was more fixed on finding a suitable place to fortify than on the game. I then suggested to Auter, who knew the topography of the neighborhood, that Clayton Bayou would be the most suitable place in my judgment. Thereupon he awoke the engineers, and, their interest becoming aroused upon my statement of the case, they kept me up the rest of the night propounding questions and making a map of the ground. Just before daylight they ordered Captain Sturdivant to get up steam and proceed to the mouth of Clayton Bayou at once. Captain and pilot protested that it was very dark and there was no torch on board, and the engineers replied: "Then float until daylight." This we did, and on reaching Clayton Bayou that evening the engineers landed, looked over the ground, consulted maps, and then commenced to stake off the ground in a zigzag way for the breastworks, and named the place Fort Pemberton.

Dispatches were sent to Grenada that evening. Our boat was ordered up Tallahatchie River to Dr. Curtis's plantation after a load of cotton bales to be used in the breastworks, and our next load of bales came from the Purnell plantation, down the river a few miles. General Pemberton came across the country from Grenada and studied the situation, and the next morning we were ordered with another steamboat, the Ben McCulloch, to Grenada for troops. General Pemberton, that quiet, unassuming gentleman, went back with us on the boat. The army was soon transferred from Grenada by boat and across the country to Fort Pemberton. Other troops from Haynes's Landing and Snider's Bluff, on the Yazoo River above Vicksburg, were rapidly transferred to the fort by boats.

Fort Loring, named for Gen. W. W. Loring, who lost an arm in the Mexican War, was a continuation of Fort Pemberton down the Yazoo River. In a few days the historical steamship Star of the West, at which the first gun of the war was fired by order of General Beauregard at Charleston, and afterwards captured by Gen. Van Dorn on the Texas coast, was brought up the Mississippi, Yazoo, and Tallahatchie Rivers, scuttled, and sunk just above the mouth of Clayton Bayou across the channel to obstruct the passage of the enemy's fleet. This was accomplished by Lieut. A. A. Stoddard and a detail from my company. In a few days the enemy's fleet appeared and battle commenced. It was strictly an artillery engagement, and continued for several days without any casualty but the crippling of one of their gunboats and the killing of several of their crew. No loss on our side. They failed to reach either our right or left flanks with troops, owing to dense woods, cane, and overflow. They landed some light artillery at the Tindall place and came across to the Cochran plantation (now owned by the heirs of Gen. J. Z. George), but met with such a warm reception from our cannon planted along the south banks of the Tallahatchie and Yalobusha Rivers that they were more than glad to retire, realizing that our artillery outclassed theirs.

The enemy soon became discouraged by their failures and retreated the way they came, and my company comrade, Tom Chapman, was detailed to follow the enemy's fleet in his "dugout," and he saw them safely back into the Mississippi River, after which the army fell back to Vicksburg and other points, and Forts Pemberton and Loring were no more except in history.

EXPERIENCES ON JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

BY CAPT. H. W. HENRY, LAKE WIER, FLA.

In a back issue of the VETERAN a New York officer says that the Confederate prisoners of war received the same rations as were issued to the Union soldiers in garrison. I was a prisoner of war on Johnson's Island, Ohio, from the latter part of December, 1864, to late in June, 1865. If my memory after these long years is correct, rations were issued to the prisoners twice a week, and were brought in bulk to the cook house and divided among the various messes by prisoners.

The rations consisted of pickled pork, loaf bread, hominy, rice, beans, onions, and potatoes. Once a week salt, soap, vinegar, and fresh beef were supplied us. The beef was always the fore quarter and neck. It was pronounced good "old army mule" by those who had experience with that meat at Vicksburg. The bread, while good, amounted to not more than one double-thick slice a day to a man, rice, hominy, or beans to no more than a handful, and potatoes and one onion to each prisoner, and they unsound frequently.

The only things I remember as plentiful were salt and soap. Of course these did not suffice. We endeavored to devise some plan whereby out of our excess of soap the grease might not be extracted for our nutriment.

As evidences that the rations issued to us were insufficient in quantity, a committee composed of prisoners who were physicians and surgeons carefully weighed and tested the rations and reported to the commandant of the prison and also sent their report to the New York press "that the rations issued to the prisoners on Johnson's Island were not sufficient to sustain a man in good health." The publication of their report was suppressed, we understood. There was no improvement.

At every issue of rations the prisoners gathered around hungry and lean, and nothing was allowed to go to waste. Every bone and shred of meat, bean, grain of rice and hominy were carefully gathered, and the prisoners would rake the slop and garbage of the cook house and gather every scrap that showed any sign of nourishment. There was a cook house with regular cooks and all the appliances; but during the winter, when we had stoves and fires in each room, most of the prisoners prepared to cook their own rations, thus avoiding any possible waste and the payment of a small sum in stamps to the cooks for their work. The cooking was generally done in buckets or tin cans on the top of the stoves and mostly in stews, as the additional hot water increased the diminutive ration and helped to fill the "aching void." If a can was overturned from the stove and its contents spilled in the dirt, it was carefully scooped and saved. It was a regular rule to boil all the bones until not an "eye of grease" would rise on the water; and when the bones had passed through all the proper stages, they were soft enough to be chewed up and swallowed.

Rat-killings afforded some little relief to our constant hunger, though the rats, like ourselves, were of the lean order. A rat hunt was very exciting, not so much for the sport as for the game. As soon as "taps" were beat lights were put out, and every rat hole was carefully stopped up but one. Near this stood a prisoner ready to close it as soon as the game had entered. We all stood silent and motionless in various parts of the room in the dark, and as soon as the rat was in the room the hole was closed, and then began a weird dance, each one endeavoring to get the game under his heel. At the squeak of the victim the game was bagged and the hunt ended.

Of course a craving, gnawing hunger was ever present with us, and strong men became weak, nervous, and excitable. To the credit of the Confederate soldier, through all these deprivations, and in spite of the proclamation posted constantly in all the prisons offering release on parole and full rations and clothing, a very few proved unfaithful to their cause and country.

Something to eat was the subject of our thoughts by day and dreams by night. It was currently believed that a fat dog which followed one of the wagons bringing wood into the prison was enticed into the barracks, killed, and eaten. Anyhow, the dog disappeared.

Some of the prisoners cooked and ate their whole rations on the day of drawing. One of them on being asked if he did not suffer with hunger during the two or three days' interval replied that he did, and then he was asked: "Are you not hungry every day in the week?"

Capacity to eat happily, however, became limited. One morning I was invited to breakfast by some friends who had

received a box of provisions from friends in Baltimore. Of course I went with much misgiving as to how I should be able to maintain propriety at such a feast. Upon seeing a table covered with a white cloth, plates, knives and forks, beefsteak, fried ham, onions, potatoes, hominy, hot biscuit, coffee, cream, sugar, etc., I felt as if I could take it all in. To my bitter regret, I found, after a very moderate breakfast, that I could hold no more.

Of course all prisoners did not suffer in the same degree. Some were detailed in the hospital, some had friends in the North who sent them boxes of provisions when they could, and even some of the garrison officers brought in provisions to friends among the prisoners, and some who had greenbacks could have something smuggled in to them. The large majority, however, were without friends or money.

As for the assertion of the officer that the sutler shop was open and supplies could be purchased, I will say that even had this been true the sutler did not give his goods without money and a price. Again, the sutler shop was not open from the time we entered, in December, 1864, until after the surrender of the armies of the Confederacy except for the sale of stamps, stationery, and tobacco. No provisions of any kind could be bought. It was generally understood that the reduction of rations down to the starvation point and the shutting off of all access to any other source were in accordance with an order of Secretary of War Stanton (not of blessed memory) in retaliation for our treatment of Federal prisoners.

At Johnson's Island the commandant, Colonel Hill, seemed to be a fair and honorable man, and the prisoners under his charge, with the exception of scant rations, were treated fairly and were never subjected to abuse, indignity, or cruelty. I write this in the interest of truth.

AWFUL LOSSES—TRIBUTE OF GENERAL HANCOCK.

Mr. George B. Engle, Jr., who served in Company A, 5th Wisconsin Regt., writes from 142 Washington Street, Chicago:

"On the first page of your September Veteran I notice a paragraph, 'highest percentage of regimental loss,' and crediting the 1st Texas Regiment as having lost eighty-two per cent at Antietam or Sharpsburg. On the 5th of May, 1862, in the battle of Williamsburg the 5th North Carolina, according to the history of that regiment written by its adjutant, James C. MacRea, lost eighty-three per cent. The historian says they counted four hundred and fifteen as they went into action; that seventy-five answered roll call the morning after.

"Major Butterfield, who was first sergeant of Company F, of the 5th Wisconsin, said company being detailed after the repulse of the Confederates that charged Hancock's Brigade to look after the Confederate wounded and dead left on the field, counted two hundred dead and two hundred and fifteen prisoners, and made a note of it at the time in his diary. This report was made by him from his diary at a reunion of the 5th Wisconsin held at Milwaukee May 27, 1902. It is a very remarkable coincidence that his count on the field should ally with the adjutant's report of the 5th North Carolina.

"During this battle, in the charge made against the brigade of Hancock, the 24th Virginia lost a total of one hundred and eighty-nine; the 38th Virginia, 9; the 23d Virginia, 8—making a loss in the brigade, including those of the 5th North Carolina, of six hundred and twenty-one.

"As the writer remembers this charge, he heartily indorses the remark made by General Hancock after the repulse that the 5th North Carolina and the 24th Virginia should have 'immortality' inscribed upon their banners.'"

THE COFFIN OF GENERAL LEE.

"There is a singular incident in connection with the burial of Gen. R. E. Lee. He died October 12, 1870. A few days before his death the great flood of that year in the upper waters of the James River had been disastrous, Lexington was cut off from communication with the outside world, and there was not a coffin in town suitable for General Lee. In this dilemma a box was found that had floated down the swollen river and was stranded. On opening it a beautiful casket was revealed, and in this casket the body of the South's chieftain was placed in the chapel of the university."

The above appeared in the Veteran for March, 1905, page 112, and in confirmation of that report the following correspondence is given:

"Montgomery, Ala., December 27, 1907.

"*President Washington and Lee University—My Dear Sir:* I am a veteran of the cause championed and espoused by the peerless Robert E. Lee, and I am asking that you give me the facts as you know them in regard to the finding of a casket on the banks of the James River in which General Lee was buried. The statements that I have seen in regard to it seem so mythical that I wish if possible to get the facts.

"Thanking you for any information in this line, I am, very respectfully, Morgan S. Gilmer."

To this came the following response:

"Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., January 1, 1908.

"*Morgan S. Gilmer, Esq.—Dear Sir:* Your letter of December 27, inquiring about the facts connected with the casket in which Gen. Robert E. Lee was buried, was duly received, and I inclose herewith a letter from Prof. Alexander L. Nelson which will make the whole matter clear to you. Professor Nelson has been a member of the faculty of Washing- and Lee University for over fifty years. He is a man of unusually good memory and clear mind, and you may regard what he says as absolutely correct.

"Yours very truly, Joseph L. Campbell, *Sec.*"

"Lexington, Va., January 1, 1908.

"*Mr. John L. Campbell, Secretary—Dear Sir:* In response to the letter of Mr. Morgan S. Gilmer, of Montgomery, Ala., which you inclose to me and in which he inquires about the casket in which Gen. Robert E. Lee was buried, I make the following statement: During General Lee's last illness it rained heavily and incessantly for three days, and North River, which runs by Lexington, was swollen much beyond its usual high-water limits. This river, a tributary of the James River, had been improved by a system of locks and dams and was used for the transportation of freight and travel. Alexander's Warehouse, located on the bank of the river, was the depot for the town of Lexington. This warehouse was washed away by the flood, and all of the roads leading to Lexington were torn up and rendered impassable. When General Lee died, the undertaker of the town reported that he had no suitable casket on hand; that a new supply had arrived at the warehouse a few days before, but had been washed away. While our people were in this dilemma, a youth reported that he had seen one of the caskets lodged on an island a few miles below the town. It was secured and found to be suitable, and General Lee was buried in this casket under the college chapel.

"Yours truly, A. L. Nelson."

The Veteran is pleased to have such confirmation of its article of a few years ago.

CARNAGE IN FIRST MAINE HEAVY ARTILLERY.

Its Fate in Front of Petersburg, Va., June 18, 1864.

BY CAPT. G. L. KILMER, MILITARY EDITOR AMERICAN PRESS ASSN.

Utterly hopeless was the gallant charge of the 1st Maine Heavy Artillery at Petersburg June 18, 1864. The action lasted but ten minutes; the regiment went in alone, and lost more men than any other regiment in any single engagement during the war. The circumstances were peculiar. The 1st Maine belonged to Hancock's Corps, that had borne the brunt of the hard fighting of the previous six weeks in Grant's Wilderness campaign, including the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and Cold Harbor, and had lost in these conflicts over thirteen thousand killed and wounded out of a total of thirty-six thousand engaged. At Petersburg on the 16th and 17th of June the corps lost heavily, and on the 18th was ordered to push forward where the Confederates had, as it transpired, planted their "last ditch."

The point where the 1st Maine charged was a salient built by General Colquitt's troops and known as "Colquitt's salient." It was a bare ridge called Hare's Hill, and was in front of the site of the Hare house, where the Union Fort Stedman afterwards stood. Several attempts had already been made by these troops to carry the salient; but although repeated trials and failures had been noted at army headquarters, word came to Gen. Gershom Mott to try again with his 3d Division. Mott protested to his superior, General Birney, then commanding in Hancock's stead, that it was sheer murder, a repetition of the slaughter of Cold Harbor. "My orders to you are to assault," said Birney.

"I knew," said Mott afterwards, "that it was useless to expect suicide en masse from my old troops who had seen the wolf, had felt his teeth, and bore the scars. All I could hope was that a heavy artillery regiment, the 1st Maine, innocent of the danger it would incur, would lead off with a dash and carry the works with a rush."

The 1st Maine at the time of the order lay some distance back from the scene of the charge, and the men learned that they were to go in where other troops had failed. Every man on extra duty was called on to handle a musket, and the total roster, as I have it from Maj. Fred C. Low, who was a lieutenant in Company B, was eight hundred and thirty-two men. The regiment was formed in three battalions of four companies each, each battalion led by a major, and had what is called a battalion front—that is, there were three lines of two ranks each, one line leading and the others following successively, each line composed of a battalion. The 1st was in McAllister's Brigade, and several other regiments of the brigade were formed behind it in the same order. On each side of McAllister's Brigade was another brigade, formed in the same order, so that the force under Mott was three columns of a brigade each, the 1st Maine being at the head of the central column.

The key to the Confederate line lay in front of the 1st Maine, about five hundred yards distant. The intervening space was an open field, slightly rising toward the enemy The Confederate batteries on both sides of Colquitt's salient and the infantry as well could rake the ground over which the column was to charge. General McAllister was at the time temporarily commanding another brigade, and on attempting an assault with this command over the very ground where the 1st Maine was to lead his men "fell like forest leaves under a hailstorm," and he gave it up. When he learned what was on foot with his own brigade, he said: "God help them! They cannot advance on those works; they cannot live. The enfilade fire will cut them down."

In the full knowledge of all this, all excepting the fact that they were to go forward alone and that the regiments behind and on each side were not to move one foot until the forlorn hope had broken through the enemy's line, the Maine boys made ready for the terrible work. Major Low says: "When the men saw what was expected of them, knapsacks were taken off and thrown into a pile and bayonets fixed. Orders were to remove the caps from the muskets and rely entirely upon the bayonet. The men's faces had grown very serious. We knew that very many of us were to die. Men turned to their comrades bidding each other good-by, and with tears trickling down their cheeks dictated messages to wives, fathers, mothers, sisters, and sweethearts in case they should be among the slain and their comrades survive. I myself received a number of such messages."

Upon receipt of the word "forward!" the Maine men sprang at double-quick, and the moment the first battalion line appeared above the embankment where the column formed the slaughter began. "Men were shot dead within the first five feet," says Capt. F. A. Cummings, a survivor. "The crash of two thousand muskets rent the air as a long line of flame leaped from the works in our front, and the well-known yell of the Army of Northern Virginia mingled with the roar of the Rebel batteries on our right and left as their canister followed the musket balls of the infantry and tore enormous gaps in our ranks. The 1st Battalion melted away before this fire and lay in a heap, officers and men, except now and then a scattering one who had miraculously escaped. Before the 2d or 3d Battalion reached its place the regimental formation had been almost obliterated, and two-thirds of the 1st Maine lay stricken upon the field. Still without firing a gun, but in blind obedience to orders, the remnant struggled on toward that pitiless line of fire that never once ceased or slackened. The reader will understand that regiment was alone."

Major Low thinks that some of the men went within fifty yards of the enemy's works, but could not attain the barrier before them. They submitted like heroes to the tempest of canister balls and bullets, and under close fire covered the ground with their dead and wounded. The wave of heroes was shattered against that rampart of earth and blown to pieces by that whirlwind of death.

There were three flags carried in the charge by three sergeants, and six corporals acted as color guards. Of the nine, seven were shot down and one, a corporal, was killed. Another, W. A. Nason, received nine wounds. Nason took the colors from a wounded sergeant and went ahead until he fell with a wound through the body and in both legs. He was found after darkness covered the field unconscious with the flagstaff in his grasp. His name was entered among the mortally wounded, but he is alive at this date.

Some accounts place the number engaged in the ranks at nine hundred and fifty; others at nine hundred. Major Low places it at eight hundred and thirty-two officers and men in line. The official loss reported was five hundred and eighty killed and wounded, but fuller details swell it to six hundred and thirty-two. The killed and mortally wounded were two hundred and ten. The regiment was as good as wiped out. Colonel Chaplin, the leader, went to General Mott after the charge was over and, offering him his sword, said: "Take my sword, General; I have no further use for it." Then, pointing to the ground between the lines, he continued: "There is my regiment lying on that field." Colonel Chaplin had trained

his men that, being soldiers, they "must obey orders." "Boys, always obey orders and never flinch," was the message he sent to the regiment as he lay dying some weeks afterwards.

The 1st Maine had not only the highest loss of any regiment in one engagement, but the highest in killed and mortally wounded during its term of service. It was in fourteen bloody engagements, and had four hundred men and twenty-three officers killed or mortally wounded. Its percentage of killed and mortally wounded was exceeded by only one regiment, the 2d Wisconsin, which lost 19.7 per cent, against 19.2 of the 1st Maine. The 1st Maine saw but ten months of fighting. In its first battle, Spottsylvania, May 19, 1864, it lost four hundred and seventy-six killed and wounded out of about sixteen hundred engaged.

The charge of the 1st Maine at Petersburg has been compared with that of the Light Brigade at Balaklava.

[See page 621 for letter from Maj. Fred C. Low.]

EXECUTION OF JOHN BROWN.

[An old newspaper clipping comes to the VETERAN in regard to the execution of John Brown at Harper's Ferry. It is a letter from Col. J. T. L. Preston to his wife, Margaret J. Preston. Liberal extracts from it are herein copied.]

CHARLESTOWN, Dec. 2, 1859.

The execution is over; we have just returned from the field, and I sit down to give you some account of it. The weather was very favorable; the sky was a little overcast, with a gentle haze in the atmosphere. Between eight and nine o'clock the troops began to put themselves in motion to occupy the position assigned to them on the field. To Colonel Smith, of the Virginia Military Institute, had been assigned the superintendence of the execution, and he and his staff were the only mounted officers on the ground until the major general and his staff appeared. By ten o'clock all was arranged. The cadets were immediately in the rear of the gallows, with a howitzer on the right and left, a little behind, so as to sweep the field. They were uniformed in red flannel shirts, which gave them a gay, dashing, Zouave look. They were flanked obliquely by two corps—the Richmond Grays and Company F—which, if inferior in appearance to the cadets, were superior to any other company I ever saw outside of the regular army. Other companies were distributed over the field, amounting in all to about eight hundred men. The military force was about fifteen hundred.

The whole inclosure was lined by cavalry troops, posted as sentinels, with their officers—one on a peerless black horse and another on a remarkable-looking white horse—continually dashing round the inclosure. Outside this inclosure were other companies acting as rangers and scouts. The jail was guarded by several companies of infantry, and pieces of artillery were put in position for its defense.

Shortly before eleven o'clock the prisoner was taken from the jail and the funeral cortége was put in motion. First came three companies, then the criminal's wagon drawn by two large white horses. John Brown was seated on his coffin, accompanied by the sheriff and two other persons. The wagon arrived at the foot of the gallows and Brown descended with alacrity, and without assistance ascended the steep steps to the platform. His demeanor was intrepid without being braggart. He made no speech. Whether he desired to make one or not, I do not know. Had he desired it, it would not have been permitted. Any speech of his must of necessity have been unlawful, as being directed against the peace and dignity of the commonwealth, and as such could not be allowed by those who were then engaged in the most solemn and extreme vindication of the law. His manner was without trepidation, but his countenance was not free from concern, and it seemed to me to have a little cast of wildness. He stood upon the scaffold but a short time, giving brief adieus to those about him, when he was properly pinioned, the white cap drawn over his face, the noose adjusted and attached to the hook above, and he was moved blindfold a few steps forward. It was curious to note how the instincts of nature operated to make him careful in putting out his feet as if afraid he would walk off the scaffold. The man who stood unblanched on the brink of eternity was afraid of falling a few feet to the ground!

He was now all ready. The sheriff asked if he should give him a private signal before the fatal moment. He replied in a voice composed in tone and distinct in articulation that it did not matter to him if only they did not keep him too long waiting. He was kept waiting, however. The troops that had formed his escort had to be put in their proper position, and while this was going on he stood for some ten or fifteen minutes blindfold, the rope round his neck, and his feet on the treacherous platform, expecting instantly the fatal act. But he stood for this comparatively long time upright as a soldier in position and motionless. I was close to him, and watched him narrowly to see if I could perceive any sign of trembling or shrinking in his person; but there was none. Once I thought I saw his knees tremble, but it was only the wind blowing his loose trousers. His firmness was subjected to still further trial by hearing Colonel Smith announce to the sheriff: "We are all ready, Mr. Campbell." The sheriff did not hear or did not comprehend, and in a louder tone the announcement was made. But the culprit still stood steady until the sheriff, descending the flight of steps, with a well-directed blow of a sharp hatchet severed the rope that held up the trapdoor, which instantly shrank sheer beneath him, and he fell about three feet; and the man of strong and bloody hand, of fierce passions, of iron will, of wonderful vicissitudes, the terrible partisan of Kansas, the capturer of the United States arsenal at Harper's Ferry, the would-be Catiline of the South, the demigod of the abolitionists, the man execrated and lauded, damned and prayed for, the man who in his motives, his means, his plans, and his successes must ever be a wonder, a puzzle, and a mystery—John Brown—was hanging between heaven and earth.

There was profoundest stillness during the time his struggles continued, growing feebler and feebler at each abortive attempt to breathe. His knees were scarcely bent, his arms were drawn up to a right angle at the elbow, with the hands clinched; but there was no writhing of the body, no violent heaving of the chest. At each feebler effort at respiration his arms sank lower and his legs hung more relaxed until at last, straight and lank, he dangled, swayed slightly to and fro by the wind.

It was a moment of deep solemnity. Before us was the greatest array of disciplined forces ever seen in Virginia—infantry, cavalry, and artillery combined—composed of the old commonwealth's choicest sons and commanded by her best officers. God's holy law and righteous providence was vindicated: "Thou shalt not kill;" "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." And here the gray-haired man of violence meets his fate after he has seen his two sons cut down before him earlier in the same career of violence into which he had introduced them. So perish all such enemies of Virginia, all such enemies of the Union, all

such foes of the human race! So I felt, and so I said with solemnity and without one shade of animosity as I turned to break the silence of those around me. Yet the mystery was awful—to see the human form thus treated by men, to see life suddenly stopped in its current, and to ask one's self the question without answer: "And what then?"

In all that array there was not, I suppose, one throb of sympathy for the offender. All felt in the depths of their hearts that it was right. On the other hand, there was not one single word or gesture of exultation or insult. From the beginning to the end all was marked by the most absolute decorum and solemnity. There was no military music, no saluting of troops as they passed one another, nor anything done for show. The criminal hung upon the gallows for nearly forty minutes; and after being examined by a whole staff of surgeons, the body was deposited in a neat coffin, to be delivered to his friends and transported to Harper's Ferry, where his wife awaited it.

Brown would not have the assistance of any minister in jail during his last days nor their presence with him on the scaffold. In going from prison to the place of execution he said very little, only assuring those who were with him that he had no fear, nor had he at any time in his life known what fear was. When he entered the gate of the inclosure, he expressed his admiration of the beauty of the surrounding country, and, pointing to different residences, asked who were the owners of them.

There was a very small crowd to witness the execution. Governor Wise and General Taliaferro had both issued proclamations exhorting the citizens to remain at home and guard their property and warned them of possible danger. The train on the Winchester railroad had been stopped from carrying passengers, and even passengers on the Baltimore railroad were subjected to examination and detention. An arrangement was made to divide the expected crowd into recognized citizens and persons not recognized, requiring the former to go to the right and the latter to the left. Of the latter, there was not a single one. It was told that last night there were not in Charlestown ten persons besides citizens and military.

There is but one opinion as to the completeness of the arrangements made on the occasion and the absolute success with which they were carried out. I have said something about the striking effect of the pageant as a pageant; but the excellence of it is that everything was arranged solely with a view to efficiency, and not for effect upon the eye. Had it been intended as a mere spectacle, it could not have been made more imposing; had actual need occurred, it was the best possible arrangement.

You may be inclined to ask: "Was all this necessary?" I have not time to enter upon this question now. Governor Wise thought it necessary, and he said he had reliable information. The responsibility of calling out the force rests with him. It only remained for those under his orders to dispose the force in the best manner. That this was done is unquestionable, and whatever credit is due for it may fairly be claimed by those who accomplished it.

Brown's wife, in company with two persons, went to see her husband last night, and returned to Harper's Ferry this morning. She is described by those who saw her as a very large, masculine woman, of absolute composure of manner. The officers who witnessed their meeting in the jail said they met as if nothing unusual had taken place, and had a comfortable supper together.

Many doubtless presume that Brown was executed at Harper's Ferry; but it was at the county seat (now West Virginia) in a thoroughly legal and orderly manner.

A Running Fight.—Capt. W. A. Campbell writes from Columbus, Miss.: "I noticed in the Veteran for October, page 519, a letter from my old comrade, W. H. (Sandy) Roby. We saw hard service together. * * * We were once after a scouting party of General Kilpatrick's force, then encamped at Draketown, Ga. When we got on their trail and had pressed them ten or twelve miles, they halted at a farmhouse, and we charged them with a yell. Then we had a running fight of about a half mile. The ejector of my Spencer seven-shooting carbine got out of order, so I had to get a stick to push out the empty shell, and upon remounting joined the fight again. Coming up with a big Federal with a Henry rifle in his hand, I ordered him to throw it down. He was slow about doing so; and as my horse was running and I did not care to leave an armed enemy behind me, I clubbed my Spencer and gave it to him back of the head, when he fell from his horse as if dead. Captain Fort was shot across the shoulders, and just missed being shot in the spine, his wound being thirteen inches long, and it put him out of the fighting for the remainder of the war. After the fight, I found my Federal with a cut about three inches long. Taking him and Captain Fort to a farmhouse, I sent for a Dr. Rogers, who dressed the wounds of both. The prisoner asked me that night why I had hit him; but he knew that he had held on to that Henry rifle too long. He belonged to the 5th Indiana."

W. H. Bachman, Magnet, Ark.: "For the Veteran I relate a bit of history not generally known in regard to the arrest and detention of Jefferson Davis by Confederate soldiers. John Carmichael and Albert Norfleet belonged to Company D, of the 42d Mississippi Regiment, and were about the youngest members. I belonged to the same regiment. In July, 1862, while we were stationed at Camp Lee and doing provost duty in the city of Richmond, these two boys were put on the same post of duty with instructions to let no one pass without proper authority. President Davis was passing when halted, and was refused permission to proceed until Lieutenant Wilson, their commander, was informed. Then the President was permitted to go on his way. It is said that this strict adherence to orders secured for these young soldiers a dinner with the President of the Confederate States that day."

A SOLDIER'S CANTEEN.

[At an exhibition of old relics held in Jackson, Mo., there was an old wooden canteen which had been found during the Civil War just after the Confederate troops had passed which suggested the following lines by A. Hildreth, of Jackson, Mo.]

Iron-bound, stopperless, dry,
  Empty, except for the air;
Found when the troops had gone by—
  Now with the curios rare.
Borne through the thick of the fray,
  Close to a brave heart, I ween!
Where is the soldier to-day?
  This was a soldier's canteen.

* * * * * * * * * *

Lay the old relic away!
  Its waters once gurgled between
Lips of a soldier in gray—
  This was the soldier's canteen.

WHAT WAS ENDURED BY CONFEDERATE WOMEN.

[Letter by Mrs. Lizzie Lucas Dillard, Meridian, Tex., in response to an inquiry by "J. L. Thompson and other Missouri Confederates" for survivors among the women who acted as nurses in the hospital at Somerville, Tenn. It was found among the papers of Mrs. Dillard after her death, and was sent to the VETERAN by her son, H. H. Dillard, of Meridian, in the hope of reaching the inquirer.]

Mr. J. L. Thompson and Other Missouri Confederates: My attention has just been called to your letter of inquiry published in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, of Nashville, Tenn.; and as you request, I answer through the same channel.

Your pleasant surprise opens the avenues of many sad memories, yet my heart is thrilled with gratitude that we were enabled to do something to succor the brave men whom the disasters of war had rendered helpless and for whom Southern patriotism had provided an asylum at Somerville, Tenn.

Though separated widely from the friends of that war period, I have kept in close touch with many of the nurses and matrons of the old Hardwick—hotel hospital. Most of them have answered the call of the Master and gone home to glory. Miss Lucy Dillard, that intelligent, wide-awake Dixie lover, sleeps among Confederate comrades in the Somerville Cemetery. Mrs. Pulliam, Mrs. Williamson, and Mrs. Scott are sweetly resting in the same inclosure and waiting for the resurrection which is to reward useful and godly lives. Miss Bertie Miner, the tireless reader and letter writer for the sick soldiers, and who was so savagely treated by marauding Northern soldiers, has gone too to her Father's house. And Mrs. Virginia Lucas, the active benefactor and zealous friend of all Confederate soldiers, went to her reward from Russell's Valley, North Alabama, several years ago. I alone, as far as I know, am the only surviving member of that Woman Corps that presided at the West Tennessee refuge for soldiers forty-five years ago. Then you see how time is gathering us into the fold, and there I hope to meet the valorous men who defended womanhood in the South against a cruel and barbarous invasion.

"Am I still a friend of the Confederate soldier?" Yes, and shall ever be. I regard patriotism among the loftiest possessions in the keeping of man, and the soul which does not know much of that fine fervor has missed one of the distinctions of pure manhood. Neither victory nor defeat can impair, nor can conditions change it.

"Am I still loyal to the flag of Dixie?" I love it with as much fervid zeal as in my young womanhood. And why should I not love it? I gave four years of tears and prayers for its success, four years of tireless toil to its vindication; while for full three years I was the victim of cruel and barbarous outrages at the hands of soldiers who invaded Southern homes under an alien flag.

When I recollect these wrongs perpetrated upon defenseless women and children, my very soul revolts at the reckless barbarity of Northern soldiers. While I suffered personal indignities from these "knights in blue," I am really glad that Northern women escaped the ravages of vandal hordes and knew so nearly nothing of the horrors of war. Such scenes as we in the South were forced to witness blunt the finer sensibilities of woman and put her out of her natural sphere.

Three days after the hospital at Somerville was closed and the remaining sick and wounded Confederates had been removed a raiding squad of eighty Federal soldiers dashed into the town and drove the old men into the courthouse. Then they began a system of robbery, pillage, and plunder that beggars description. Wardrobes were smashed to pieces, trunks broken open, feather beds ripped up and contents scattered—in fact, nothing of value escaped the vigilance of the barbarians. The principal sufferers were those who had been conspicuously active about this old Hardwick—hotel hospital. Somerville people will never forget the wanton destruction of their household goods and the total disregard of every sentiment of decency.

Having a home just outside of Memphis and fearing similar outrages, I moved there under the false impression that places inside the Federal pickets would give some security to person and property. But it was a delusion, and I determined to move down the Mississippi River upon our plantation, where we had the promise of corn bread and bacon from the faithful negroes who still stayed on the farm. The cavalry at Helena soon found us out and daily raided us, taking just what they wanted, even down to woman's wearing apparel. To give us a taste of "Pelion on Ossa piled," the Federal gunboats on the river picked us out for target practice. Of all terror-inspiring things to an unskilled woman, nothing exceeds those fiery-tailed monsters as they crash through buildings and explode in open air so violently that earth and air tremble with the shock.

Our only safety was in a "dugout" beneath the ground, with negro women and their children and two white women all huddled in confusion, waiting for the cessation of bombardments. With such memories you surely will not insist upon a specific answer to your question: "Are you reconstructed yet?"

While the war developed many phases of human depravity evidenced by the fiendish deeds of a barbarous soldiery, the reconstruction acts passed for our humiliation and the destruction of all our social, industrial, and commercial resources was the crowning ignominy of despotism, and furnishes a painful contrast between a monarchy and a republic.

When England in vindication of her colonial unity made war upon the Boer republic and wasted it into submission, then the purposes being accomplished, the war not only ended, but a system of wise and humane rehabilitation for the land of Oom Paul was immediately started by the British Parliament. Instead of vindictive legislation imbued with bitter hatreds, as was administered to us, England wisely and in a spirit of Christian humanity saw the advantage of pacification, and did all that was possible to build up the wasted country and inspire the brave Boers with a capacity for a new uplift. Horses, mules, cows, hogs, agricultural implements, medicine, with spinning wheels, looms, carding machines, and other household necessities, were supplied in lavish profusion, and thereby in all that makes up national greatness the monarchy of Queen Victoria excelled the Lincoln republic too far for comparison.

Now, my old friends, while I have not said half I wanted to say, it would make my letter a bore perhaps to continue it and tell you about the work of the carpetbaggers, the Federal judges, and the bogus Governors sent down upon us as vampires; so I close.

May that Almighty Providence who shielded you so signally in defense of the constitutional rights of the South in the cruel war protect you and all the remnant of the brave Confederates and bring you at last to the beautiful city!

Those who do not preserve their copies of the VETERAN would help the cause by giving to others not familiar with it.



The poem below is republished, requests for copies having been made from various sections until the edition containing it is exhausted. The paper was read to a large congregation in Chicago on the first anniversary after the Iroquois Theater fire, and copies were distributed with the Church calendar.

LINES AMONG THE PAPERS OF P. D. CUNNINGHAM, DECEASED.

You think of the dead on Christmas eve,
  Wherever the dead are sleeping,
And we, from a land where we may not grieve,
  Look tenderly down on your weeping.
You think us far; we are very near,
  From you and the earth though parted.
We sing to-night to console and cheer
  The hearts of the broken-hearted.
The earth watches over the lifeless clay
  Of each of its countless sleepers,
And the sleepless spirits that passed away
  Watch over all earth's weepers.
We shall meet again in a brighter land
  Where farewell is never spoken;
We shall clasp each other hand in hand,
  And the clasp shall not be broken;
We shall meet again in a bright, calm clime
  Where we'll never know a sadness,
And our lives shall be filled, like a Christmas chime,
  With rapture and with gladness.
The snows shall pass from our graves away,
  And you from the earth, remember;
And the flowers of a bright, eternal May
  Shall follow earth's December.
When you think of us, think not of the tomb
  Where you laid us down in sorrow;
But look aloft, and beyond earth's gloom,
  And wait for the great to-morrow.

CAPT. SAMUEL POWELL.

Capt. Samuel (Tuck) Powell died September 2, 1908, of Bright's disease, being sixty-two years and seven months old at the time of his death. Captain Powell was born January 29, 1846, near Perryville, Ky. He went to Missouri with his parents, Golston and Mary Coulter Powell, in December, 1855, and settled on a farm on which the town of Elliott is now located, in Randolph County, Mo. He enlisted in the service of the Confederacy June 15, 1861, at Renick, Mo., and went immediately to Boonville, Mo., with his company, under Capt. C. J. Perkins, of the Missouri State Guards. Gen. John S. Marmaduke was in command of the State forces at that point. General Lyons, of the United States army, was marching to that point. "Tuck" Powell faithfully served his State for six months, the term of his enlistment. He returned home, and in the spring of 1862 enlisted in the Confederate service for three years or during the war, and remained to the close of the war. He surrendered with the Trans-Mississippi Army in 1865. In June, 1863, he was promoted to captain of a company for gallant and meritorious conduct in the regiment of Col. C. J. Perkins.

After the close of the war he came home, remained only a short time, went to his native State, Kentucky, and stayed there several months, until better feeling existed in Missouri. He then went back, entered school, graduated at Mount Pleasant College, and became professor of mathematics. He resigned to accept the position of superintendent of the high school at Roanoke, Howard County, Mo., and afterwards accepted the position of superintendent of schools at Moberly.

He was married to Miss Fannie Terrill, daughter of Rev. Benjamin Terrill, December 25, 1870. To this union four children were born—two sons (Frank and Jerry) and two daughters (Bertie and Viley), who, with his devoted wife, survive him and live in the State of Oklahoma.

Captain Powell leaves a number of relatives and friends in Missouri, Lieut. Isham Powell, a gallant soldier and officer under Gen. Joe Shelby, being his brother.

About the year 1888 Captain Powell moved to Oklahoma Territory and became an active and enthusiastic advocate of Statehood, and for several years represented his Territory in Washington, D. C., to the end that it might be a sister State of the Union. He lived to see the fruits of his efforts, his Territory a State, and had he lived longer would have been honored in recognition of his persistent efforts in her behalf. The writer knew Captain Powell well for fifty years. As a child, he was obedient to his parents and seniors; as a man, an honorable, exemplary citizen; as a soldier and officer, a hero; as an educator, he had but few equals. He was in every relation of life a gentleman.

[The foregoing is from B. H. Ashcom, Wagoner, Okla.]

COL. JAMES JASPER PHILLIPS.

The death of Col. James J. Phillips, which occurred on the 11th of February, 1908, was noted by resolutions of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York City, of which he was a prominent member. Early in the conflict he became a member of Pickett's Brigade, and followed the fortunes of that famous commander through all of his brilliant career, being among the few who charged the Round Top at Gettysburg and lived through that storm of shot and shell. Although modest and retiring as a woman, he was lion-hearted and knew not fear. After the war, in the peaceful walks of life he won the esteem and affection of his fellow-man. * * *

To the above is added the tribute of one who had known him long and well: "Colonel Phillips graduated from the Virginia Military Institute in 1853, and for some years served as assistant professor there. He then organized the Chuckatuck Military Academy (Nansemond County, Va.), where he taught until the secession of Virginia, when he closed it and organized the Chuckatuck Light Artillery Company, was elected captain, and assigned to the duty of building a fort on the north point of Nansemond River, fronting on Hampton Roads. At the evacuation of Norfolk they were ordered to Richmond and assigned to Company F, 9th Virginia Regiment of Infantry, Armistead's Brigade, and commenced their active field work at Seven Pines, May 31, 1862. Soon after he was promoted to lieutenant colonel, and the brigade was assigned to Pickett's Division. After the battle of Gettysburg, he was promoted to colonel of the 9th, and as such served most gallantly to the end, declining promotion to brigadier general over older officers. After the war Colonel Phillips engaged in farming, and then in the mercantile business in Norfolk,

some twenty-five years ago removing to New York City, where he built up a fine business. Colonel Phillips as a man and soldier was possessed of great personal magnetism, so that all who came in contact with him learned to respect and love him. Ever ready to uphold and maintain the just cause, with nothing to apologize for, ever liberal in his views and his help especially to old Confederates, with full faith in the hereafter he has passed from our midst."

Maj. John James Reeve.

Maj. J. J. Reeve died at Henderson, Ky., July 10, 1908. He was born at Richmond, Va., in 1841. He was a student at the University of Virginia when the ordinance of secession was adopted by the Virginia Convention, and immediately accompanied the troops to Harper's Ferry, where the government stores were promptly seized.

He enlisted at first in Company F, 1st Virginia Infantry, but later in Company F, 21st Infantry, with which command he served in Virginia from July, 1861, to April, 1862. He was then promoted to the rank of captain and assistant adjutant general, and directed to report to Brigadier General Stevenson, then at Suffolk. He accompanied General Stevenson when the latter took command of the Confederate forces at Cumberland Gap, served with him during the Kentucky campaign under Gen. E. Kirby Smith, and then went with him to Mississippi. When General Stevenson was promoted to be major general, Captain Reeve was commissioned as major. General Stevenson commended him for gallant conduct in the battle of Baker's Creek, and he was similarly mentioned for his service during the siege of Vicksburg. After the capitulation of Vicksburg, he was paroled and later exchanged.

With the division he joined Bragg's army at Chickamauga Station, Ga., and participated in the battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. During the "hundred days' fighting" in Georgia he was constantly on duty. This campaign extended to Jonesboro and Lovejoy. He was then with General Stevenson in the Tennessee campaign under General Hood, which included the battle of Nashville. In 1865 he participated in the campaign in the Carolinas, and was in that last noted battle of the army at Bentonville. He surrendered at Greensboro.



MAJ. J. J. REEVE.

It is apparent, therefore, that Major Reeve was in the army during the entire war, serving at Harper's Ferry in a company of students made up for that occasion at the University of Virginia. His military history is one of which his friends are justly proud.

"On many occasions his valuable services were noted in the official reports of his commander." In Volume XXIV., Part 2, page 98 of "War of the Rebellion, Official Records" Major General Stevenson in his report says: "Preëminently distinguished throughout the action of Baker's Creek, especially for his indefatigable efforts in rallying the broken regiments and taking them again into action, was my chief of staff, Maj. J. J. Reeve. For his active assistance to me on that occasion and the gallant and intelligent discharge of his duties day and night during the siege of Vicksburg I am greatly indebted to him."

In the same volume, XXIV., Part 2, page 352, Brig. Gen. Stephen D. Lee, commanding 2d Brigade, Stevenson's Division, in report Demopolis, Ala., July 25, 1863, says: "Maj. John J. Reeve, assistant adjutant general of the division, was with me on the lines upon several occasions, and particularly attracted my attention by his daring and coolness during the assault of the 22d."

In 1868 Major Reeve removed from Richmond, Va., to Henderson, Ky., where he afterwards made his home. In 1871 Major Reeve married Susan, the daughter of the Hon. Archibald Dixon and Elizabeth Robertson Cabell Dixon. One daughter, Margaret Caskie, the wife of Robert Manley Lyman, of New York, survives him.

Major Reeve was a gentleman in the fullest sense of the word. He was kind and gentle, yet positive and strong in all his intercourse with his fellow-men both in business and socially. He was honest, he was a Christian without puritanism, a learned man without egotism, a brave man whose paths were peace, and in all his walks pure and upright. He was sorely afflicted by the hand of death and with physical pain, but bore it all uncomplainingly. His friends and family loved him, and all who knew him esteemed him highly.

[Sketch by Henry C. Dixon, Henderson, Ky.]

John Henry Stephens.

On the 27th of July, 1908, the sufferings of John H. Stephens were relieved by death at his home, in Kansas City, Mo., at the age of seventy-nine years. He was born in North Carolina, and at the age of twenty years he went to Texas and engaged in the cattle business, in which he became well known throughout Texas and the West.

When war was being waged between the North and the South, Mr. Stephens enlisted with Terry's Texas Rangers. He was wounded in the battle of Shiloh. He never enjoyed recounting his experiences or telling of any exploits in which he had part, but was a modest Christian gentleman, content to live his life in quiet ways in the consciousness of duty well done.

Comrade Stephens was twice married, and of these unions there were two daughters and two sons, all of whom are residents of Texas. In 1883 Comrade Stephens removed from Texas to Kansas City, where he became a broker in ranches and was agent in the sale of many large estates. A comrade says of him that he "never knew a man who came nearer to living up to a high ideal."

Mrs. William A. Campbell.

One by one that noble band of women whose hearts and lives were consecrated to the cause of the South in the great War between the States are passing away from the land they loved so well.

Comrade William A. Campbell has suffered the greatest bereavement that can befall a true heart in the death of his wife, Mrs. Alicia Campbell, at their home, in Columbus, Miss., on the 21st of October, 1908. No better soldier than Comrade Campbell served the cause of the Confederacy, and his wife, who was Miss Alicia Campbell, belonged to a family devoted to our cause. Two of her brothers were in the army; one was killed at Chickamauga. As a girl she was faithful in ministering to our soldiers. She thoroughly sympathized with her husband in his love for the South, and it was her pleasure to minister to him in those bodily sufferings which were brought on by exposure while he was a soldier in the field. A true Southern soldier never sought her help in vain.

I ask that the Veteran publish the following tribute to her by one who knew and loved her:

"The announcement of the death of Mrs. W. A. Campbell will bring sadness to the hearts of many warm friends in Nashville, where as Miss Alicia Campbell she lived for a number of years.

"She was active in Church and charity circles, being a member of the First Presbyterian Church under the régimes of Dr. Hoyt and Dr. Witherspoon. She left the imprint of her earnest life on the minds and hearts of all who knew her by her gentle, kind nature and the strength and firmness of the principles by which she guided her life.

"On removing to Columbus she assumed immediately the duties of Sabbath school teacher, and lived the consistent life of the wife of an elder of the Church.

"She had hosts of devoted friends there who will miss her kind ministries and uplifting leadership. Her ideals were high, and she was truer to them than one often finds in man or woman. E. C. C."

As a Confederate, as friend, as woman, as Christian she was tried and never found wanting. James H. McNeilly.

A. M. Anderson.

At his home, with a landscape view of unusual beauty, in Montgomery County, Tenn., on August 4, 1908, Alfred Minor Anderson, who was a good citizen, a true friend and Christian gentleman, and a gallant soldier, received an honorable discharge from life's long warfare, aged seventy-three years and one and a half months.

Comrade Anderson was born in Green County, Ky., on June 20, 1835, and came with his father, Peter Anderson, a noble character, in 1853 and settled near Ringgold, Tenn., and there lived until the fall of 1895, when he moved to the place where he died.

In 1870 he was married to Miss Bettie Lindsay Watson, of Nashville, Tenn., who preceded him to the echoless shore. Of their five children, three survive—Mrs. Jennie A. Sewell, of Louisville, Ky., Mrs. E. A. Cooke, of Clarksville, Tenn., and Peter M. Anderson, who resides at the old homestead. He is also survived by two brothers (I. M. Anderson, of Montrose, Pa., and Frank O. Anderson, of the Ringgold vicinity) and one sister (Mrs. W. S. Polk, of Baltimore, Md.).

On the 10th of December, 1885, he was again married, this time to Miss Virginia Vaughan, who survives him.

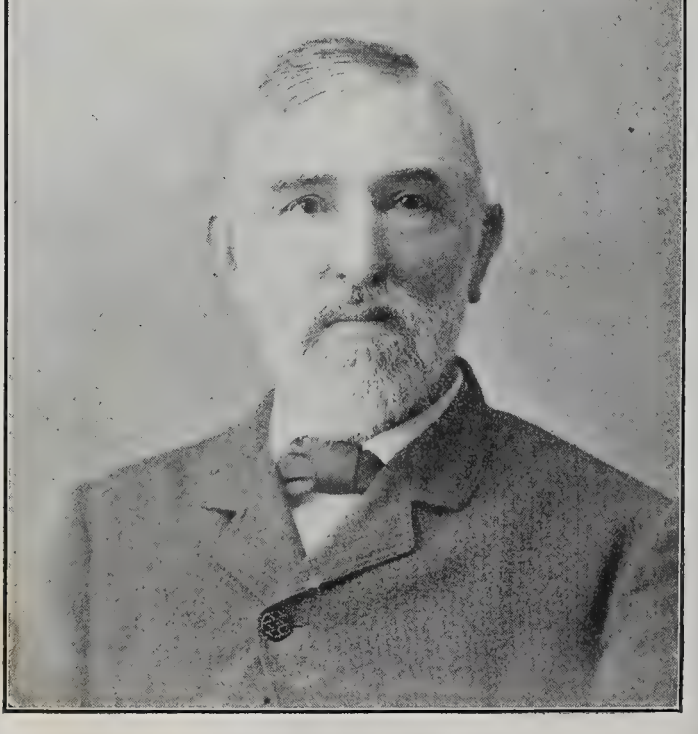
Early in 1861 he enlisted in Company A, of the 14th Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A., as gallant a body of men as ever fought in battle. He served under Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee from soon after the First Manassas battle to Fredericksburg, where he was captured and held as a prisoner at Point Lookout, Md., until the close of the war, reaching home in June, 1865. He participated in many of the principal battles of that period, always conducting himself with gallantry and heroism. As an evidence of his soldierly qualities, he was much beloved by his comrades, all of whom spoke in praise of him.

He was a member of the Baptist Church and also of Forbes's Bivouac, by whom the funeral service was conducted. Old comrades bore him to his last resting place, three of whom—Dr. T. D. Johnson, Joe Williams, and I. W. Ballentine—are the last surviving members of his old company. Clad in the uniform of a Confederate soldier, in a casket trimmed with the same material, with a miniature flag of the South by his side, he sleeps well beneath the shadow of a majestic Confederate monument.

Maj. H. C. Wood.

Maj. Henry Clay Wood died December 3, 1907, at his home, in Florence, Ala., of heart failure after an illness of ten days. He was seventy-six years of age. He was socially and in business one of the leading men of his section. Major Wood was a native of Florence. His father, Alexander H. Wood, went there from Virginia in the early part of the century as one of the pioneer settlers of Florence. He was a younger brother of Judge W. B. Wood and Gen. Sterling A. M. Wood, both deceased. He, with Judge Wood, was a member of the old Florence Land Company, which did much for the industrial development of Florence.

Major Wood's war record was fine. He was in active service from April, 1861, until the surrender. He enlisted on April 1, 1861, at Fort Morgan as lieutenant of Company K, 7th Alabama Regiment, and was paroled at Greensboro, N. C., April 20, 1865. In August, 1861, he was promoted to lieutenant and adjutant of the 16th Alabama Regiment, and in



MAJ. H. C. WOOD.

1863 was made major and commissary. On February 17, 1862, he was made aid-de-camp to Gen. S. A. M. Wood, serving until April, 1862, when he was promoted to major on the staff of Gen. M. P. Lowry. He participated in the battles of Shiloh, Perryville, and many other engagements.

Major Wood was married to Miss Sallie Shepard, of Richmond, Va., who, with two sons and three daughters, survives him. The funeral was in charge of Camp O'Neal, U. C. V.

[The VETERAN regrets this belated notice, as Major Wood was one of its stanchest friends and patrons. The memory of his delightful amiability, coupled with that dignity of manner which illustrates the thorough gentleman and Christian, will ever be cherished by those who knew him. He performed the duties of husband, father, neighbor, and citizen thoroughly. It was hard to realize that he had lived more than half a decade beyond the allotted "threescore and ten" years.]



JOHN FORSYTH SMITH.

[This picture of Comrade John Forsyth Smith was intended o go with the sketch of him on page 587 of the VETERAN for November.—EDITOR.]

WILLIAM C. BIERKAMP.

William C. Bierkamp, formerly of Moorefield, W. Va., a nember of Mc'Neill's command of Partisan Rangers, C. S. A., died August 1, 1908, at Romney, W. Va., of cancer of the tomach. He entered the army when a mere boy, and proved good and faithful soldier. Of a kind and genial disposition, he was greatly beloved by his comrades and friends. For nore than forty years he had lived at Romney, where he nassed considerable property, and was long a trusted employee of the State institution there. A widow and several hildren survive him.

MAJ. CHARLES B. PEARRE.

Pat Cleburne Camp, of Waco, Tex., reports the passing of a distinguished comrade, Maj. Charles B. Pearre, whose death occurred on the 10th of August, 1908. Though a long sufferer from constitutional infirmity, he had possessed an active and vigorous mind, and was always interested in public affairs, using his energies to the advancement of his community.

He was a native of Maryland, but went to Waco in 1859, and there entered upon the practice of law.

He enlisted in the 8th Texas Cavalry, and was associated with Terry and Ross and Harrison in his service for the Confederacy. He was in the charge when Colonel Terry fell in front of the enemy near Bowling Green, Ky., where Gen. A. S. Johnston commanded in the winter of 1861-62. He continued in the cavalry service to the close of the war, and was one of the daring Texas cavalrymen who made the Texas Rangers a terror to the enemy whether on picket duty, on skirmish line, or in battle array.

No less devoted was he to the service of his State in the days of reconstruction. He was the district attorney for many counties in Central Texas, and combated the malignant schemes and frauds which were attempted to be perpetrated upon the citizens of Texas and contributed his best efforts to their defeat.

Shortly after the war Major Pearre was married to Miss Earle, of Waco, whose parents were among the first settlers of the city. He was a true patriot, an honest citizen, and a faithful friend.

WILLIAM H. KIRKPATRICK.

Another drops from the fast-thinning ranks of the gray. On the 8th of September, 1908, William H. Kirkpatrick died at Bridgeport, Tex., in his sixty-eighth year. He was a native of Wilson County, Tenn., and removed to Texas in 1873, residing successively at Valley View, Gainesville (of which city he was Mayor at one time), and Bridgeport (where he was again honored with the office of Mayor). He lived there about thirteen years, and remained in active business until the close of his life.

At the beginning of the war Comrade Kirkpatrick was about twenty years of age. He joined Colonel Ward's regiment of Tennesseeans, and was captured at the fall of Fort Donelson and imprisoned at Springfield, Ill. While there he was visited by his father, who contrived to furnish him with a suit of citizen's clothes and some money, and he soon after made his escape after having been a prisoner for eleven months. Returning South, he served in Capt. John D. Kirkpatrick's company, under Morgan, during the remainder of the war.

He was married in 1865 to Miss Hunt, of Wilson County, with whom he lived happily until the end. He was a Christian from the age of eighteen, warm-hearted and charitable, in whom the needy found a friend.

GOODWIN.—Died at Mineral Wells, Tex., on the 20th of July, George W. Goodwin, of Midlothian, Tex. He was born in Mississippi in 1841, emigrated to Texas about 1855, locating near the present site of Mansfield. Comrade Goodwin was among the first to volunteer in the cause of the South. He served in Company H, Buchel's 1st Texas Cavalry, for four years and seventeen days, and was a model soldier, always ready for duty, however hazardous. His life after the war was characterized by equal faithfulness and uprightness, winning for him the respect of all who knew him.

Hon. Samuel Mosby Shelton.

Hon. S. M. Shelton died at Horseshoe, N. C., August 11, 1908, aged seventy-one years. As a gallant Confederate soldier, as a friend and neighbor about his home, as a husband and parent, as a citizen, and as a humble and devout follower of his Redeemer, he was true. His remains were brought to his home, at Vicksburg, Miss., and his funeral was held in the Presbyterian church, of which he was an elder, August 13, 1908. There was present a large concourse of his fellow-citizens, the Vicksburg Bar Association attending as a body.

Samuel M. Shelton was a native Virginian, who went into the war with the 12th Mississippi Regiment. He was the son of Walter C. Shelton, a farmer of Hanover County, Va., and Mary Ella Mosby, a cousin of the famous Confederate cavalryman, Col. John S. Mosby. Mr. Shelton was born in Hanover County August 3, 1837, and was educated at Hampden-Sidney College, Virginia. He came to Mississippi in September, 1859, made his home at Raymond, taught school and studied law under his uncle, John Shelton, until the war began, when he enlisted as a private in the Raymond Fencibles, a company one hundred and twenty-seven strong, made up largely of college students, clerks, and young planters.

The Fencibles left Raymond April 29, 1861, and at Corinth the men were mustered into the Confederate service as Company A of the 12th Regiment, under Col. Richard Griffith. The regiment reached Manassas Junction, Va., July 22, 1861, just missing the battle of July 21, and remained in that vicinity until March, 1862, when they moved to the peninsula, and fell back on Richmond before McClellan's army. About this time the 12th was feeling much aggrieved because they had not been in battle, and declared that other Mississippi regiments were receiving all the honors. But at Seven Pines, May 31, 1862, the 12th was ordered to charge the main position of the enemy, and, advancing with four hundred and ten men, lost two hundred and five in killed and wounded in seven hours of continuous fighting.

Though it was their first battle, the men behaved with such steadiness and valor that Gen. D. H. Hill rode up in their front and concluded a fine tribute to their bravery by saying: "Within the limits of your State resides my only brother, and in your soil rest the remains of my dear departed mother. I had always intended to remove her remains to North Carolina and let them mingle with the ashes of her ancestors; but, Mississippians, since I witnessed your brave conduct on last Saturday they shall ever sleep in your soil."

Private Shelton shared the service of this regiment in its subsequent battles in the Seven Days before Richmond, at Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, and Fredericksburg. In the spring of 1863 he was transferred to Company A of the 44th Virginia, of Jubal A. Early's old brigade of Ewell's Division, with which he fought at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, the Wilderness and Spottsylvania C. H. In the latter battle, May, 1864, he was captured, and thereafter he was a prisoner of war at Point Lookout, Md., and Elmira, N. Y., until taken to Richmond and paroled, March 3, 1865. While waiting exchange he visited his old home, and there was informed of the evacuation of Richmond. Mounting a horse, he followed General Lee and heard the last guns at Appomattox.

In December, 1863, he had been married between the lines to Imogene Gray, of Raymond, and took his wife to his father's home. After the war they returned to Mississippi, and Mr. Shelton began the practice of law at Vicksburg in January, 1866, beginning a professional career which was in a high degree successful. He was one of the leading lawyers of the State. After the death of his wife, in 1885, he married in 1887 her sister, Annie Gray. He left a son and daughter.

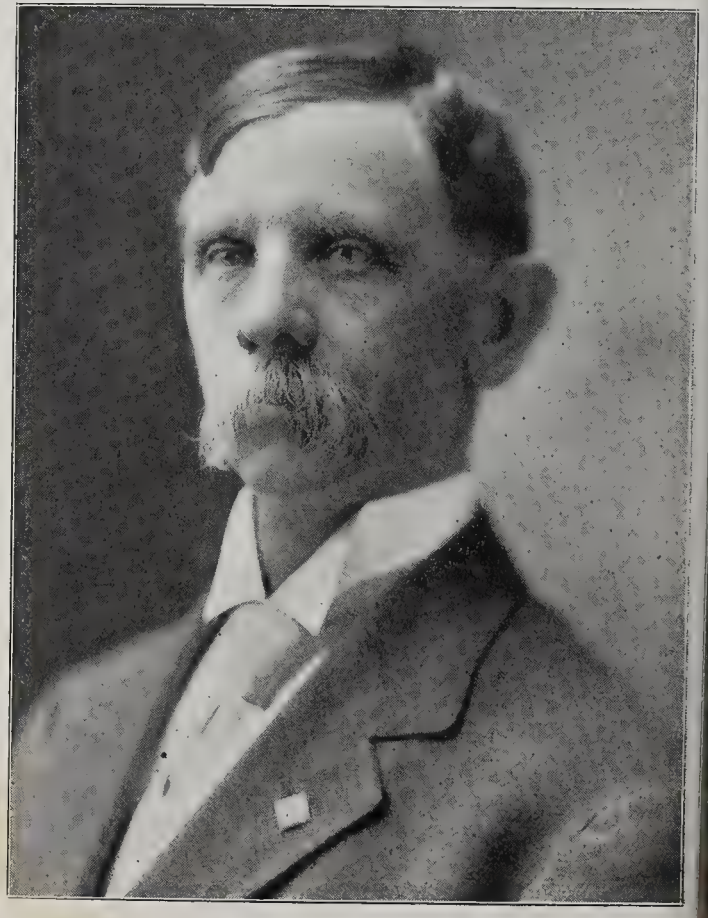
[The foregoing is from R. Y. Johnson, of Guthrie, Ky.]

Senator Albert Weber.

Hon. Albert Weber died at his home, in Hickory Withe Tenn., August 5, 1908. He was born in Memphis, Tenn. March 27, 1840, was of German descent, and to this parentage was indebted for the tireless energy, methodical ways, economy, and thrift for which he was noted. About the time of attaining his majority he enlisted in the Confederate army April 23, 1861. He was drum major of the 15th Tennessee Regiment, consolidated with the 37th Regiment near Wartrace, Tenn., in 1863. He was in the battles of Belmont, Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Hoover's Gap, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Buzzard's Roost, and the many engagements from Dalton to Atlanta. He was injured at Jonesboro by the explosion of a shell. He was with Hood's army in his Tennessee campaign, and was in those memorable battles of Franklin and Nashville. Comrade Weber was never ill or absent from his command except when on furlough and when he became separated from the army in the last few months. He was paroled in April, 1865, and was admitted to the Confederate Historical Association February 18, 1906.

He twice represented Fayette County in the State Legislature, and at the time of his death was State Senator. He was widely known and esteemed throughout his section.

So loyal was he to the Confederate cause that he requested to be buried in his old uniform. He was especially noted for his loyalty to any cause he espoused and to his friends. He was married to Miss Fanny Ivy in 1866, who survives him with six children; also a sister, Mrs. John MacKenzie, of Cleveland, Ohio. He was buried with Masonic honors.



HON. ALBERT WEBER.

Lieut W. A. Brown.

W. A. Brown, of Deasonville, Yazoo County, Miss., died at Vicksburg on November 7, 1907. He was in Vicksburg in attendance on the Reunion when the summons came.

Comrade Brown was born in May, 1839, near Troy, in Obion County, Tenn. At the breaking out of the war he was Agent for the Mississippi Central Railroad at Duckhill, Miss., and enlisted soon after the first call for troops at Grenada. He was elected second lieutenant of his company, and was connected with Stanford's Battery.

Lieutenant Brown served throughout the entire war with rare fidelity and regularity. He was not absent from a single battle in which his company was engaged. Some of these battles were Shiloh, Corinth, Murfreesboro, Perryville, Chickamauga, and the many between Chattanooga and Atlanta with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. He was with Hood when he made that ill-fated expedition into Tennessee, and was in the bloody conflict at Franklin. He laid down his arms with Johnston at Greensboro, N. C.

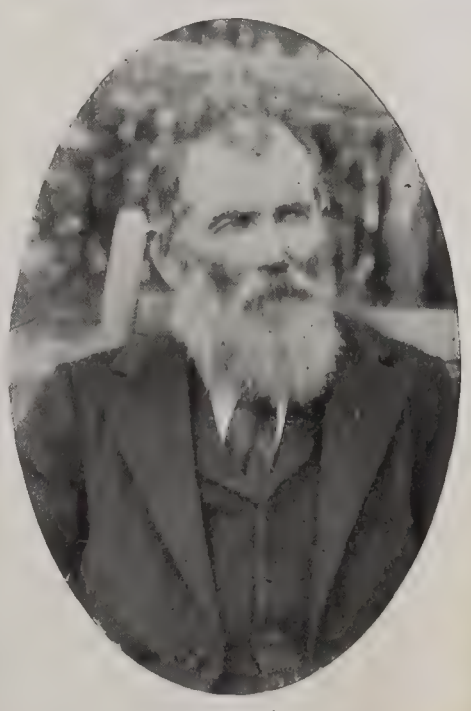
He was a gallant soldier, a faithful friend, and a high-minded, noble gentleman.

After the war Comrade Brown engaged in the mercantile business at Deasonville, which he conducted without an interruption up to the day of his death, a period of nearly forty years.

Capt. Redden McCoy.

Capt. Redden McCoy died at his home, in Kemper County, Miss., on March 23, 1908. He was born in Monroe County in 1832, and moved to Mississippi with his parents in his youth. He was reared on a farm, and was a farmer by occupation.

At the breaking out of the war he volunteered in the Confederate service, enlisting in Company A, of the 35th Mississippi Infantry. His first regular battle was at Corinth, and he afterwards carried a scar as a memento of that event. He was in the siege of Vicksburg, and also served in the Georgia campaign. His last service for the Confederate cause was rendered at Blakeney, Ala., where he was taken prisoner of war and sent to Ship Island.



CAPTAIN M'COY.

Captain McCoy was a gallant soldier of the highest type. He was never known to murmur or to shirk a duty. He served as Commander of Thomas H. Woods Camp, U. C. V., for a number of years; but failing eyesight caused him to resign from the command, much to the regret of his comrades. It was his great pleasure in declining years to have visits from his comrades, with whom he would talk over recollections of their soldier life.

Captain McCoy was twice married, first to Miss Josephine Mosley and next to Miss Sarah McConnel, who survives him with ten children of the two unions, all useful members of society. In early life he became a member of the Baptist Church, and always took an active part in its services. He bore his afflictions with Christian fortitude, and the memory of his faithfulness to every obligation is a precious heritage to his children.

Judge J. M. Wright.

The Gainesville (Tex.) Daily Register printed first on its title-page November 9, 1908, the following introduction: "Seldom if ever in the history of Gainesville has its citizenship been more heart-pained and sorrow-shocked than on Sunday morning about 7:30 when it was announced that Judge James M. Wright had passed to his heavenly reward."

In its sketch the Register states:

"Judge Wright was a Gainesville pioneer, having settled here with his family in 1883. He was born in St. Helena Parish, La., July 24, 1842, and was therefore in his sixty-sixth year.

"In 1860 he enlisted in the 3d Louisiana Infantry, and served with signal bravery and distinction throughout the war between the North and South. He was wounded at Rome, Ga., in the right arm.

"At the close of the war the then young soldier returned to his home, in Moorhouse Parish, to be elected district attorney, a position which he held for six years.

"After moving to Texas he served as city attorney of Gainesville, and in 1900 he was elected county judge, which position he held four years. His law partner in Gainesville was Hon. W. L. Blanton.

"Judge Wright was conspicuously active in the cause of education, and was long a member of the school board of his city.

"On the funeral occasion court was adjourned and public schools were dismissed.

"He was long Commander of the Joseph E. Johnston Camp, U. C. V., and was a constantly zealous friend of the Veteran for many years.

"Judge Wright's family consisted of his wife, Dilla S., his son, Clinton Wright, of Globe, Ariz., and a daughter, Mrs. George A. Frierson, of Ada, Okla."

From Judge Wright's last letter, Gainesville, Tex., Oct. 3, 1908: "I am real sorry you have been given so much trouble in reference to the unveiling of the monument at this place on June 3. Miss Dougherty's given name should be spelled 'Loucy.' She was sponsor at the unveiling. The Lou Dougherty Chapter, of this city, took the name of Miss Loucy Dougherty's grandmother. Her grandfather was Capt. F. M. Dougherty, of the Confederate army, and died here several years ago. He was a man of great wealth and President of the First National Bank in this city. W. H. Dougherty, son of Capt. F. M. Dougherty, is the father of Miss Loucy Dougherty, and he also is a man of great wealth. Miss Loucy Dougherty has returned from an extended trip through Europe. We regret it was not in your power to be with us at the unveiling of the Confederate monument. With continued good wishes."

Everett.—J. A. Everett died at his home, in Cabot, Ark., September 25. He was born in Alabama eighty-five years ago, and moved from there to Mississippi, thence to Arkansas. His service for the Confederacy was in General Cabell's brigade. He was a member of James Adams Camp, U. C. V.

Maj. Clay Stacker.

Few people know that Maj. Clay Stacker was one of the volunteer escorts of President Davis after the surrender of General Lee. President Davis took ten of the escort and left for Washington, Ga., May 10. Private Clay Stacker then volunteered as one of an escort of fifty to Gen. J. C. Breckinridge under the command of W. C. P. Breckinridge. On leaving Washington, Ga., Gen. J. C. Breckinridge was informed that a battalion of two hundred and fifty Union soldiers were just down the road under Major Andrews. Clay Stacker, then a beardless boy, was sent with a flag of truce requesting that they be allowed to "go in peace," that the Confederates had no desire to molest Andrews's men. The request was refused, and an "unconditional surrender" was demanded. Breckinridge replied: "You have my ultimatum." Clay Stacker delivered this message, and Andrews's reply was: "Go in peace."

Whether in Georgia a tried soldier or in Virginia as a college boy in the battle of New Market, Clay Stacker knew his duty.

Our Maj. Clay Stacker, the patriotic, unselfish, sober-minded man and Christian gentleman, leaves as a priceless heritage to his children the cross of honor of the Confederacy and a bronze medal for special gallantry at New Market.

Clay Stacker, who saw duty as through the eyes of R. E. Lee and Sam Davis, as son, father, and friend, soldier or citizen, ranked as one of the most useful men of our State.

He was born in Stewart County, Tenn., and was called to his final post of duty from his home. in Clarksville, Tenn., September 13, 1908. Duty was his battle cry; duty his goal, his ambition. It mattered not whether public opinion was for or against him, duty was his fetich; and when his final command came, it left no mark upon his manly brow.

[The foregoing is from a sketch by Boyd Johnson.]

J. M. Gateley.

J. M. Gateley was born in Madison County, Tenn., in 1825; and died at his home, near Camp Nelson, Lonoke County, Ark., on September 21. He was a gallant Confederate soldier, serving in Company A, 47th Arkansas Cavalry. He was a man loved and respected by the community in which he lived, and his generosity of spirit was shown in the donation of the land for a Confederate cemetery, now called Camp Nelson. He was a member of Camp James Adams, U. C. V., and his burial services were by his fellow-members of the Camp and Masons.

Col. Edwin R. Smith.

Col. E. R. Smith was born in Washington County, Va., November 14, 1828; and died October 8, 1908. When he was twelve years of age, his father, Thomas Jefferson Smith, moved to Russell County, where the remainder of his life was spent. In 1861, when the drum beat the Southrons to arms, he was among the first to respond to the call. He raised a company of infantry at Lebanon, Va., his company becoming a part of the 29th Virginia Regiment. He was captain until sometime in 1863, when he was promoted to the rank of colonel. His regiment was in General Pickett's division, and he participated in many of the bloody battles of the Army of Northern Virginia. He bore himself in the fiery ordeals with firmness and courage to his honor. Colonel Smith was considered the finest drillmaster in the division. He was once wounded, shot through the right hand at Drewry's Bluff.

Colonel Smith was the eldest of seven brothers, all of whom were in the Confederate army. He was a man of extensive learning, and possessed a wonderful memory. Although he had been paralyzed for several years, his mind was clear and bright until the last. In spite of affliction, he was always patient and cheerful. He made his home with his daughter, Mrs. B. F. Ball, Richlands, Va. He was a member of the Methodist Church. After a long and useful life, he has crossed "over the river" to join his comrades.

Dr. C. Watkins.

Dr. Claibourne Watkins, a pioneer of the medical profession in Arkansas and a member of one of the most prominent families in the State, is dead. Dr. Watkins was the second son of Chief Justice George C. Watkins and Mary Crease Watkins and was born in Little Rock March 2, 1844. He was a student at St. Timothy's Hall, a noted school at Catonsville, now a suburb of Baltimore, Md., when hostilities began in 1861, and left his studies to return home and enter the military service in defense of his native State. Soon after reaching Little Rock he went to Benton, where a company was forming, enlisted as a private, and was later made lieutenant. The company was mustered into the Confederate service as Company B, 11th Arkansas Infantry. At New Madrid, Mo., he was elected to the captaincy of his company in 1862.

He was of the garrison surrendered April 15, 1862, and was a prisoner at Camp Chase, Ohio, and at Johnson's Island six months. When the regiment was exchanged at Vicksburg, Miss., in October, 1862, it was consolidated with the 12th Arkansas and later with the 17th, and, being mounted, was assigned to duty in Eastern Louisiana, where Captain Watkins participated in skirmishes and scouting expeditions during the Federal operations against Port Hudson and Vicksburg. In one of the engagements near Port Hudson in the summer of 1863 he was again captured by the Federals, but after a month's confinement at New Orleans he escaped from prison. Subsequently he was on duty with Gen. S. D. Lee's command until the close of the war, surrendering at Jackson, Miss., in the Department of the Gulf, Gen. Richard Taylor commanding.

After the war he studied medicine, and was graduated from the Jefferson Medical College at Philadelphia in the class of 1868. He began his practice at once in Little Rock, where he was a leading practitioner for the greater part of his life.

In 1873 in St. Louis he was married to Miss Mildred Farley, of Mississippi, who survives him.

Capt. J. K. P. McFall.

In the latter part of June, 1908, Capt. James McFall died in Austin, Tex. Captain McFall was born in Maury County, Tenn., and was engaged in engineer service in construction of the Nashville and Decatur Railroad until the beginning of the Civil War. He was a volunteer in the Maury Grays, one of the companies forming the 1st Tennessee Regiment, and continued in the army without intermission until the surrender at Greensboro, N. C. Returning to Tennessee, he resided in Nashville, being most of the time employed in the office of the City Engineer until 1875, when he removed to Austin, Tex., where he afterwards resided.

In January, 1869, Captain McFall married Miss Mary Patterson, of Nashville, who died in December, 1904. He is survived by two children, Mrs. George Mendell and Mr. Polk McFall; also by two sisters, Mrs. Thomas Crosby and Mrs. John Kirby—all of whom reside in Austin, Tex.

ROBERT E. LEE—A PRESENT ESTIMATE.

BY MISS CHRISTINE BOYSON, MINNESOTA.

[The United Daughters of the Confederacy supplies the prize paper from the Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York, under the above caption. The prize of one hundred dollars offered by the United Daughters of the Confederacy for the best essay written on the South's part in the War between the States was awarded to Miss Christine Boyson, of Minnesota. Miss Boyson was a student of remarkable ability, and displayed from the first a genius for English. The committee making the award is composed of Dr. Alderman, Chairman, President of the University of Virginia; Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, Department of History of the University of North Carolina; and Dr. John H. Finley, President of the College of the City of New York. This work was inaugurated a few years ago by Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, who is untiring in her efforts to promote a truthful record of the War between the States. The topic chosen by the committee of which Mrs. Schuyler is Chairman was "Gen. R. E. Lee" for 1907—his centennial year.

While the able judges have awarded the one hundred dollars to this Northern girl, the VETERAN is unwilling to make record of it without protest against several statements; such, for instance, as: "Intellectually the South was practically dead. Most of the people were densely ignorant." Again: 'To do now what he [General Lee] did then would be treason, for the Civil War has since taught *what is right* in this regard." "We shall have come to think of Lee as the English did of Washington, * * * for indeed he differed from the greater Washington only in choosing *the wrong side*. * * * He had to struggle with *ignorant* and *inferior assistants* who often misunderstood his orders and often made his faith in them a cloak for carrying out their own designs. * * * Often he had his own valor and the loyalty of a few men to oppose the almost boundless resources of the North. Western leaders *were always incompetent,"* etc. It is consistent with the spirit of the writer to use the term, "lost cause." Let Southerners all stop using the term.

It seems most unfortunate that the prize paper given out by the United Daughters of the Confederacy, under the critical examination of the eminent scholars at the head of these highly reputable schools of learning, should be published as a history to eulogize the great and good General Lee at the expense of nearly all that is true of the South and her people. This scholarship is given for the best essay on subjects pertaining to the South's part in the War between the States, the United Daughters of the Confederacy to appoint the judges to examine the papers; and the winner of the scholarship is required to remain and pursue the subject, the aim being to secure the study of correct history *from the South's view-point.* Verily the writer of this essay has much to learn, but the United Daughters of the Confederacy will hardly contribute to her further education unless she changes teachers.]

The ingratitude of republics is proverbial. A land where every man is a potential hero accepts heroic service as her due, awards it the plaudits of the hour, and straightway forgets its origin. The sublime poem lives on, but the poet is forgotten; the invention inaugurates a new industrial era, but the inventor dies neglected in a garret; the ship of State launches forth into a wider and calmer sea, but those whose patriotic devotion tided her through the storm sleep in unvisited graves.

Happily, however, a newly discovered manuscript, a chance investigation, a political crisis brings back the half-forgotten name with all the new meaning of accumulated years. Ruskin may be right when he says that all great work was meant to be done for nothing; but some one else has said with equal truth that no heroic service is ultimately unrecognized; and whether or not the speed which marks every phase of present-day American life has also quickened the American sense of appreciation, at least it is true that here the process of accepting a hero is a much shorter one than in England. Milton waited nearly two centuries for Wordsworth's immortal sonnet, and Cromwell even longer for the statue that should testify to his real place in the hearts of all Englishmen; while here the memory of Robert E. Lee's public life is still fresh when the centennial of his birth calls forth expressions of an estimate that bids fair to be both just and permanent.

It is a matter of significance that the new voice should arise in the North, where until the past decade the hatred and bitterness of the war have still been kept alive. Yet one cannot but note as a striking feature of the recent centennial the noble tribute and lofty praise on the part of Northern orators and the Northern press. That sectional feeling should die so soon is a fact unprecedented in the history of any other war of like magnitude and importance, but that close upon its death should sound a tribute to the very spirit of the enemy is nothing short of a miracle.

This change in attitude has come about through a new understanding of the Southern cause and of Lee himself. Men speak now not so much of the war of the rebellion as of the war of the States. (This view is set forth in an editorial article in Outlook, Volume LXXXIV., p. 955.) As we look at it from a distance it takes on the aspect not so much of a social or economic upheaval as of a great human tragedy followed by a great calm and a wider vision. Nowhere is this more observable than in the contrast between the present spirit and that which marks the accounts written just after the heat of the conflict. Even where these historians purport to give an impartial account they have much to say about the "Rebel cause," in a defense of which the "ringleaders of the conspiracy" sought to raise themselves into "lords and potentates" over "the ruins of their country." The slaveholders were "arrogant barons" accustomed to exercise "despotic control" over "wretched serfs" until they had come to regard themselves as "the only gentlemen and legitimate rulers of the land." These histories abound in accounts of "Rebel atrocities" and "Northern patriotism," of "Yankee ingenuity" and "Rebel cunning;" Southern mistakes are instances of "infatuated ignorance" and a Southern victory always a mystery. Lee is the arch traitor, and every movement of his army is made synonymous with vandalism and lawlessness. (Most of these epithets are borrowed from "A History of the Civil War in America," by John S. C. Abbott, and published in 1866.)

All such accounts are manifestly prejudiced and exaggerated; nevertheless they indicate what in essence at least was once a widely prevalent attitude. On the one hand, there was the South engaged in a rebellion against the established government; on the other hand, Lee, already a Union officer and distinguished as such for his splendid services. When such a man could consent to lead in such a cause, there was but one name for his conduct.

It is just here that the new estimate diverges from the old. It maintains that Lee's attitude toward the war was inevitable.

It goes even farther: it insists that any other attitude would have been treason to his own convictions and to the social order of which he was the finest representative.

To understand what this social order was, one need but glance at the conditions of the South as contrasted with those in the North at the opening of the war. In almost nothing were they alike. The South was of necessity agricultural. Life was centralized chiefly on the great plantations or in scattered communities. In the North a vast commercial system had grown up under the leadership of great captains of industry and concentrated in flourishing cities. Slavery had to a great extent gone out even before 1808 because industrially it was unprofitable, while in the South the increased production of cotton with its dependence upon cheap labor had vastly increased the slave population. The loss of slavery as an institution would, therefore, involve the loss of an enormous capital; industries dependent upon it would inevitably shrink; above all, it would mean the destruction of the whole social fabric, for in the South slavery was bound up with society. Intellectually the South was practically dead. Most of the people were densely ignorant; hence the great religious and educational movements which in the North had built a church and a schoolhouse at every crossroads had swept by them unheeded.

But most significant of all is the fact that these different social and economic conditions had enforced different conceptions of government. The idea of an indissoluble union had early grown up in the North and had been strengthened by the incoming of vast hordes accustomed to a paternal system of government. "No State," said Lincoln, "can upon its own mere notion lawfully get out of the Union. * * * The Union is unbroken, and, to the extent of my ability, I shall take care * * * that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States." ("The Appeal to Arms," by J. K. Hosmer, p. 15. American National Series.) The same theme, union now and forever, kindled Webster's loftiest eloquence. His opponent in that famous controversy of ideals was the voice of the whole South. For a long time events there had hastened the secession movement. In a country where the mass of the people accepted ready-made opinions misconceptions carried ideas forward and made false maxims seem working principles, so that before 1860 the people in general believed they had a right to secede. They maintained that of all rights not expressly delegated to the central government this was the most important, inasmuch as it was the only one that could prevent the central government from becoming a despotism. They were, first of all, citizens of the State and owed their first allegiance to it. The whole South was impregnated with the idea that anything else was treason. (Chapter III. of a new life of Lee written by P. A. Bruce.)

It was as the product of such doctrine that Lee stood. But he stood for much more, and it is in this additional fact that the North has found ground for its bitterest criticism. Were he merely a Southerner his conduct might be defensible; but he was the son of a Revolutionary officer; he held a position of honor in the Union army; through his wife he was connected with the Washington family; back of him stretched a long line of heroic souls, the pride and boast of Virginia. He was born and reared on the soil that had fostered some of the staunchest defenders of the Constitution. How could such a man with such a heritage take up arms against the cause for which they had fought?

We answer that in this very fact lies the explanation of his decision. His training and the natural bent of his own mind had bred the deepest reverence for those immortal names. Indeed, this was the common feeling of Virginia as a whole. She shrank from the thought of secession because of the recollection of proud men who had stood for freedom. She knew, moreover, that if she seceded her soil would become the battle ground of hostile forces. But when it came to a question of coercion by a power which in common with all the Southern States she felt to be external, there was but one course of action open to her.

This was the position that Lee took. He loved the Union for which he had fought; but when the Union became an invading army, he must act. He realized that his decision would probably draw many Southerners into the conflict, that his Arlington would become a camping ground of the enemy, that his loyalty would be questioned; but the soil of Virginia called him, and to that call there could be but one answer. The slave system with which he thus took sides was vastly different from the general institution of the South. In Virginia that order still retained some of its patriarchal character; it was dignified and not material. "If I owned the four million slaves of the South," he writes, "I would gladly sacrifice them to the Union; but how can I draw the sword on Virginia, my native State?" (Outlook, Volume LXXXIV., p. 955.)

Personally Lee had everything to gain by any other decision. He was the most prominent man in the Federal army; he had already been offered the command of its forces. (See Trent's "Robert E. Lee," "Chronology of Lee's Life," also Long's "Memoirs of R. E. Lee," p. 91.) But to him duty was the sublimest word in the language, and so he threw himself and all he had—his home, his fortune, his chances of personal advancement—into a desperate cause. He was a traitor in that he sacrificed all to aid the enemies of his country; "but so were George Washington and John Hampden and William of Orange." (C. F. Adams in a speech: "Shall Cromwell Have a Statue?") But things which are technically of the highest criminality may at times be of the least disgrace. To do now what he did then would be treason, for the Civil War has since then taught what is right in this regard. But the matter of secession had purposely been left open by the framers of the Constitution, and in the minds of many sincere people both North and South it was still a question. (Page 16 Hosmer's "The Appeal to Arms," American National Series.) The real issue was not between patriotism and the want of it, but between two forms of it, and the point to be borne in mind is that those who believed in one conception were as loyal as those who clung to another. To the Southerner loyalty meant loyalty to the State and duty meant going with the State in victory or defeat. Judged from this standpoint, the willingness to sacrifice anything but honor, Lee and the South he represented "constitute the real patriotic riches of the nation." (Outlook, Volume LXXIV., p. 646.) The tragedy of the situation lay in the fact that there were patriots on both sides, and the beauty of it now lies in the spirit in which both sides have accepted the outcome of the war as the best. Before long we shall come to think of Lee as the English have come to think of Washington, whom lately they regarded as a rebel; for, indeed, he differed from the greater Washington only in choosing the wrong side.

This justification of Lee's attitude toward the Union may be noted as the first and in some respects the most important aspect of the new estimate of him. But there is at least one

other regard in which a great change of feeling has come about, for there have not been wanting those who, while they granted the purity of his purpose, still found fault with his military career in a way that made him scarcely less despicable than if he had acted from the basest motives. He plunged his State and the whole South, said they, into a disastrous war by the influence of his own reckless example. He accepted the command of the Virginia forces before his resignation from the Union army had been passed on at Washington. ("History of United States," by James Schouler, Volume VI., Footnote, p. 67.) He declared at first that he would fight only to protect his State; he soon fought everywhere. ("History of United States," by James Schouler, Volume VI., p. 67.) He issued orders that whoever would serve the Rebel cause should have the privilege of leaving the stockade and finding plenty of food and clothing. ("The Boys of '61," Coffin, p. 412.) If he did not directly order the starvation of Union soldiers, he at least did nothing to prevent it. ("The Boys of '61," Coffin, p. 412.) He was always on the defensive. He made no vigorous attacks. The plans for his battles were narrow and incomprehensive.

Much has been said by the South in an attempt to explain these matters and to refute the aspersions cast by the older North upon Lee's generalship. Yet one cannot but feel that his real place as a commander can never be determined by answering the questions that arise in connection with any one or all of his battles. More and more we are coming to see that any estimate of Lee's generalship that does not take into account the whole military situation he had to face must be unfair and prejudiced, for it is upon the way in which he acquitted himself in that situation that his title to permanent greatness will ultimately rest.

Lee undertook the defense of a country without a navy, vulnerable in almost every point because of its waterways, against what was at least the nucleus of a strong navy in the North. He undertook a war against great captains of industry without any of the splendid resources of the system they represented. He accepted the command of a few raw and untrained troops in the midst of a population vastly uneven in temper and character. He had to struggle with ignorant and inferior assistants who often misunderstood his orders and often made his faith in them a cloak for carrying out their own designs. Moreover, a conservative estimate places the total levy of the South on the basis of three years' service as only about two-thirds of the levy of the North. (J. K. Hosmer, in "The Appeal to Arms," p. 9, American National Series.) Discipline was always loose and officers often insubordinate. At times he had only his own valor and the loyalty of a few men to oppose to the almost boundless resources of the North. Western leaders were always incompetent, roads were poor, supplies were scarce, and, above all, the Confederate government was lamentably inefficient. As a result of such a combination of conditions it is little wonder that Lee's generalship was marked by the failures that have given his enemies so rich a field for criticism. At Fredericksburg he failed to crush the enemy by not pursuing Burnside; his seven days' fight around Richmond was rendered inglorious by his failure to control his forces in such a way as to bring his strength to bear on the adversary's retreating column; the battle of Malvern Hill was scarcely more than an incoherent and unorganized struggle.

Yet Lee will go down in history as one of the great generals. His skill as a strategist and tactician, together with his splendid audacity, is unsurpassed in all history. He displayed unerring insight into the idiosyncrasies of his adversary and adapted himself with wonderful versatility to meet his antagonist. He watched a favorable opportunity; he weighed and calculated the chances of success, and only this made it possible for him to hold out as long as he did against such tremendous odds. He disciplined a few scattered troops into an army that could withstand a long-established and highly organized government; he laid down a system which in its essential features remained unchanged throughout the war. Somehow when military skill was wanting his audacity served him, and in studying the lives of great leaders one cannot but be impressed with the fact that after plans had been coolly and judiciously laid it is this audacity that wins when it is the outcome of judgment. This was the secret of Lee's success, and for this he deserves all the credit the South gives him. Moreover, he constantly grew in military power, being never greater than in his final campaigns, which are faultless instances of baffling a great power with small resources. The outcome of the war cannot detract from the glory of that army or himself.

But it is neither as the product of a civilization that is past nor as a commander that Lee will be given a permanent place. For neither as the exponent of a form of patriotism which the results of the war have made treason nor as the leader of a lost cause could he attract anything but sentimental interest. His real worth lies in the spirit of the man himself, the loftiness and dignity of his character, the richness and fullness of his soul. The fact that these graces were united with a fine presence and a courtly manner goes far perhaps to explain why he has been so unfortunate in his biographers. "They have painted him," says Mr. Hosmer, "not only free from all faults, but from all foibles. Not content with traits of greatness, those who describe him have dwelt often upon petty things—his well-cut beard, the correctness of his dress, the whiteness of his teeth, his proper deportment—until one almost expects to read as he turns the pages that his hair was never parted awry and that he never ate with his knife. The only trace of shortcoming in him that one diligent reader of the accounts of him has been able to discover is that he sometimes slept in church when the sermon was dull. Such abnormal absence of defect becomes depressing; one longs for the discovery of a fault to redeem to humanity a hero so flawless. We can admire but hardly sympathize with a character entire and perfect." ("The Outcome of the Civil War," by J. K. Hosmer, p. 298.) Doubtless his fine presence and his genial, sunny manner cast an irresistible spell over all who came into personal contact with him; but for the historian of a later day to represent him as a man of stainless virtue is to make him ridiculous. Moreover, such characterizations will mean less than nothing to the children of a future day when those who felt his magnetic charm shall have passed away. It is therefore a source of gratification that the newer estimate has found a basis for these extravagant tributes in the qualities that abide. This is especially true in the North, for in the South the feeling for Lee has never been mere sentiment. To them "Marse Bob" has been a term of genuine endearment. It is impossible to realize the enthusiasm for him that prevailed during the war. After the war it became almost consecrated, for it then had the added touch of sympathy. By the older Southerners he is still held in greater reverence than Washington or Jefferson, and with the younger generation there is no abatement of this feeling. The South takes delight in his memory because the whole spirit of his public life refutes the indiscriminate aspersions

cast upon their social system by the constant insistence on the part of the abolitionists that they were trying to perpetuate an economic system that was repugnant to the growing enlightenment of the age.

But local prejudice and sectional hatred have long blinded the North to the real beauty of Lee's character, for even those who knew him best never lost sight in the contemplation of his human greatness of the fact that he was still the leader of what to them was a seditious cause. It has been for the children of a later day to come into an understanding and appreciation of the feeling of the South. We see in him the combination of certain great forces, an air of "stately columns and fragrant gardens," which to the North gives him a unique charm. We see in him something vastly more significant for our time—a splendid public spirit, especially after the war. He accepted its result as a fact, and spent no time in idly repining over lost hope or fighting again the battles of the war, as so many Southerners did. He allowed no thought of the struggle to interfere with his duty. His home, his fortune, the strength of his manly vigor were gone; but he accepted none of the gifts and none of the offers of a home which friends both in England and the South poured in upon him. He chose to remain in America, the scene of his labors and his defeat. When a lucrative position with an insurance company to be established at Richmond was offered him, he declined it, although he was at that time very poor. He felt, he said, his inability to care for funds which he believed were a sacred charge both for the living and the dead. He refused the governorship of Virginia lest the North should mistake his motive, and gave himself instead to the comforts of home and to educational endeavor. He accepted the presidency of a college disorganized and poor; he left it rich and crowded. To the system he there inaugurated educators still go for inspiration and guidance. He enlarged the scheme of studies; he put himself into personal contact with every student; he allowed no discussion of the war or any criticism of General Grant or the North. His gracious, kindly manner pervaded the whole university. He believed that education was the greatest need of the South, and in this later events have proved him something of a seer. "He stands as the champion of reason rather than passion, of fairness rather than prejudice, of progress rather than reaction, of constructive work rather than futile obstruction." ("General Lee's Place in History," by Edward Mims. Outlook, Volume LXXXIV., p. 978.) This we of the North have come to believe, and in such a recognition of human greatness the land is moved forward into the light of a happier day. Men who, like Charles Sumner, placed Lee in the catalogue of those whose cause bears the "primal eldest curse, a brother's murder," and handed him over to the "avenging pen of history" have been succeeded by men in his own State who have voted a monument to his memory.

Nor is this all. Everywhere over the North the literature of the Civil War is filled with a different spirit from that of forty years ago. In our schools the citizen of to-morrow is being taught a broader conception of patriotism and a truer meaning of what constitutes real public service. Everywhere Lee is fast coming to take his place side by side with Lincoln as a hero for all time.

In the light of this new feeling the resolution placed before Congress not many days ago (March 27) providing for a monument to stand in the nation's capital is peculiarly fitting and significant. Should the bill pass the House, such a monument will rise where the North and the South meet together t solve the problems that still confront us. It will stand as th testimony of a great and free people to one of the suprem leaders among men. It will rise grandly eloquent of a spiri not intoxicated by glory, not crushed by defeat, unspoiled b praise and success—the spirit of Robert E. Lee.

THE CIVIL WAR—BEFORE AND AFTER.

This little book, "All Around the Civil War Before an After," is printed in excellent style by the Wynkoop Hallen beck Crawford Co., New York City. The author, Willia Hawn, is a native of Alabama, and was a member of the 7t Louisiana Regiment. It is dedicated "to the noble women o the South and to the memory of those who have passed awa who through long years of trial and almost inconceivable pri vation devoted their efforts with Christian zeal to encouragin the soldiers in the field, to nursing the sick, and to comfortin the dying."

In the preface the author says: "This booklet is only a com pilation of certain well-known recorded events: matters o history, opinions of and expressions by many men, with som reflections by the compiler. Its object is not to reawaken th animosities of half a century ago; far from it. The hope o the compiler is to truthfully present in concise form the reaso why the Southern States seceded, to relieve the Southern pec ple of the charge of treason, to set forth briefly the effort they made to maintain peace, in order that their descendant may not under the influence of so-called histories, false, parti san, and vituperative, cease to honor their fathers."

The book begins with the first permanent settlement b Englishmen in America in 1607. It refers briefly to the in justice and bad faith of England by which the colonies wer driven to rebel; it refers to the Union formed under th "Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union," from whic all the States afterwards seceded; calls attention to the fac that the New England States, especially Massachusetts, wer first to assert and claim the right to secede; and it record how and by whom African slavery was introduced into th country, and also how and by whom the exchange of prisoner was stopped during the war. The author's style is lucid an his arguments convincing.

The historical truths set forth are of vital importance. Th publication contains much in concise form. Our children an our children's children should know its contents. The boo is cordially recommended.

The price is seventy-five cents, and it may be obtained fro the author, William Hawn, 442 Classon Avenue, Brooklyn N. Y.

R. I. Holcomb, of St. Paul, Minn., writes: "I have recentl subscribed for the VETERAN, and need not say that I am highl pleased with it, and wish I had every number from the b ginning. I regret that I did not know about the VETERA sooner. I used to take the Southern Bivouac; but it wen down, and I did not learn about the VETERAN until recentl I served three years and six months in the Federal army, an I recognize that there were two sides to the Civil War, an we can never get a correct idea of that great struggle unt we hear what both have to say. The VETERAN fills a long felt want in this respect. If my old comrades among th Feds throughout the North only knew about the VETERA and just what it is, I think you would have ten thousand ne subscribers within thirty days."

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Some books that will be most suitable Christmas remem-ances for an old veteran friend or relative or some good other whose recollection turns to the years before the war ill be found in the list given below. Look through this list id send the VETERAN your order for one or more of them, id see that you do not wait too late if you wish the book be received in good time for Christmas:

"Recollections and Letters of Gen. Robert E. Lee." Written id compiled by his son, Capt. R. E. Lee. A collection of tters written to his family which bring out most interest-gly the domestic side of General Lee's character; while the nnectional comments of Captain Lee, with his recollections his father, add much to the entertaining qualities of the ok. Bound in cloth. Price, $2.50.

"Life of Gen. Robert E. Lee." By Gen. Fitzhugh Lee. ore especially a history of his military campaigns and valu-le for its accuracy. Price, $1.50.

"Life and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee." By Dr. J. William nes, D.D. A personal friendship between General Lee and e author of this volume furnished valuable material in the eparation of this work, which is a revised edition and con-ins many letters of General Lee not before published.

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Capt. Hunter Davidson writes from Pirayu, Paraguay, in regard to his article on pages 456-461 of the September VETERAN: "I have distributed the extra copies among the leading journals of South America to call attention to the VETERAN. Now that I have had the benefit of reading the VETERAN for so long a time, I can fully appreciate what a comfort it is to every Southern household."

A HOLIDAY OFFER.

People of the South:

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Afar from friends who loved him well,
Amid the battle smoke alone,
This well-beloved soldier fell
To sleep throughout the years "unknown."

What loving mother watched for him
With longing eyes and speechless moan?
How many eyes with tears grew dim
Because this soldier died "unknown?"

But God, who watches over all,
Knows well the one beneath this stone;
And when the angel's trump shall call,
He shall no longer be "unknown."

Capt. James M. Palmore, of Company K, 10th South Carolina Volunteers, C. S. A., was killed in the battle near Atlanta, Ga., on the 28th of July, 1864. Captain Palmore's haversack, containing a Testament, fell into the possession of Capt. David A. Logan, a Federal soldier, who now lives at Patoka, Marion County, Ill. Captain Logan states that this Testament is in a fair state of preservation, and that he is anxious that some of the family or friends of Captain Palmore should have it, and he will take great pleasure in answering any communications in regard to it.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stewart Longbottom, 3318 Woodland Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa., is anxious to hear from any one who was with her father, Charles M. Stewart, during the war. He enlisted at Lexington, Mo., in June, 1861, in Company A, Capt. J. Moreland, under Col. John P. Bowman, Weightman's Brigade, under Gen. Sterling Price. It is said that Mr. Stewart was later elected second lieutenant, and went with the main army across the Mississippi River. His daughter will appreciate hearing from some of his comrades.

Mrs. E. L. Freer, of Clifton, Tenn., who takes subscriptions to magazines, asks to be remembered when ready to renew. She is a helpless cripple, and by this means is trying to pay for a home. As the widow of a Confederate soldier, she is deserving of whatever assistance can be rendered by those who have the veterans' interests at heart, and she will be deeply grateful for patronage extended in the way suggested.



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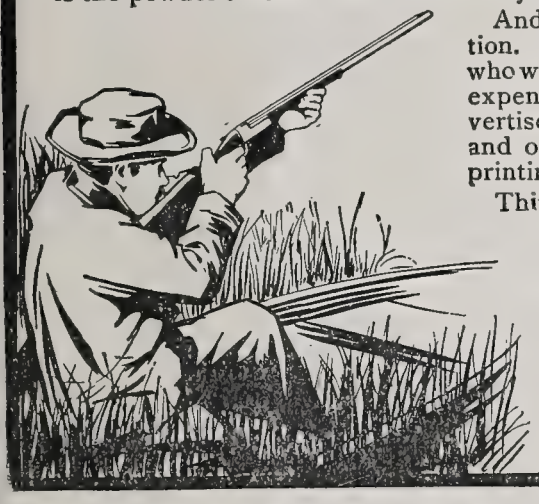
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I now feel it my duty to tell the world of Salvator Remedy and its wonderful cure on myself. I was for a number of years passenger conductor on the N. & D. and L. & N. railroads, lived in Grayson, Lamar, and Hannin Counties, Texas, for thirty years, and am sixty-seven years old. I am known in Tennessee, Alabama, and Texas.

T. J. MOORE, Route No. 2, Ravenna, Tex.

A. N. Hamilton, of Comanche, Tex., asks for information regarding the fate of J. A. Hamilton, who was a member of the 35th Georgia Regiment, Thomas's Brigade, French's Division, Hill's Corps, A. N. V., and was seen after the battle of Gettysburg, in which he participated, but has not been heard of since.

Mrs. J. W. Fisher, R. F. D. No. 6, Box 15, Lebanon, Tenn., wishes to hear from any one who can testify as to the service of J. W. Fisher in the Confederate army. He belonged to Company B, 4th Tennessee (Starnes's) Regiment. She wishes proof of his having served to the close of the war.

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The daughter of James R. Cook, who served in Kentucky and Tennessee, a member of Capt. Jack Carter's company, Colonel Cypert's regiment, wants to know the letter of company and number of regiment. Kindly write to Mrs. Lee M. Caldwell, Lawton, Okla.

J. A. J. Taylor, of Short, Miss., wants to hear from some member of Company E, 11th Tennessee Infantry, who can testify as to his service and enable him to get a pension.

An inquirer asks for the name of the adjutant of the 13th Virginia Cavalry, stationed near Culpeper, Va., under Gen. "Rooney" Lee, Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, and Colonel Chambliss. He was later promoted to major.

Arch F. Park, of North Fort Worth, Tex., is anxious to secure the war record of his father, Arch L. Park, who was a railroad man at the beginning of the war, and went into a Tennessee cavalry regiment under Forrest either from Robertson or Giles County. He was said to have been a quartermaster or wagonmaster.

Mr. Charles Hickey, of Waco, Tex., R. F. D. No. 3, is trying to secure the war record of his father, J. P. Hickey, of which he knows only a part. He says his father ran the blockade from Delaware, and enlisted in the Maryland troops, 4th Maryland Battery. His second captain was named Brown, a son of Mayor Brown, of Baltimore, and his third and last captain was Chew, who after the war lived in Georgetown, D. C. Comrade Hickey drifted South after the surrender, and he afterwards surrendered at Meridian, Miss. Any additional information will be appreciated by the family.

J. W. Hardin, of Terrell, Tex., would like to hear from or of three girls whom he assisted in getting to the train on their way to Macon, Ga. Their mother had been driven out of Rome, Ga., with four children, and she wished to send the three girls to an older son in Macon. Comrade Hardin says it was in the latter part of June, 1864, and he and a comrade were returning from a scout up toward Dalton and had asked for something to eat at the place where this woman was with her children. She requested their assistance, and with the permission of the lieutenant in command an old carriage was procured and the girls taken across the country to get the train. The name of the family was Wilkerson, and he recalls that one of the girls was called "Duckie." He would like to know if any of them are living.

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R. P. Heffner, of Kosciusko, Miss., makes inquiry for a brother, G. L. Heffner, who volunteered in Upshur County, Tex., in 1862, becoming a member of the 10th Texas Regiment. He has not seen him since the war, and would be glad to learn his fate.

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Mrs. A. A. Tufts, of Camden, Ark., wishes a copy of the VETERAN for August, 1906, and June, 1907, to complete the file for the Camden Library.

Mrs. M. D. Goodwin, 694 Franklin Avenue, San Diego, Cal., wishes to procure copies of the songs, "The Dear Old Flag of the South" and "The Conquered Banner," with the music. Please write her as to cost.

A. D. Bridgman, of Decatur, Ill., who served with the 25th Georgia Volunteers, would like to know if any members of that regiment, Company G, are still living. He enlisted at Savannah, Ga., and was in the hospital service during the last year of the war. His former residence was at Parramore, Fla.

Mrs. Antony Fite, R. F. D. No. 1, Albany, N. Y., is anxious to learn something of the fate of her uncle, William McMullen, who enlisted in the Confederate army in Mobile, Ala., and served four years. He was taken prisoner and sent to Columbus, Ohio. Any one recalling such a comrade will confer a favor by writing to Mrs. Fite above

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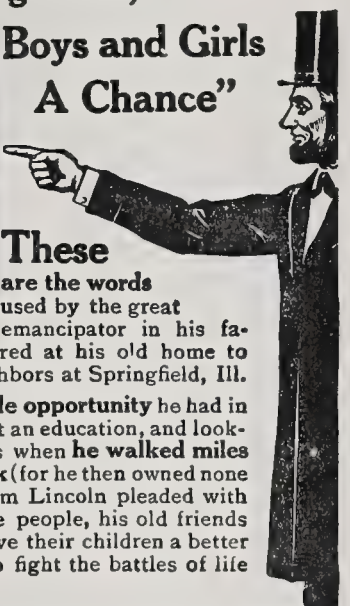
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Possesses Wonderful Healing, Soothing, Antiseptic, and Curative Properties, Perfectly Safe and Harmless to Man or Beast. The nature of the remedy is such that, while it is healing, its elastic qualities are such that it excludes the air and dirt while its healing properties are absorbed, and speedy cures effected.

With each bottle is given FREE a 25c. Box of **Magic Healing Powder**—to be used alone or in connection with the Balsam. This powder is composed of four valuable ingredients in dry powder form, and is especially useful in many cases, such as Open Sores, Saddle Galls, Scratches. Safe and harmless to use.

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It can be used on a delicate child without harm, and will heal a big sore on a big elephant in short order.

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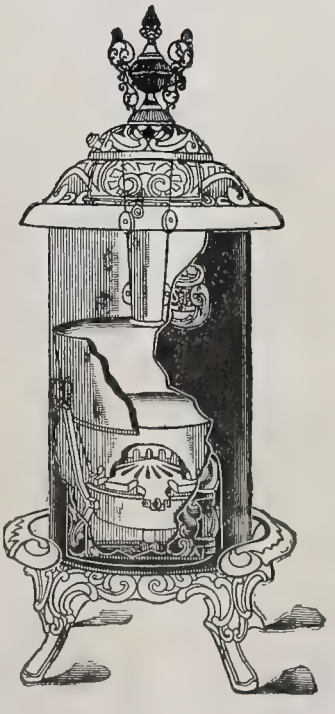
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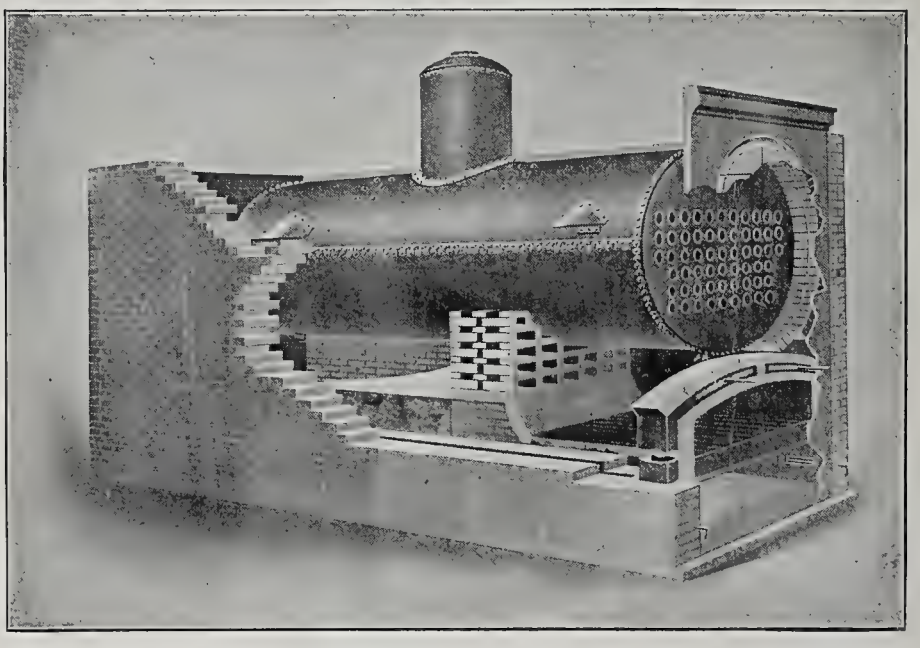
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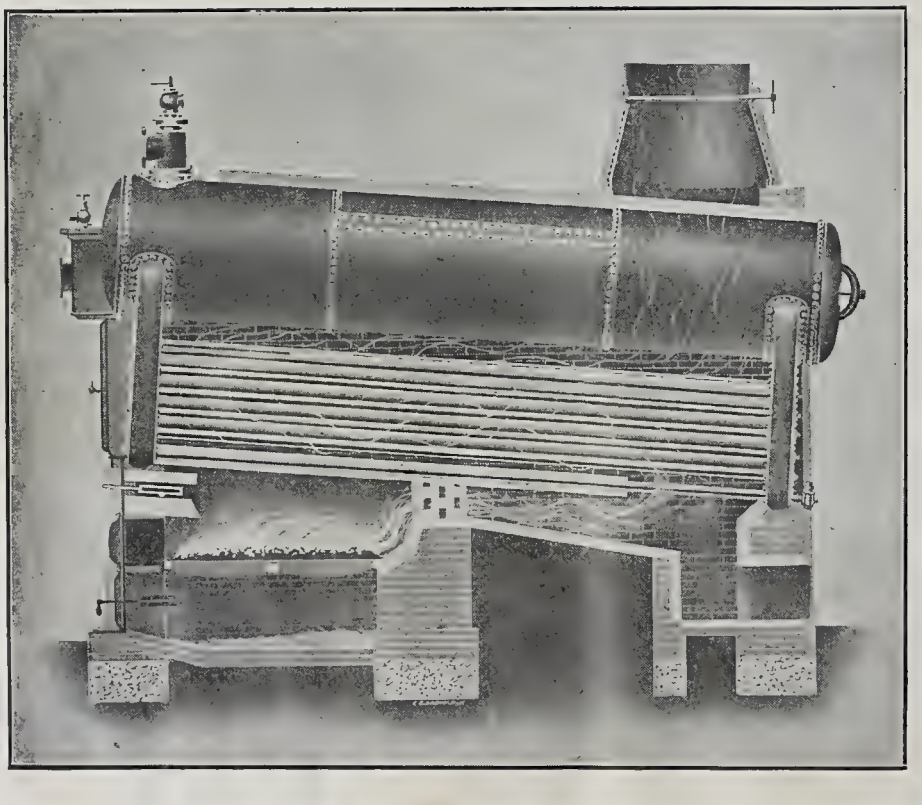
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As a model design for Confederate Reunion display, the above illustration shows how well merited the award, while it evidently possesses advantages regardless of the sentimental features. In a description of this float a Nashville daily paper stated:

"The huge float of the National Casket Company was first in the procession. It consisted of a realistic imitation of a marble sarcophagus representing the South's chest of sacred memories. The chest was draped with Confederate flags and guarded head and foot by a Son and Daughter of the Confederacy dressed in their respective uniforms. On the base of the sarcophagus was inscribed: 'Your Sons and Daughters will forever guard the memory of your brave deeds.' The float was drawn by four large black horses draped with heavy netting and fancy trappings, and attended by four outriders in livery, altogether making a handsome and artistic appearance very pleasing to all who saw it."

PHOTOGRAPH, 12x18, OF THE ABOVE FLOAT WILL BE SENT FREE ON APPLICATION TO

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